

MASTERY.

Let not Ambition master thee,
But be Ambition's master;
Thus will Power thy servant be,
And not thy soul's disaster.
—The Criterion.

Amy's Birthday Flowers.

By ELIZABETH McCracken.

Mrs. Dale's fingers trembled, and her lips trembled, too, as she stood before her mirror, tying her bonnet strings and pinning her veil. Amy had usually tied her bonnet strings and pinned her veil.

It was almost a year since she had one day folded Amy's hands and slipped into them the last flowers that they ever would hold in the world, but she had not yet grown accustomed to doing for herself all the little things those once busy hands had done for her.

During the time that was almost a year she had missed Amy with that loneliness with which a mother does miss the daughter who goes away into the great, strange silence just when she is old enough to be her mother's best friend as well as her child. Mrs. Dale missed all those things that had made up Amy's life, and, perhaps most she missed the little things that Amy had done for her, and that now she did for herself.

Then, too, Amy had been her only daughter. Mrs. Dale's two sons were in college, and her husband was away from home all day. She had many interests and many duties, too, yet she was very lonely. She was much more lonely without Amy than even her husband or her sons could know.

As she stood before the mirror, tying her bonnet strings and pinning her veil, her heart was even heavier than it usually was. The next day would be Amy's birthday, and instead of preparing gifts and surprises, Mrs. Dale was about to go into the city to buy the most beautiful flowers she could find to lay on the girl's grave. Amy had loved flowers, and the next day would be her first birthday in that other world, that world in which mother's are never left lonely.

Mrs. Dale was thinking all this to herself as she went into the city on the trolley car. It was September, and it was afternoon. The car went past fields beginning to turn brown, and between lines of trees beginning to show among their green sometimes a red leaf, or a leaf of bright gold. The sun made the leaves all the brighter, and it gilded the brown fields too, and made the trees cast long shadows. Amy had always been so glad that her birthday had fallen on one of the mystic days that come just before September slips into October.

Her mother thought of that, too. She thought of so many things about which Amy had been glad. She was a little less sad and lonely as she remembered some of them. She thought and remembered all the time that she was in the trolley-car, and even after she was in the city, and walking along the crowded street to a florist's shop on one of its corners.

When she reached the florist's shop she stopped, and stood looking at the flowers in the shop windows.

"What shall I get?" she said to herself. "Roses, white roses; Amy always loved them. Or violets—it is rather early for violets, though. Or lilies—I might get lilies."

For a moment she almost forgot that she was not buying them to give into Amy's eager hands. She was not very rich and she began to consider. She compared in her mind the number of roses with the number of lilies she might get. She decided upon the roses.

"They are sweeter and simpler for a young girl like Amy," she said to herself, gently.

She turned away from the windows, and was just about to open the door of the florist's shop when she saw coming up the street towards her one of Amy's girl friends. She paused and waited. She had always been very friendly with the girls, and now she felt even a greater interest in them. She had especially liked Eleanor Greer.

The girl was coming so rapidly up the street that she would have passed the florist's shop without seeing Mrs. Dale if that lady had not spoken to her.

"My dear Eleanor, you certainly are in a hurry," she said.

Eleanor came to a sudden stop. "O Mrs. Dale, dear Mrs. Dale, I am so glad to see you!" She took Mrs. Dale's hand and held it for a moment. Eleanor had loved Amy, and she, too, had been lonely without her. She, too, remembered that the next day would have been Amy's birthday. She said not a word, but she held Mrs. Dale's hand very closely, and looked into her eyes; and Amy's mother understood the unspoken sympathy.

"How are you, my dear child?" was all that she said, for she did not yet speak very often of the daughter who had died.

"I am very well," Eleanor said, "and very busy. I read the history of music and teach children music—just as usual, dear Mrs. Dale." She smiled just a little wistfully. Mrs. Dale thought.

Prompted by the thought, she asked gently, "Are you happy, Eleanor dear?"

Eleanor hesitated for an instant, and then she smiled again and said, "Yes—usually I am. Just at present I

am sighing for the luxuries of life." Mrs. Dale was relieved. She knew that Eleanor was too sensible to sigh very long for anything. "What do you mean by the luxuries of life, dear?" she asked.

"Now really, Mrs. Dale!" Eleanor protested brightly; then, with more color in her face, she added, "Just now they are the eight concerts that the Beethoven Society is going to give."

Mrs. Dale smiled in sympathy. "They are certainly the greatest of luxuries to music lovers," she agreed.

"And to music teachers who must spend their money for—other things," Eleanor added, with a laugh. "Please don't think I am really unhappy because I can't afford to go, Mrs. Dale. I'm not; I'm just croaking a little. It's such a help to any one to hear good music,—especially to a music teacher,—and such a joy! But I'm not unhappy about it; I'm glad I can do other things. I don't feel a bit like croaking any more since I've seen you!"

"You dear child!" exclaimed Mrs. Dale, warmly. She knew that most of the other things that Eleanor did were done for other persons, and done willingly and bravely. "You dear child!" she repeated.

Eleanor pressed her hand closely. I must fly to my next pupil, Mrs. Dale. May I come to see you tomorrow—perhaps late in the afternoon?" she whispered.

The quick tears came into Amy's mother's eyes. "Yes, do!" she said. "Good-by, my dear!"

Eleanor sped up the street to her next pupil, and Mrs. Dale turned to enter the florist's shop and buy the white roses.

"Eleanor is a dear, good child," she thought, "so brave and unselfish! It is a pity she can't go to those concerts. They would give her such help, and such happiness, too! I wish I could give her a ticket to them. Amy would be so pleased; she loved Eleanor. If to-morrow were not Amy's birthday, and I were not going to get the flowers for her grave, I should be able to do that for Eleanor. She would let me because I am Amy's mother. I wonder—"

She stood quite still. A pleasant new possibility came into her mind. She turned away from the florist's shop. In less than an hour she was going home, past the yellowing fields and sun-lighted trees. She had no flowers with her, but the look in her eyes was less sad and less lonely for Amy.

In the last few moments of daylight she wrote a little note to Eleanor. The girl wept tears, half-happy, half-sad, as she read:

MY DEAR CHILD: To-morrow, as you know, is Amy's birthday. If Amy were here I should give her something to celebrate it. Amy is not here, but you are dear; and you are a girl like Amy, and her friend. Will you not take the gift for her, and go and listen to the glorious music that you so love and can so well make helpful to yourself and others? Come to see me soon, and believe me, Your warm friend,

AMY SPENCER DALE.

Slipped into the note Eleanor found a ticket to the Beethoven society concerts. Amy's mother had sent it very happily, but after it had gone she set alone in the gathering twilight, wishing that she had just one flower to take on the next day to Amy's grave. "Amy would have liked me to do that," she thought, "but still,—on her first birthday—"

She did not finish the sentence, for just at that moment little Marjorie Williams, who lived next door, came running in.

"O Mrs. Dale," she cried, "I've been to the woods with father, and I've brought you some flowers!" She ran up to Mrs. Dale, and dropped into her arms a great mass of golden rod and blue autumn jessies. Then she kissed her and danced away home.

Mrs. Dale gathered the golden rod and jessies in her arms, and pressed her cheek softly against them. The next morning she took them and laid them on Amy's grave. Strangely her heart felt lighter than it had felt since Amy died.

She did not know why, but when Eleanor came, later in the day, and kissed her again and again, and thanked her with wet eyes for the gift, she began to know. Never after did she cover Amy's grave with costly quick-fading flowers.

Instead, at Christmas, and at Easter and on Amy's birthday, she did some lovely kindness for some other girl for Amy's sake. Sometimes it was small, sometimes it was large; but always it was something that made the girl happier and better, and consequently more valuable to the world.—Youth's Companion.

A Real Philosopher.

A Battersea workman was once possessed of a notoriously bad tempered wife, who did not scruple, when the fit seized her, to lay violent hands upon her patient spouse. One fine day he was observed by a friend, who saw him entering a crockery shop laden with an armful of cups and saucers.

"Hello, John!" he cried. "Selling up your home?"

"No," responded John, "but I really couldn't stand the expense any longer. These here ones break into little bits at once when my wife throws 'em at me, and so I'm going to change them for thicker!"—London Answers.

The plan of destroying hail clouds by exploding bombs among them was suggested nearly 100 years ago by Prof. Parrot of Riga.

FACTS AND FANCIES FOR THE FAIR

New York City.—The "Gibson" waist is quite as fashionable for young girls as for grown folk, and is exceedingly becoming to graceful figures. The ex-



MISSIE'S "GIBSON" SHIRT WAIST.

cellent May Manton model shown includes all the essential features and is suited to a variety of materials, pique, duck, linen etamine, chevot, madras, silk, gingham and all the light weight waist cloths and silks, taffeta, peau de sole, albatross and the like, but in the original is of white mercerized duck, with handsome pearl buttons, and is worn with a tie and belt of pale blue liberty satin. Silk and wool fabrics give greater satisfaction when made over the fitted foundation, but washable materials require to be unlined.

The lining fits snugly and smoothly, but extends to the waist line only. The waist proper is laid in deep pleats over the shoulder that extend to the waist line at the back and front, and are stitched to yoke depth with corticelli silk to give the effect of pointed straps. At the centre front is the regulation box pleat, through which button holes are worked. The sleeves are in bishop style, with the season's deep cuffs that are buttoned up at the inside. At the neck is a neckband over which the regulation stock, or linen collar, may be worn.

To cut this waist for a miss of fourteen years of age four yards of material twenty-one inches wide, three and a half yards twenty-seven inches wide,

pink rose or many little ones inside the rim on top and more underneath it, next the face, and there is as pretty a hat as may be. One must be sure not to forget the foliage with the flowers, for foliage plays an important part in all trimmings nowadays.

A Summery Parasol.

A summery parasol has the upper part tucked, the tucking forming points at its lower edge, half way down the parasol, and below this extending to the edge. The other half of the parasol is of flowered lawn or muslin. There is a ruffling of the same thin material around the edge of the silk, where the lower part of the muslin joins it. There is still another fluff of the colored muslin around the stick at the top.

A Charming Waist.

A charming waist of pongee is made with inserts of lace in a shade to match. There is a pattern of this set into the front, more of it on the tops of the sleeves, and the flaring cuffs and the collar are of the lace. From this stock collar lines of the lace run down onto the shoulders, set into the pongee like the rest. The waist fits smoothly over the shoulders and bust and is left long at the lower edge and can be made to "pouch" or be pulled down snugly as desired.

A Pretty Millinery Mode.

Among the spring hats the shepherdess mode is occupying a prominent place. It is broad and flat, with a perceptible droop at the back. Simplicity prevails in the trimming, soft ribbons and spring flowers or chiffons, and sometimes ostrich feathers, being best adapted to this purpose.

Sashes Are Popular.

The popularity of sashes for spring and summer wear is assured, and many of the finest models for spring gowns are finished in this effect.

Woman's Fancy Waist.

Fancy bodies, with round yokes, are much in vogue both for entre gowns and the popular odd waist. This smart May Manton model is adapted to both



ETON JACKET.

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

Woman's Eton Jacket.

Eton jackets fill a definite need and are exceedingly fashionable both for suits and separate wraps. The smart model pictured in the large drawing is shown in etamine, in black, with bands of taffeta, stitched with corticelli silk, and small silk buttons, and makes part of a costume, but the same material, cloth and silk, are all used for general wraps, while all suitings are appropriate when jacket and skirt are made to match.

The back is seamless and fits with perfect smoothness. The fronts are pointed and extend slightly below the waist line. At the neck is a square collar that adds greatly to the effect, but which can be omitted when a plain finish is preferred, or it is desirable to reduce either weight or warmth. The sleeves are in coat style, slightly flaring at the wrists.

To cut this jacket in the medium size four yards of material twenty-one inches wide, three and five-eighths yards twenty-seven inches wide, one and seven-eighths yards forty-four inches wide, or one and three-quarter yards fifty inches wide will be required, with three-eighth yard less in any width when collar is omitted.

Trimmings on the New Hats.

Many of the new hats are of chiffon trimmed with mohair braid. This braid has a silk sheen, which is charming in combination with the chiffon. One pale blue hat, for instance, is made of layers upon layers, rows upon rows, whatever way one wishes to describe it, of chiffon. The rim is formed of one lot of these soft layers like a rich flakey puff paste, and the crown is of more layers, until one wonders where there is room inside for the head. Each one of the many layers is edged with the mohair braid. That is all there is to the hat. A hat like that requires very little trimming, a large

purpose and to all the season's dress and waist materials, but, as shown, is made of etamine in pastel tan color, with yoke and cuffs of twine-colored lace, over white, and makes part of costume.

The lining is snugly fitted and closest at the centre front and on it are arranged the various parts of the waist. Both front and back are laid vertical pleats that are stitched with corticelli silk near their edges, and arranged to give a tapering effect. The closing is effected invisibly beneath the inner pleat on the left front. Pointed tabs are attached beneath the edges of both inner tucks and are held in place by small silk buttons. The sleeves show one of the latest designs, and are tucked to give a snug upper portion, while they fall free and form puffs at the elbows, with deep pointed cuffs below. At the neck is a stock that matches the yoke and closes with it at the left shoulder seam.

To cut this waist in the medium size four yards of material twenty-one inches wide, three and a half yards



FANCY WAIST FOR A WOMAN.

two and seven-eighths inches wide, or two yards forty-four inches wide will be required. With one yard of all-over lace for yoke, collar and cuffs.

WITH THE "CAR CHASERS."

Railway Employees Who Keep Track of the Company's Rolling Stock.

Among the most important employees of the great trunk lines of railroads are the "car chasers." The title exactly describes their business. On some railroads they are called traveling car agents. The department head who employs them is also called variously the car agent, the car accountant of the superintendent of rolling stock. These officials have as many as 20 assistants on some of the great roads, nine or ten being clerks at \$30 or \$40 a month, and the rest being "chasers," who travel all over the country on free passes hunting up missing cars, and who receive \$120 or \$100 a month and expenses.

Great railroads have immense numbers of cars. The Central railroad of New Jersey has about 50,000 of all sorts, the Pennsylvania in the neighborhood of 100,000. These cars are at the present moment in every state in the Union. They go wherever the freight with which they are loaded is billed, and thus are scattered from Winnipeg to Mexico and from Los Angeles to Bangor. A most minute and thorough system obtaining on all railroads except the very smallest records every movement of every car.

These notifications are made by postal card. In each general office car accountant books are kept, and the movements of the company's own cars are recorded from day to day. Whenever a loaded car is emptied on a foreign road that road uses it to carry back a load of freight in the direction of the road to which the car belongs. It pays at the rate of seven-eighths cent a mile for this use of its neighbor's property in this way, and if it should happen that there was no freight to be shipped in that direction in a reasonable time the empty car is sent along and the mileage is paid on it as though it were laden.

It is when cars are lost that a traveling agent is sent out. Sometimes it happens that the cars are on a little branch road, idle and overlooked; sometimes they have happened to get into the hands of a company that is short of cars and full of business and is using every foreign car that it can get. If it is in use by a company short of cars that company pays mileage on it until it sometimes happens that a car is worn out and paid for before it is returned, or else it is never returned at all. If a "car chaser" demands the return of his company's cars they are sent home, but often others are seized and used when his back is turned and he is traveling elsewhere. If a car is smashed up in a railroad accident it is either rebuilt, a new one is made or the price of the car is paid to the owners by the company on whose track the "smash-up" occurred.

Diminutive War Heroes.

Military experts generally of late have been recognizing as important the fact that some of the greatest military achievements in history have been made by men of small stature, notable among these diminutive heroes being Alexander and Napoleon, while in our own history Generals Sheridan, Wheeler and Funston have been less remarkable for their inches than for their pluck. It is doubtful whether some of the most famous men in army history could have got into the service if the height now demanded of enlisted men had been a test for them to pass. The world-conquering soldiers who followed Napoleon to Jena, Wagram and Moscow were little fellows; not one in ten of whom would have had a chance of enlistment in an American or British regiment; but they knew their business, and the more stalwart warriors of Austria and Prussia could not stand before them. No restrictions being placed on officers as to height, the little men have had to look for their vindication to the men who wear swords. The time may come when the rifle carriers also will be able to prove the truth of the old saying that "you can't tell by the length of his legs how far a frog can jump." In fact, new regulations lowering the limitations as to the height of recruits have already been favorably considered by the army leaders of several nations.—Chicago News.

Rather Mixed.

A duet in a noisy street car. "Yes, she came yesterday morning." Rattle, bump, bang! "How nice! I knew you were expecting her. How long do you think she'll stay?" Bang, rattle, bump! "Why, I hope she'll stay right along indefinitely." "She must be a dear. They are often so different, you know. I must call on her." "Call on her? You wouldn't try to coax her away from me, would you?" Bangity, rattlety, bumpity! "Take her away from you! Why, I've got one myself." "Eh! I thought you had two." "Two! How could I have two?" "The idea! Of course you could have two." "Two! Aren't you talking about your husband's mother?" "No; I'm talking about my new hired girl!" Rattle, bump, bang.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

One Definition.

"What is the difference between a statesman and politician?" asked the little boy who wanted to grow up to be wise. "A statesman," said the man of great practical force, "is the man who is studying what the constitution of the United States means, while the other people are hustling to get votes."—Washington Star.

Mexico's History in 100 Words. Asia probably furnished Anahuac's shadowy tribes. Primitive Aztec civilization, suggesting Egypt's and Hindostan's, ended with intrepid Cuauhtemoc, Montezuma's nephew. Modest Grijalva discovered (1518), and persevering Cortes, Mariana's lord, after defeat, conquered (1521) Mexico for Spain. Cortes' militarism and the tyranny of two royal Audiencias preceded (1835) the yoke of sixty-four viceroys. Revolution begun (1810) by martyred Hidalgo, continued by patient Morelos, ended (1822) in independence achieved by mistaken Iturbide, whose empire fell (1824), generals, dictators and presidents supervening. Texan independence (1836) preceding war with the Americans (1846), and, dreaming Maximilian's imperialism falling (1867), left Diaz's peaceful and progressive republic.—Modern Mexico.

The Evil of Ignorance.

We should not mourn over the fortified legations, or even over the garisons retained on our soil. Our greatest cause for anxiety is our own ignorant populace. Most of our patriots groan over "outside woes," but they are off the track. Our chief woes are internal. The outside woes are the result of internal disorders. Internal disorders are fomented by the unemployed and ignorant. So we come back to the point we began with, viz., the importance of education and support of the people. Hence we welcome the establishment of industrial schools, agricultural and commercial schools in various places. This is attacking the evil in the right way; not by the executioner's axe, nor by weak and aimless pity, but by removing the root.—Pekin Sin Wan Pao.

Students at Bonn University.

Bonn University has 2264 students this semester, 2071 of whom are regularly matriculated. This is Bonn's record for a winter semester, and is 15% more than last winter's attendance. The presence of the Crown Prince of Germany probably has something to do with the increase.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctor pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in dose, from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circular and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The Kaiser's motor car is geared to top speeds, ranging from three to forty miles an hour.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. 27 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 381 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

He who laughs last is slow to see the joke.

H. H. GREEN'S SONS, of Atlanta, Ga., are the only successful Dropsy Specialists in the world. See their liberal offer in advertisement in another column of this paper.

The California giant trees, or Sequoia, are, in the opinion of Richard T. Fisher, probably 2000 years old.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse of the Children's Home, in New York. Cures Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, moves and regulates the bowels, a Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. At all druggists, 25c. Sample mailed free. Address Allen S. Olmstead, LeRoy, N. Y.

One of the Buenos Ayres newspapers has a consultation room in which the poor get medical aid and medicine free.

We refund 10c. for every package of PRUSSIAN BREADS that fails to give satisfaction. Monroe Drug Co., Unionville, N. C.

It takes a level-headed man to survive a stroke of good fortune.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken as a cough cure.—J. W. O'BRIEN, 322 Third Avenue, N. Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1901.

Cupid and the burglar both laugh Becksmith.

Coughs

"My wife had a deep-seated cough for three years. I purchased two bottles of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, large size, and it cured her completely."
J. H. Burge, Macon, Col.

Probably you know of cough medicines that relieve little coughs, all coughs, except deep ones!
The medicine that has been curing the worst of deep coughs for six years is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Three sizes: 25c., 50c., \$1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it then do as he says. If he tells you to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

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