

GROWTH.

The climax of the perfect symphony sounds not at its beginning; long and low the voices enter, ceasing often, so as young birds newly learning melody; but other voices join the harmony, and now, from crystal flute, and reed, and low.

And brazen throat, a full, concurrent flow of music swells in rich sonority.

Soul, fret not if the music of thy life To the sounds thin and weak! An age remote Uttered chaotic preludes to these years. Play well thy part, though with harsh discords rife. Thy life shall touch a nobler, deeper note, and join to swell the music of the spheres.

—Robert Haven Schaufler, in Success.

JUDGE AND JURY.

"I believe they are utterly miserable and remarkably brave," said the girl who thought she knew life.

"I believe they are absolutely happy and have great self-control," said the girl who thought she did not.

"I believe they are an extremely ordinary couple who at the bottom of their hearts do love each other, and who yet manage to have some very bad days—meaning rows—like everybody else," said the girl who really did.

They were speaking of Mr. and Mrs. Fanshaw, known among their acquaintances as the "Judge and Jury."

Nobody quite knew why they were so called—or, rather, nobody remembered. The name had originally been a chance remark made by a witty young barrister, who had an odd clever trick of knocking off his acquaintances in some little catch phrase like this one of "Judge and Jury."

"She's the jury, you know—really settles everything; but he imagines it all his own doing, and, in any case, he gets the credit of it, ye know."

And they had been so called ever since. The Judge dearly loved his wife, but he never told her so. In his own mind he had agreed that the fact of his having chosen her from a world of girls—and in his youth the judge had been much sought after—of having told her, and that more than once during his brief engagement, he did love her—and finally having made her his wife—all this was sufficient. What necessity for more? So he lived quietly, undemonstrative on, and—in secret his wife was miserable.

She was rather a passionate and also, in some ways, a very proud woman. But she had no children, and above all was she a woman to whom not only the mere fact of a loving word or a little caress was an absolute pleasure, but, moreover, she pined—if that word or caress were hers—that all her world should see and hear it. It was a species of unconscious conceit, very common, did one only know it, to most women. Often did she tell her friends how the judge would almost ignore her in front of people, but when he got her alone—! Indeed, she had laid some quite passionate love scene at the judge's door.

Her younger friends looked at her husband with great wonder—at herself with envy and the jury, noting this, was then happy. She would move about with a smile on her lips, cheating herself almost into the belief that the judge really had kissed her with tears in his eyes after he had been away for two days—when, in very truth, the two on meeting had but shaken hands. For though the judge did occasionally, and on such occasions, embrace his wife, if they met, as they had then done, before the servants he always treated her in this stranger fashion.

There was one particle of truth in Mrs. Fanshaw's romances.

As I have before said, her young friends envied her contemporaries smiled, and the old people softly said, "Poor thing!"

And the Judge and Jury went their ways. She being a clever woman, ruled him in all but the one point which would have made her happy.

There came, one very hot summer, to the town this couple lived in that dread disease—typhoid fever.

And one of the earliest to take it was Mrs. Fanshaw.

At first the doctor thought it would be a slight attack. The Jury herself was not anxious, and the Judge, as usual, said nothing.

"Dick," said she to him, when she had been ill a few days, "if I were going to die, and you knew it, what would you do?"

"You are not going to die," said the Judge, dryly.

"But if I were, Dick?" potulantly. The Jury felt ill.

"I cannot imagine, my dear, such an unhappy state of things. Don't you think you had better go to sleep for a little?"

"Dick, would you bid me good-bye and say you loved me?" the invalid asked.

She was worse than either of them knew, and fever gave her a courage she would not otherwise have possessed.

"I think—my dear," the Judge repeated, rising from his chair preparatory to leaving the room—"you had better—"

Mrs. Fanshaw caught hold of her husband's hand as he turned away.

"Any way, Dick," she said, in a shriller key than her wont was to speak in, "even if I'm not going to die—and, of course I'm not" (as the Judge made an impatient gesture)—"it wouldn't hurt you to say you loved me now, Dick, do—just once." And she pulled at his cool hand and pressed her hot cheek against it.

But the Judge did not answer her, and presently left the room.

The next morning the doctor looked graver, and three days after the poor Jury was raving in delirium.

And through it all she was having passionate love scenes with her husband—or, worse still—for now the Judge did not leave her night or day—she was imploring him to say he loved her, and could not understand when he did so.

And this he did, regardless of nurse or doctor.

Day after day the Jury grew worse and worse, and from delirium she sank into unconsciousness, and from unconsciousness into death.

And the Judge was left alone.

"I love you—I love you," he sobbed continually, but it was into silence he spoke.

The court was empty.—The Free Lance.

NEWFOUNDLAND'S ISOLATION.

Queer Ideas of Some of the People About the Outside World.

It is probable that no English speaking people is at this time so utterly isolated from all the things of advanced civilization as the folk who fish from the little harbors which lie along that stretch of the east coast harbors between Cape John on the south and the straits of Belle Isle on the north. There are no roads, no paths, leading from harbor to harbor. The land is a wilderness, dense, trackless, infested with black flies and mosquitoes, which brave men dare not challenge for many days in hot weather for fear of their lives. Shore fishermen would rather take their little punts through 40 miles of tossing sea than suffer the fatigue and terrors of a two mile tramp inland. Communication, indeed, is only by punt and skiff; and so rarely do the people go from place to place that a woman who went from home with her husband to settle in a harbor five miles distant did not see her relatives again for 15 years. Moreover, the mail steamer touches at but two of the more important settlements, and that only at fortnightly intervals in June, July and August. The news of the world, in distorted form, is passed along by word of mouth, long after it has ceased to be acutely interesting to the people of more favored lands.

"'Tis said," said an old man of Round Harbor, who had heard of the first British defeats in South Africa, "that the English do be beaten. Do the Boers be after capturing St. John's yet? Do they be fighting there, tell me?"

One meets such absurd misconceptions upon every hand. To many of the men of that coast the world, which is flat and almost circumscribed by the horizon, is a world of sea and rocks and punts and fish. Their imagination carries them no further, and they come into touch with the things of other places so rarely that they cannot comprehend the information which the new and passing association has brought to them.

"Does they catch fish with squid or caplin for bait in New York 'arbor?" was a boy's question at Englee.

An attempt to describe a circus to this lad, a few moments later had to be abandoned. It would have taken the whole afternoon to define the terms. What was sawdust? What was a tent? What did a horse look like? What was a uniform? What was a springboard? What was an acrobat? What was a band? What was a horn? Was it like the bait skiff conch? What was a drum? What was a chariot? What was a procession? What was a peanut? As for clowns, lemons, elephants—these were incomprehensible. Questions, politely put, interrupted every sentence. The lad was soon in a maze out of which he could not be led. The attempt had, indeed, to be abandoned. But the writer did succeed in describing a brick, a sidewalk and a plow. When it came, however, in the evening to helping the lad's mother to an understanding of the lives of the women of New York, he was overwhelmed.

"They tells me," she said, "that the women up there do be good hand t' split fish. Now, how many quintal can they do in a day?"

She did not doubt that she could split more than any of them, and she was proud that she could.

"My daughter Maria," she went on, as if in challenge, "can lift a barrel of flour."

Maria, a muscular young woman of 18, with dark hair, large blue eyes and fine pink and white complexion, blushed and admitted that she could. She had rowed the punt 12 miles that morning, she said, and could sail it in a gale like a man.

"That she can, sir," said her father. "She can sail it so well as me."—Ainslee's Magazine.

A Telephone Meter.

A patent for an invention by which the actual length of the time that a telephone is used on any occasion can be measured, so that the company may charge the subscriber only for the actual service he has had, has been recently obtained by Thomas Baret of Sydney, New South Wales. A subscriber who, in the course of a day, should use the telephone for an hour would pay for that length of time, and not the same amount as another subscriber would pay who would perhaps use his telephone several hours each day. The "telephone meter" consists of a clockwork mechanism which is quiet when the telephone is not in use, but which begins to move the moment the receiver is lifted from the hook, and so registers the length of time the instrument is employed. The apparatus is so arranged that the up-and-down movement of the lever switch winds up the clockwork. A dial plate indicates how long the telephone has been in use.

NEW IDEAS IN TOILETTES

New York City.—The basque waist, fitted with smooth under-arm gores and extending slightly over the skirt suits many figures and many mate-



BASQUE WAIST.

rials far better than any other sort. This smart May Manton model includes these desirable features and at the same time has a fancy front and sleeves that render it elaborate enough for occasions of formal dress. As shown the material is Sapho satin in pastel blue with front and undersleeves of cream lace over white and tiny edge trimming of fancy scrolled braid, but numberless materials and combinations might be suggested both for the odd waist and the entire costume.

The lining is snugly fitted and includes double darts, under-arm gores and side backs. The waist proper is plain and smooth at the back with smooth under-arm gores, but is slightly full at the front. The vest or full

white pitting on browns. Undersleeves, a vestee or blouse front or collar and cuffs are all made of pitted velvet, to combine with cloth or flannel. An entire visiting dress of dark green velvet "pitted" with white is richly trimmed with dark furs.

A Pink Homespun.

The word "homespun" suggests a "hackabout" or general utility costume. But this season we have them in true evening shades. The new year brings us clear pink and sky blue homespuns as well as the "water greens," pearl and oisicuit shades ranged under the generic name of pastel colors. These pretty homespuns are treated by the dressmaker precisely like cloth gowns. They have border decoration of black velvet or dark fur and are then worn to afternoon teas.

Chiffon, Pink Roses and Lace.

A tea gown of surpassing loveliness is of fine white chiffon over pink satin, falling to the feet, where it rests on a ruche of pink roses. This again is veiled by a lace overdress, exquisitely embroidered with garlands of pink satin ribbon and chiffon flowers, the whole hanging from a berthe of pink roses; a fichu decorated in the same manner, the lace edged with tiny bouillonnes of pink chiffon, completes the costume.

Skirts.

There has been a great deal of talk about full skirts, and they certainly are getting fuller. They are frothing round the feet, though still keeping that graceful, clinging appearance round the hips. We all evince a tendency toward shortening the walking skirt, an extremely sensible one, as long as it does not interfere with our



STYLISH SINGLE-BREADED BLOUSE.

front of lace is gathered at both neck and waist edges and is stitched into place at the right side, hooked over onto the left. The fronts are laid in three tucks each and arranged in gathers at the belt. At the neck is a regulation stock. The sleeves are novel and effective. The under portions are faced into the linings, but the upper portions are quite separate and fall freely over the deep cuffs.

Woman's Single-Breasted Blouse.

No other garment is more popular than the simple blouse. Young girls and women alike hold it the most satisfactory of all models, both for the suit and the coat of velvet, velours and the like. The example shown in the large drawing has the merit of absolute simplicity combined with smartness. The original is made of broadcloth in tobacco brown and makes part of a suit, the extension being omitted, but all suiting materials are appropriate as well as those already mentioned.

The blouse is eminently simple. The back is plain and smooth, without fullness, but the fronts, while plain across the shoulders have the fulness stylishly arranged at the waist line and droop slightly over the belt. The neck is finished with a regulation coat collar and notched lapels and a pocket is inserted in the left front. The sleeves are in coat style slightly bell-shaped at the hands. When the basque extension is used it is joined to the blouse beneath the belt.

To cut this blouse for a woman of medium size three and three-quarter yards of material twenty-one inches wide, three and a quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide, one and three-quarter yards forty-four inches wide, or one and five-eighths yards fifty-four inches wide will be required, with one-eighth yard of velvet for collar.

"Pitted" Velvets.

Much in favor are the new velvets with surface of black, blue or dark green, "pitted" with white. You see a chestnut brown velvet pitted with amber or buff, and this looks better than

best frocks, which for grace and smartness should always be fairly long.

Child's French Dress.

The long-waisted dress known as the French model suits little girls to a nicety and is the height of present styles. The very pretty May Manton example shown is made of nainsook with yoke and trimming of fine needlework, and is worn with a ribbon sash, but all washable materials are equally appropriate, while cashmere, henrietta, albatross and simple silks are all in vogue for the heavier frocks.

The waist is made over a fitted lining onto which the yoke is faced, but which can be cut away to yoke depth when a transparent effect is desired. The full portion is gathered at both upper and lower edges, but the waist and lining close together at the centre back. The sleeves are in bishop style with pointed cuffs, and over the shoulders, finishing the edge of the yoke, is a pointed bertha that suits childish figures admirably well. At the neck is a standing collar.

The skirt is circular and flares freely and gracefully at the lower portion, while the upper edge is joined to the sash.

To cut this dress for a child of eight years of age five and a half yards of material twenty-one inches wide, five yards twenty-seven inches wide, four and a half yards thirty-two inches wide, or three and five-eighths yards forty-four inches wide will be re-



FRENCH DRESS FOR A CHILD.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS



Renovating Gilt Frames.

To renovate and brighten the gilt frames of pictures and mirrors that have become dirty and dingy simply wash very gently with a small sponge moistened with spirits of wine or oil of turpentine, the sponge only to be sufficiently wet to take off the dirt or fly marks. The frames should not be wiped, but left to dry of themselves.

Defends Hot Bread.

Helen W. Atwater has written for the agricultural department a bulletin in which she takes a position that will be approved in the great hot bread belt of the south at least. She says that hot bread in itself is not injurious. She argues that it is not the fact of its being hot which makes it bread injurious. Hot bread may be and the cause is identical in both cases. She says:

"The fact that the bread is hot has little to do with the matter. New bread, especially that from a large loaf, may be readily compressed into more or less solid masses, and it is possible that such bread would be much less finely masticated than crumbly stale bread, and that, therefore, it might offer more resistance to the digestive juices of the stomach.

"However, when such hot bread as rolls, biscuit or other form in which the crust is very large in proportion to the crumb, is eaten, the objection has little force. There is little difficulty in masticating the crust and it is doubtless usually finely divided."

The Juice of a Lemon.

The juice of a lemon in hot water on awakening in the morning is an excellent liver corrective. A few drops of lemon juice in plain water is an excellent tooth wash. It not only removes tartar, but sweetens the breath.

A teaspoonful of the juice in a small cup of black coffee will almost certainly relieve a bilious headache.

The finest of manicure acids is made by putting a teaspoonful of lemon juice in a cupful of warm water. This removes most stains from the fingers and nails and loosens the cuticle more satisfactorily than can be done by the use of a sharp instrument.

Lemon juice and salt will remove rust stains from linen without injury to the fabric. Wet the stains with the mixture and put the article in the sun. Two or three applications may be necessary if the stain is of long standing, but the remedy never fails.

Lemon juice (outward applications) will allay the irritation caused by the bites of gnats or flies.

Lemon peels (and also orange) should be all saved and dried; it is a capital substitute for kindling wood. A handful will revive a dying fire and at the same time delicately perfume a room.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

Twentieth Century Waffles.—Mix together just before time for baking, the following ingredients: A pint of sweet milk, half a cup of melted butter, the well-beaten yolks of two eggs and the whites well beaten. Use just enough flour to make a soft batter (about a pint) sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a saltspoonful heaping of salt. Beat the batter hard and fast a few minutes and bake immediately. Serve hot with a sirup or shaved maple sugar.

Vienna Chocolate.—Mix five heaping tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate with with enough water to beat it to a smooth paste, being careful that no lumps remain. Put it into a chocolate pot and set the pot in a kettle of boiling water. Pour in two pints of new milk and one of cream (or three pints of new milk), all boiling hot. Stir until the chocolate paste is thoroughly incorporated in the boiling milk, letting it boil two or three minutes; remove from fire and briskly stir in the well-beaten whites of two or three eggs and serve hot.

Salmon Croquettes.—To make croquettes from canned salmon, drain, free from bone and mash the salmon. Put half pint milk over the fire; rub together one tablespoonful butter and two of flour, add to milk and cook until thick. Take from the fire and add yolks of two eggs. Cook for just a moment longer. To the salmon add a teaspoonful of salt, tablespoonful of chopped parsley and saltspoonful pepper. Mix meat and white sauce together and turn out to cool. When cold form into cylinders, dip in beaten egg, then roll in breadcrumbs and fry in smoking hot fat.

Stewed Lettuce.—Wash the lettuce carefully to remove the dust, take off the wilted leaves and cut out the root even with the head, tie the top together, lay the heads side by side in a baking pan, add enough stock to cover the pan one and a half inches deep, cover and place in a moderate oven to simmer for one-half hour, or until the lettuce is soft. Renew the stock if necessary. Lift the lettuce out with a fork, putting it under the middle. Let it drain and lay it double, as it will be over the fork in a row on a hot dish. Season in the gravy in the pan with butter, salt and pepper, thicken with a beaten egg and serve with the lettuce.

Her Pagan Child.

"There, the task is done, the baby's asleep," said a woman friend the other evening as she entered the sitting room and piled on the table what appeared to be a very considerable portion of a toyshop's stock. There was a little rubber Lord Fauntleroy with his mouth agape and the end of his nose worn through; a little doll, red-gowned and belted, and with a tin jewel at her throat, called Betty; a still smaller object in human form, with one leg gone, one arm gone, hair gone and a hole in the top of the head, called Johnny; a white sawdust-stuffed dog with one eye missing, and tall in a state of collapse from frequent pulling, called Jip, and a rubber cow known as Moo.

"I believe that some of my ancestors must have been Chinamen," continued the mother, "and that their dispositions, long hidden through successive generations, are reappearing in my child."

One would not suspect it to look at the child. A little girl of the fairest complexion and cherubic expression, to make whose eyes the sky was robbed of a tiny bit of its finest blue, and whose hair was as if it had been spun from the sunshine.

"But, you see," said the mother, "when a Chinaman dies and is buried, they put in the grave with him clothing and food, and perfumes, red torches and horses, to be at his convenience in the other land. Well, my baby must have at her side as she goes to sleep all the toys with which she is wont most to play during the day so that she may have them with her in the land of dreams."—Omaha World-Herald.

An Important Particular.

"Did you see that article in the paper the other morning about the discovery of a new way to embalm people after they are dead?" asked the lady who continues to believe that she doesn't look a day over thirty.

"No," the one who gave up the struggle several years ago, replied, "I didn't happen to notice it."

"Well it seems that some undertaker has found out how to make a fluid that injected into the body will preserve it forever—not as Egyptian mummies are preserved, but exactly as the person was in life. There is no shriveling up, no swathing or anything of that kind. The body simply becomes petrified, and in spite of being stone looks just as it did in life. I'm so glad this wonderful discovery has been made. I have always had a horror of being put into the ground to decay or perhaps to be eaten by worms. The old Egyptian way didn't appeal to me, though. I wouldn't care to become a shriveled and blackened mummy. But to remain just as beautiful as in life, that—"

"Still are you sure that this embalming fluid you speak of preserves the enamel as well as the flesh? I don't think how horrible it will be to be preserved forever with only your own complexion and—"

At this point the wires crossed and communication was cut off.—Chicago Record-Herald.

People Live Longer When Married.

Dr. Zill, the leading German statistician, is satisfied, after many years of collecting materials, that married persons live longer than single persons.

The death rate among married persons between twenty and thirty year of age is 6.7 per 1000, unmarried 8.4 between thirty and forty, married 9, unmarried 15.8; between forty and fifty, married 14.2, unmarried 26, from fifty to sixty, married 24, unmarried 42; between sixty and seventy, the proportions are married 45, unmarried 71.

These figures prove that the deaths of married persons between thirty and seventy are three-fifths less than that of unmarried. The average life of the unmarried persons who passed thirty one is 58.6, of the married 64.4.

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