

"THE RIDDLE OF THINGS THAT ARE."

We walk in a world where no man reads
The riddle of things that are,
From a tiny fern in the valley's heart
To the light of the largest star,
Yet we know that the pressure of life is
hard
And the silence of Death is deep,
As we fall and rise on the tangled way
That leads to the gate of Sleep

We know that the problems of Sin and
Pain,
And the passions that lead to crime,
Are the mysteries locked from age to age
In the awful vault of Time,
Yet we lift our weary feet and strive
Through the mire and mist to grope
And find a ledge on the mount of Faith
In the morning land of Hope.
—William H. Hayne, in Harper's Weekly.

A Mother's Mistake.

In a darkened room, where the shutters were closely bowed and tied with broad black ribbons, a lady was unfolding and stroking with tender hands the contents of a small trunk. Not packed for a traveler's comfort, the trunk contained only the possessions of a babe a year old, who had "gone before" to the heavenly home. For six months the bereaved mother had made a weekly visit to the trunk, unfolding and refolding every baby garment, packing carefully the baby toys and stroking tenderly every tiny object endeared by the touch of the little one she had lost. Yet, on the day when the sixth month had rolled by, her tears fell upon the dainty embroideries, the worn socks, the broken toys as fast as on the day when she first put aside the clothes Baby Willie would never wear again. Her dress of heavy black, loaded with crape, suited well her pale, tear-stained face, heavy eyes and grief-drawn mouth.

While she was yet busy at her mournful task the door opened softly and two beautiful boys of four years old, her twin sons, Eddie and Charlie, came into the room. Seeing their mother busy, they softly stepped to her side and stood quiet until Eddie spied a tin horse and wagon on the floor. A moment later he had grasped it and was pulling it down from the summit of a pile of little garments. Down toppled the whole pile, the cart rattling noisily. The mother looked around with a quick frown.

"You naughty, heartless boy!" she cried, sobbing. "How can you touch your poor, dead brother's things? I think you are old enough to know poor Willie is gone, never to come back, and mamma is so sad—"

Here the sobs choked her, and the children, terrified, began to cry, too. "Eddie sorry," one sobbed; "don't cry, mamma."

"Is Charlie bad boy, too?" asked the other, with a piteous wail in his voice, that should have gone straight to the mother's heart.

"Go to the nursery," she said, and the little ones trotted off, hand in hand, vaguely conscious that they were in disgrace and ready to be comforted by rosy-cheeked Nannie, their nurse.

"And, dear knows," said that warm-hearted individual to the cook, "it is a shame for the poor darlings. It's not blaming Mrs. Aiken I am for crying her eyes out for the beautiful boy she lost. Didn't I love every curl of his hair, the pretty pet. But look at the two that's left. Wouldn't they be a comfort to anybody, and Mrs. Aiken only speaks to them now to set them crying. Sure she can't expect babies like them to remember their brother more than six months, and if they were downright wicked she couldn't be harder than she is if they laugh or romp. She'll break their spirits entirely."

And the mother, rocking to and fro, with the picture of her dead boy clasped to her heart, was thinking: "Everybody is forgetting Willie but me. But I will never forget. I will never, never cease to mourn for my darling. Oh, Willie! Willie!"

Breaking in upon her sobs came a whistle, a merry whistle of a popular tune, and the door of the darkened room opened again noisily.

"Where are you, Susy? Oh!"

Voice and face fell, and Mr. Aiken stood silently at the door, his eyes slowly gathering the mournful expression suited to the funeral aspect of the scene before him.

"I was hoping you had gone out when I did not find you in the sitting room," he said, "but Nannie told me you were upstairs. I wish you would not spend so much time in this room, Susy. It is wearing away your health."

"Oh, Fred," the mother sobbed, "how can you whistle! I don't expect sorrow or sympathy from the children, but you—I thought you loved Willie so dearly."

"So I did, Susy, but I made a most fortunate investment in business a few weeks ago, and today I was able to pay off the mortgage on the house. I did feel light-hearted when I thought I had secured a home for my family."

"Oh, Fred! how can you think of money and houses when our beautiful boy lies dead!"

The young husband stood shamefaced and penitent. In the shadow of the darkened room, with Willie's picture on the wall, Willie's clothes revealed by the open lid of the trunk, Willie's toys standing on the floor, it did seem cruel and heartless to think of anything but the lost child. And Fred had loved his baby boy with all a father's fondness and grieved for him deeply and truly. So he stood silently waiting while Susy dried her eyes and came to his side. Carefully closing the door of the room where she kept the precious souvenirs of her boy, she followed her husband to the dining room. Everywhere the bowed shutters kept out God's sunlight, and the house was as dark and gloomy as if a corpse awaited burial there.

Awed by the father's grave face, the mother's look of woe, the children ate silently, gladly scrambling down and escaping to Nannie and the nursery when the dinner was over.

"Come, Susy," Fred said, "I can

afford to take a few leisure hours today. I will get a carriage, and we will take the children out. A run on the seashore will do us all good, for the weather is getting hot."

"Oh! Fred, drive me to Greenwood. It is nearly a month since we were there."

"Well, as you wish," said Fred, pitying the pale face and really fearing that he was growing heartless. "We can take the children down to Bath afterward."

Nearly a month after the day described, which was a fair specimen of the days preceding it for six long months, a silver-haired old lady sat knitting in a cheerful sitting room. In a sleeping room beyond a lady lay upon the bed, resting after an exciting talk, weary with crying and half sleeping.

While the old lady plied her needles with her sweet, placid face clouded by some troubled thought, Fred Aiken came into the room.

"Oh!" he said, kissing her fondly, "you always look cheerful here, mother."

"I am glad you still love your old home, Fred," was the reply.

"Yes. Have you seen Susy today?"

"She was here this morning, and—"

"Has she told you I am going to accept Russell's offer and take the California branch of the business?"

"She said you thought of it. But, Fred, I hope you will think better of it. You are doing well here, and your first duty is to your own home."

"I have no home."

"Fred, you shock me!"

"There is a funeral vault up town where I live," was the reply, "but the home I had there is gone. I have been patient, mother, as you advised me. I have not said one harsh word to Susy. I respected her sorrow and tried to comfort her, but I tell you frankly that I shall become insane if I do not get away. It is useless for me to tell you that I loved my boy, my little Willie, as fondly as ever father loved a son. I grieved for him sincerely, but after my first shock of pain was over I thought of him safe in God's care, happy, released from all the sorrows of this life, and was comforted. God has left me my wife, my two noble boys and my own home, health and strength. It seemed to me monstrous and wicked to see no light or hope in life because a babe had returned to Heaven pure and spotless. But Susy would not see the loss in this light. It became her religion to mourn for her baby ceaselessly and hopelessly. She hugged her grief to her heart till the whole world was dark, and would hear no word of comfort."

"Have you told her what you have just told me of your own source of comfort?"

"Over and over again, but she only sobs more pitifully because I do not share her feelings. You advised me to be patient, to let time carry its healing to her. I have been patient, but I am losing my own powers of usefulness in the dreary atmosphere of my once pleasant home. My boys are growing pale and thin in the unnatural suppression of their baby spirits. Susy has actually persuaded them that it is a sin to romp, to make a noise or laugh, and I have seen Eddie put his finger on his lip and say to Charlie:

"Don't laugh! You forget baby bruzzer."

"Fred!"

"I assure you I do not exaggerate. The house is like a prison. Every room is kept darkened, and the whole atmosphere is heavy and actually chilly in this glorious summer weather. Susy nurses her sorrow till it is becoming a monomania."

"Cannot you coax her out?"

"She will go nowhere but to Greenwood, and the last time we were there she fainted on Willie's grave."

"She is not strong."

"Because she shuts herself up closely in the house, dark and gloomy as a vault, destroys her appetite and weakens her whole system. I cannot use any sternness, exercise any strong authority, for it seems like actual brutality and want of feeling for her sorrow. But I must escape. I am becoming unfit for business, and—Mother, I have actually been tempted to join bachelor parties to get rid of the necessity of returning home to meet only darkness, tears and repining."

"Oh, Fred, you frighten me!"

"I frighten myself! It is because I am losing my strength to resist such temptations that I am considering this California offer. Susy will then have no one to consider, and I will have at least air and light out of business hours. Mother, advise me! What can I do? If it is cowardly to run away, shirk my duties as husband and father, I will stay; but I tell you frankly I am afraid I shall be driven to neglect home, wife and children if I find nothing there but gloom and darkness."

There was a rustling noise in the sleeping room as Fred ceased speaking, and the door, which had stood ajar, was pushed open. Susy stood upon the threshold, her heavy black

draperies still clinging around her, but her face lifted with a look upon it that went to Fred's heart. It was the expression of so much penitence, such heart-stricken remorse, that he held out both hands, to gather her closely in his arms. Then she spoke: "Forgive me, Fred, and stay with me! I did not mean to be an eaves-dropper, but I heard all you said, and I see how wickedly selfish I have been. You were so kind, so tender, that I did not realize what I was doing in my neglect of you and our boys. Do not go away, Fred!"

"Never, Susy, if you bid me stay."

"I do, Mother, you will help me to keep him."

"Not now! I must give my answer this morning. I am off now, but I will be home to dinner."

It was still daylight on the summer afternoon when Fred Aiken came home. Before he entered the house he drew a deep sigh of relief, seeing the shutters of every window opened and the light shaded only by inner curtains. In the sitting room Eddie and Charlie, long banished because they were noisy, were building block houses. Their dress showed plainly that Nannie had no longer sole control of their appearance, and on each little face was a serene happiness, as if some long-felt restraint was gone.

Susy, in a dress of black, thin goods, had put snowy ruffles at wrists and throat and, for the first time since her baby died, had arranged her hair fashionably and becomingly. Upon her face, still pale and thin, was a smile of welcome for Fred, and the kiss of greeting he gave her was cordially returned.

"Papa!" the boys shouted, "see us tumble down the tower mamma built."

And down came the rattling blocks, without any quick cry of restraint for their noise or the gleeful shouts of the little ones.

It is nearly seven years now since Baby Willie was laid to sleep in Greenwood. Two little girls are playmates for Eddie and Charlie in Mrs. Aiken's nursery, and another little grave marks a second bereavement. But the mother has learned well the lesson impressed upon her heart when the selfish sorrow so nearly blighted her home.

The little ones God has taken can never be forgotten. Tears still fall over their pictures, the silent souvenirs of their brief lives, but the duties to the living are never forgotten in sorrowing for the dead. What God has taken to His own care the mother has learned to resign submissively, thanking Him for the blessings spared, shutting out no sunlight He gives and treasuring gratefully the memories of brightness with the sorrow of the little lives ended.—New York News.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

Hats For Spring and Summer. Fashionables of Paris are now beginning to think of summer hats. Straw will be, as usual, universally worn, and the novelties are very charming. Among the new ones are lined throughout, but unstiffened, and is trimmed with two rows of fancy braid.

To make this costume for a girl of eight years will require two and one-half yards of forty-four-inch material.

Styles in Sashes.

Sashes of all kinds and conditions are well to the front in fashion, and the new ribbons are more beautiful than ever. There are Roman stripes, checks and plaids, with satin bordered edges, and flowered, corded, and watered ribbons of all kinds. Net, chiffon, and lace sashes will continue in favor; but it is not alone sashes for the waist that swell the list. The sashes for the neck are quite as conspicuous and more generally worn, for all women seem to like the long silken cravats around their throats. They are made of liberty gauze, chiffon, and thin silk, or of Swiss, with hemstitched and lace-trimmed ends. The newest of these neck sashes is a scarf of net with an elaborate lace pattern at the ends and an edge all around. They range in price from \$4 to \$15, and are really very elegant. In smaller things for the neck there is an unlimited variety. Short bows and knotted cravats of pure white lawn, with knife-plaited frills on the ends, are added to an array of lace knots and neck frills which are beyond description.

New Materials for Spring Wear.

Among the new materials this spring are several weaves of crepon, which are not intended for anything but mourning wear. They look as though part were made of crape, and then of

the effect is charming. A novel manner of using tulle is to arrange it in layers, one over the other, until it is quite opaque, and then either stretch it smoothly over a firm shape or arrange it in the form of a beret, with the loose edges of the tulle separate, like the leaves of a book, and each one edged with very narrow satin ribbon or a row of spangles or jet nail-heads. In Paris flower-trimmed hats and bonnets are already the vogue, and

shirrings of silk and wool. They are also to be seen with a sort of blistered surface, resembling matelasse or quilting. They are always of a deep black, not a blue black, and wear well, but are among the expensive materials. However, as they do not require much trimming, they are not so expensive as might be thought.

Novelties in Buttons.

In fine buttons for bodices and jackets some handsome novelties are shown in celluloid, jet, steel and porcelain. The latter are especially lovely, and often look like miniatures, so exquisitely are ideal heads painted upon them.

Latest Spring Blouse.

The bloused fronts open over a plastron of white satin or of a silk which matches one of the colors in the plaid of the waist material. These fronts are held together by cuff-links through button holes. The revers are faced

with the waist material or to match the plastron. Plaids, stripes, plain silks, checks, all are made up in this style. The back is in a single piece and slightly bloused. If preferred it can be drawn down tightly.

Girl's Costume in Light Weight Serge. Whatever number of more elaborate and delicate gowns the growing girl's wardrobe may include, one of sturdy stuff, simply made, is essential to her comfort and well-being. The model shown in the double-column illustration, says May Manton, is of light-weight serge in royal blue and is trimmed with fancy black braid. But cheviot, covert cloth and all the new spring suitings, as well as cashmere, are equally suitable. The foundation for the waist is a fitted lining that closes at the centre-back. On it are arranged the full body portions and the yoke, which is extended and divided to form slashed epaulettes. The straight strip shown at the front is lined with crinoline, then applied to the waist proper, covering the edges of full fronts. The sleeves are two-seamed and fit snugly, except for the slight puffs at the shoulders, which are universally worn by children and young girls. The pointed wrists are finished with frills of lace, and at the throat is a high standing collar. The skirt is four-gored and fits smoothly across the front and over the hips, the fulness at the back being laid in backward-turning plaits. It is

HE PUT OUT THE FLASH.

The American clergy did a great deal by precept and example to stimulate patriotism during the Revolution. In his book on "Chaplain and Clergy in the Revolution," the late historian Headley relates a number of incidents of "fighting parsons." The Rev. Thomas Allen, the first minister ever settled in the town of Pittsfield, Mass., was a man renowned and beloved for his gentleness and piety. When hostilities between England and the colonies were declared, Pastor Allen's flock was astonished to hear their mild shepherd announce his intention to join the militia and fight for the right!

"At the battle of Bennington the Berkshire militia had their share of the conflict, and the Rev. Thomas Allen fought as a common soldier, by side with his fellow countrymen. Knowing this good man's natural aversion to violence and bloodshed, some one said to him after the battle was over:

"They say you fought at Bennington, Mr. Allen. Is it true?"

"Yes; I did," answered the man of God. "It was a hot, close battle, and it became every patriot to do his duty."

"Well, but, Mr. Allen," said a parishioner, "did you kill anybody?"

"No," replied the courageous conscientious clergyman; "I do know that I killed anybody; it happened to notice a frequent from behind a certain bush, and time I saw that flash one of our men fell. I took aim at the bush, but I don't know that I kill anybody, but I put out that flash!"



CREATION OF VELVET AND TULLE.



GIRL'S COSTUME.



SPRING BLOUSE.

A TRYING SITUATION.

A man may be a hero
In most any walk of life;
But certain situations
Make him falter in the strife;
And one that tries his mettle,
Is when he comes to parting
With his last and only dollar!

He'll laugh at old misfortune
When he hears the dollars clink,
And be brave for any danger,
When he knows he's got the "chink";
But he sings a different measure,
When his hoard is growing smaller,
And he finds he's come to parting
With his last and only dollar!

You speak in praise of striving,
And of conquering adverse fate,
And prove how oft the humble
Have been truly good and great;
But philosophy is vanquished
By both the boor and scholar,
When it comes to final parting
With the last and only dollar!

—Detroit Free Press.

HUMOROUS.

Different kinds of punishment are good for unruly children, but as a general thing spanking takes the palm.

"What's Old Calamity howling about now?" "Because he can't get as much for wheat here as you are paying at the Klondike."

Wallace—I presume you are aware that money is a great carrier of bacteria? Hargreaves—Yes. That is why I burn it as fast as I get it.

"And why," said the young porker, "do you feel so sad whenever you see a hen?" "My son," replied the old hog, "I cannot help thinking of ham and eggs."

First Hen—What are those young bantams fighting about? Second Hen—Oh! they are disputing about the question, Which is the mother of the chick—the hen that lays the egg or the incubator?

Lounger—Do cook-books form an important item in your sales? Book-seller—Yes, we sell them by the thousand. "The women appreciate them, eh?" "Oh, the women don't buy them; their husbands do."

"Pat, you complain of being out of work, and yet I heard that coat dealer offer you a job to drive one of his carts, not ten minutes ago." "Yis, sor; but I'm blamed if I'll freeze myself to death to keep alive, begob!"

Maud (showing fashion plate)—Papa, that's the way I would look if I had a sealskin saccue. Maud's Father (showing advertising picture labeled "Before taking")—And that's the way I would look, dear, when the bill came in.

"Papa," said Sammy Snuggs, who was seeking for information, "how much is gold worth an ounce?" "I can't tell you what gold is worth an ounce here, but in the Klondike I understand that gold is worth its weight in doughnuts."

Mrs. Askem—It's the unluckiest store to shop in dear, Mrs. Price!—Why? Mrs. Askem—There isn't a thing you might ask for they haven't got, and everything they have is so lovely you're forced to buy without going further.

She beats the bars of her prison in her wrath. "Release me," she shrieked, "or I shall break out—if not in one way, then in another." The warden trembled. If she proved to be a poetess of passion, would he be responsible?

"You," said she, as she came down leisurely pulling on her gloves—"you used to say I was worth my weight in gold." "Well, what if I did?" he asked, looking at his watch. "And now you don't think I am worth a walf of two minutes."

"You enjoy coaching, do you? I never could see where the fun comes in. One looks so like a blamed fool, sitting up on a three-story coach and cavorting over the highway tooting of a horn." "I know it, but it isn't every blamed fool that can afford it."

Johnnie—Papa, is mamma the better half of you? Father—Yes, my son, that's the way they put it. Johnnie—And are all wives the better part of their husbands? Father—Certainly, my son. Johnnie—Then, what part of King Solomon were his wives?