

COME TO ME, LITTLE ONE.

Come to me, little one, drowsy and dear. Mother will spare me her darling white.

You are so sorry? Oh, bless you, my sweet! Dear little fingers that wipe of the tears!

Life is so fair to a baby like you! No little hand to hold close in the night.

Wide little eyes that are questioning so. Life is no stranger to you than to me.

So, little drowsy one, nestle and sleep—Lullaby, baby, oh lullaby—low.

There always in peace in the dreams that are deep—Lullaby, little one, lullaby—low.

—Ella Barker, in "Woman's Home Companion."



An Old Maid's Secret.

LITTLE Miss Sophie was an old maid, which means that she had passed thirty-five without either a serious courtship, an offer of marriage or the least indication that she would ever experience either.

"I don't know that anyone would have me," he would laugh. "I'm sixty years old, a plain old bear; now, don't you think so, Miss Sophie?"

And she would reply with some trite old sophistry, as "Handsome is as handsome does," or "Never too late to mend."

But when he was gone, a handsome giant striding away to his furnished room in the hotel, she would sit home for hours after the children had gone to bed and wonder if his visits, if his extraordinary interest in her and the little ones meant anything.

"Suppose," she would say, looking into her little mirror at her own round, cheerful, handsome face, "suppose he should? What? Ask you to marry him? What would you say?"

And she would smile a little doubtfully, as she shook her head, and, putting out the light, lay down to think it all over.

There was nothing particularly romantic about Miss Sophie. She was a demure, modest little soul, but, being a woman, she could not avoid pondering such a denouement to this persistent friendship of a man whom everybody admired and respected.

It was in such terms that she thought of him. He was no hero in her eyes, for the little old maid didn't "go in" for heroes. She fancied that he would make a gentle, considerate, "safe" husband for any woman, and—

"He's like a father to the children already," she caught herself saying one night. And after that she thought of Kingsland in a new light. What an advantage it would be for Marie and Harry to have a guardian, a protector, a father like that? Marie, poor child, a father like that? Marie, poor child, she was not fitted for such a hard work.

The opportunities for a girl, or even for a boy, were so small in the small town. Then they were such pretty, imaginative, amiable children. She, Aunt Sophie, had already determined to devote her life to them. Why not complete her devotion to them by "marrying Kingsland"?

Her reflections always came back to that. At last one night he called a little later than usual, while Marie and Harry were at the concert. Miss Sophie noticed that he was "dressed up," and she felt the fever of curiosity and fear come into her plump cheeks and bright eyes.

"Don't mind the light, Miss Sophie. I just want to say a few things. I feel more collected, easier, in the dark."

The scared little spinster wondered if she might faint, but sat down in the far corner with a queer little sigh. He went on, speaking rapidly, and very plainly: "I am thinking of getting married, Miss Sophie. That is, within the next year or so. Meanwhile I want to do something for you—the children. I'd like to send Marie to some good school. No, no! She needn't know anything about it. And Harry—I want Harry to keep on at school and take a course of manual training. It can be a secret between us—between you and me. Will you agree to help me do this, Sophie—Miss Sophie?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Kingsland. It is kind, so kind of you, but, how are you to repay—it will cost so much."

"Never mind that—now," he said. "I want Marie for my wife."

"That's all right," she whispered, choking down a sob, wondering at her own composure. "Yes, Miss Sophie, Marie. I haven't said a word to her. I mean to give her a little more education—without her knowing, and then, if she will have me—what's the matter, Miss Sophie?"

For the poor little woman was weeping. But she calmed herself directly and said: "But if she won't have you then?"

"Oh, I'll think none the less of her and—oh—well, keep this secret between us, Miss Sophie."—John H. Rafter, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

renting an Automobile. If you should want to hire a big Paulhart motor car for a Sunday outing, and spoke for it in time, you could have it for \$100 for the day.

Water in the Air. According to Professor Newcomb the air of a "room of ordinary size" contains a quart of water, and about the same average proportion exists in the general atmosphere.

Solar and Lunar Influences. Sir William Herschel's announcement that there was a close relation between sun spots and the price of wheat was received with derision in 1801, and it is but just now being justified.

The First Rainmaker. In 1834 James P. Espy, of Pennsylvania, as a corollary to his theory of storms, announced a method of artificial rainmaking, which consisted in the building of enormous fires throughout a great stretch of regions.

The Lost Chord. Among the lot of inmates at the asylum, the most conspicuous was a long-haired man, who sat by the window drumming his fingers excitedly on the window sill, as if playing a piano.

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RAINMAKERS. ANCIENT & MODERN.

LONG before there was any intelligent theory of rain men tried to cause it or drive it away, according to their needs. The rain god of the savage was frightened with tom-toms and hallowing, or wheedled into "giving down" by sacrificial offerings.

Until practically the beginning of the nineteenth century the questions of rainfall and rainmaking received little serious study. "The whole subject was in the hands of the gods, and magic rites and prayers were the only effective agencies."

DUST AND RAIN. It is now generally believed that rain is caused by the mingling of currents of air differing in temperature and humidity. "The capacity of the warmer current to hold moisture is lessened by its cooling to a point when clouds which are simply aerial fogs are formed, and finally to such an extent that the cloud is deposited on the earth as rain.

A FAR NORTH NEWSPAPER. Some interesting news items from the Eskimo Bulletin. Among other curiosities brought back by Captain J. G. Thompson from his far north trip, says the Concord Monitor, was a copy of the only yearly newspaper in the world.

The Eskimo Bulletin is published at Cape Prince of Wales, Alaska, the issue bearing date of May, 1902. It is a tiny sheet of four small pages, but presents an excellent topographical appearance and is full of interest.

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followed by heavy rain storms. In 1870 Edward Powers published a book entitled "War and the Weather," in which 108 battles of the Civil War are described, every one of which was immediately followed by heavy showers.

In 1874 an unsuccessful effort was made to interest Congress in the canonizing theory. F. Hatermann, of New Zealand in 1876, proposed that balloons loaded with explosives be sent up into the higher air strata and exploded, and in 1880 General D. Bugeles, of Fredericksburg, Va., patented a similar scheme in this country.

About ten years later Congress appropriated \$8000 to test the cannoning theory. The test was made on a ranch in Texas, and although the first newspaper and magazine accounts stated that it was entirely successful, and that "at last the farmer could produce rain at will," later authoritative reports, one of them by an official of the Department of Agriculture, who witnessed the experiments, flatly contradicted this view, and deprecated the spending of any further money by Congress on the work.

The conditions which govern the formation of storm centres in the atmosphere are probably so complex and various that our present knowledge of meteorological laws is of the most superficial and elementary character.

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FOR THE FAIR. LATEST NEW YORK FASHIONS.



New York City.—Eton jackets are becoming to almost all women and are much in favor because of that fact. This one includes the fashionable stole

with sleeves that are both novel and satisfactory to the wearer. The original, by May Manton, is made of the Sicilian mohair, stitched with corded silk and trimmed with fancy braid, and makes part of a costume, but the jacket is equally well suited to other suiting materials and to the odd wrap as well as to the coat which matches the skirt.

Dark Shades in Muslins. Dark shades in thin silk muslins are considered very stylish for developing morning gowns. Many charming flowered effects, blue figured in red, gray with black, are seen among them.

Woman's House Gown. House gowns that are comfortable at the same time that they are tasteful and becoming are always in demand. The one by May Manton, shown in the large engraving, fulfills all the requirements and is suited to a variety of materials.

Woman's Coffee Coat. Tasteful, house coats, or breakfast jackets, are among the essentials of a satisfactory wardrobe and are offered in many materials and designs. This pretty and graceful one, designed by May Manton, is made of ring-dotted lawn, with trimming of lace that forms a stole, edged with beading threaded with narrow ribbon and deep frills, but the model is suited to the entire range of available materials.

A Shamrock Green Parasol. Out of compliment to the Erin and the gallant Sir Thomas Lipton, one sees and hears of shamrock green in ribbons, sashes, cravats and veilings. Green and white make a cool-looking summer toilet, and it requires little persuasion to prejudice good Americans in favor of shamrock color.

The Yard-and-a-Half Veil. "Yard and a half" measurement obtains in veiling for automobile women. A shorter veil may be long

enough for other occupations, but it will scarcely do for motor car touring, when the wind created by rapid motion draws the thin tissue away from its moorings, snugly tied at the back of the neck.

Household Matters

To Bleach Linen. Pillow-cases, sheets, etc., which have become a bad color should be washed thoroughly with soap and hot water. Then put into cold water and soak all night, allowing a tablespoonful of ammonia to each pail of water.

Alcohol For Windows. To clean windows expeditiously with a cloth dipped in clear warm water wash the entire glass surface from top to bottom, wiping off quickly. Then with a tiny sponge wet in alcohol so cover each pane, polishing with a dry linen towel or with tissue paper.

To Remove Stains. Tar may be removed from linen by rubbing the stain with butter, and then washing it out with warm water and turpentine. Paint and varnish come out with turpentine. Ink may be removed by a weak oxalic acid and lemon juice solution.

A Sick-Room Suggestion. An excellent method of lowering the temperature of a bedroom when it contains an invalid, or a specially sultry night makes sleep impossible, is to soak the window-screen with cold water to which has been added a tablespoonful of ammonia.

A Magical Washing Method. Take one-half bar of shaved soap, melt in about one quart of boiling water, add one-half teaspoonful of gasoline or benzine, pour this into half a tubful of hot water, and put the dry clothes in. You can begin right away on the cleanest things, or wait a few minutes as best suits you.

To Iron Lawns. To give lawns, white or printed, a look of newness that nothing else can impart, take two ounces of fine gum arabic, powder it, put it into an earthen jar and pour over it a pint of boiling water, cover and let it stand overnight.

Glass For Table Use. Simple white glass in graceful shapes is at all times most satisfactory for table use. From time to time one may be attracted by iridescent novelties and delicately tinted shapes, but one is sure to turn again to the clear crystal.

Pineapple and Orange Frappe.—Grate a fresh pineapple or use a can of the grated goods; add two cupfuls of sugar and four cupfuls of water. Boil fifteen minutes and cool, then add a cupful of orange juice and the juice of two lemons. Strain through a cheesecloth, add a quart of ice water, sugar syrup if needed, and freeze to a mush.

Asparagus in Ambush.—Take one quart of tops cut from green asparagus, boil about fifteen minutes and drain in a cloth, keeping it hot. Take stale plain rolls and carefully cut off the tops, scoop out the crumb and set the shells in the oven to dry. Put a pint of milk in a double boiler to scald and thicken with four eggs well beaten.

