

To the Sea.
The earth is our mother, but thou—
thou art father of us and of time;
For all things now were not when
thou wast strong in thy prime.
There was silence first, and then darkness,
and under the garment of these
Was the body of thee in thy might,
with its infinite mysteries.
And God alone was aware of thy presence
and power and aim;
And out of His knowledge foresaw His
will in thy calm and storm.
Answering unto His will, He gave
thee lordship and crown,
And bade the kingdoms of man to
worship thee and bow down.
For earth He made out of dust, for
change and defeat in the blast;
But thee He made eternal, through
aeons and aeons to last,
Unmarked by sun or wind, and su-
preme where thy waves are
tossed;
Not an inch of thy beauty to perish,
nor an ounce of thy might to be
lost.—William Stanley Braithwaite
in the Century.

WITH MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

BY CARROLL-WATSON-BANKIN.

"It is precisely as I feared, Adelaide," said the girl's uncle, rising somewhat wearily from the papers he had been sorting on the dining-room table. "When all the bills are paid, you'll have just exactly nothing left. I suppose we should be thankful that your father left you free from debt. Of course, as I'm situated—"

"I shall get along splendidly," returned Adelaide, with commendable pride and courage. "I'm not afraid, and you needn't worry about me. I'm nineteen, I'm through school, and I know of at least two positions that are mine for the asking. If I can't earn a living any other way, I can wash dishes for my board!"

"Oh, you'll never need to do that," returned Adelaide's sole surviving relative, seriously.

"I know I shan't. I could earn two livings if I had to."

"I'm glad you're so confident; but if you shouldn't—"

"But I shall!" declared Adelaide, her chin elevated, her shoulders erect. "By this time tomorrow I shall be occupying a salaried position, boarding with Mrs. Hill, and glorying in my independence."

Sure enough, the morning found Adelaide drawing maps in an important real estate office. Never was there a more enthusiastic clerk; never was real estate business studied so perseveringly; never did novice learn so speedily.

Yet at the end of eight weeks Adelaide, who sincerely believed that her services had been of unusual benefit to Gore & Pelham, was paid an extra month's salary—and dismissed. "But why?" she demanded, in her surprise.

"I really can't tell you," stammered Mr. Pelham. "I don't exactly know, Mr. Gore perhaps—"

But the senior partner likewise weakly waived the question, suggesting that Mr. Pelham might perhaps explain.

Adelaide secured another entirely desirable position within the week; one's first impression of Adelaide was always favorable. But in spite of untrailing industry, this place, too, failed her at the end of the second month. Again no reason was given; again her employer was vague and polite, but his parting smile was slightly satirical.

The third place lasted just six weeks. Mild, easy-going Judge Whitney said, with apparent regret, that he guessed he would be his own clerk for a while. Oh, yes, Miss Adelaide had done all and more—in fact, a great deal more than he had asked. Yes, indeed, she was punctual, industrious, accurate, clever. If she needed letters, call on him, by all means. He wished her all success, but—good-bye!

Four more offices welcomed Adelaide. Four more employers discovered very speedily that it was possible—and decidedly more comfortable—to exist without this clever, enterprising young woman's aid.

The morning after her polite dismissal from the city treasurer's office found Adelaide perched on a high stool in what was known as Gray's store. She was keeping books for Thomas Gray & Company. This entirely respectable mercantile business of fifty years' standing had been established by "old" Thomas Gray. It now belonged to "young" Thomas Gray; but "young" Thomas was fully sixty years of age, and his ways were even more antiquated than his father's had been. He thoroughly disliked what he called "new-fangled notions," yet because of his unwavering honesty and kindness, he stood high in public estimation. People wondered when he installed a bookkeeper.

"It's because I'm a relic of the past," confided Adelaide to her friend, Rose Miller. "He went to school with father, so I'm thereby connected with his own generation. He likes that generation best; but I intend to make a few changes when I get my work to going smoothly. Why, we're way behind the times! The firm on a splendid footing financially, but nobody would know it to look at us."

Look at me, perched like a chimney-sweep on this high stool! I don't suppose there's another like it in the State."

"It's a good place, just the same," said Rose.

"Whenever I want to be sure of getting linen that is linen, wool that is wool, or coffee that is coffee, I always come here. There are lots of more showy places, but you can depend on Gray's."

The black walnut office was certainly gutless of modern improvements. A big cupboard held piles of wholesale catalogues, trade journals, extra stationery, samples of dry-goods and staple groceries. There were shabby books and pasteboard boxes on top of the big iron safe. A large unframed portrait of a tattered but still fierce lion hung above the desk.

"Ready," said Adelaide, "to eat me if I make mistakes in these dingy old books. But just wait till my hand's in. There'll be some housecleaning round here, Mr. Tiger, and away you'll go, first thing."

But the books, kept according to Mr. Gray's old-fashioned ideas, occupied so much of Adelaide's time that for five weeks the tiger remained unmolested.

During February, when trade was always dull, it was Mr. Gray's habit to go East to select his spring stock. Then Adelaide was left alone with the tiger in the cage-like office. The day after Mr. Gray's departure came the winter's most severe snap. For five days the thermometer registered from ten to twenty below zero.

Horses and pedestrians hurried along in clouds of white steam. The closely packed snow creaked noisily underfoot. Windows were thick with frost. Telephone wires hummed and whistled with the intense cold. The shopping district was deserted.

In Gray & Company's the idle clerks huddled about the two huge base-burning stoves that had warmed the building in the first Thomas Gray's time. Adelaide, however, was sufficiently warm. She stood on her stool, reaching for the tacks that upheld the tiger.

"What in the world are you doing?" asked Julie La Tour, who served all French-speaking customers.

"Cleaning house," replied Adelaide, dropping the time-worn tiger gingerly to the floor. "Don't you think we need it? Bring me a roll of paper, Mr. Anderson; I'm going to straighten this cupboard."

"My," exclaimed the Swedish clerk, admiringly, "but you're the smart one! I've been here nine years, and I guess nobody but Mr. Gray has touched those shelves in all that time."

"Bring me a big box, somebody," said Adelaide, poking dusty catalogues off the cupboard with Mr. Gray's umbrella. "I don't quite dare to burn this trash, but there's no use having it here."

"Mr. Gray," warned Julie, "is fussy about having things changed. I've told him it would be handier to have the spool cases where the button shelves are; but no, he says it's always been just so—and that settles it."

"But this," said Adelaide, "is my corner, and I'm going to have it just as fine as I can. I've sent for a catalogue of office furniture, and I'm going to persuade Mr. Gray to fix this place up."

"You don't know him," demurred Johnson, the old shoe clerk. "This store is just about all the home and family he owns; and he doesn't take kindly to changes. When he can't get the same old brand of sheeting, the same make of lamp chimneys, or the same old cut of overshoes, he's terribly put out. I'd go easy with that desk, Miss Adelaide."

The office certainly looked neater when Adelaide finally tucked her dust-cloth into the roaring stove. It looked different, also. A calendar had replaced the tattered tiger. An artificial palm waved its too green leaves above the safe. A damaged curtain, taken from the stock, hung before the cupboard. The desk, turned over, was bare except for a few new pencils, Adelaide's fountain pen, a new scarlet penholder—thoughtfully provided by Adelaide for Mr. Gray's personal use—and a new bottle of ink. Even the pigeonholes wore a Sunday air of unprecedented neatness. The enterprising young woman eyed it all with complacency.

But Mr. Gray did not. He reached town after closing time, three nights later, let himself in with his own private key, and went straight to the old-fashioned office to write a letter. No one knows exactly what happened during the first five minutes; but he spent the next thirty-five in a frantic search for his own battered penholder, twenty-five more hunting for his own particular kind of ink, another fifteen in digging up the stack of blue-lined paper that no longer occupied the right hand corner of the fourth shelf of the familiar cupboard. By the time he had accumulated these articles and found the necessary envelope and stamp, he was too annoyed to be able to write a good letter.

To calm himself, he reached for "Jacob Faithful," for his read and re-read Captain Marryat, in preference to anything more modern. But "Jacob" no longer rested face downward on top of the southeast corner of the safe.

Then Mr. Gray's eyes sought the tiger's. An exceedingly up-to-date girl returned the glance.

"I'll discharge Anderson by telephone," muttered the angry merchant, "if this is his work!"

But Anderson, fortunately for him, had no telephone.

The next morning, when Adelaide

arrived, the office looked considerably worse than it had in the beginning, for her employer had spent most of the night restoring his ancient treasures to their proper places.

"Yes, I did it all," confessed Adelaide, eyeing with consternation the chaotic office. "But I thought you'd like it."

"Do you think so now?" demanded Mr. Gray, surrounded by scattered palm-leaves.

"No," returned Adelaide, remaining outside the railing. "I don't."

Come in. I guess we'd better have a clear understanding in this matter. Do you see this book? Well, when I'm vexed or puzzled I like to read it—there's something sort of slow and restful about old Captain Marryat. But I like to find him at home when I reach for him. His home's right here on top of this safe—not under sample packages of hand-shucked rice. Do you see that tiger? When I get tired of being tied down to business, I like to look at him. I've always had a fancy that I'd like to hunt tigers in tropical jungles, but I guess this is the nearest I'll ever come to it. Anyway, I'd be lonesome without that picture."

"If I'd known—"

"Do you see this desk? It was father's. So was that cupboard. This was father's penholder. I've a fancy for keeping things as nearly as possible as father left them. I'm used to them myself. You see, they've been this way for over fifty years. Now you're comparatively new—"

"I'm nineteen."

"Just so. And you've lost several jobs—"

Adelaide colored painfully.

"Without knowing exactly why Yes, I thought so. Did you, by any chance, introduce any modern improvements in the real-estate business, the bank building, the insurance office, or up in the city hall? Did you get in a little missionary work on Judge Whitney's spelling, and make a few alterations in Doctor Truscott's queer way of keeping accounts? Did you think that 'avenue' looked finer than 'street' when you lettered Gore & Pelham's maps?"

"I'm afraid I—well, I did try to improve things a little."

"Just so," returned Mr. Gray, whose eyes were entirely kind. "It's a habit of yours, perhaps? A good habit to outgrow, possibly. You see, improving elderly, experienced persons like Judge Whitney, Mr. Newcomb, Doctor Truscott or Mr. Nichols isn't precisely what's expected of you. Why, I shouldn't wonder if you were a real nuisance to them, breaking up their lifelong habits, trying to improve their business methods, putting their belongings in different places—"

"How—how did you know?" demanded Adelaide, suspiciously.

"Just guessed it. Perhaps they had to lose you in order to be comfortable in their own offices."

"I suppose that means," quavered Adelaide, "that you'd like me to go?"

"Well," returned Mr. Gray, in the gentlest of tones, "it's this way, my girl. Your bookkeeping's all right; you've a good, clear head for figures; you're a smart, capable young person; but those wretched modern improvements of yours—"

"Suppose I promise to save them all for myself?"

"Good!" cried Thomas Gray. "In that case you'll do, provided you and Jacob and the tiger can live peacefully in the same cage."—From Youth's Companion.

Folly of Worrying.
A number of statesmen at Washington, D. C., the other day discussed the foolishness of worrying about things not likely to happen, or which, if they do happen will be so remote as to be of little consequence to the worrier. One of the party told this story to illustrate his point:

"Reminds me of a thing that happened in my school days. We used to have a lecture every Friday afternoon, and one day the lecturer was a geological sharp, and chose 'Niagara Falls' for his topic. He told us all about the geological information of the falls, described the different periods that it is believed are traced in the gorge, and then went on to say that the falls were slowly wearing back toward Buffalo, and that in the course of some 200,000 years they would have worn back to Erie, Pa. And that town would be left high and dry. Just then one of the girls in the class began to sob wildly. 'What's the matter?' asked the teacher, in alarm. 'Oh,' she wailed, 'I've got a sister living in Erie!'"—Buffalo Commercial.

The Craze for Labels.
Many people anxious to show their friends how far they have traveled, and at how many places they have stayed, refuse to remove the old railway labels from their bags and portmanteaus. It is a harmless vanity as far as it concerns themselves, but one which causes much bewilderment to the railway authorities. The number of comparatively fresh labels on a bag renders it very difficult for a porter to know which is positively the last, and not infrequently luggage goes astray in consequence, especially when changes of train have to be made on a journey. At holiday times this label fad is a real nuisance to the railway authorities, for if baggage is lost and cannot be traced compensation has to be paid. A small leather case, about a foot long and seven or eight inches deep and wide, was recently seen which had no fewer than forty-two labels plastered on it, many of which were new enough to puzzle the most expert porter.—London Railway Review.

Household Notes

CLEANING FOR CHAIRS.
Leather-covered chairs can be cleaned with warm milk, applied with a piece of flannel or soft cloth, rubbing gently until dry. A good remedy for worn leather is a mixture of linseed oil and vinegar, applied with flannel. This softens the leather and prevents it from cracking.—New Haven Register.

EMBROIDERIES WASHED.
In washing silk embroideries only fine white soap should be used in making the suds. It should never be rubbed on them. The water in which they are washed and rinsed should be tepid and never hot and the pieces should be rolled wet in a cloth with a cloth spread over, so that in rolling the silk will not fold back on itself. When the piece is nearly dry it should be ironed with the cloth between it and the iron. Treated in this way, silk will not soon grow yellow.—New Haven Register.

A VIOLET ROOM.
Violet is not a usual shade in which to furnish a room, but one girl, whose color it was, experimented, and here is the result.

The walls were papered with bunches of violets, among which there were many gray shadows, upon an ivory ground; the woodwork was finished in ivory. Curtains, portieres and all covers were made of dotted swiss and lined with violet cambric or lawn, the only trimming being dainty ruffles of the swiss.

Mahogany furniture added warmth and tone to the room. The writing desk was provided with note paper of the faintest violet hue. Is it a wonder that an elusive violet fragrance pervaded this room? It was, indeed, a charming setting for a golden-haired girl!—Pittsburg Dispatch.

PIN CUSHIONS, PEN WIPERS.
A new method has been found where white velvet may be tinted in the lightest and most delicate of pastel colors, and this new material is used to make charming little pin cushions and pen wipers. Magnificent sofa cushions for light and perishable drawing rooms, too, are made of the material, and, if darker shades are used, the velvet makes a charming cover for the sofa cushions in the library. Of course, it must be borne in mind that the material cannot be washed; therefore the careful housekeeper will see that it is not placed in a position where it is exposed to dirt and dust. As the art of tinting the material becomes better understood the velvet may be used for purposes not yet thought of, and it remains for the clever woman to decide how the novelty may be employed to her advantage.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

RUST STAINS ON MATTING.
Rust stains on matting may be removed in this manner: Have ready some muriatic acid, a hot iron, dry cloths, an old nail brush, a sponge, a bowlful of boiling water, and two pailfuls of clean cold water.

Cover the spots with paper and place the hot iron on this. When the matting is hot dip a glass rod or stick in the acid and touch the stain; it will instantly turn to a bright yellow. Wash quickly with the boiling water, using the nail brush; then with the clear water, using the sponge; wipe dry. The work must be done quickly and all the acid removed from the matting by repeated sponging with clean water.

When possible heat the stain, as the acid acts more quickly on a hot than on a cold substance.

Straw matting will look bright and fresh at the end of the summer if it is carefully washed over with a soft cloth wrung out of salt and water every time it is swept.—New York Press.

RECIPES.
Confectioner's sugar icing.—Put into a bowl the white of one egg and a half egg shell of water. Begin stirring in the soft confectioner's sugar with any flavoring desired, and when of the desired consistency for spreading put on the cake. Melted chocolate may be added to this.

Scalloped Squash.—Peel, cut into small pieces and boil until tender. Butter a baking dish, then put in a layer of squash, the salt, butter cayenne and a layer of cracker crumbs. Repeat this until dish is full, making the top layer a thick one of the crumbs, over which grate Parmesan cheese and bake until a light brown, which is about 20 minutes.

School cake.—Mix one pound and a quarter of flour with a quarter of a pound of brown sugar; stir in half a teaspoonful of good yeast and a quarter of a pint of slightly warmed milk. Knead these well together and set the dough near the fire to rise. When it rises add a quarter of a pound of picked washed and dried currants, one teaspoonful of caraway seeds, and a quarter of a pound of melted butter in a quarter of a pint of warm milk. Knead well again and once more allow the dough to rise. Put into a greased cake-tin and bake in a moderate oven for quite an hour.

King Edward VII is the most heavily insured man alive.

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WISE WORDS.
The original fox was a man; the original grapes were the girls he couldn't kiss.

Being a wife often means being a servant with the wages left out and the privilege of eating with the family thrown in.

A man's desire for a son is usually nothing but the wish to duplicate himself in order that such a remarkable pattern may not be lost to the world.

It isn't the girls whom he has loved and lost that a man sighs for; it's those whom he has loved and never won.

Lazy men fancy that the wheel of life is a roulette wheel, on which fortunes are won only by chance.

The happiest wife is not always the one who marries the best man, but the one who makes the best of the man she marries.

"Who findeth a wife findeth a good thing," saith the Scriptures. Well, that's what most men are looking for nowadays.

It isn't the big vague vows he makes at the altar which a man finds it so difficult to keep or to get around, but the little foolish promises he made before he ever got there.

It is as foolish to try to reform a man after he has just got his front hair as to try to tame a lion after he has got his second teeth.

People who can't afford them have an idea that there is something almost immoral about hansom cabs and automobiles.

It is difficult to tell who is the most grateful to Fate for his sex—the woman who watches her husband while he is in the throes of shaving, or the man who sees his wife getting into a tight corset and a dress that buttons up the back.

When a wife induces her husband to get on the "water wagon" against his will he is likely to fall off with a fearful splash.

It isn't the things a man says that prove he loves you, but the things he tries to say and can't—the things that choke right up in his throat and leave him sitting dumb and miserable on your parlor divan.—From "Recollections of a Bachelor Girl," the New York World.

Mr. Bryan Answers Well.
Recently a man asked Hon. William Jennings Bryan whether he really believed in advertising, and his answer given promptly was as follows: "The man who tries to attract business without advertising is like the fellow who throws his sweetheart a kiss in the dark. He knows what he is doing, but nobody else does."

It would be pretty hard to give a better answer than that to the question, for trying to sell anything one has without telling people he has it for sale is certainly trying to do business in the dark, and such people are always failures.

Recently a live stock man who held a public sale said to us: "I believe in advertising, but for a year or two I selected cheap rate papers to do it in, and now I always use the Indiana Farmer, and have always since had good success at my sales. I suppose it goes to the better class of men, and they come to my sales, and know a good animal when they see it."

That really is the true philosophy of advertising. One wants to get the attention of the class of people who are up in things, and then he always gets a fair price for what he has for sale.—Indiana Farmer.

BLUE IS BETTER.
"I don't like to sit on green paint."
"Why do you specify green paint?"
"Because you don't care to have the pants dyed that color."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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