Who bides his time.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

THEIR DAY AT HOME.

BY HELEN E. WRIGHT.

The rain had fallen all day in a thick, heavy drizzle, but the man lazily sauntering along the avenue with his hands in his pockets, did not seem to mind it in the least. He was a big, burly fellow, with a shaggy beard and small, bloodshot eyes. His hat, pulled low over his forehead, was minus part of the crown; his coat was out at the elbows and his shoes pere out at the toes. His gaze wandered to a big placard that was fastened to a gate beside him. It read as follows: "TO CALLERS.

We ARE HOME ALONE.
PLEASE COME RIGHT IN
THINGS TO EAT UP STAIRS."

The man stared hard at it, then looked wonderingly at the house. It was a large old-fasioned dwelling with wide porches and a vestibuled en-trance. From an upper window peered two anxious little faces. The man looked from them to the placard The man again. He reread it slowly.

"'We are at home—alone! Please come—right in!' By Jingo!" he exclaimed aloud, "that means you! Jeremiah Todd, my boy, that means you! "Things to eat—upstairs," he continued. "Humph! I like that—sounds hospitable." He looked cautiously along the avenue, but nobody seemed watching, and he closed the gate behind him.

The children's faces had disappeared from the window, and in the playroom a little girl was canging to her brother. "Oh, Tom," she sobbed, "I'm so

er. "Oh, Tom," she source,
There was a lump in the boy's own throat, but he manfully choked it down. "He's come a calling, Ethel," he said, "and we must be Mother used to have lots of people on

her days 'at home,' you know."
"Were they like that, do you think,
Tom?" asked the little girl.

"Um-maybe so," he answered doubtfully.

The man walked quickly up the The man walked quickly up the steps; there was something stealthy and satlike in his tread. "By special invitation, Jeremiah Todd," he said to himself, "and there's silver in that house, I'll bet a cookie!"

"Please come right this way," said a timid little voice, and there on the landing above him stood the children, hand-in-hand.

The tramp stared at them.

"Please come right this way," re-peated the little voice. "Tom and I are entertaining alone."

The man stumbled toward them, and the little girl held out her hand. We're very glad you've come," she said shyly. "You're the first caller that we've had."

The tramp became suddenly aware of his muddy boots and rain-soaked clothing; he almost wished he were on the streets again.

Etnel led the way to the playroom. There was a genial warmth from the furnace fire, and everything looked bright and cheery. In the centre of the room stood a table with an embroidered tea-cloth upon it. To be sure, the cloth was much too long, and dragged at both ends, but that did not matter. In the middle was a plat-ter with a crisp roast chicken, garlanded with pepper-leaves. There were jams and jellies and fruit in abun-

"We've never given an 'at home' be fore, and we don't know just what to do," the little girl said anxiously.
"Would you rather have some chicken first, or hear us sing?'

see me stand on my head?" asked Tom.

man eyed the table greedily. "I haven't had a thing to eat today," he said. "Wh-y?" exclaimed Ethel.

your mother go away too? How fun-ny!" Then she busied herself about the fowl.

The tramp ate ravenously. "You're in luck, Jeremiah Todd," he chuckled to himself.

little girl interrupted his thoughts. "Do you always make calls on people's days 'at home?" she

a time when he had had friends, and had called upon them, too, but it was many years ago and the memory was 'No," he answered. Then there was

The man started. There had been

a silence. The children looked perplexed. "Our mother used to have whole lots

of people come sometimes," remarked Tom at last. "She sent out little invitations through the mail; we hadn't time, you see, so I put a big one on the Did you ever come to see our

"No," said the tramp again.

He had finished his repast, and a pile of orange and banana peel upon his plate showed that he had relished

Ethel looked anxious. "I'm afraid," she timidly said, "that perhaps you aren't enjoying it. Tom," she continued, turning to her brother, "you'd better stand on your head, and then we'll sing."

The boy promptly obeyed, but the

tramp scarcely noticed him.
"Shall we sing now?" asked the little girl. There was entreaty in her voice,—she was trying so hard to be

polite. "There's one song about 'Old Dame Pussy Cat,' and then there's 'Father, We Thank Thee,' and 'Cod Loves Everything.' Which would you

"I'm afraid," said the man, "that I can't stay. Suppose you take me through the house instead." children exchanged looks

"Mother dont' generally take her callers round," Ethel answered. "That because she has so many all at once," said the tramp. His voice

was very soft and coaxing, and he

was very soft and coaxing, and ne edged toward the door.

"I'm afraid," began the little girl again.—"I don't believe.—"

The man's hand was on the door-knob, but he paused a moment.

"All right," he said, shrugging his thoulders. "I thought you wanted me to enjoy myself. If you don't of to enjoy myself. If you don't of

"Oh, we do!" cried Ethel, in despair. the led the way to the next room.

This is where mother sleeps," she said. A watch and some jeweled rings were on the gainty dresser. The tramp walked quickly over to them, then paused and pretended to look at a pic-

paused and pretended to look at a pic-ture in an oval frame.
"That's father and mother," an-nounced Tom, "and Ethel and me when we were babies. There's four in our family.'

"Isn't our father a nice man?" asked tne little girl.

"Yes," answered the man. "Where is he?"

The children looked at each other again. "Why, he's dead," said Tom.
"I take care of mother and Ethel, you know. Father told me to."

The little girl slipped her hand

trustingly into her brother's.

"Humph!" ejaculated the tramp. He turned and walked back to the playroom. Just inside the door he paused. "There isn't anything in the house to

-to drink, is there?" he asked.
"Tea?" queried Ethel. "Mother always makes it for her friends, but I don't know how."

"No," replied the tramp, "not that.

Isn't there any—er—anything else?"
"Why, yes," said Tom, brightening,
...ere's our milk." He climbed up on
a chair and took two tall, slim glasses
of creamy milk from a corner cupboard. "Cook put them here when she went away," he exclaimed.

The man looked doubtful, but raised

one of the glasses slowly to his lips.
Ethel tugged excitedly at her broth-

er's sleeve. "Now, Tom," she whispered, "let's do it now!" She stepped in front of the tramp, and holding ner frock in either hand, made a quaint courtesy, then began to sing in a shrill childish treble:

"There's not a sleepy bridie With its head beneath its wing But God is taking care of, For he loves everything."

The man gave her a suspicious look, but the little girl sang on:

"There's not a thirsty flower But finds a drop of dew, For God keeps watch o'er every

And he is watching you.

"He sees us when-"

The man suddenly put down his glass and turned to the door with a muttered exclamation which the children could not understand.

'You're not going?" cried Ethel. "Why, I'm singing for you!"

man did not answer; he walked hurriedly to the staircase.

"I'm afraid," she went on, her voice trembling with excitement, "that you haven't had a very happy time after all; but you must come again when mother's here. She always likes to know our friends."

The man's feet sank noiselessly into the padded carpet of the stairs. On the landing he stopped and suddenly turned round; the children were close behind him. "See here, little girl," he said roughly, "hold up your frock. There!'

He drew out some spoons and forks and dropped them into it; then came the watch and rings, a silver shoe-horn, and a vinaigrette. "Why, they're ours!" cried Tom, his

eyes growing big in astonishment.
"Yes," answered the man, with a forced laugh, "I took 'em-for a joke,

you see. The boy's grave eyes regarded him earnestly, but Ethel danced with de-

light. "How nice and funny you are!" she said; then added, with a happy sigh, "It's just a lovely thing to have a day 'at home!' "-The Household.

Boots and Prosperity.

Some years ago I was talking with one of our leading boot manufacturers, and himself a very acute man. He told me that long experience had shown him that the sale of boots is a sure barometer of the prosperity of the country, so far as the working class were concerned. If things are going well people buy new boots when their old ones have worn out; if the reverse, they do not, but make shift without new purchases. And ke in-stanced Ireland, where he had a large trade output, as an instance of this. When, therefore, I hear that the boot business is not flourishing, I know what that means. Although it can-not be said to be absolutely bad, yet there is already a shrinkage in sales at home, owing to the effect of the war on the resources of the wageearning class.-London Truth.

A Good Reason for Moving.

Grandma-Why shouldn I take another chair, Thomas? Don't you think I am comfortable here?

Tommy-Yes, gramma, but-but our little kitty ain't. She's there too!-Harper's Magazine.



Change of Air for Dolly.

"My dolly's very ill, sir;
Dear doctor, please to tell
What I can do to make her
Get quickly strong and well."
"She certainly looks pale, ma'am,
And needs the greatest care,
And I should recommend, ma'am,
A thorough change of air."

"Just take her down to Margate, Or somewhere by the sea, And give her new-iaid eggs, ma'am, For breakfast and for tea."

For breakfast and for tea."

'Oh, Margate is too far, sir,'
The anxious mother said,

"I'll wheel her round the garden,
And up the road instead."

—Chicago Record-Herald.

A little boy and girl were at oppo-site ends of a long room, pretending to talk over a "make-believe" tele-

"Is this the doctor?" called the little girl.

"It is, madam, it is," answered the little boy.
"You had better come over at once "You had better come over at once "You sick lady I am nurs

and see a very sick lady I am nursing," said the little girl.
"Ahem! What is the trouble?" he asked, and she replied:

"She swallowed a whole bottle of ink. "Very serious case," said the little

doctor. "What have you done for her? "I gave her two sheets of blotting

paper," replied the ingenious little "Was it red or black ink?" inquired

the young physician.
"Red," replied the nurse.
"Then," replied the doctor, " a plaster of white blotting paper on the soles of her feet will cure her completely.'

An Amusing Journey.
This is a game that may be played without any preparation whatever, as no materials are required, not even pencil or paper. It is, therefore, well worth knowing, for it may be suggested to a party of friends on the spur of the moment, when some such amuse ment is desired.

The players choose a leader, and

then seat themselves in a circle, with the leader in the center. He, of course, stands. As the game may be better understood from an illustration we will suppose the leader to begin it by saying:
"Young people, you are all supposed

to be commercial travelers, about to start on a journey to any part of the world that you may prefer on business. I will ask each of you, if you please to tell me where you are going. and what you intend to do when you get there?"

It is required that eevry answer to his questions should be alliterative; that is to say, that all the words of the answer should begin with the let-

ter A. This is the way it runs: Leader—"Where are you going?" Answer—"To Annapolis."

Leader—"What will do there?"
Answer—"Attend the academy." B goes to Boston to buy baked beans. C to Chicago to collect Colum-

bian coins. D to Damascus to do dervish dances. E to England to earn Edward's esteem. F to Florida to find fragrant flowers. G to Gasconda to gather glittering gems. H to Havana to have half holiday. I to India to inspect idols. J to Jerusalem to judge jewels. K to Kentucky to keep knives. L to Liverpool to lodge land lubbers. M to Montana to make money. N to the Netherlands to negotiate notes. O to Oklahoma to open an oyster shop.
P to Philadelphia to pawn pennies. Q to Quebec to quit quarreling. R to Russia to raise race riots. S to Sene-gambia to sell saucepans. T to Turkey to taste tobacco. U to Utah to urge use of umbrellas. V to Vienna to visit various viscounts. W to Washington to willingly waste wages. Y to Yazoo to yell at yielding yokels. Z to Zanzibar te zoologize zebras.

This game, when played by the older boys and girls, or even by adults, is made uproaringly funny by the queer and incongruous answers that are given without time to think them up.

—Detroit Free Press.

Two Orioles.

Do you want to know just the cunningest thing that ever two little birds Let me tell you-because it's true.

The birds were beautiful orioles and you know the curious, pretty nests the orioles make, swinging like a soft, gray, silken bag from the high branch of some elm tree.

Just three springs ago, the orioles had come to this grand, old elm tree that shaded the porch of a quiet farm-

had picked out the branch they wanted; and now they must hunt for material to build their pretty home

So they flew about, chirping and calling and busily gathering stray threads and moss-when-oh, joy! What was that beautiful, long, white silky stuff on the porch just under their elm tree home? They flew down very cautiously. They fitted this way and that. Dare they take some of it for their airy home? One more peep—yes—grandpa was sound asleep. There was no doube about it. But how should orioles know that the long, white whiskers belonged to him? They ventured nearer. They pulled one hair. They grew bolder and pulled another. Two long, beautiful silky threads for their nest! They flew off to the tree and then back for

more. Grandpa still slept. The little when Aunt Lucy happened to spy them. She laughed aloud and of course that frightened the birds and grandpa awoke. But wait—just hear the rest. Aunt Lucy was so pleased at what the cute little orioles had done, that she determined they should have all the pretty threads of hair they wanted. So that very afternoon, she took some of Mary's golden locks a few more of grandpa's and some of her own glossy black hair and spread them on a bright cloth on the porch. Then she warned the family to keep very and species quiet and see what happened. In less than an hour the orioles had taken every hair and carried it to their tree. Before many days the pretty nest was done and the birds were enjoying their new home.

In the fall, after the orioles had left their elm tree home, Aunt Lucy had some one climb the tree and get the nest, and there so curiously woven into the lining, were the soft white, golden and black hairs. Aunt Lucy keeps the nest in her par-

lor and counts it as one of her greatest treasures.—Primary Education.

Last of the Photographs

When Papa Elephant's photograph came home you may be sure it created a tremendous sensation throughout the menagerie. The animals all crowded round to look at it, and the noise as they grunted, squeaked, squealed and bellowed their different opinions was simply deafening.

"It's his very tail," shrieked the par-

rot. "And his trunk is lifelike; I could have drawn it better myself, braved the donkey, who, as you know, is very good at drawing things—though I think perhaps he is better

"And his dear little eyes," sighed the sentimental love-bird. "How

"Fiddlesticks," said the goshawk, "it's no more like him than like me." And he stalked off muttering to himself, "Sweet little eyes, indeed! wonder the silly thing didn't say 'Dear little feet,' while she was about it. It's sickening the way she flatters that great booby, and I wonder what Mrs. Elephant is about to allow it?'

But Papa Elephant was beaming; he took no notice whatever of the goshawk's remark. "I think it's pretty fair," he said modestly: "and tomorrow you shall take baby to be photographed, too, my dear," he added, turning to his wife, who looked quite a size larger than usual with pride and

So the next morning they went. "She will make a lovely picture, ma'am, a real beauty; there's no doubt about that," said the monkey, putting

his head on the side and little Miss Elephant with an admiring smile. Now, as Baby Elephant was very short and very fat with very large ears and very little eyes, and a nasty sulky temper, she was not by any means a

beauty, but, of course, her fond mam-ma thought her lovely, and quite agreed with all the flattering remarks of the cunning monkey.
"Turn your toes out, my dear, and

let your ears flop a little more," she said, smiling with gratified material vanity at the stumpy little object. "Do as the gentleman tells you, ducky, and look pleasant." "Shan't," replied the animal child,

nearly shutting her little eyes, and turning up her trunk, as she had no The monkey discreetly had a loud fit

of coughing at once, while Mrs. Ele-phant tried to coax her refractory off-spring into good behaviour, and after several attempts she was induced to get into the proper position.

"Playful little pet," said the monkey,

smiling as affably as he could.
"Oh, yes, it's all her playful disposition," assented Mrs. Elephant, eager-

"She is such a giddy little thinglike a kitten, you know. "Oh, very like a kitten; very much so indeed," agreed the donkey polite-ly out loud. "Nasty, ill-tempered little

brat," he muttered to himself.

But at last he managed to get Miss Elephant in a corner and hastily took the photograph and ran off with it into a dark cupboard at the end of the room, which smelled like a partic-

y nasty chemist's shop While he was gone Miss Elephant would amuse herself by trying to look through the camera, although her mamma repeatedly told her to leave it alone and come and sit down like a good child; and at last she got ner head under the piece of black cloth, as she had seen the monkey do, and could not get out again. In her strugshe knocked the whole thing over and fell on it, which broke it into little

And just then the monkey ran back in a state of great excitement to say he must take another photograph, as he found he had forgotten to take the cap off the camera, and therefore there was no portrait. But, alas, the appara-tus was smashed; no more pictures could be taken, and Mrs. Elephant, tending to have her own photograph taken as well, as a surprise for Papa, fairly cried with disappointment.

But I am glad to say she gave little Miss Elephant a good whipping when she got home, and sent her to bed without any supper, which served her right.—Chicago Record-Herald.

there's hardly room for a single flow-er bed." "Think so?" replied the agent; -er-mightn't you use folding flower beds?"- Philadelphia Press.

"No, I'm not very well impressed with the house," said the prospective tenant. "The yard is frightfully small;



ment.

New York City.-Louis XVI. coats, | wide, or three yards fifty-four inches with all their picturesqueness of big revers, hip pocket laps, turn-over cuffs and lace trimmings are among the sea-

LOUIS XVI. COAT.

son's favored designs. This highly effective May Manton model is cut in the most fashionable lines and is adapted to velvet, velveteen, handsome cloth and silk, either with skirt to match or in contrast. The original makes part of a costume, the material for which is hunter's green velvet and is trimmed with bands of mink and large jeweled buttons, the rest being of brocade and the revers, collar and cuffs of Irish crochet over white

sieeves, or low with elbow sleeves, having the shoulders cut away or not, as shown in the small drawings.

The lining is carefully fitted and

includes single bust darts. The skirt ered at upper and lower edges and

wide will be required.

Risen From the Ranks. Promoted from the ranks of skirt flouncing, flare ruffles are rising in the scale. They are now an accepted mode of finishing the sleeve of a cloak or Newmarket. The sleeve is normal at the arm-size, and only increases eligible, in its proportions. creases slightly in its proportions at the elbow. Nevertheless, just below the elbow it is much extended in the graceful lines given by flare ruffles. The upper one is moderately wide, the second and third are increased in proportion. Flare ruffles are finished with stitching. They are near relatives to the rippling revers of fur seen on some "Louis" coats. The undulating ripples take away the severity of a cloth gar-

Woman's Evening Waist.

Full waists of light fabrics made in oaby fashion are in the height of style for evening wear and are both charm ing and almost universally becoming. The very pretty model illustrated is of louisine silk, in a soft shade of pink, banded with black velvet ribbon and finished with a drapery of pink tulle at the neck Over the shoulders are black velvet straps, covered with embroidery in pink and white and held by fancy ornaments. All soft, pliable materials are, however, appropriate, and the waist can be raised either by being made high, with yoke and long sleeves, or low with elbow sleeves, hav-

The lining is carefully fitted and closes at the centre front. The full The waist portion fits snugly and soft back and fronts are simply gath-



MISSES' LONG COAT

is seamed on at front and sides, but arranged over the foundation. The excut in one with the back and the tension straps are cut in one with pocket laps are attached at the seams.

with a deep turn-over collar. dium size five and one-half yards oft material twenty inches wide, two and fashionable and cut on exceptional rds forty-four inches wide or two and one-fourth yards fifty- the elbows, so allowing perfect free four inches wide will be required, with dom for the arms. five-eighth of a yard twenty inches wide for the vest, one yard of all over lace for collar, revers and cuffs, and four and seven-eighth yards of fur edging to trim as illustrated.

Misses' Long Coat Long coats, that completely cover the gown, make eminently stylish, comfortable out-door garments for young girls and are in the height of present styles. The excellent May Manton model, shown in the large drawing, is made from Oxford cloth, with simply stitched edges, and is serviceable at the same time that it is fashionable; but plain or covert cloth in black, grey, tan, brown and dark green and chevio are all appropriate for fair weather coats, while waterproof finished cloths

are admirable for rainy days. The coat is loosely fitted without a seam at the centre back. It falls in unbroken lines and may be plain across the shoulders, or when desired, the applied yoke can be added as shown in the small sketch. The neck is finished with a regulation coat collar and lapels and convenient pockets are inserted in the fronts. The coat sleeves are finished with becoming roll-over cuffs.

yards of material forty-four inches or tuile for bertha.

tension straps are cut in one with the waist and covered with any de sired material. The tulle bertha i The vest also is closely fitted and is sired material. The tulle bertha j sired material. The tulle bertha j shirred on indicated lines and arrange over the neck edge. When yoke an sleeves are in coat style with roll-over flaring cuffs and the neck is finished of the same or contrasting material. with a deep turn-over collar.

To cut this coat for a woman of melither as a separate guimpe with the lining for a foundation as part of the same of t good lines, as the puffs fall exactly a

To cut this waist for a woman of medium size, two yards of materia twenty-one or twenty-seven inch wide, or one and seven-eighth yard



EVENING WAIST.

forty-four inches wide will be The closing is effected invisibly by quired, with two and one-eighth yar means of a fly. To cut this coat for a miss of four-teen years of age three and one-half elbow sleeves and one yard of chir