

LOVE.

Oh, Love is not a summer mood,
Nor flying phantom of the brain,
Nor youthful fever of the blood,
Nor dream, nor fate, nor circumstance.
Love is not born of blinded chance,
Nor bred in simple ignorance.
But Love bath winter in her blood,
And love is fruit of holy pain,
And perfect flower of maidenhood.
True love is steadfast as the skies,
And, once alight, she never flies;
And love is strong and still and wise.
—Richard Watson Gilder.

FACULTY.

There was a great commotion in Foxville when old Parson Fox died. It was not only because he was the pioneer of the place, having come there when the woods were one primeval mass of green, and himself having erected the old stone parsonage, around which the thriving village had grown with almost incredible rapidity. It was not that he had preached the gospel to them for four-and-forty years; it was not that his footsteps had been instant on every threshold where sickness came or sorrow brooded.

All this had been received as a matter of course, and forgotten as soon as the necessities were past. But it was because Foxville curiosity was on the qui vive about Joanna, his grandchild, the sole remaining blossom on the gnarled old family tree, who was left quite unprovided for.

"I declare to goodness," said Mrs. Emmons, "I don't know what is to become of that girl!"

"She hasn't no faculty," said Sabina Sexton, the village dressmaker; "and never had."

"Books possessed no charms for her!" sighed Miss Dodge, who taught the Foxville district school. "She always cried over her parsing and rhetoric, and I never could make her understand cube root."

"There's no denyin' that the old minister was as near a saint as we often see in this world," said Mrs. Luke Lockedge, piously. "But he hadn't ought to let Joanna run loose in the woods and fields the way she did. Why, I don't s'pose she ever made a shirt or fried a batch o' fritters in her life!"

"Is it true," said Miss Dodge, peering inquisitively up under her spectacle glasses, "that she is engaged to your Simon, Mrs. Lockedge?"

Mrs. Lockedge closed her mouth, shook her head and knitted away until her needles shone like forked lightning.

"Simon's like all other young men. Miss Dodge," said she—"took by a pretty face and a pair o' bright eyes. And they sat on the same bench at school. And as long as we s'posed Parson Fox had left property, why, there wasn't no objection. But there wasn't nothing—not even a life insurance. So I've talked to Simon, and made him hear reason. There can't nobody live on air!"

"But that's ruther hard on Joanna, ain't it?" said Mrs. Emmons, with a little sympathetic wheeze.

"Reason is reason!" Mrs. Lockedge answered. "My Simon will have property, and the girl he marries must have suthin' to match it."

So that Joanna Fox, sitting listlessly in her black dress by the window, where the scent of June honeysuckles floated sweetly in, and trying to realize that she was alone in the world, had divers and sundry visitors that day. The first was Simon Lockedge, looking as if his errand were somewhat connected with grand larceny.

Joanna started up, her face brightening. She was only sixteen—a brown-haired, brown-eyed girl.

"Oh, Simon," she cried, "I knew you would come when you heard!"

Simon Lockedge wriggled uneasily into a seat, instead of advancing to clasp her outstretched hand.

"Yes," said he. "Of course it's very sad, Joanna, and I'm awfully sorry for you. But—"

Joanna stood still, her face hardening into a cold, white mask, her hands falling to her side.

"Yes," said she. "You were saying—"

"It's mother!" she guiltily confessed Simon. "A fellow can't go against his own mother, you know. She says it's all nonsense, our engagement and we shouldn't have anything to live on! And so," with a final twist, "we'd better consider it all over. That's the sense of the matter—now ain't it, Joanna?"

She did not answer.

"I'm awfully sorry," stammered Simon. "I always set a deal of store by you, Joanna."

"Did you?" she said bitterly. "One would scarcely have thought it."

"And you know, Joanna," he headed awkwardly, mindful of his mother's drill, "when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window!"

Joanna smiled scornfully.

"It seems," said she, "that love does not always wait for that."

And she turned and walked into the adjoining apartment; while Simon, slinking out of the door, muttered to himself:

"It's the hardest job o' work that ever I did in my life. Splitting stumps is nothing to it. But mother says it must be done—and mother rules the roost in our house!"

Next came Mrs. Emmons.

"Joanna," said she, "I'm deeply grieved at this 'ere affliction that's befallen you!"

"Thank you, Mrs. Emmons!" said the girl, mechanically.

"I've come to ask you about your plans," added the plump widow. "Because, if you have no other intentions, I'll be glad to have you help me with the housework. I'm goin' to have a house full o' summer boarders, and there'll be a deal more work than no and Elviry can manage. Of course

you won't expect no pay, but a good home is what you need most."

"Stop a minute!" said Joanna. "Am I to understand that you expect me to assume the position and duties of a servant, without servant's wages?"

"You'll be a member of the family," said Mrs. Emmons; "and you'll set at the same table with me and Elviry."

"I am much obliged to you," said Joanna, "but I must decline your kind offer."

And Mrs. Emmons departed in wrath, audibly declaring her conviction that pride was certain, sooner or later, to have a fall.

"I have plenty of friends," said Joanna, courageously, or rather dear grandpapa had. I am sure to be provided for."

But Squire Barton looked harder than any flint when the orphan came to him.

"Something to do, Miss Fox?" said he. "Well, that's the very problem of the age—woman's work, you know; and I ain't smart enough to solve it. Copying? No, our firm don't need that sort of work. Do I know of any one that does? No, no, I can't say I do; but if I should hear of an opening, I'll be sure to let you know. Ahem! —I'm a little busy this morning, Miss Fox; sorry I can't devote more time to you. John, the door. Good morning, my dear Miss Fox! I assure you, you have mine and Mrs. Barton's prayers in this sad visitation of an inscrutable Providence."

Old Miss Gringe, who had fifty thousand dollars at interest, and who had always declared that she loved dear Joanna Fox like a daughter, sent down word that she wasn't very well, and couldn't see company.

Doctor Wentworth, in visiting whose invalid daughter poor old Parson Fox had contracted the illness which carried him to his grave, was brusque and short. The doctor was sorry for Miss Joanna, of course, but he didn't know of any way in which he could be useful. He understood there was a kid-glove factory to be opened on Walling River soon.

"No doubt Miss Fox could get a place there; or there could be no objection to her going out to domestic service. There was a great deal of false sentiment on this subject, and he thought—"

But Joanna, without waiting for the result of his cogitations, excused herself. She would detain him no longer, she said; and she went away, with flaming cheeks and resolutely repressed tears.

When she got home, she found one of the trustees of the church awaiting her. He didn't wish to hurry her, he said, but the clergyman didn't want to live in such a ruinous old place; and it was their calculation, as the parsonage was mortgaged much beyond its real value, to sell it out, and buy a new frame house, near the railroad station, with all the modern conveniences, for the use of the Rev. Silas Speakwell.

"Am I to be turned out of my home?" said Joanna, indignantly.

Deacon Blydenburg hemmed and hawed. He didn't want to hurt no one's feelings; but as to her home, it was well known that to all intents and purposes the old place had long ago passed out of Parson Fox's ownership; and they were willing to accord her any reasonable length of time to pack up and take leave of her friends—say a week.

So Joanna, who could think of no remaining friend but her old governess, who had long ago gone to New York to fight the great world for herself, went down to the city, and appealed to Miss Woodin in her extremity; and Miss Woodin cried over her, and kissed her and caressed her, like an old maiden aunt.

"What am I to do?" said poor, pale Joanna. "I cannot starve!"

"There's no necessity for any one starving in this great, busy world," said Miss Woodin, cheerfully. "All one wants is faculty!"

Joanna shrank a little from the hard, stereotyped word, which she had so often heard from the lips of Mrs. Emmons, Miss Sabina Sexton, and that sisterhood.

"But how do you live?" said she.

"Do you see that thing there in the corner?" said Miss Woodin.

"Yes," answered Joanna. "It is a sewing machine?"

"It's a typewriter," announced Miss Woodin. "And I earn my living on it."

"But what do you write?" said Joanna.

"Anything I can get," said Miss Woodin.

And thus, in the heart of the great wilderness of New York, Joanna Fox commenced her pilgrimage of toil.

First on the typewriter, then promoted to a compiler's desk in the "Fashion Department" of a prominent weekly journal; then, by means of a striking, original sketch, slipped into the letter box of the Ladies' Weekly with fear and trembling, to a place on the contributor's list; then gradually rising to the rank of a spirited young novelist; until she had her pretty "flat," furnished like a miniature palace, with Miss Woodin and her typewriter snugly installed in one corner.

"Because I owe everything to her," said the young authoress, gratefully.

And, one day, glancing over the exchanges in the sanctum of the Ladies' Weekly, to whose columns she still contributed, she came across a copy of the Foxville Gazette.

"Hester," she said, hurrying home to Miss Woodin, "the old parsonage is to be sold at auction tomorrow, and I mean to go up and buy it. For I am quite—quite sure that I could write there better than anywhere else in the world."

Miss Woodin agreed with Joanna, Miss Woodin believed more firmly in whatever Joanna believed. In her

loving eyes, the successful young writer was always right.

So Joanna Fox and Miss Woodin, dressed in black and closely veiled, went up to Foxville to attend the auction sale.

Everybody was there. They didn't have an auction sale at Foxville every day in the week.

Squire Barton was there, with a vague idea of purchasing the old place for a public garden.

"It would be attractive," said the squire. "These open-air concert-gardens are making no end of money in the cities. I don't see why the Germans need pocket all the money that there is going."

Mrs. Emmons came because everybody else did. Miss Dodge, who had saved a little money, thought that if the place went cheap, she would pay down a part and give a mortgage for the remainder.

"And my sister could keep boarders," she considered, "and I could always have a home there."

But Simon Lockedge was most determined of all to have the old parsonage for his own.

"I could fix it up," said he to himself, "and live there real comfortable. It's a dreadful pretty location, and I'm bound to have it—especially since mother's investments have turned out bad, and since we've got to sell the farm. Nothing hasn't gone right with us since I broke off with the old parson's grand-daughter. It wasn't quite the square thing to do, but there seemed no other way. But, let mother say what she will, it brought bad luck to us."

And the rustic crowd surged in and out, and the auctioneer mounted to his platform on an old kitchen table, and the bidding began at five hundred dollars, and "hung fire" for some time.

"Six!" said cautious Simon Lockedge, at last.

"Seven!" peeped Miss Dodge faintly.

"Eight!" said Simon, resolutely.

"A thousand!" uttered the voice of a quiet, veiled lady, in the corner.

Every one stared in that direction.

"Taint worth that," said the squire, in an undertone. "All run down—fences gone to nothing."

But Simon Lockedge wanted it very much.

"E-le-ven hundred!" said he, slowly and unwillingly.

"Fifteen hundred!" spoke the soft voice, decidedly.

"Fifteen hundred!" bawled the auctioneer. "I'm offered fifteen hundred dollars for this very desirable property. Fifteen hundred, once—fifteen hundred, twice—fifteen hundred, three times and gone! What name, ma'am, if you please?"

And the lady, throwing aside her veil, answered calmly:

"Joanna Fox!"

The old parsonage was rebuilt, and studded with bay windows and medieval porches. Laurels and rhododendrons were set out in the grounds; the little brook was bridged over with rustic cedarwood; and Joanna Fox and Miss Woodin came there to live, in modest comfort.

But Mrs. Lockedge and her son Simon moved out of Foxville when the mortgage on their old place was foreclosed, and the places that had known them once knew them no more.

And Mrs. Emmons said:

"She's done real well, Joanna has. I always knew there was something in her!"

And Mrs. Wentworth and the Misses Barton tried desperately to become intimate with the young authoress, but without avail.

For there is nothing in all the wide world so successful as success, and it is a fetch which has many worshippers. —Saturday Night.

The Destructive English Sparrow.

I once saw a single pugnacious little house wren engage a whole flock of English sparrows. He was more than a match for three or four of them; but in the end, I regret to say, he was killed outright before my eyes.

This is the only instance of the kind I have ever seen. A lady friend tells me that a Baltimore oriole started to build his wonderful, pensile nest last season in an apple tree near her home and that the English sparrows made bitter war upon him and his house.

She watched the struggle one evening, and the next morning the oriole not appearing she went into her garden and found him lying dead under the apple tree with his head pecked open. I have often been witness to the violent interferences by them in the nest-building of robins and orioles, and, outnumbered as our native birds are, they always relinquish their task.

Here is a problem: A report presented to us by the department of agriculture shows that a single pair of English sparrows may, in a single decade, bring into existence 275,710,983,698 descendants. What is to become of our beautiful native song-birds when the English sparrow swarms over the land? As yet, except immediately around the farmhouses, this offensive bird is not often seen in the country districts. —Lynn T. Sprague, in Outing.

Outwitting a Creditor.

Saint Foix, the French poet, who was always in debt, sat one day in a barber's shop waiting to be shaved. He was lathered when the door opened and a tradesman entered who happened to be one of the poet's creditors, and angrily demanded his money. The poet composedly begged him not to make a scene. "Won't you wait for the money until I am shaved?" "Certainly," said the other, pleased at the prospect. Saint Foix then made the barber a witness of the agreement and immediately took a towel, wiped the lather from his face and left the shop. He wore a beard to the end of his days. —San Francisco Argonaut.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

Serviceable Morning Gown.

No material makes a more serviceable morning gown than is tasteful at the same time than does French flannel, either striped or figured, writes



LADIES' PRINCESS WRAPPER.

May Manton. The plain princess wrapper shown in the illustration is made from the material in soft shades of gray, with lines of black and is trimmed with black bands. The adjustment is accomplished by means of double bust-darts in front, underarm and side-back gores, with a curving center seam at the back. Each portion is shaped below the waist line to produce the ripples at the back and the necessary width at the feet. The sleeves are two-seamed and fit snugly, there being only a slight fullness at the

brocade, covered with lace and chiffon ruffles edged with tiny ruches. In shape they are either round and short, flaring out over the shoulders, or long at the back and rounding up in front in a quaint, old-time manner. These novel garments are made of colored chiffon, shirred around the shoulders and finished with three or four ruche-edged ruffles at the bottom, which taper to a point where they meet the shoulder shirring.

Ladies' Shirt Waist Sleeves.

Many of last season's shirt waists are quite up to date with the sole exception of the sleeves. The pattern shown in the large engraving is especially designed to remedy just such defects and includes the latest styles, one sleeve showing pleats, the other gathers at the arms' edges. Both are one-seamed. Both are in regulation shirt style and with them are included the two prevailing cuffs, one straight, the other rolled over and rounded at the outer edges.

To make either these sleeves for a lady of medium size 1½ yards of material thirty inches wide will be required.

Stylish Street Dresses.

Stylish street dresses are made of black and white checked tweed, with a green glaze silk blouse vest for a note of color and an inner vest of white corduroy peeping out on either side.

Nurse's Apron.

A generous apron that is tasteful at the same time is as completely essential to the nurse's outfit as is the neat and simple gown. The model shown is in the latest style and amply fulfills all requirements. While especially designed for the nurse's needs it is also well suited to general home wear, being adapted to both the kitchen and the sewing room. It may be of plain or plaid nainsook, cambric or lawn, as preferred, but as illustrated is of the



LADIES' SHIRT WAIST SLEEVE.

arm's-eye. At the neck is a turn-over collar and at the wrists are worn frills of lace.

To make this wrapper for a lady in the medium size will require 6½ yards of forty-four-inch material.

Fads and Fancies of Dress.

Perhaps the very newest trimmings for gowns and wraps are of jet and steel, many of them being made more youthful-looking with a dash of color here and there. Something very new among the embroideries on net and chiffon is a combination of raised flowers in lace and jet on steel sequins, which form the stems and leaves. Bretelles are one of the features of the new gowns, and are made quite plain, or may be trimmed as elaborately as one may wish. They follow the line of the sloping shoulder, which must be cultivated, as it is the coming affliction.

The newest feather boas have six ends, three on a side, and fasten at the neck with a jeweled ornament, which is usually rhinestones. Hosiery grows more startlingly loud in colors each day. As sleeves grow longer gloves grow shorter, and now the one-button glove is again having its day.—Woman's Home Companion.

Evolution of Chiffon.

Chiffon has many fresh developments, by means of steaming and hot irons it has been tortured into flouncings and frillings of all kinds. This simple, graceful untrimmed skirt is gradually going out of date, to be succeeded by graduated flounces, or bouillonnes, either carried all round or up the front breadth. To effect this the Paris shops are now full of graduated trimmings with satin edges, the center apparently drawn on threads, which have disappeared, and wide headings left on both sides, or the soft fabric has been crimped and bouillonned into ruffles for the neck or into narrower edgings for any frills that may be used.

The New Wraps.

The new wraps, so far as they have been displayed, are very dressy expensive confections of colored silk or

lawn trimmed with bands and frills of needle work.

The skirt is straight and full, simply gathered at the top and stitched to the band. The bib is gathered at the lower edge and arranged to form a narrow frill at the top, but is straight and simple as are the epaulettes. The bands are all double, both the edges of the bib and those of the epaulettes being included in the seam in order that no rough edges may be found. After passing over the shoulders they cross at the back and are attached to the waist band, which in turn is finished



A GENEROUS APRON.

with bow and sash ends of the material, which in turn are finished with bands and frills of embroidery.

To cut this apron for a lady of medium size 3½ yards of material 36 inches wide will be required.

Chew Star Tobacco—The Best. Smoke Sledge Cigarettes.

Birmingham, England, turns out five tons of hairpins every week.



Uncle Sam Says: This is America's Greatest Spring Medicine. Take it Now to Sharpen Your Appetite, Vitalize Your Blood To Overcome That Tired Feeling. Go to your druggist and get a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and begin to take it today, and realize at once the great good it is sure to do you.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is America's Greatest Spring Medicine.

Pessimistic Philosophy.

A man's friends are never as sincere as his enemies.

It is easier to work than it is to be always looking for a job.

A girl of sixteen is as prodigal with her affection as a woman with company is with her jam.

This getting married is like renting a door for the purpose of keeping a wolf from it.

Notice to those who have babies named after them: Mothers refuse to be grateful this year for a baby buggy that hasn't rubber tires.

It takes so much to repair a bicycle and run a kodak that no one owning either can hope to save enough for the Paris Exposition.

The young college man who makes his hair look fluffy and looks sternly at the audience gathered to see him graduate thinks he has solved the problem of life.—Atchison Globe.

A Jewish technical school for girls has been founded in Winnitz, Russia.

YOUNG AT SIXTY.

Serene comfort and happiness in advanced years are realized by comparatively few women.

Their hard lives, their liability to serious troubles on account of their peculiar organism and their profound ignorance concerning themselves, all combine to shorten the period of usefulness and fill their later years with suffering.

Mrs. Pinkham has done much to make women strong. She has given advice to many that has shown them how to guard against disease and retain vigorous health in old age. From every corner of the earth there is constantly coming the most convincing statements from women, showing the efficacy of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in overcoming female ills. Here is a letter from Mrs. J. C. Orms, of 220 Horner St., Johnstown, Pa., which is earnest and straight to the point:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I feel it my duty to tell all suffering women that I think your remedies are wonderful. I had trouble with my head, dizzy spells and hot flashes. Feet and hands were cold, was very nervous, could not sleep well, had kidney trouble, pain in ovaries and congestion of the womb. Since taking your remedies I am better every way. My head trouble is all gone, have no pain in ovaries, and am cured of womb trouble. I can eat and sleep well and am gaining in flesh. I consider your medicine the best to be had for female troubles."

The present Mrs. Pinkham's experience in treating female ills is unparalleled, for years she worked side by side with Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, and for sometime past has had sole charge of the correspondence department of her great business, treating by letter as many as a hundred thousand ailing women during a single year.

Go to your grocer to-day and get a 15c. package of

Grain=O

It takes the place of coffee at ¼ the cost. Made from pure grains it is nourishing and healthful.

Insist that your grocer gives you GRAIN-O. Accept no imitation.

OPIMUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 30 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. L. Stephens, Dept. A, Lebanon, Ohio.

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