

THE IDLE DOUBTER.

"What are we toiling for?" he sighed; "Why do we strive on, day by day? When the trouble's ended and one has died?"

"What shall it profit him, anyway? Will he then be awakened again to know that men are praising him here below?"

"When do you toil and how?" she said; "What are the things that you have done?"

"How many steps have you gone ahead, where are the honors that you have won?"

"Ah, he will lie dead and be dumb for aye who twiddles his thumbs and doubts today." — S. E. Kiser.

AFTER THE STORM.

"If we can't agree, ma'am, it's high time we parted company," said Mr. Barnabas Buffington.

"My sentiments exactly," said Miss Patty Chickson, "and the sooner the better, according to my way of thinking."

Mr. Buffington was a portly individual, with a Roman nose, iron-gray hair, and a stout, short figure.

Miss Chickson was tall and spare, with little spiral curls and the remains of a complexion, and with blue eyes, that had been passing bright 20 years ago.

"There is an end to all human endurance," observed the gentleman, sternly.

"Sir," said Miss Chickson, "I have put up with your eccentricities until forbearance has ceased to be a virtue."

"A month's notice!" said Mr. Buffington, savagely flourishing his yellow silk pocket-handkerchief.

"You are quite at liberty to go at the end of 24 hours, for all I care!" retorted Miss Chickson, with dignity.

"Madam, I take you at your word," said the gentleman.

Mr. Barnabas Buffington had lodged with Miss Patty Chickson for 30 years. He was rich and eccentric; she was poor and proud. As young people, there had been certain love passages between them—or rather the buds of loves passages, which had never blossomed into full perfection—and when Mr. Buffington came home from China and found his old pastor's orphan daughter trying to gain a scanty livelihood by letting apartments, he engaged her entire second floor at once, and paid his way like a rajah.

"Poor girl! poor girl!" said Mr. Barnabas Buffington. "But how thin and old-maidish she has grown! I really can't imagine how I could ever have fancied her a divinity. What fools young men are, to be sure!"

"Poor, dear Mr. Buffington! how stout and vulgar he has become!" said Miss Chickson. "And only to think how slender he was once! How the dreams of one's youthful days do alter!"

Mr. Barnabas Buffington was not perfect enough to be canonized, and Miss Chickson had her petty peculiarities. The consequence was that little collisions were inevitable.

And one day there came a longer measuring of wordy words than usual, and Mr. Buffington and Miss Chickson formally parted.

"Ten years is quite long enough to tolerate this state of things," said the old bachelor.

"I'm only surprised that I haven't turned him away long ago," said the old maid.

So when Mr. Buffington had gone away, in a cab piled high with baggage, Miss Chickson rang the bell for her maid.

"Barbara," said she.

"Yes, ma'am?" said Barbara.

"Mr. Buffington is gone at last."

"So I perceive, ma'am," said Barbara. "And won't he come back again, ma'am?"

"Never!" said Miss Chickson, with spirit.

"Oh!" said Barbara, rather surprised.

"It will be necessary for us to reduce expenses," remarked the mistress. "Of course I cannot any longer afford to keep so large a house as this. Mr. Buffington, whatever were his faults, cannot at least be accused of parsimony."

"Certainly not, ma'am," said Barbara.

"Of all liberal, free-handed, kind-spoken gents—"

"Barbara, you will oblige me by hiding your tongue!" said Miss Chickson.

"Certainly, ma'am," said Barbara.

"Get me a cup of tea," said Miss Chickson, "and when I have drunk it I will go out to look for a cheaper house, in a less aristocratic neighborhood."

Barbara brought up the tea, in a quaint little Wedgewood teapot, on a Japanese tray.

Miss Chickson drank it in silence, looking sadly at the fire.

Tea was, so to speak, Miss Chickson's inspiration. When she was low-spirited or in doubt or puzzled, or in any way thrown off her mental balance, she drank tea, and straightway became herself again.

Meanwhile, Mr. Barnabas Buffington, in the solitary splendors of a west end hotel, was scarcely less ill at ease.

"I don't like this sort of thing at all," said Mr. Buffington to himself, one morning a month later. "It isn't homelike. There's no cat here. Patty Chickson always kept a cat. There's something very domestic and cozy looking about a cat. I'll go out and look down the advertising columns of the daily paper and see what inducements they have to offer in the way of quiet, respectable homes for elderly gentlemen."

So it came to pass that Mr. Barnabas Buffington sallied forth, not house hunting, but home hunting.

It was not a so readily disposed of business as he supposed. This house was next to a livery stable; that one contained a young lady that was practicing for an opera singer; the third smelled as if the drainage was defective; the fourth was too splendid; the fifth too shabby.

"I don't know but what I shall be compelled to sleep at the station house," gloomily remarked Mr. Barnabas Buffington, "for, come what may, nothing shall induce me to go back to that noisy hotel, where the waiters don't come until you have rung the bell 40 times, and the soup is served half cold."

He was walking pensively along a quiet and shady little street, with both hands thrust deep down in his pockets and the front of his hat tilted down, over his nose, when, chancing to look up, he perceived a gray cat dozing in the bay window of a modest-looking house and on the doorway thereof was placed an unpretentious notice:

"Board and Lodgings at Moderate Prices."

"I like the look of that place," said Mr. Buffington. "They keep a cat there—a gray cat. It's not splendid, but it looks comfortable. I'll try it."

He rang the bell; a neat little maid-servant in a white apron and frilled cap responded to the summons.

"Please, sir, missis ain't at home, but I knows all about the rooms," said the little damsel. "I can show 'em, and I can tell you the terms."

Barnabas Buffington liked the look of the rooms. There was a bright coal fire burning in the grate.

"Missis wanted the rooms to be well aired," said the girl, courtesying at every other word.

"Your mistress, my girl, is a woman of sense," said Mr. Buffington. "This settles the matter. I'll take the apartments for a month certain, with the privilege of renewal if I find myself suited."

He took off his hat, unwound the comforter from about his neck and sat down before the cheery shine of the grate.

"Go and tear down the bill at once," said he. "And leave the door open so that the cat can come in. I am partial to cats."

"But, sir," hesitated the white-aproned lassie, "if my missis—"

"Never mind your mistress," said Mr. Buffington, cavalierly. "She wanted a boarder, and she's got one! What more would she have?"

And, so speaking, he hailed a cab in the street and bade the driver go for his trunks and hat boxes without delay.

Miss Chickson and Barbara had been out selecting some new pie-platters and pudding basins and little Betsy was eagerly watching for them at the area door when they came in.

"Please, missis," said Betsy, "the room is let. And he's sitting up stairs now, with the cat in his lap."

"Who is?" demanded Miss Chickson.

"The new boarder, ma'am."

"What is his name?"

"Please, ma'am, I don't know," said Betsy.

Miss Chickson walked into her little parlor and sat down, fanning herself with her bonnet.

"Betsy," said she, "go upstairs, present my compliments to this stranger, and tell him that I shall be glad of an interview at once. He may be a burglar, for what I know!"

"Yes'm," said Betsy.

And away she tripped, returning presently.

"He's coming, ma'am," said she.

And in stalked—Mr. Barnabas Buffington!

"Good gracious me!" said Miss Chickson.

"It's Patty Chickson, isn't it?" said Mr. Buffington, staring with all his eyes. "I might have known that it was the same cat. However, ma'am," relapsing into a belligerent attitude, "I won't intrude. I'll leave the premises at once."

"Don't," said Miss Chickson, faintly.

"Eh?" said Mr. Buffington.

"I—I hope you don't bear malice," said Miss Chickson. "I'm afraid I was a little impatient."

"Don't mention it!" said Mr. Buffington. "It was all my fault."

"I was unreasonable," said Miss Chickson.

"I was a brute," said Mr. Buffington. "I have reproached myself bitterly," faltered the lady.

"I haven't had a moment of peace since," said Mr. Barnabas Buffington, sincerely.

"Shall we forget and forgive?" whispered Miss Chickson.

"I know a better plan than that," said Mr. Buffington. "Let's begin the world on a new basis."

"I don't understand you," said Miss Chickson.

"I like you and your ways," said Mr. Buffington. "I didn't know how much until we separated. Let us settle down together for life. Patty Chickson. Let's be married."

"At our age?" said Miss Chickson.

"We shall never be any younger," said Mr. Buffington.

"If you really think people wouldn't laugh?" hesitated the spinster.

"What do we care whether they do or not?" said the bachelor, recklessly.

And the result of this conference was that Mr. and Mrs. Barnabas Buffington are now sitting, one on either side of the hearth, with the gray cat in the middle, as harmonious a trio as one will often find.

And the bill is taken down permanently.—Chicago Times-Herald.

THE EDICTS OF FASHION.

New York City.—The skirt that falls to the instep and clears the ground by two or three inches grows in favor day by day. No longer model rivals



LADIES' SHORT THREE PIECE SKIRT.

it for walking, out-door sports or shopping. Graceful as long skirts are in their proper place, they are a menace to health and a detriment to comfort when the occasion demands freedom of movement. Paris has already declared the shorter length correct, and proves daily how ready and eager well-dressed women are to make the change. Golfing cloth, chevot, serge and all similar materials are used. The only requirement is that of sufficient thickness and weight to take good folds and, if possible, to dispense with lining.

The May Manton model illustrated includes all the latest features. The skirt is cut with a front gore, which flares gracefully, and circular portions,

of three tucks, which go around the skirt. The corsage has a jabot front of shiny black Spanish lace. Deep points of Spanish lace are applied in the bodice in front and in back. The sleeve is in two parts, a close-fitting upper of crim-on foulard, and beneath it is an undersleeve of black lace over crimson chiffon. The neckband is extremely plain and hooks in the middle at the back.

Cluny Lace Collar Band.
"Grand chic" is the verdict pronounced on our new neckband made of Cluny lace. Cluny, being a rather heavy lace, stands up well, washes and wears equally well. If you can find the correct width you need, and put ribbon under it as a transparent, your task is then easy, as collar stiffening and color shapes are bought ready made. Perhaps you can get Cluny lace especially woven with slits for inserting ribbons. This makes a stylish and novel collar band.

Terminate at the Waist Line.
The majority of the best corset covers terminate at the waist line, and their fronts are in surplice form. The high-necked or half-high corset cover is no longer used by the best-dressed women.

Autumn Dress For a Girl.
Charming and attractive as gimpé gowns unquestionably are, every mother realizes the utility of the model that can be made of one material, and that does not inevitably involve the dainty yoke and sleeves that must be laundered after each day's wear. The very pretty and stylish May Manton design shown has the merit of allowing the gimpé, when desired, and of being equally available for the long,



LADIES' DRAPED WAIST.

which form a deep inverted pleat at the back. As shown, the material is tan-colored cheviot, simply stitched down the front two seams and round the lower edge at the top of the facing. Any quiet tone is suitable, however, and the trimming can be changed to stitched bands or braid, if preferred. As shown, the length is correct for walking and golfing.

Set this skirt for a lady of medium size three and one-half yards of material forty-four inches wide, or three yards fifty inches wide, will be required.

Gives a Graceful Effect.
The attractive May Manton model shown in the large engraving is sufficiently snug fitting to avoid all sense of looseness, yet is draped across the front to give a most graceful effect. Cashmere, which is to be much worn during the autumn and winter, and all soft wool stuffs, as well as lace, foulards, crepe de chine and liberty silks, are eminently appropriate. As illustrated, the material is a foulard in pastel blue, with black, with trimming of black velvet ribbon and yoke of plain blue banded with velvet.

The foundation for the waist is a fitted lining that closes at the centre front. The back and underarm gores of the material are plain and without fulness, but the right front is cut to form a drapery below the yoke and looks well into the left side, the closing being concealed by the folds. The yoke is smooth and faced into the lining at the back and right front, but hooks into place at the left shoulder and arm's eye. The circular bertha is cut in three overlapping sections that give pretty fulness over the sleeves. One or two sections of the bertha may be omitted if a plainer effect is preferred. The sleeves are two-seamed and fit smoothly without being over-tight.

To cut this waist for a woman of medium size five and one-half yards of material twenty-one inches wide, or two and three-eighths yards forty-four inches wide, will be required.

A Fancy of the Time.
Small black rings figure the surface of a cranberry crimson foulard gown for late afternoon or evening wear. The skirt has a front gore laid in five tucks and circular sides, with a border

snug sleeves and for low-neck and short puffed sleeves, as occasion may require. Made of one material, as illustrated, it is suitable for daily afternoon wear or for a street costume when the days begin to grow cool; with a guimpe of white, or with low neck and puffed sleeves it becomes suitable for dancing school and party wear. The deep pointed collar, which is a feature, may also be varied and made all of lace or needlework, of contrasting silk for an older child, or of the material trimmed. Cotton materials, such as dimity, Swiss, organdy and Madras are suitable, as well as chollies, cashmeres and the sample Oriental silks that are much liked for children's dressy gowns; but the model is of figured challie in ciel blue, with trimming of lace insertion joined under rows of narrow black velvet ribbon.

The foundation for the waist is a fitted lining, which closes at the centre back. The sleeves are made for their entire length, the puffs being arranged over the plain portions. The skirt is straight and full, simply gathered at the top and joined to the waist, where it is finished to a band of the trimming.

To cut this dress for a girl eight



DRESS FOR A GIRL.

years of age four yards of material twenty-one inches wide, three and one-half yards thirty-two inches wide, or two yards forty-four inches wide, will be required.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

Though traffic in the Baltic-North sea canal has not come up to expectation, the Germans are pleased at the discovery that the herring is using the canal as a spawning ground.

A medical paper says that in railway collisions nearly all the passengers who are asleep escape the bad effects of shaking and concussions, nature's own anaesthetic preserving them.

A New Orleans man is said to have invented a sugarcane planter, in the form of a wagon, that with three men and four mules will do the work heretofore done by nine men and nine mules.

A novel theory of cancer is being worked upon by Dr. Lambert Lack of London, who contends that the disease is not due to germs, but to specific injury of the mucous membranes and allied structures.

A wild coffee of the island of Reunion, in the Indian ocean, is stated to be free from caffeine but to have much of the odor and stimulating effect of ordinary coffee. It is suggested that, improved by cultivation, this coffee should be made a valuable product in Cuba and the Philippines.

The old theory that the apparent enlargement of sun and moon near the horizon is due to comparison with terrestrial objects has long been unsatisfactory. It is now explained as a result of some peculiarity of the eye, which accounts also for the late determination that the shape of the sky is a horizontally widened convexity, with a singular depression in the zenith.

A fertilizer company has been organized in the state of Washington which proposes to utilize the waste and offal of the salmon canneries. This refuse has been allowed to go to waste for years past. The new company finds in this a means for the creation of by-products, which will be of considerable value, as a fair sort of oil can be produced and the fertilizer is well adapted to many soils in the far west.

A Frenchman has constructed a tricycle for traveling on the water. The wheels have immense rubber tires, nearly four feet in diameter, which, when inflated, buoy the machine up so that, when the rider is in position, the bottom of the wheels dip hardly more than a foot beneath the surface. Projections on the sides of the rear tires serve as paddles to propel the machine. As it weighs less than 70 pounds, it can, when necessary, be ridden on land.

ADVANCE IN FOOD PRESERVATION.

Great Strides from Sundried Fruits to Air-tight Cases.

In early times the only methods of saving perishable pabulum for any considerable length of time was by drying it in the sun or at a fire, or by smoking or salting it. The Indians "jerked" their venison; they dried the flesh of the buffaloes, reduced it to powder, mixed it with meal and then baked it for keeping. The Peruvians gave us the word "jerked" (in this meaning) from their word "charqui" which signifies prepared dried meat. The buccaniers derived their name from a peculiar method of curing beef, which was termed "buccanning." There was a regular trade between the native coast tribes of America and those of the interior in desiccated oysters, clams and other shellfish. Savages and barbarians of all countries have had similar customs, and some still maintain them. The general fashion in our rural regions of drying apples, peaches, and other fruits is familiar, as well as the smoking of bacon and hams, the pickling of meats and the salting and smoking of fish. A method of preserving vegetables that has long been extensively used in America is by boiling them for a proper time, and transferring them to cans or bottles, and sealing immediately.

But the method of sealing cooked provisions in air-tight metallic cases, which is now so largely in vogue, is of comparatively recent invention, and has been brought into use during the present century. In 1810 Augustus de Heine took out a patent in Great Britain for preserving food in tin and other metal cases by simply exhausting the air by means of an air pump, but it was unsuccessful. It was followed by a number of other efforts by various persons, all of which were more or less failures until Wertheimer's patents, which were three in number, from 1829 to 1841. By his plan, the provisions of whatever kind are put into metal cases and closely packed, and the interstices filled in with water or other appropriate liquid, such as gravy in the case of flesh food. The lids are then soldered on very securely; two small perforations are made in each lid, and the cases set in a water bath in which murate of lime is dissolved; then heat is applied until the whole boils and the air is expelled through the small openings in the lids of the cases. When this is complete the small holes are quickly soldered up.—Self-Culture.

Her Explanation.
"Mr. Biggsley seems to run things just about as he chooses," said the gossiping man.
"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "once in a while you find a person so stupid that people will let him have his own way, rather than argue with him."—Washington Star.

ELEPHANT TRAGEDY.

Big Mammal Makes Short Work of His Tormentors.

Last Sunday afternoon, while a concert was being held at the Crystal Palace, an elephant belonging to a circus which had been performing there broke from its fastenings and killed its keeper. It then brushed through various partitions of wood and glass, and appeared in the main building, where a great number of persons were listening to the music. It did not attempt to hurt any of the crowd, though it broke off with its trunk the uplifted arm of a statue, probably under the idea that this represented a man about to strike. After some time it allowed itself to be secured by another elephant. It was then decided to kill the animal, and after a dose of poison had failed, a London gunmaker was sent for as executioner, and shot the animal dead. On the following Wednesday an inquest was held on the body of the man. The evidence in favor of the elephant could not have been more clearly put. Mr. Sanger, the owner, admitted that the animal had once before killed a former keeper; and he gave the facts which led to the death of the second. The first man had been discharged by Mr. Sanger fifteen months previously for gross brutality to the animals. He came back and asked to be employed again. This was granted, and he was taken on, not as a keeper, but as a laborer. The very first time he went into the stable the elephant, though it was quite dark at the time, instantly recognized the man's voice, and at once crushed him to death against the stall. The creature had acted only in a panic of horror at the reappearance of a tormentor who so well established at the previous inquest that it was retained in the menagerie. It was exceptionally docile and was taken through towns and villages all over England. Why, then did he kill the second keeper? Because this man, after his Sunday dinner, declared that he would "pay out" the elephant for striking him with his trunk. He actually took a lace, one of those taken from the Arabs in the Soudan. (Those who have seen the trophies taken from the Mahdi's followers will realize what a horrible weapon it was.) Followed by another keeper, also armed with a lance, he proceeded to "prod"—i. e., pierce the chained elephant savagely. And his death was the elephant's revenge.

Sweat and fruit acids will not discolor goods dyed with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. Sold by all druggists.

Recent studies of the ocean bottom near the coast line of continents have shown that rivers of considerable size sometimes enter the sea beneath the surface.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 361 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Two hundred thousand dollars a year, or over \$500 a day, is the salary of the King of Greece.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

The dragon fly disposes of 400 mosquitoes in less than seven hours.

Have you ever experienced the joyful sensation of a good appetite? You will if you chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti Frutti.

In Hungary there are hundreds of small towns without a doctor within ten miles.

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

If necessity is the mother of invention, the ladder must be a step-father.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1901.

Most of the business houses in Mexico are closed for an hour and a half in the middle of the day.

Frey's Vermifuge makes happy homes and keeps the children well. Entirely vegetable.

An estimate of the rice acreage in Eastern Texas places it at 30,000.

All Women Know

That ordinary treatment fails to relieve painful periods.

They know Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will and does and has, more than any other medicine.

Every woman knows about Mrs. Pinkham's medicine.

Every woman knows some woman Mrs. Pinkham has cured.

But nine women out of ten put off getting this reliable remedy until their health is nearly wrecked by experiments or neglect!

Then they write to Mrs. Pinkham and she cures them, but of course it takes longer to do so. Don't delay getting help if you are sick.

She has helped a million women. Why not you?

If afflicted with sore eyes, see Thompson's Eye Water