AT THE DOOR.

Oh, what care I for wealth or fame!
They vanish as a dream,
When night is drawn through gates of Dawn
On Slumber's ebbing stream!
Let others sing of Death and War,
Or Sorrow's tragic lore;
But Love has come and calls me home
To meet him at the door!

Oh, what care I to weave my Fate
On Life's mysterious loom,
Its warp and woof from peace aloof—
The glittter and the gloom!
Let others sing of Death and War,
Or Sorrow's tragic lore;
But Love has come and calls me home
To meet him at the door!

Oh, what care I for clashing creeds,
Or hostile schools of art,
If I may wear through smile and tear
The ermine of the heart!
Let others sing of Death and War,
Or Sorrow's tragic lore;
But Love has come and calls me home
To meet him at the door!

Oh, what care I for houseless winds,
With rain and darkness blent,
If through the blight on me may light
The shy dove of content!
Let others sing of Death and War,
Or Sorrow's tragic lore;
But Love has come and calls me home
To meet him at the door!

—Harper's Bazar.

THE CONVENIENT TIGER.

Adventure of a Man Who Found Himself in an East Indian Jungle with a Bag of Rupees and a Dishonest Servant.

BY J. C. POWTON, I. C. S.

"I don't know that I have ever met a full-blosomed yogi in all my years in India. One has to come to America to find out the wonders and mysteries of theosophy. But I have seen performances of Indian fakirs quite as inexplicable as anything I have heard of the Mahatmas. There was one in particular in which I was concerned—a matter of some 20 years ago. It had a tragedy in it and some things which neither you nor I can explain. You understand, no doubt, what an Indian fakir is—a man of the Brahminical faith who devotes his life to communion with the Hindoo gods. Through prayer and contemplation and the leading of an ascetic life the fakirs attain powers that seem miraculous to the Western mind.

"The fakir that I am to tell you about came one afternoon to Archie Redvon's bungalow, near Charpore, where I had been staying for a few days during a round of inspection. He was an old, brown-skinned man, with a long, intellectual face and hair and beard snowy white. A waist cloth, turban and sandals were all he wore, and the rest of his visible belongings consisted of a prayer mat, a hubble-bubble, or native water pipe, and an earthen bowl from which he ate his food. He spread his mat in the middle of the compound, seated himself cross-leged upon it and began to take tinsel balls from somewhere—from the mat, it seemed, although none could be seen upon it—and to throw them one by one up into the air. Each one, as he threw it, went sailing up, up, until it was out of sight, and none of them came down. Then he did the boy and ladder and the mango tree trick in a manner that showed that he was a fakir of no common order.

"Then he took a hollow reed, fashioned it into a sort of pipe and went round in the compound and on the outside of the bungalow, playing a weird tune. Presently a cobra poked its head out from a hole in the wall, its body followed, and the serpent came to the ground and glided along after the fakir. Soon another cobra crawled out of the grass and followed the sound of the pipe. When the fakir stayed his steps the snakes stopped, and as he played on the reed they reared their hooded heads from the ground, and their bodies swayed to and fro as if they were keeping time with his piping. He called for a basket. A house servant brought him one, and the fakir, with his bare hands, took the snakes each by the neck and body, placed them in the basket, pressed their heads down and tied a cloth above them.

"This ended his performance. Redvon gave him a rupee, and I handed him five, for I had never seen anything to compare with what he had done. He gravely took the coins, after the manner of the Brahmins, without a thank or salaam, But as he dropped them somewhere in his waist cloth his eye fell on my servant Nagho, standing at my shoulder, and he looked at him with a strange intentness, then turned to me with a gaze as searching. Have you ever chanced to notice a Hindoo's eye—so sombre black, so keen to see and comprehend and revealing no more than a pool of ink might the thought behind it. But I noted in the fakir's eye what seemed to me to be a flash of perception, of discovery, as his look rested on Nagho and then on me. It was the episode of a moment. He said nothing, but picked up his mat and pipe, put the basket and snakes on his shoulder and went his way, taking the direction of Charpore, three miles away.

"On the next day I had to go to Baghra to meet the deputy collector there. To save distance I decided to travel in a palanquin over a bullock trail too rough for a carriage, instead of going twice as far round by the highway. I made my start in the middle of the afternoon, expecting to arrive in Baghra in the early evening. In my traveling satchel were notes and coin to the value of 12,000 rupees, which I was taking to the deputy collector. At the last hour Redvon showed some anxiety about my taking the route I had chosen.

"'Once your start is made, don't waste any time in getting through to Baghra,' he said. 'Beyond Charpore the road is through jungle all the way. There's a chance of dacoits—and then if your palanquin bearers should run upon them or get a tiger scare, they would think nothing of setting down the palanquin and leaving you in the jungle. Of course, you have your revolver by you in working order?'

"I had cleaned and oiled and reloaded my revolver that morning and told Redvon so. But he had still another caution to give me. He looked at Nagho, who was filling a water vessel from a chatty at the further end of the veranda.

"'That servant of yours—have you had him long?' he asked. 'My steward tells me that he is a hill man by birth, that he talks the argot of the Indian thieves' guilds, and he carries a tulwar. Do you know that you can trust him?'

"This was news to me about Nagho. I had hired him two months before in Calcutta. He had come well recommended and had proved a capable servant. I did not like the idea that he should have carried a tulwar unknown to me. The tulwar, let me explain, is the wide-bladed knife which the men of the hill tribes use so effectively in fighting, wielding it at close quarters or throwing it. With his tulwar, a hill man can cut off the branch of a tree 20 paces away or lop a man's arm from his body. I made up my mind that I would find out more about Nagho before I took him with me on another trip, but today there was nothing I could well do in the matter.

"'I think the Hindoo is all right,' I said to Redvon. 'I'll have my eye on him, though. Good bye. Hope I'll see you at Baghra next week.'

"We shook hands, and the four bearers of the palanquin trotted away with me at a four-mile-an-hour gait, with Nagho and two relay bearers following. At Charpore, where we stopped a few minutes to rest, the bearers got hold of a report about a tiger, which was said to have killed a man or two lately on the road to Baghra, and when they started on it was with little of the willingness that they had shown in the beginning. We had got about four miles beyond Charpore when we met a crowd of grass cutters coming on the run for the village, and they shouted 'Tiger! Tiger!' as they came near us. I managed to find out from them that no one had been hurt, but that one of them thought that he had seen a tiger. That was enough for my six palanquin bearers. They set the palanquin down and joined the grass cutters in their run for the village, leaving me with Nagho in the jungle.

"I reckoned that it was about ten miles further to Baghra and decided that I would walk there rather than turn back. I spread my umbrella to protect me from the sun and started along the path, with Nagho following, carrying the satchel. It was a rough road, miry in places. I had to stop often to rest, so as not to be overcome by heat, and darkness fell before we had made a third of the remaining distance to Baghra. But I plodded on in the darkness, feeling rather than seeing my way, and hoping that nearer Baghra the road would improve. I was beginning pretty thoroughly to distrust Nagho. There had come an unpleasant change of expression in his face since the palanquin men had left us, and I did not like the furtive look in his eyes which I had caught several times in turning suddenly toward him. Now that darkness had fallen I carried my revolver in my hand, quite as much on his account as on the chance of falling in with a tiger or leopard.

"I had ordered him to walk ahead, which command he obeyed sulkily. He was walking about 30 feet in advance of me when he turned suddenly round just as my foot tripped against a tree root, sending me sprawling to the ground. As I fell something whizzed above my head, and I heard leaves and twigs falling far back of me down the road. It was Nagho's tulwar, and but for my lucky tumble it would have split my skull as neatly as you please. The Hindoo ran as soon as he saw that his knife had missed, taking the satchel with him. I sent three shots after him from the ground, then got up and started on at an easy pace, for there was no hope of my overtaking the Hindoo, for, leaving the darkness out of the question, he could have outstripped me on such a road two to one. My only hope of recovering the satchel and money and bringing him to punishment was in getting to Baghra and setting the native police on his trail.

"It soon became clear to me that I should not get to Baghra that night. The air was horribly hot and humid, and the road got worse as I went on. I could feel the jungle fever clutching at me in the miasma that rose from the moist ground, but it was better to chance that than risk falling from heat and fatigue. I had rested myself under a tree by the roadside and had begun to nod with drowsiness, when the roar of a tiger somewhere off in the jungle gave a new turn to my thoughts, and I got up and stumbled on. Just as the tiger roared again I saw a smouldering fire in the clearing off to the right. It was an even chance whether it meant a camp of woodcutters or a rendezvous of dacoits, but I turned off the road and approached it. Only one man was by the fire—an old white-bearded man seated cross-legged on a mat—and I saw that it was the fakir who had been at Redvon's bungalow the day before. Here in the jungle he was sitting, absorbed in contemplation, as calmly as if such things as tigers or jungle fever did not exist. Two cobras in a basket by his side reared their heads and hissed as I came near, but the fakir did not raise his eyes until I stood before him. Then he looked at me without the slightest sign of surprise and motioned that I should seat myself opposite him.

"'I expected you,' he said, in Hindostanee. 'You will remain here until the morrow.'

"He returned to his contemplation and spoke not another word through the night. The tiger's roar came nearer, and I clutched my revolver as it changed into the low, eager, purring cry that tells he has scented his prey—but the old man gave no sign that he had so much as heard it. I watched the misty darkness around for an hour or more, but there was no more roaring, and no tiger appeared, and I laid my pistol across my lap and prepared to pass the night as comfortably as I could. In searching my pockets for cigars I found a package of quinine. I took 50 grains of it before morning and thus saved myself from jungle fever. Hour after hour I sat on the ground smoking cheroots, with the old man sitting opposite me.

"Part of the time his eyes were closed, but he did not nod or change his position, and whether he slept or not I could not tell. From time to time he fed the fire from a little heap of dry branches at his side, and two or three times he lighted his hubble-bubble, but he did not once rise to his feet or leave the mat. Toward morning sleep overcame me, and I woke to find myself on my back on the ground with the beams of the rising sun streaming into my face and one of the cobras crawling across my legs. I kept still, and the snake crept away in the grass hunting his breakfast.

"The old fakir, who was smoking, presently laid aside his pipe, collected his snakes and other luggage together, told me with a look that we were to move, and we left the clearing and turned into the road toward Baghra. In the dust, and more plainly in the miry places, we could see the tracks of Nagho. Presently there were other footprints above the man's and taking the same course—the tracks of a tiger which had come into the road from the jungle. I had not said a word to the fakir of what had occurred the night before, but he pointed to the tiger's tracks and said gravely, the first words he had spoken that morning:

"'These are bringing you to your property.'

"We kept along the road until we came to a place where the tracks showed that the swinging trot of the tiger had changed to a succession of long bounds, which ended at a spot where the dust had been stirred by marks of a struggle and caked with drops of red. The bushes and long grass crushed and bent to left and right, showed where the tiger leaped back into the jungle, and there was no track of man or beast in the road beyond. But in the tiger's path at a few paces from the roadside, strung along the bushes, was the unwound turban of Nagho with a long smear of red upon its white.

"'It was so appointed,' said the fakir. 'He was weaving the plan of his own death when he thought he was compassing yours. Now, take your own, restored to you, and we will go on into Baghra.'

"He pointed to my satchel, which I had not seen, in the grass by the roadside. It was unopened, and all its contents were safe. We went on to Baghra, where the fakir left me at the outskirts of the town, taking his way, I suppose, to the house of some person of his religious order. I gave him a bag of rupees at parting, which he accepted without thanks or comment—to him it came by appointment of the gods, and I feel sure he would have received a sentence of immediate execution with the same calm fatalism. I saw him once more, when he was called before the magistrate to give his testimony as to the manner of Nagho's death, but he gave me no sign of recognition. To one like him, wrapped in communion with diety, a mere man, whatever his degree, was worthy of nothing more than a passing notice.

"My story of the fakir is told, and you may explain it if you can to your satisfaction. His tricks at the bungalow were incomprehensible to the Western mind. Beyond these, what do you think of his reading of the human soul, as when his glance at Nagho revealed my servant's thought of murder and robbery against me? Of his knowledge of the events occurring in his case beyond the perceptions of the recognized senses of seeing and hearing? Was it the reading of Nagho's mind at the bungalow and of mine by the fire in the jungle? Let that explain it if you will. But what a genuine and lofty order of mind reading. Compare it with the jugglery that passes by that name among people of the Western hemisphere."—New York Sun.

Lotteries in Old Havana.

"Life and Society in Old Cuba," is the title of an article in the Century, made up of extracts from the journals of Jonathan S. Jenkins, written in 1859. Mr. Jenkins says:

In Havana the stranger's attention is arrested by the venders of lottery tickets, who stand on the street corners with a pair of shears in one hand and sheets of lottery tickets in the other, ready to cut off any number for buyers. They are very adroit, and are apt to persuade the credulous that they will draw a fortune in the scheme. These licensed lotteries are one of the great evils there, especially to the Spanish people, who seem to be born gamblers, and for whom the chances of dice, cards and lottery tickets appear to have an irresistible charm, all classes in Havana dealing in them habitually.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

A Dressy Waist.

This dressy waist, of fancy figured green taffeta, is stylishly combined with cream-colored satin and mousseline de soie. The fronts roll back in pretty pointed lapels from the neck

WOMAN'S WAIST.

to waist-line, which are faced with the satin and edged with ruching of mousseline. The full front, of mousseline, is arranged over satin in evenly spaced rows of tucked shirring at the top and blouses prettily at the waist-line.

The collar is of cream satin, shaped with stylish points under the ears. The waist is supported by fitted lining fabric or of material to match the skirt.

The collar and shoulder straps are sometimes made of red, white, or pale blue cloth, edged with the braid, which enhances the military effect.

The skirt has all the prevailing graduated flounce, that is so fashionable this season, joined to a five-gored upper portion that fits closely the becoming fulness at the back, falling in pretty fold. Serge, cheviot, covert or broad cloth, and other weaves in plain colors or fancy mixtures are suitable for skirts or whole costumes by the mode.

To make the jacket for a miss of fourteen years will require one and one-half yards of fifty-four-inch material. To make the skirt in the medium size will require three and one-half yards of forty-four-inch material.

The Hobson Tie.

The Hobson tie is a pretty finishing for the neck of a silk waist or woolen gown with which linen collars are worn. The Hobson tie consists of a satin strip with a slip-knot of accordion pleated chiffon worn in front and fastened by a clasp like the four-in-hand.

Colors For Evening Dresses.

Several shades of one color will be worn on evening dresses.

A Favorite Style For Boys.

The Norfolk jacket is a favorite style for boys, and when made in

MISSES' ADMIRAL JACKET AND SKIRT.

ings that close in centre front, the full front closing under the left revers.

The comfort-two-seamed sleeves have stylish fulness arranged in gathers at the top, and at the wrists points of the white satin stand out fashionably. The waist may be part of a costume or made separately to wear with different contrasting skirts. Combinations of material and coloring may be artistically arranged, and the waist can be made in silk, cotton or light woolen fabrics. Velvet made in this way, with revers and front of satin, and decoration of point applique is especially handsome.

To make the waist for a woman of medium size will require two yards of forty-four-inch material.

A Patriotic Idea.

Our glorious victory has been celebrated in the fashion world by modelling many of the new season garments according to the patriotic idea, so in compliment to our heroes on water the "Admiral" jacket, shown in the large illustration, is a favored style for misses.

Naval blue faced cloth, braid and brass buttons with anchor design are incorporated in the stylish coat which is correctly fitted with a centre-back seam, side-back and under-arm gores. The fulness below the waist is laid in coat plaits which are flatly pressed and finished at the top by buttons, a deep coap lap completing the centre seam. The double-breasted fronts lap widely in reefer style, the neck fitting closely by a short-dart in the centre.

Square laps cover pockets that are inserted in the fronts, and the neck is finished by a military looking collar closely fitted and trimmed with braid. Shoulder straps cover the shoulder seams coming forward, brass buttons decorating each end. (These may be omitted if not desired.)

The fashionable two-seamed coat-sleeves are finished at the wrists by the braid put on to simulate cuffs, and the slight fulness at top is collected in gathers, which is the newest style.

Jackets in this style are natty and smart, and can be made of any cloak-heavy tweed or cheviot may be worn throughout the whole winter. Brown cheviot is the material here delineated, machine stitching giving the correct tailor finish. The jacket is shaped by shoulder and under-arm seams, the plaits being folded and applied on front and back. The fronts are reversed at the top to form narrow lapels that meet the rolling collar in notches, bone buttons closing the fronts in center and the belt that is worn at the waist. The two-seamed

NORFOLK JACKET.

sleeves are of correct tailor cut, machine stitching simulating cuffs at the wrists.

Knickerbockers are here shown in conjunction with this jacket, but the regular knee trousers can be substituted. Brown felt sailor hat, brown stockings and shoes completes this stylish suit.

A Bright Business Woman.

The electric light plant in Long Beach, Cal., is managed by a woman, Mrs. Iva E. Tutt, who is Superintendent and principal owner as well.

FOLK SONG.

This is the lore the old wife knows
Who sees the storm draw nigh,
And wind and cloud together close
The windows of the sky:

"The north wind is man's wind,
Entangled with his fate;
In that he joyed, in that he sinned,
It chants his love and hate.

"The west wind is the angels' wind,
He sweeps their lyre strings;
And where the gray storm clouds are thinned,
We see their rushing wings.

"The east wind is the devil's wind,
And stings with fire and ice;
But the south wind is God's wind,
And blows from paradise.

"And whence they go none mortal knows
Who hears them riding by;
We can but watch them as they close
The windows of the sky."

HUMOROUS.

My friend, don't put your oar into a general conversation of sensible folk, unless you have a good skull.

Spain's map is not mounted on the right kind of cloth. It shrinks during the reign of every one of its rulers.

"My grandparents married in haste." "And did they repent at leisure?" "Oh, yes, both lived to be over ninety."

"What can equal the warmth of a true woman's love?" asked the Dearest Girl. "Her temper," replied the savage bachelor.

Harry—How very dull it was at the Cutlers' party last night. Vera—Yes, in the early part of the evening; but it was brighter after you left.

"Would you please help me?" said the poor beggar to the pedestrian; "I have a wife and five children at home, and an installment to pay on my bicycle tomorrow."

Stranger—That man is evidently crazy. Why is he not put in an asylum? Native—His property is so heavily mortgaged that none of his relatives want it.

Yeast—Jesse tells me that he is practicing in the courts; I didn't know that he had been admitted to the bar? Crimsonbeak—He hasn't. It's the tennis courts he means.

Bumps (sadly)—You are not what you used to be, Viola. Mrs. Bumps (sharply)—Of course I'm not. I used to be your best girl, but now I'm your wife, and it makes all the difference.

Mother—How did papa's new book get in this condition? Bobby—Why, mamma, I heard papa say last night that the book was too dry for him, so I put it in the bath and let the water run.

A Michigan farmer abused his mother-in-law, and then asked her to lower him down the well to recover the lost dipper. The coroner decided that the rope broke, though others thought it had been cut.

He—It seems to be generally acknowledged as a fact that nearly all women admire a soldier. She—I don't know as to the married ladies, but none of the single ones would object to a good offer-sir.

Elsie was trying to eat a dessert of gelatine, and had some difficulty in conveying the quivering spoonful to her mouth. "Mamma," she said at length, "I don't b'lieve I like such nervous desserts."

"Yes," remarked the Widow Tacum, "before we were married I used to admire John because I thought he was so noble. I continued to admire him afterwards; but it was because he was such a splendid humbug!"

She—Do you know, that kitten there reminds me of you? He—I'd like to know where the connection is? She—It seems to have just about as much success in catching its tail as you do in finding your moustache.

"Madam, you've already overdrawn your account." "What's that?" "You haven't any more money in the bank." "The idea. A fine bank, I think, to be out of money because of the little I've drawn! Well, I'll go somewhere else."

Freshman (to dentist)—I wouldn't pay nothing extra for gas. Just yank her out, if it does hurt. Dentist—You are plucky, sir. Let me see the tooth. Freshman—Oh, 'tain't me that's got the toothache; it's my wife. She'll be here in a minute.

She had been arrested for shoplifting. "Do you wish to make any statement before sentence is passed on you?" asked the judge. "I have nothing to say," was the response. Those few words were her undoing. Everyone knew then that the prisoner was a man masquerading as a woman.

Meeks—My wife is nothing if not original. Now, what do you suppose she said when I asked her to marry me? Weeks—Oh, something about its being so sudden, I suppose. Meeks—No, indeed! She said, "Well, I think it's about time; I've been expecting you to make a break for three months."

Gillings—You said that kerosene was perfectly safe, and that it could be used without the least danger. I took your word, and what is the result? The stuff has exploded and made a ruin of our kitchen. Dealer—I said the oil was not dangerous. I did not say anything at all about the servant girl.

Battering the English.

It does not require a thorough knowledge of the English language to discover how frequently it is bruised and mangled by adults. A few midutes' ride on the street car or standing in a public place is sufficient to cause cold shivers to chase up and down the back of a person who holds the English language in esteem. On every hand one hears "I seen," "He don't," "I done," "They was," "I ain't," and similar deadly assaults. — Chicago News.