...... THE MINISTER'S YOUNG WIFE.

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"Well, now, for my part, Miss Post, as I was telling them two ladies, I always liked your husband's preaching.

Mrs. Dale measured out two yards of lace and counted three dozen pearl buttons, large and small, before she looked up into the sweet face of the pastor's young wife. The rosy cheeks were pale now and the pretty mouth was slightly drawn. It seemed is if it would not take much to cause Mrs. Post's blue eyes to fill with tears.

Mrs. Dale shrewdly guessed as much. but she said nothing, except to wish her customer a pleasant good morning

s she went away. Delia Post knew well enough what to surmise from the remarks made by the portly widow. Somebody must have been criticising Homer's sermons, or Mrs. Dale would not have defended them.

Into the door of the pretty gabled cottage which the good people of West End had provided for their pastor the young wife went and straight into the tiny study where her husband sat at his desk.

"Has something troubled you, Delia, dear?" he asked kindly, laying down his pen.

"Nothing much;" but as if to con tradict her words she sat down in an easy chair and commenced to cry. "What can it be?" thought the min-

ister, as he vainly tried to soothe his wife.

In a few moments the story came out; for Delia Fost was very young indeed-only just 19-and she had not learned to keep her troubles shut up within her own heart, rather than add another burden to the one who was so dear to her.

Mr. Post's face cleared. "Is that all, child? I certainly thought you had bad news from home. Of course, everybody does not like my provide the provide the provided the the provided the factor. preaching. How could that be possible? I do my best, and, with the Lord's help, I trust that some word may comfort or cheer a longing lonely soul."

"You are so good," replied Delia "and Homer, I do not help you at all. I was never cut out for a preacher's Do you remember how I wife. laughed that day at Sister Hathaway's, when she was telling about her son's misdeeds? Wasn't it awful? And how she glared at me."

Mrs. Post's tears had quite disappeared now, and her husband looked down lovingly at the sunny face. "Oh, dear, I entirely forgot those biscuits. They'll be all burned up."

With a gay laugh she sprang down the stairs singing, and the minister turned again to his work.

"She little knows how much she helps me with her sweetness and cheer-iness," he murmured. "But I must be more particular about my sermon next Sunday. I noticed that Brother Mc-Pherson spoke coldly to me last week and I fear that I do need Sister Dale's kindly words.

Mr. Post had married Delia Harold about a year before. She was the daughter of a wealthy merchant and entirely without the experience needful for a preacher's wife, although she was a happy Christian and loved her husband dearly.

"Mr. Post is not a brilliant preacher," said Brother McPherson that even-ing at an informal meeting held at uis own house. "He is sincere and good. I believe we could get along with him if he were alone, but his wife-

There was an expressive pause, and then Brother White took up the tale. "Yes, Brother McPherson, it's the wife that is the trouble. Not that I see much amiss in the little girl, myself. She's just the age of my Mary, and I doubt if I should dare to recommend her to any one of our young preachers-but all the women are against her." At Mr. White's remark, Mrs. Mc-

Pherson sniffed audibly. "I don't know as it's more the women than the men; but I do think that the way she wears her hair in that sort of pug on top, and them curls

When Mrs. Post came to West End she had found a square parlor with four low windows, a brilliant scarlet carpet and several stiff chairs. With good taste and the judicious use of a little money she had transformed it A pretty rug, in subqued colors hid the objectionable carpet. Soft inexpensive curtains were at the windows, and a few good engravings and choice photographs gave character to the white walls.

After a moment's delay the minister entered, and to the annoyance of all, after him tripped his wife, who draw-ing a low chair nearer to the light, commenced some embroidery, listen-ing, meanwhile, with deep attention

to the conversation. It was a discomfited committee which issued from the low porch an hour later.

"Why didn't you say something?" asked Brother McPherson, impatiently,

of Brother White. "How could I, with the minister's wife sitting there so smiling and cheerful?" returned Mr. White, justly indignant at the question.

"So good of them to call, wasn't it, Homer?" said Delia, enthusiastically, as she put away the precious Venetian glasses in which she had passed lemonade to the guests. "It shows

how fond they are of you. Mr. Post was leaning on the mantel and did not seem to hear the remark. He knew very well that those five men had not come in to make a friendly call. There had been something at the bottom of it. But if there was something wrong, why had they not mentioned it?

As the months passed by Mrs. Post went on her way with a calm and un-disturbed spirit. It never occured to her that people did not approve of Everybody had loved her at home.

There was one place where Mrs. Post's actions were above reproach, and even strict old Brother McPherson acknowledged that. This was in the Sunday school, where the minister's wife was very successful

There were four girls in her class. One was Mary White, another was a young woman from Mrs. Dale's store, the third was a girl about 13 and the fourth, the one person whom fastidi-ous Mrs. Post disliked, although she tried hard to combat the feeling, was Katie Mason, the maid-of-all-work at the hotel in the town, the place where men went insane and sober and from which they emerged fiends. It was not because Katle was a working-girl that Mrs. Post did not like her-not at all. Delia would have loved any one without stopping to think whether they washed dishes for a living or spent their time in elegant leisure, if they were only clean. This unfortunate girl was not only untidy in her person, but she was repulsive in her appearance. Try as she would, Mrs. Post could not bring herself to touch her. But she soon leared that the one joy of Katie's life was to come to Sunday school and be near the beautiful lady. The gentle voice, the well bred manner, the per-fect toilette, were new to her, and seemed to lift the minister's wife into the sphere of an angel. Each Sunday Post prayed that she might be Mrs. able to say something to help this poor girl, whose eyes had first seen the light in a workhouse, and whose miserable life had been passed in hard labor and the lowest surroundings.

Ryan's hotel stood on a corner of the main street of the village, and its flickering lights burned all night long. while from within came the sound of shuffling cards and clinking glasses. Katie often worked till midnight, and was up again at dawn doing the heaviest drudgery.

One day Mrs. Post came in with her arms full of the spring blossoms and turned the parlor into a bower of beau ty.

"Isn't it lovely?" she exclaimed, hearing her husband's footstep behind her.

"Very," he replied absently. "Delia

tion Della went forward and gathered the poor disfigured head in her hands. She had shrunk from touching Katie's hand before; now she stooped and kissed the bit of forehead which was not covered with bandages.

"I am here, Katie, and I am going to stay with you," she said. In spite of her husband's protest,

Delia remained in that dimly lighted room all night. The pain which poor Katie suffered was indescribable, and her moans were so piteous that Mrs. Ryan retired to the kitchen, where she could not hear them, leaving the minister's wife alone. Mr. Post waited down stairs, and

his brave wife sat by the sick girl's bedside, holding one bandaged hand in hers, while she murmured comfort ing words or sang in a low, sweet voice. Her husband heard it in the middle of the night and thanked God He had given him such a wife. It was not until the next evening

that Katie's weary feet slipped over the brink of time into eternity. As her sufferings grew worse, she clung more tightly to the soft white hand and listened to the loving words which the minister's wife spoke. Mr. Post hardly recognized Delia in this woman whose tender ministries helped the vounded, stricken, homely girl to die in peace

Mrs. McPherson and some other ladies of the church came in during the next day, and they were amazed at the bearing of the woman whom they had criticized for having four silk dresses and a sealskin cloak. These things seemed so insignificant in this chamber of death-and such a horrible death .- Waverley.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The use of the "E Pluribus Unum" on coin was never authorized by law. Its first known use was on a New Jersey cent struck off in 1776.

In a village of Germany a blind old woman was led to church every Sunday by a gander, who used to take hold of her gown with his bill.

It has been calculated that some thing like 1.250,000 pints of tea are imbibed yearly by Londoners, and that the teapot necessary to contain this amount, if properly shaped, would comfortably take in the whole of St. Paul's cathedral.

The greatest number of men ever employed on one structure was on the Gizeh pyramid, where 7,000,000 men were in forced labor. This pyramid is 450 feet high, and covers an area of 13 acres, twice the dimensions of any other building in the world, in one instance taking 2000 men three years in bringing a single stone from the quarry.

A curious welding procession was that of Eleanor Linler, an American bride, who, in 1897, married her sixth husband, the other five having been divorced. But they evidently did not consider that she had triffed with their affections, for each followed her in a separate cab to the church, and one went so far as to present her with a substantial wedding gift.

A singular fire occurred recently at a dwelling house in Philadelphia. Underneath the parlor window was a dresser upon which was a glass globe, which, it is supposed, became so heated by the sun's rays that it ignited the window curtains, the flames extending to the dresser, which with its contents and the curtains, were destroyed be-fore the fire was extinguished. There was no fire in the parlor grate, nor was any person in the room where the fire originated.

Brittany has a strange burial custom Bodies are buried as in this country, but when the flesh has disappeared the skeleton is exhumed and the skull detached and placed in a tiny coffin. These skull coffins are little boxes painted black or green, shaped like a dog kennel, with sloping roofs. They are about two feet long, one foot deep and one foot broad and have an oval or heart shaped opening at one end, surmounted by a cross. The opening is fitted with glass so that a portion of the skull is visible and appears to scowl at the curious spectator. The boxes are arranged on ledges and cor nices of the churchyard walls. It is a great and costly privilege to have these coffins find so sacred a resting place.



face of the mousseline is flaked over with single flowers or wreaths on

sprays of white blossoms, raised up as if embroidered. Over this here and there and on either side are the clus-

ters of field flowers, pink, blue, yellow, lilac, red and the green foliage of

wild flowers and garden plants. The

colors are exquisite. No wonder it is a costly fabric.

Sea Green Beaded Fringe.

the fringe of double loops of beading, small sea-green glass beads, which

hangs five inches below the rim of an

A Pretty New Material.

jet spots and with a border of black lace applied on the white ground and

heavily encrusted with jet is among the most exquisite of the new robe

Silver Tissue Much Used.

Silver tissue is being much used as

background for the fine laces and

Woman's Tailored Shirt Waist.

Simple severe tailored waists are much worn and suit many materials

far better than any other sort. The May Manton model shown is made of

Saxony flannel, woven in Roman strips

and is eminently smart, but is equally

desirable for embroidered stripes, the

heavier flannels, corduroy, velveteen

and all the materials which call for simplicity. The original is made over

can be made unlined whenever pre-

embroideries of the season.

White net dotted all over with tiny

electrolier shade.

materials.

An old fashion revived is seen in

New York City.-Nothing serves the | airy fabric known as broche mousse purpose of an all-round useful wrap more perfectly than the golf cape. It line. Let no one imagine because it is a muslin that it will be low-priced. You can have it by paying \$7.50 for one yard! To be sure, it is double width, a good 46 inches across from selvedge to selvedge. It displays **a** double set of patterns. First the suris worn for traveling, driving, walk-



GOLF CAPE. ing, bad weather, almost every occasion except the game from which it takes its name. On the way to and from the links it may, and often does, serve as well as when the walk or drive have no such end, but for actual play it is impossible and never seen. The smart May Manton example

shown is cut after the latest English model, and is absolutely up-to-date in every detail. The original is made of tan colored cloth with plaid under side, but plain cloths and cheviots are quite as often seen, while light colored broadcloth makes an admirable evening wrap.

The cape is circular and fitted by The cape is circular and fitted by means of shoulder darts. The hood is graceful and carefully shaped, open-ing slightly at the centre back to give a pointed effect. The storm collar is of pastel tones, one of the newest and most fashionable waisting materials, cut in sections and fits snugly at the throat while it flares freely as it curves upward toward the head. Shoulder a fitting lining that renders it peculiar-ly snug and becoming, but the waist straps are arranged on the inner side which support the weight and obviate all strain

ferred. To cut this cape for a woman of me-



The foundation is fitted with single dium size two and three-eighth yards

Fancy blouses that close at the back are and will be much worn both as

and closes at the centre front, but sep-arately from the outside. The back of the waist is plain and smooth across the shoulders, but drawn under in gathers at the waist line. The fronts

ARILING FACTS THE VICE OF INTEMPERANC

emi Lost and Found, by C. B. Bots-ford - Legal View of Murder Com-mitted Under the Influence of Rawn -Drunkenness No Excuse.

James was her only son, A bright and noble boy, 'A widow's trust and pride, A doting mother's joy.

He was at home and school Both dutiful and kind, Of honest, open heart, Of bright, inquiring mind.

The mother's wealth of love She lavished on her boy; To whom she fondly clung, Her only earthly joy.

Without his father's hand, Its guidance and restraint, Sad change in time she saw, And heard her son's complaint.

That home was not as bright As scenes upon the street, Where folly's songs were sung, Hard by the scorner's seat.

Corrupt companionship, With evil leaven fraught, In body, spirit, soul, Its subtle poison wrought.

The voice within at first Condemns the lighter drinks; Yet reason as he may, He through indulgence sinks.

The mother patient bore The folly of her child; Her heart, its agony Suppressed to accents mild.

She summoned all the strength Of self-denying love, That home, with added charms, Its sacred worth might prove.

But Satan, subtle fiend, By sin's delusion charmed, His victim blindly led, His captive's fear disarmed.

Until debased, he trod Of hell the very brink! And in his ravings cursed And fought the demon drinkt

The mother's tortured heart In agony now broke; 'And to his double crime The son in horror woke.

But mercy spread her wings And brooded o'er the loss: 'And now, redeemed, he clings A contrite to the cross.

The mother's tears and prayers, Preserved a pledge on high, Now fall in dews of grace From out the answering sky. —Temperance Advocate.

The Rum Crazed Murderer.

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of material fifty-six inches wide will darts, shoulder and under-arm seams be required.

Yoke Blouse Closing at Back.

around her face, is a shame and disgrace for a preacher's wife, or at least for our preacher's wife."

was a general chorus of dis-There sent from the women but Mr. Mc Pherson added, with a sly look at his wife

"It's very becoming to her Mar-

To this frivolous statement his wife vouchsafed no reply. As the conversation became general

bits of criticism might be heard.

"She has four silk dresses."

"And a hat to match each one." "And a sealskin cloak." This last item of attire seemed to

be particularly objectionable and the talk was waxing warm when Mrs. Har per, a little palefaced woman who had hitherto kept silence, said quietly. "Mrs. Post was very good to

my Davie when he was sick. It was she who was with him when he-"

The poor mother could not say more and the meeting was most effectually broken up. However, it was settled between the men, nearly all of whom were leading members of the church, that a change would be desirable.

To this end a committee was appointed to wait on the pastor a week later determined to-as gently as possible-acquaint him with their decis-

These five gentlemen Mrs. Post ushered with great graciousness into the tiny parlor. Excusing herself to call tiny parlor. Excusing herself to cal her husband, she gave the visitors time to look around the room and find still more cause for complaint against the minister's wife.

there's a man here who wants you very much to come down to Ryan's hotel. There has been an accident, and Katie, the girl in your Sunday school class has been hurt-badly, I judge.

responded the "She's a-going fast," man, touching his hat awkwardly. He was the barman at Ryan's. "But," as he said to a crowd of friends later. "I knows a lady when I sees her, and that there preacher's wife's one, you bet. She turned as pale as a rag, and the minister, he says, 'Now, darling, you don't need to go. I'll go.' 'Of course I'll go,' she says, and I says kind of quiet like, 'She's a calling for you, mem.' But you better believe I didn't tell her how she was hurt, nor how she looked. I just couldn't.'

So it was that Delia Post went into the presence of the dying girl without knowing that she had tripped on the cellar stairs with a lighted lamp in her hand and that she was burned beyond recognition. It was an awful sight that the inex-

perienced girl saw when she entered the garret where the drudge was per-mitted to sleep. There were good rooms in the house; but although the innkeeper's wife had no wish to be unkind to the injured girl, it had not courred to her to have her carried into one of them. "Oh, Homer," exclaimed the minis-

ter's wife, clinging in desperation to the man's strong arm.

Then there came a moaning cry from the shapeless figure upon the bed:

"Bring Mrs. Post. Oh, bring my acher. I love her so." Without another moment's hesita- ington Star.

Failed at Baby's Stunt.

W. S. King, a blacksmith, living at Merville, was playing baby and dislocated his hip, says a Bowling Green, Ohio, special in the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune. He was watching his little child put its great toe in its mouth, and the ease with which the voungster did the trick astonished the father, who became so interested that he put away his tools, and, sitting down on the floor of his shop, took off his shoes and tried the stunt. He found his joints rather stiff for such fun, but at length, with a tremendous effort, he triumphantly seized his big toe with his teeth, and just then his hip slipped out of joint.

The doctor was called and matters adjusted, adjusted, but pa will miss a few week's work. While the limb was be ing put back to its place the baby continued placidly to suck its toe.

A Heart-to-Heart Talk.

"It must be nice to be sarcastic and clever," said the young woman admiringly

Not at all," answered Miss Cayenne. "It is an accomplishment that causes you to get rid of all your friends ex-cepting those who are too dense to see the point of your remarks."-Wash-

part of entire costumes for indoor wear and the odd bodices that find such an important place in every complete wardrobe. The dainty and attractive May Manton design-illustrated in the large drawing includes sever : novel features and is adapted to many materials. The original is made Nile green louisine silk, the yoke and sleeves being enriched by applied dises of paune in a deeper shade and edged with a narrow fancy braid, while the undersleeves are of cream chiffon, but all soft silk and wool fabrics are ap-

propriate. The applied dises are en tirely new this season, but do not in

volve any excessive labor while their effect is smart in the extreme. The lining fits smoothly and snugly, but closes with the outside at the cen-tre back. The yoke is applied over the foundation, on indicated lines and is met by the smooth backs and full fronts. The sleeves are cut after the latest model and include full soft unler puffs, with slightly bell-shaped over portions, the edges of which are curved to match the yoke. The stock collar is plain and is attached to the neck, closing with the blouse at the centre back

To cut this blouse 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 three-quarter thirty-two inches wide yards and three-quarter yards forty-four inches wide will be required, with five-eighth yards twenty inches wide for undersleeves.

Broche Moussellne. Fairy fingers surely developed the

are laid in five narrow tucks each that extend from the shoulders and neck to yoke depth, and provide becoming fulness below. The sleeve are in regulation shirt style with nar The sleeves row square-cornered cuffs. The neck is finished with a stock of plain silk edged with turn-over portions, and closes invisibly at the centre back. To cut this waist for a woman of medium size three and a half yards of material twenty inches wide, three

TAILORED SHIRT WAIST.

and three-eighth yards twenty-seven inches wide, three yards thirty-two inches wide, two yards forty-four inches wide will be required.

his protection and preservation are two of its most inviolable trusts. — The New Voice.

Alcohol in Relation to Women

Alcohol in Relation to Women Another in the properties of the Quarterly field on Alcohol in Relation to Women, by Heywood Smith. In it he gives statis-ing the state women of the properties of the most of the provide the state of the properties of the most of the state of the state of the state is an one of the state. The habit-most of the state of the state of the state work of the state of the state of the state of the protection of the State. The habit-most of the state of the state of the state is the statement. When a woman be provide state of the state. The habit-more the source and if not, is given out-to the protection of the State. The habit-more his own master, objects strenuously of home, protected and care for by his discussed of modern ethics, which pre-mers on the state of the state. The more his one more so offensive to the state as dees not go on record. His crime is not so heinous more so offensive to the work of the state of modern ethics, which pre-sense to the moral laws for the women and another for the man. We think is more his of an energial would far sur the state of inheritate women.—American be state of inheritate women.—American be state of the state w

Lord Roberte

urages Abstinence.

Lord Boberts urages Abstinence. Under the direction of Lord Rob-erts the Engine. Government is making special efforts to increase the moral and physical tone of the army by reducing in-temperance. The War Office requested railway companies to co-operate to pre-yrent returning soldiers being treated to intoxicating liquors. The Great Eastern and the Lancashire and Yorkshire Rail-way companies issued six-penny tickets, which may be purchased for giving to sol-diers, who can with the same obtain non-intoxicating beverages or food at a cheap rate.