THE DIFFERENCE.

Some people fear the bridges far beyond
may not be strong,
And even, as they move ahead, keep
dragging woe along.
Some people cast their glances back
where shaky bridges sway,
And worry over troubles they have
passed upon the way.

In the Little Hospital.

In the little country hospital the young nurses were very good and attentive to everybody, not having been in the business long enough to have grown callous. They were nice girls, mostly in their first year's course, and their lips would twitch and their faces whiten very often in the operating room, or when they held a patient's hand while he died in the night. But they were brave and went about the pretty hospital singing softly in the cool corridors, carrying little white-clothed trays to the sick rooms, and being the best of medicines themselves by reason of their neatness, their bright eyes and their kind voices.

Now, one beautiful bright spring afternoon, at the railroad junction in the town, two trains, filled with pleasure-seekers, smashed together, and the doctor and the matron and the nurses were plunged into a world of work, for ambulance after ambulance came driving up from the scene of the accident and left to the care of the girls many people sorely hurt. And among them was a very little boy, about six years old, whom nobody knew anything about, because his father and mother were both killed in the collision, and there was nothing on them to show who or what they were, except that they were poor. It is comprehensible that a very great deal of attention was paid to this little fellow, and he would have been placed in the woman's ward, as the hospital was too small for a children's ward, but the woman's ward was full. So the boy, quite insensible, was laid on a cot in the men's ward, and next to him was laid a big, brown-bearded man, also insensible, from whose clothes had been gathered quite a sum of money and whose few papers went to show he had been a sailor. He was a very rough-looking man, indeed.

The man came to his senses first, and it was night. The nurse on watch was quite frightened at the man. He was in pain, and great allowance must be made for that, but never, in all her life, had the little nurse to listen to such words as came from the big-brown-bearded man's lips. He wanted to get up and go right away, and he found he could not move his great, massive legs. So he began to abuse his fate, and the railway and the hospital and the nurse and mankind in general. He was a very bitter-mouthed man indeed. The little nurse, by the light of the night lamp, did her best to soothe him, because he aroused other patients, and there was a terrible groaning and wailing in the small ward. And all at once the little boy came to his senses, too, just for a minute, and his face was turned up to the sailor's face, and his eyes fell upon the sailor's face. He was not quite sensible yet for it seemed he mistook the sailor for his dead papa, and he said very prettily:

"Good-morning, dad. How are you this morning?"

The sailor, looking into the little fellow's eyes, was abashed and stopped his swearing, and was silent for a moment, and then muttered clumsily:

"I'm all right."

"That's nice," said the boy, and became unconscious again.

The sailor did not abuse anything any more just then, but lay groaning, and every now and then when the little nurse slipped by in the shadows, he called to her softly, and the first time he said:

"Pretty little chap."

The nurse nodded and smiled, and the sailor smiled back and, until morning came at last, he only groaned and watched the child, and did not curse at all, but every time the nurse came to wipe his brow or give him drink, he whispered to her to look at the boy.

"Pretty boy—he thought I was his dad," he said, and would have laughed, only his pain made him groan instead. Again he caught the nurse's hand.

"Said it was nice, he did. Cute, ain't he?" and then his face twisted in pain.

But neither could the sailor rise from his bed, and neither could the sailor hope to sail the sea again, for he was in the same case with the child and both were slowly dying. At first sometimes the big brown man would forget himself in his pain, and the nurses would shut their ears, terrified, and the matron would threaten to move him to a room by himself, and that frightened him to silence, for ever since the accident he had a great love for the child. The child would look at his huge face in surprise when he fell into one of his rages and say:

"Oh, John, that's not nice."

And John would bite his lips at once and be patient. Then the child would say:

"How do you feel, John?"

And the sailor would answer:

"First rate, Joe."

"That's nice," little Joe would say, and they would lie quiet and look out of the window at the river and beyond where the big hills purpled to the skies, and were always looking up.

So it was in the mornings, when Joe seemed always first awake, and ready to have his hands and face washed by the nurse. He could not turn about to see the other patients, but he learned all their names and as soon as he heard them moving, he always asked very politely:

"And how do you feel, Mr. Smith?"

And Mr. Smith would always answer, because it pleased the child:

"First rate, Joe."

"That's nice," said Joe, and so he would ask each in turn, and to each answer, always the same, he would reply cheerfully: "That's nice."

And when they asked him how it went with him, he always said, though sometimes with an effort, "I'm pretty well, thank you." Then everybody would say, with real pleasure: "That's nice, Joe."

So the summer went on, and very few patients came to the hospital, and John and Joe were alone, save for the nurses who grew to dread the time that was soon to part the friends.

At last they told the sailor that there was no hope at all for him—a clergyman came to prepare him. He took the news very calmly, but instantly whispered:

"And the little fellow, Joe?"

"Don't tell him," said the minister; "he is so innocent he needs no preparation. But you?"

For days the poor sailor was in much trouble, and one night he whispered to his little companion:

"Joe, say you was rich as Vanderbilt, and was going a long sail, would you leave me behind?"

"No, John," said the child very earnestly, "I would want you to come too."

"Would you feel sorry, Joe, to sail away and leave me on the wharf, or—or if you was safe on a big fine ship, see me busted to pieces on the rocks?"

"John!" said the child, "I would jump out and pull you to my ship, I would."

"Good old Joe," said the sailor, and said nothing more until prayer time, when he squeezed Joe's hand and whispered:

"Pray hard, Joe. Pray hard for me to come along. Pray for two, Joe."

And little Joe prayed for two.

The two used to watch for the searchlight of the big night boat which ran between two great cities on the river. When the steamer turned a point, its light flashed for an instant full on the front of the little hospital, Joe and John, hand in hand, very, very weak now, would lie and watch for it. Joe had made a story that it knew they were there and smiled in on purpose to say "Good night." Always he piped "good night," in return, and John also. Then Joe, squeezing the once powerful hairy hand, would feebly ask:

"How do you feel tonight?"

"First rate, Joe," poor John would answer, with a smothered groan.

"That's nice."

And they would lie very still or gradually go to sleep.

And so one night the steamboat came up the river and turned the point and cast its light upon the little hospital.

"Good night," said the sailor, in a very low, husky whisper, while Joe's little hand rested on his. But the boy's eyes were wide with a strange light.

"It didn't say 'good night,' John," he whispered, and tried to squeeze his friend's hand. "It said 'good-by.'"

The sailor tried to rise in bed, but was unable even to call out. He saw the river, but he could not see the other side. It was dark. He was afraid. His fingers closed round the child's feebly.

"How—do—you—feel tonight, dear John?" said little Joe's voice very softly and tenderly.

There was a moment's pause. The sailor's voice rang out with a glad cry.

"First rate, Joe."

"That's nice," said the child.

And the little nurses, running in found the friends had gone together.—P. Y. Black, in Los Angeles Times.

Canaries as Weather Prophets.

"I have heard of all sorts of barometers, or rather weather signs, but I know of no more reliable weather prophets than my birds," said a Baltimore lady who owns several canaries. "I can almost always tell when it is going to rain by the distinctness with which I can hear the trains at night, but the birds are even more reliable than that. If I hear them singing in the morning early before I take the coverings of their cages off I know that the day will be a good one, no matter if it is raining at the moment, but if they do not sing I am sure there will be bad weather before the day is over. I have never known them to fail, and I never think of going shopping or calling unless the birds sing in early morning. That is why I never get caught in the rain, as many of my friends do. That poor weather bureau man who makes so many mistakes in his prophecies ought by all means to get himself some canaries."—Baltimore Sun.

Japan's Up-to-Date Postal Service.

There is one little exhibit in the postal museum which illustrates the degree of perfection to which the postal service of Japan has been brought. It is a missive pasted over many times with "forwarding slips," showing the efforts made by the postal authorities to deliver the letter to the addresses. There are about 25 of these "forwarding slips" on the envelope, and these make it clear that the letter followed the addressee all over the island of Japan. There is a law in Japan which directs that a citizen, upon reaching a determination to change his abode, shall notify the postal authorities of his new address.—Washington Star.

New York City.—The box Eton makes the very latest form of the popular jacket and is much liked both for entire costumes and separate wraps. Taffeta, tucked and plain, black and white, is much used for the latter purpose, but etamine is somewhat newer and more durable, and is attaining great vogue. The May Manton original, from which the model was made, is of the open mesh lightweight tucked material in black, with revers and applique of cream Cluny lace over white, but cream makes a charming warm weather wrap and is peculiarly effective over the much worn white gowns; and entire costumes are made from linen and duck as well as suitable silks and wools.

WOMAN'S BOX ETON.

The jacket is simplicity itself. The backs fit smoothly and the fronts hang from the shoulders, without darts, in box style, the upper edges being extended and rolled back to form revers. The sleeves are cut in coat style, but flare becomingly at the wrists.

To cut this Eton for a woman of medium size, three and a half yards of material twenty-one inches wide, three and a quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide, two and one-eight yards thirty-two inches wide, or two yards forty-four inches wide, will be required, with three-eight yard of all-over lace and two and a quarter yards of applique to trim as illustrated.

WOMAN'S TUCKED BLOUSE.

Woman's Tucked Blouse.

Tucks not alone hold their place, but gain in favor month by month. Both for the odd waist and the gown made en suite they are held the smartest possible finish and are seen alike in thin diaphanous materials, silks and soft wools. The charming blouse illustrated in the large drawing is adapted to many uses, and is equally appropriate for the costume and the separate bodice. The original is of white lawn, and is worn with a tie and belt of blue Liberty satin; but fine madras, grass linen, Swiss and all similar fabrics, India silk, crepe de chine, taffeta and the like and all soft wools are equally suitable.

The back is smooth and snug, with two groups of tucks that are drawn together at the waist to give a becoming, tapering effect. The fronts are tucked in three groups and are rendered unique by the extension on the right edge, which is closed with small pearl buttons in groups of three. The sleeves are in bishop style, tucked nearly to the wrists, where they fall free to form becoming puffs.

To make this blouse for a woman of medium size, four yards of material twenty-one inches wide, three and three-eight yards twenty-seven inches wide, three and a half yards thirty-two inches wide, or two and a quarter yards forty-four inches wide, will be required.

The Louisine Silk Sash.

Nursery fashions are more permanent than the modes of older women, but still a few fleeting changes are perceptible now and then. For instance, the question of sashes is always of interest, for a little maid looks her sweetest in a white dress with a blue sash. Grosgrain silk, watered silk and satin have all had their day. This summer preference is shown for the Louisine silk sash, a pretty soft weave. The sash ribbons used by little children are not very wide.

Flowered Muslin.

A pompadour flowered muslin gown has a pretty finish to the sides of the front of the waist. There are box pleats of the muslin on either side of the white-tucked lawn vest, in which are three broad bands of cream lace insertion set across. The upper part of the vest is outlined with a broad collar, which has applications of lace. This collar is of sheer white muslin, which is particularly pretty over the flowered muslin of the waist.

A Pretty Pique Frock.

A pretty pique frock for a child has a coarse lace yoke of guimpe, a turn-down collar edging it frilled with lace, and through the collar, which is cut in deep slits, buttonhole stitched, a ribbon is run and tied in the back. Similar slits are cut in the lower part of the waist of the little frock, which has the skirt sewed to it without a belt, and through this a narrow waist ribbon is run and also tied in the back.

Charming Neck Chains.

Mexican opals make charming neck chains, pretty, limpid things. Some of the stones are deep red in tone, others almost white, as they show in different lights. Each stone is set in a gold band, and the whole necklace is a liquid rainbow of light. Quite different is the necklace of Australian opals. In the other the stones are almost flat, and in this the opalescent beads, showing charming soft green and blue tones in their milky depths, are long and egg-shaped, with a line of rock crystal running through the centre of each, the whole very dainty and attractive.

Child's Wrapper.

Simple wrappers that can be slipped on when the room is cool or during convalescence are essential to the comforts and well-being of the children as they are to that of their elders. This pretty little May Manton model can be made to serve such purpose and also as a bath robe when made from suitable material. The original is of dotted dimity, in blue and white, but Scotch and French flannel, flannelette, lawn and various fabrics are appropriate.

The back is seamless and laid in four tucks that give a yoke effect and provide fulness below. The fronts also are tucked but open at the centre for their entire length, being closed by means of buttons and button holes when desired. The sleeves are in bishop style and a simple roll-over collar finishes the neck.

To cut this wrapper for a child six years of age, three and three-quarter yards of material twenty-seven inches wide, three and one-eight yards thirty-two inches wide, or two and five-eight yards forty-four inches wide, will be required.

CHILD'S WRAPPER.

From the Kitten.

I am only a kitten, and what can I do
To keep myself busy the longest day
through?
I can eat a good dinner, and drink some
warm milk,
And smooth my soft fur till it's glossy
as silk;
I can play when I'm frisky, and sleep
and grow fat,
And in time I'll be known as "the family cat."

—Little Folks.

Living Sunbeams.

Of all the birds the tiny humming birds are the most lovely. They look like animated jewels as they dart about from flower to flower in the sunshine. As is so often the case with birds of beautiful plumage, they have no song to speak of. Moreover, they are as quarrelsome as the saucy sparrow, fighting with their mates as well as with strangers. They are very inquisitive, too, their curiosity often getting them into trouble, and sometimes even into the collector's net. But like most wild things they cannot bear captivity, and usually pine away and die. For that they are such exquisite creatures, the South American Indians call them the pretty names of the beams and locks of the sun.

The Girls and the Parasols.

Two little girls, named Annie and Grace, had been given new sun shades, and had fallen into a quarrel in regard to their respective beauty.

"Mine is red," said Annie, "and is therefore the gayest and most attractive, and will best become my complexion and hair."

"And mine," retorted Grace, "being blue, is much cooler to look upon and is a more fashionable summer color; and besides, its shape is better, its size larger and its handle more beautiful. I wouldn't have a red umbrella for anything, so there."

"And I think you're a mean, hateful, little girl, so there," answered Annie.

Then they became so interested in their quarrel that they laid their open sunshades upon the ground while they continued the argument.

And while they were thus engaged a playful summer breeze came up and, catching up the parasols, whirled them into a nearby pond, where they floated amid the mud and ooze much to the dismay of their owners.

Moral—In quarreling about the shadows we often lose the substance.—Chicago Record Herald.

Science for Young Folks.

Everybody knows, or ought to know, that the pressure of the atmosphere at sea level, is in round figures, 15 pounds to the square inch, but it is not generally known that this may be demonstrated in a very simple way.

Take a glass tube three feet in length and closed at one end, the opening in the tube being equal to one-eighth of an inch square. Pour mercury into the tube until it is full, and then, with your finger over the open end of the tube to keep the mercury in and the air out, invert the tube into a small vessel containing mercury.

Having removed your finger from the open end of the tube the mercury in the latter is, of course, in communication with that in the vessel, and you will find that the mercury in the tube will fall six inches, leaving that much empty space at the top.

Now put your finger over the open end of the tube again, and lift the latter from the vessel. Pour the mercury out of the tube and weight it, and you will find that it weighs three and three-fourths ounces. That is to say, a column of mercury one-eighth of an inch square, and 30 inches in height weighs three and three-fourths ounces.

But a square inch is 64 times as large as one-eighth of an inch, and a column of mercury one inch square and 30 inches in height would weigh, therefore, 64 times three and three-fourths ounces, or 240 ounces, which is equivalent to 15 pounds.

The pressure of the atmosphere, therefore, must be 15 pounds to every square inch of surface.—Philadelphia Record.

The Mocking Bird and the Ring Dove.

On the eastern shore of Maryland there are some beautiful woods, and these woods resound with the music of the little mocking birds that gaily flit from bough to bough.

Some years ago, about twenty-five, there lived in Talbot, a Maryland town, a little girl named Alice, and her brother William. They were the only children of a clergyman, and were greatly loved by every one. Like other children they had their pets, and being in this land of songsters among them were a mocking-bird and a ring-dove.

"Bob," the mocking-bird had a very soft-gray back, and the sprinkling of white on his black wings and tail made him look as if he had just come in from a snow-storm. He and the pretty ring-dove with the black half-ring around its creamy neck were kept in the same room in cages that were hanging side by side.

"Bob" was the pride of Talbot. He could be heard through the village streets at all hours of the day, and very often at night, and the passers-by paused to listen to the clear liquid notes poured forth so sweetly from his tiny throat.

By and by an aunt of the children came to visit them, and when the time for her to leave drew near the family thought they would like to make her a present. Unfortunately they had not a great deal of money, and as she had so often expressed delight at the songs of the mocking-bird, it was decided to give little "Bob" away.

I do not understand how that could have been even thought of, but it was—doubtless it was supposed that another mocking-bird could be caught in the woods.

Alice and William grieved more than the others, though they wanted to be generous; yet it was many nights before they fell asleep without a fearful talk about their dear little merry "Bob."

One morning came a letter from Aunt Julia for Alice, and this is the principal thing that was in it:

"I do not know what ails Bob. He has not sung a note since we came home, but sits in the corner of his cage drooping. I have tried everything I could think of. What do you suppose is the trouble?"

The family at Talbot were surprised to hear that "Bob" had stopped singing, and the only way they could account for it was that he missed his little companion ring-dove. So they decided, as they did not like to ask to have "Bob" returned, to send the ring-dove on to him.

This was done, and the change in "Bob" was wonderful. He began singing, singing, singing, as if his little throat could not contain the sweet melodies any longer. They poured forth in bursts of rapture—the little bird singing, singing, until there was one final peal of glorious song, and little "Bob" lay dead upon the floor of his cage. He had lost his life while showing the joy that had come all too late to his little broken heart.

I have often wondered what became of the little ring-dove, but no one has been able to tell me.—Anne Washington Wilson, in Little Folks.

Fish and Their Odd Little Ways.

Fish have a great many curious habits and are often very knowing fellows. They can be ill-tempered or mild and gentle as truly as animals or boys and girls. A visitor to the aquarium at Battery Park one day recently discovered that there are not only big fish, but tiny little ones whose ways are well worth watching. To hear of fishes with eyes nearly on their tails is surely astonishing. Yet that is what the little "four-eyed fish" in the Aquarium seem to have at first sight. But looking more carefully the tail eyes prove to be merely black spots inside of white circles. This little fish is so short and broad with its bit of a tail, that at a distance it is hard to tell which end is head and which tail.

Four-eyed fish have at least three other names and are known as the bride, butterfly and peacock fish, the last name being given because the "eye" is like that in a peacock's tail feather. There are more than twenty of them in the tank in the Aquarium, but unhappily some make themselves disagreeable by nipping and biting the others. They come from Bermuda, where they live in the shallows of the coral, flitting in and out among its crevices and fissures.

Then there are the grunts, from Bermuda also. They have not deserved in the least their ill-natured name, for they are peaceful fellows.

The blue parrot fish are called by one of the Aquarium officials "merry-go-rounds," because for hours at a time when their tank is full of water they amuse themselves by swimming round and round in narrow circles.

One of the most interesting and intelligent little things is the sea horse. Although so tiny, measuring only a few inches, he has a head and neck shaped like a miniature horse's, graceful and erect, and the long, tapering tail makes him look like some of the strange creatures of the fairy book pictures. When Mr. Spencer, one of the Aquarium officials, tapped lightly on the glass, the sea horse came forward at once from his dim corner, and seemed to pay the closest attention to all that was said to him. Mr. Spencer has known them in laboratories to grow tame enough to come when one called and cling to one's finger with their slender tails.

Among the strange and interesting fishes who have had individuality all their own is the exquisitely beautiful angel fish, with a gorgeous blue band about the edge of the body and fins. His name is as ill suited to his temper as the grunt's was found to be, for the angel fish cruelly kills his mate.

The green morays, or great eels which grow from 10 to 15 feet long; the queen trigger fish, with a spine on its back which raises or drops like the trigger of a pistol, and the pretty moonfish from our own Gravesend bay, which look like mother of pearl and fairly cast a slight reflection from their brilliant bodies, all attract many visitors, and appear to be conscious sometimes that they are being shown off. But the carps at the entrance so say the attendants, actually seem to weary of the crowds of sightseers, and when they stand motionless and open their mouths languidly, it is their way of yawning and says to curious visitors: "Oh, dear! Why can't you go away and leave us alone."—New York Tribune.

The Barefoot Fad.

The latest sensation in Dublin is the adoption by a number of society people of the "barefoot" fad for their children. Considerable attention is aroused now and then in the streets about the fashionable squares by the appearance of smartly clad children walking barelegged and barefooted, all but a slight sandal. The idea is that the children are made hardier and less likely to take cold by this exposure.—Dublin Freeman's Journal.