

BILLY AND I.

They say they are going to shoot you, Old Billy, but don't you fret. For the fellow who dares to meddle with you and your work...

John's Mother-in-Law.

BY HELENA DIXON.

Of course your mother must have a home with us, Carrie, Whitlow, and with no child but you, she naturally and rightly wishes to come to you.

So spoke John Royallton as he rose from the breakfast table and caught up his chubby-faced boy, adding, as he perched his little two-year-old on his shoulder:

"And my little curly-headed wants a grandmammy's experienced eye upon him to cut short his mischievous pranks. Don't you, Master Chatter-box?"

And away the little fellow was borne to the little room which John had called his "workshop." Technically speaking it was a studio, for Royallton was a painter, and the domestic little wife was left alone to write a letter to her widowed mother to her home.

"How like the dear old lines it will seem to have another with me!" murmured Mrs. Royallton, as she folded some one to talk to beside such a dignified, methodical person as dear John, and I declare I don't see any one else in an age except now and then when some cross-grained old maid or shrewish miss comes to have her portrait painted."

The Saturday following the posting of Mrs. Royallton's letter brought the expected guest to the Royallton cottage. Mrs. Perring was a very nervous, very lively and very eccentric old lady, who made it her boast that she was never idle a minute between daylight and bedtime.

When she became settled with the Royalltons she applied herself resolutely to "putting things to rights." Every drawer, every chest, every cupboard, was unpacked and the contents of each arranged in accordance with the old lady's ideas of order. Even John's desk was rummaged, and every letter and paper peered into, just to find out in what particular niche one ought to be put.

In about a fortnight Mrs. Perring had the satisfaction of thinking that she had not things about the house in "good running order."

"There's only that outlandish paint shop upstairs—John's studio, I believe Carrie calls it—but what's had a thorough ventilating, and the very first day John's away from home I'll make a new place of that."

Fortune smiled on Mrs. Perring's wishes. John and Carrie and little Eddie were away, and the little old lady prepared herself for the onslaught.

She donned her nicest dress, tied a napkin over her head to keep off the dust, rolled her sleeves above her serene elbows and went to work.

All day long the furniture in the artist's room flew vigorously around. Many articles denounced as "worthless rubbish" were hurled through the window into the back yard, while others that "might come in play for something, some day," were stowed away in the garret. A portrait, on which the paint was yet wet, was energetically dusted with a coarse towel; paints were mixed inconspicuously and brushes put through a scouring process till the old lady's back ached with the exercise, and her nose became the medium by which copious streams of perspiration were conducted from her face.

When everything in the room was considered "done," Mrs. Perring made a dash for an adjoining closet, but she found the door securely locked. For a moment the worthy lady was in a quandary. How was she to straighten things in the closet? Do it she must and would, and very quickly Mrs. Perring thought herself of a bunch of keys which happily she had brought with her. The keys were produced, and in triumph Mrs. Perring unlocked the door.

Seizing her broom she rushed into the closet. She came out shortly, however, and closed the door after her with a jerk and a bang.

John Royallton's mother-in-law had made a discovery!

Collecting her utensils she left the studio and went below in art and dignified silence. She sat quietly knitting in the pleasant sitting room when John and Carrie returned. The steel needles flew out and in very spitefully.

The cold, gray eyes looked directly down over the elongated nose, and were never once raised, not even to greet little Eddie.

When bedtime came the old lady rose a solemn silence and retired.

The next morning when John retired as usual to his studio he uttered vehement sentences not at all in praise of his wife's mother.

While he was engaged in undressing so far as lay in his power the mischief she did unconsciously wrought, Mrs. Perring was closeted with Carrie. The young wife's face was colorless, and her eyes were wild with anger and indignation as she listened to her mother's words.

"It's a beautiful face—the handsomest picture of a real person I ever saw. Great, dark eyes, that seem to look you through, hair as black as night and hanging in ringlets all about her face."

One the painting which, through Mrs. Perring's romantic suspicions, had wrought so much, though happily not irreparable, mischief.

A few words neatly written and pasted under the portrait—which, after all, was not a portrait, but purely the work of the artist's imagination—satisfied Mrs. Perring that she was altogether wrong in her surmises, and that, after all, the woman in the album hood might be as venerable as her appearance indicated.

"A Birthday Gift to My Wife." These were the words which Mrs. Perring read, and then she managed to slip unobserved from the room, and ever thereafter John Royallton's mother-in-law was a model one.—New York Weekly.

There is no necessity for saying it all. You say more by saying less. Everything that is most beautiful in life and art owes its existence to impulse—not to intention.

Women should not make laws. Instead, they should bring up their children in a way that would make laws unnecessary.

Science is religion. It teaches us to know nature. And nature is the visible hand of God. Whether he will or not—every scientist is a high priest.

As well as search the air for the souls of all our dead—we might search the earth for all their bodies.

To strive is more than to succeed. A straight lie is always better than a disguised truth.

Who gives most, asks most. The look has more power than the eye—the smile is more victorious than the mouth—the movement more seductive than the form—taste and grace triumphant over beauty—what you are, forever overruling what you may appear.

A child should not be disciplined to obey without questioning—but instead to question, and seek the reason for, everything it does and undertakes.—Helen Wallace, in Life.

Out of the Mouths of Babies. First Small Boy—"My sister got her picture in the paper for being cruel."

Second Small Boy—"Huh! That ain't nothing." My girl got her picture in colors on a brewer's poster."

Greener (to small customer)—"Johnny, would you like to have an apple?" Johnny—"No, sir; I'm afraid to eat em."

Greener—"Why?" Johnny—"Cause my grandfather died of apple-pesty."

"Tommy," said the teacher to a small pupil whose hands were not as clean as they should have been, "what is that on your hands?"

"Huh!" exclaimed Tommy, contemptuously. "You ain't much of a school teacher if you don't know dirt when you see it."

Little Johnny—"Papa says that honesty is the best policy." Mamma—"Well, what of it, dear?" Little Johnny—"Papa's a politician, isn't he?" Mamma—"Yes." Little Johnny—"Then how does he know?"—Chicago News.

An Almost Faultless Climate. For the climate of the Everglades is almost faultless. It is singularly equable, showing no extremes of heat and cold, and not subject to sudden change.

Even a "norther," coming out of the region of ice and snow, is soon softened to milder temperature; and the heat of summer is made genial, though the necessary may be well up in the eighties, by the oxidized air which is everywhere in the Glades. The year is divided into the dry and rainy seasons. The latter may be roughly spoken of as including June and September, although, well in the Glades, sudden light showers in limited areas are likely at any season, and in the autumn a high degree of humidity is constant.

A lifetime might be spent in the region and no sign of malaria ever be discovered. Pure air, that moves in gentle breezes over a vast expanse of pure water, is the perfect assurance of health, as evinced in the fine physique, splendid coloring and athletic vigor of the Seminoles, who has a monopoly of as fine a climate as there is on earth.—Century.

Race Suicide in New Hampshire. The entire Legislature of New Hampshire, including the Governor's Council, comprises 418 men. A vast majority of these men are native born, more than two-thirds of them being descended from a long line of New England ancestors.

Of these 418 men the State has a right to expect at least 896 children, being two apiece. The actual number, however, according to the Manchester Union, is 684, or a little more than a child and a half for each man. Of the whole number 355 are married, 275 are fathers, 80 are childrenless, and 63 are unmarried or widowed.

Of the 275 fathers 94 have one child each, 73 have two, forty-seven have three, 25 have four, 18 have five, 6 have six, 5 have seven, 2 have eight, 3 have nine, and 2 have ten each. Of the fathers 6 have children or more each, chiefly French-Canadian. If these foreign-born representatives, therefore, were eliminated from the list, the showing would be still less favorable.

Expenses of Great Navies. A report made recently by the British board of trade on the naval expenditures of the leading powers for the latest available year presents interesting figures. The report deals with the year ended March 31, 1903. From the exhibit it appears that the United Kingdom spends more on its navy than Russia, Germany and France spent on their combined fleets. The British naval expenditure is more than double that of the United States. Russia's naval expenditure for the year named was five times as that of Japan. Russia spent less than six per cent. of her revenues on her navy. Japan spent nine per cent. of her revenues in this way. The country which now spends most on its navy next to Great Britain is the United States. The British mercantile marine exceeds in tonnage that of Russia, Germany, France, Italy, the United States and Japan put together. The mercantile marine tonnage of Great Britain reaches 50,268,004 tons.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Farm

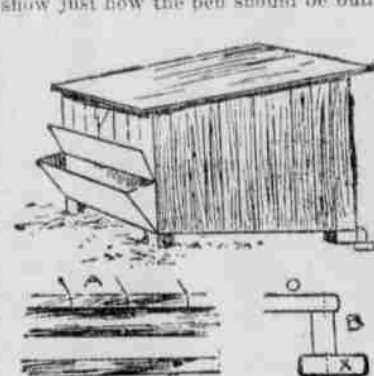
Old Stored Poultry. The age at which a turkey or fowl is prepared for market on the farm is an sure indication of the actual age which the carcass may attain before it reaches the consumer.

pay a little better. But I find that the cost of fall pigs is too great to make me any money and I think the readers of this article will agree with me.

Potato Growing. The statistical bureau of the Department of Agriculture has prepared some common sense notes on potato growing, which particularly emphasize the importance of maintaining plenty of aminos in the soil, to conserve moisture.

A Summer Hog Pen. Where swine are to be kept in a somewhat small enclosure and fed in the house it is not always easy to keep the floor of the house clean.

Cows Should Be Curried. It is not common to curry milk cows, but probably no stable work is more valuable than the currying of milk cows, providing the cows are worth it.



A Check to Harmful Weeds. The New Zealand laws regarding the spread of noxious weeds seem rather severe, but the results so far are said to be excellent.

Preparing Land for Crops. One of the most successful farmers in this country, says a writer in Farm and Fireside, whose success lies in thorough methods and profits rather than extensive operations, harvested this fall a crop of corn on land which three years ago was not capable of producing any kind of grain crop.

Profit From Fall Pigs. Last fall I had about seventy-five pigs come the last of September and the first of October. I let these pigs follow the sows for about eight weeks and while they were with the sows I used slop freely, also fed corn.

Reduction in International Postage. Lord Stanley, the British Postmaster-General, says that the proposal for a reduction in the rates for international letter postage will be brought up at the Postal Union Congress at Rome in April next.

Fashion Notes

New York City.—Russian dresses are always attractive worn by little girls and always possess a certain smartness of their own. This one is eminently



From the lower part of this circle rises an open flower, flat and in full bloom, with a rhinestone centre to simulate a dewdrop.

Lingerie Blouses. The tremendous vogue for lingerie blouses is a wiser mode than it seems at first. They are always fresh and dainty, not at all perishable and as warm as any of the lighter weight silks when worn over one of the well cut linings of heavy India silk.

Woman's Dress Simplified. A gown built of gorgeous brocade upon Princess lines was seen the other day with the corset attached to the gown. It surely looks as if woman's dress would be simplified.

Little Ones From London. Leaves appear to be quite as important from a milliner's point of view as flowers, even though the latter are very much in vogue.

Much Braiding Done. Velvet coats are worn with cloth skirts and cloth coats will be worn with velvet skirts. Some of these are very pretty made of cob-web linen, and trimmed with frills of real lace.

Pink Pallettes. Pink pallettes are among the most showing of the decorations for a ball gown or dancing dress. A "lumbous" of very pale pink has its silky lustre deepened by the decorations on bodice and blouse, where the Chantilly lace of creamy tinge is richly spangled by a "charging" of deep rose-colored spangles.



Jet With Jeweled Centre. Pearls, rhinestones and opals form the centres of jet buttons, which vary in size from a quarter of an inch to one inch in diameter.

for the medium size is fifteen yards twenty-one, thirteen and three-fourth yards twenty-seven, or seven and one-half yards forty-four inches wide.

Seven, three and seven-eighth yards thirty-two, or two and three-eighth yards forty-four inches wide.

Skirt Linen Collars. Still linen collars are to the fore again. Moreover, it is said, they will be accompanied by linen ties. Some of these are very pretty made of cob-web linen, and trimmed with frills of real lace. They might easily be made at home by a deft-handed girl.

Shirred Skirt. Skirts made full and soft by means of pleats and shirings grow in popularity week by week and promise to extend their favor for an indefinite time. This one is exceptionally graceful and attractive, and is well adapted to all the fashionable, soft materials, but in the case of the model, is made of crepe de chine, the graceful folds providing ample trimming.

Stiff Linen Collars. Still linen collars are to the fore again. Moreover, it is said, they will be accompanied by linen ties. Some of these are very pretty made of cob-web linen, and trimmed with frills of real lace. They might easily be made at home by a deft-handed girl.

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