Back that was, full twenty years
(Pardon, if you will).
But you're partial, it appears,
To the pastime still.
True, no longer have you me,
Dolly, for your mate,
But you have a vis a vis
Whom you higher rate.

A BUNCH OF VIOLETS

When at 9 a. m. sharp Nellie Bris- | peated Mr. Dunne, and Nellie almost coe entered the office of Messrs. Dunne & Findlay, and made her way to her accustomed seat, she was quite horrified to see a fragrant bunch of violets reposing on the tin cover of her typewriter.

'Oh, dear," she murmured, "what would Mr Dunnesay if he saw that?" don't know who put the Very quickly she whisked the of- things on my desk," she added, now fending flowers out of sight, and quite convinced that what she saw in then glanced at the outer office with his eyes was gathering anger, and a frown, wondering indignantly who the culprit might be. Owing to her position as typewriting clerk Nellie and he looked at her flushed, upoccupied a little compartment to her- | turned face. It seemed to him that self, cut off from the outer office that the violets themselves were not so the rattle of her machine might not disturb the others. She had been in the employ of Messrs. Dunne & Find- | til that moment. lay for nearly six months now, and of late she had been much troubled | ting them on your desk without your at finding small offerings continually appearing on her desk. Once there was a box of chocolates, which she has ostentatiously handed over to the old office cleaner for her children, ter, please?" and in secret she had chuckled much

over the huge and quite apparent

disgust of the ledger clerk, the man

whom she had at once suspected.

After that there had ensued a series of small nosegays, which had watched them. The movement been more difficult both to dispose of and to resist. For Nellie felt that advantage, and Mr. Dunne called a few flowers made a wonderful difference in the dull and dusty office. Then she heard Mr. Dunne rap out with some temper to a clerk who had employer found it necessary to dicintroduced a fancy brass inkstand on tate in person that day several letto his desk that "an office was a place for business, not fal-lais." So Nellie head clerk, but she would certainly felt that flowers, too, were contrabands, and now as she looked at them she discovered a new and alarising departure, for she noticed a piece of paper, bearing the type-written words, "Please wear them."

What impudence," she said, as she tossed the scrap of paper into the waste-paper basket, The flowers should have followed, she knew, but | said one of the juniors to her, reshe had not the heart. "How sweet and strong an odor they have," she murmured, as she inhaled their fra-

She hesitated a little, and finally compromised by putting them in a spare drawer and trying to think that | banker. no one could notice the odor, strong as it was. She stood in considerable awe of her abrupt, curt employer, and never dreamed that he was as nervous as she. Only the day before Mr. Dunne had reprimanded severely a young clerk whom he had caught smoking in working hours, and Nel-He was convinced that he would regard an indulgence in flowers as rightful, sphere at the fireside. quite as serious an offence against

Mr. Dunne was always punctual in strange and unaccostumed thoughts. his arrival at the office, and Nellie He even began to wonder whether had hardly got her things off before success in business was really the he appeared. In a few minutes he only aim in life worth pursuing. He came out of his private room and discovered himself entertaining the walked towards hers, and she real- most curious feelings towards a gan to grope for her hat and jacket. ized with a sinking heart that he young fellow he knew who just then was coming to dictate to her.

"Good morning," he said, in his customary gruff tones, as he entered. "I want you to take this for me, please.

Nellie slipped her paper into her the foolish man could not be making machine and sat ready, her fingers | more than two thousand dollars a resting on the keys; but for all her apparent absorption in her work she ticed it before the expensive apartnoticed with dismay a puzzled look ments he occupied began to appear on Mr. Dunne's face. "Dear me," he said; "what a cu-

rious smell there is here-very faint, but quite distinct. Very curious, very curious, indeed. Have you ever noticed it before, Miss Briscoe?"

'No, sir," she answered, bending over her machine to hide her crimson cheeks, "never before." "Most unpleasant," he said, sharp-

ly. "I shall have to speak to Findlay

Mr. Findlay, the other partner in the firm, was a man whom Nellie did not like at all, and this prospect increased her alarm. She took a desperate resolution. 'Perhaps it's these, sir," she said.

meekly, and not far removed from tears. She leaned forward, and opening a drawer, displayed the offending

"Oh," said Mr. Dunne. "Dear me," he said again; "er-flowers. Miss out slaving all day, and might be ex-

Briscoe? "Yes, sir," said Nellie, with even

greater meekness. "Dear me," he said again; "erviolets, are they not?"

Yes, air" replied Nellie for the

"A very pungent odor," he remarked, "and not at all unpleasant, really; no, not at all unpleasant-in distinctly agreeable."

He looked at Nellie as he spoke with such an air of surprise that at another time she could have laughed outright. But now she felt too distressed, for it was a saying in the office that Mr. Dunne was only really angry when he seemed mild and interested and polite. If he had closed the door with a contemptaous snort she would have felt comparatively elieved, but it scemed to her that this quiet curiosity was a bad omen. She began to rattle her typewriter, hoping to recall his attention to his of logic orrespondence. But he still examined the unlucky violets with inter- to herself: est, and had Nellie been less alarmed she might have thought that he was rather enjoying their sweet fra-

"Are you fond of flowers, Miss Briscoe?" he asked, suddenly, That is, out of business hours,"

Dear, I do not recollect,
In those days of old,
You were such an architect
As I now behold:
Castles—Yankee, English, French,
Plan you; gided, tall!
Sure, misfortune cannot drench,
Shall not drench them all.
—Edwin L. Sabin, in The Bohemian.

thought she saw something like a

twinkle of amusement in his eyes.

"In business hours," said Nellie vir-

tuously, and hoping to goodness he

be spoken of but business. And I

would take the hint, "nothing should

Mr. Dunne looked at the flowers,

"Well, if someone has been put-

permission, it was confound imperti-

will see that it doesn't occur again

in this office. Will you take this let-

how their swift motion had become

fascinating to the silent man who

showed her white delicate hands to

himself an utter fool that he had

never noticed their beauty before.

Nellie was rather surprised that her

ters, which usually came through the

have doubted the sanity of any one

who had hinted at the reason. And

her belief that Mr. Dunne was very

angry over the flowers was more

than confirmed when she heard him

speaking to Mr. Findlay about it

with considerable show of temper.

away to the governor, Miss Briscoe,'

"He found it out himself." she an-

"Well, no one will do it again,"

crumbled the junior, who was him-

alf the culprit, having made a small

"I am very glad to hear it," re-

on that junior expressed very strong

business, and their neglect of their

Meanwhile Mr. Dunne was finding

his mind invaded by some very

was going about with a beaming

face, inviting congratulations on the

been so absurd he would have called

the feeling "envy," but he knew that

not make it seem less desolate, and

from that it was but a short step to

imagining a pair of blue eyes oppo-

lite to him. But here he checked

theatre, which he found singularly

In a very furtive manner, and feel-

ng much ashamed of himself, he be-

gan to make inquiries about Nellie.

He soon discovered that she lived

alone with an invalid mother whom

her scanty wages supported. Only

by the exercise of much self-restraint

did he prevent himself from doubling

Nellie's salary on the spot when he

heard that, and he felt a quite new

glow at his heart, when his inform-

ant told him how carefully the girl

tended her mother, "though she is

pected to want a little pleasure when

For another week he watched Nel-

lie closely, she all unaware of his

scrutiny; and then, on arriving at

business one morning, she found

ome expensive orchids on her desk.

rled them into the outer office.

With heightened color, Nellie car-

"Tommy, she said, viclously, call-

ing the office boy, "will you please

fling these horrid weeds into the

Then she retired in high dudgeon

to her own little office; the other

clerks looked at each other, wonder-

ing who was the culprit this time;

and Mr. Dunne, their storn and

dreaded employer; who had been

standing just by the open door, sat

down heavily on a chair, his face

despairingly, with all a lover's lack

And meantime Nellie was saying

Those men are just too horrid.

white as a ghost's.

what will mother do?"

unentertaining.

she comes home."

street?"

And though he had never no-

birth of his first baby; if it had not

bet that he dared.

proachfully, at the luncheon hour

"Now he is angry," said Nellie, to

But in business hours?"

not a smile at all.

"Can you take this for me, Miss Briscoe?" he asked, glancing round the room, and for all his impassive, business-like air, his heart sinking as he saw no sign of his violets.

and gloves. She sat down to her machine,

rather wondering what this seemingnary communication he dictated.

coe,"said Mr. Dunne, when he had finished, feeling that he must make some reference to his offering, "that there is a peculiar odor in the

"I hadn't noticed anything unpleasant, sir," answered Nellie, her face red as fire.

Nellie made no answer, and Mr. Dunne came to the conclusion that she knew all about his offerings and wished to show how unwelcome they Had not his instincts as a business man been much sounder, than his instincts as a lover, it is highly probable that Mr. Dunne would by now have been in the bankruptey court instead of being one of the most substantial business men in

"Miss Briscoe," he said, in gloomy lespair; "about that account of Rea herself, as she struck the keys with & Saunders, it is in here, is it not?" her rapid fingers, never dreaming To Nellie's despair he laid hold of the drawer in which she had placed the violets and jerked it open. She wished the earth would open and swallow her as she saw his start of surprise. He did not speak at first, and she supposed him too angry. Presently he said:

"Miss Briscoe-er-ah-Miss-er

"Gracious!" thought Nellie in a panic, "he's so wild he can't even speak coherently." Her only hope became that when he discharged her on the spot he would at least give her a month's salary in lieu of notice. "I didn't bring them, Mr. Dunne," she said, in despair; it's only some silly fellow who doesn't know any better, and- oh, I can't help it."

"You needn't have given the thing Some silly fellow," he repeated, ruefully. "I thought you liked vio-

rightly served whoever did it for being so silly. It's not business-like," "Hang business!" echoed Nellie, concluded Nellie, with the air of a doubtful if she had heard aright.
"Hang business!" repeated Mr.

Dunne, firmly. "I put them on your

torted Nellie, with dignity; and later to kiss her. had to fight against an insane desire "I put the orchids there too," he

views on the intrusion of women into sively.

sobbed; "and yet you can insult a poor, defenseless girl."

called insulting.

strangely lonely of an evening. He you would make fun of me. Oh, I caught himself wondering whether a bunch of violets on the table would

wish I were dead!" "Fun of you?" he said, and something in his tone arrested her attention. his thoughts in a kind of panie, and to me.' lecided that he had better go out to

it was all as wonderful to her as to him; but soon she believed him and understood.

A hasty woolng was succeeded by a quiet wedding, the bride and groom being Nellie Briscoe and the senior member of Dunne & Findlay .-- New York Weekly.

nary remedies fail. every third day.

The electric light alone often cures, but supplementary aid is called upon at times-in skin diseases, for exam-

light invariably proves a magnificent tonic, invaluable in insomnia and general debility, and it has had effect in checking hemorrhage from wounds and even in tuberculous disease. -"That was meant for me," he said, Philadelphia Ledger.

if he sees any more of it; and then ty of an English landscape.



A Custom of Turkestan.

When Turkestan girls become en- cheerful thoughts, of which there gaged it is the custom of the flance to pay her parents a sum of money. If she jilts him later the parents must return the money.

Be Above Them.

Do not allow your thoughts to linger on an injury you have received or on provoking words that have been spoken to you. Learn not only to disregard acts of petty spite, but let them gradually cease to be the subject of your thoughts, and they will finally die out of the mind completely.-Woman's Life.

Successful Woman Farmer. The proprietor of the famous Winthrop Gardens, in Holliston, Mass. is a woman, who from a farm which several years ago cost only a few hunderd dollars is to-day drawing an annual income of several thousands. Her name is Mary E. Cutler. This scientific farmeress practices latensive farming of the diversified type. cultivating, besides the ordinary crops, shade trees, garden flowers and vegetables. Miss Cutler is employed as a special lecturer by the Massachusets State Board of Agricul-

ly inclined girl-"What are we comand now that I am engaged to Jack, fires we used to have and burn gas do? Throw the letters in the garbage can? I won't! What are we coining to, anyway?"

Records of Diners on the Cloth.

Making a tablecloth a souvenir of happy hours is an odd idea that is -New York Press.

Don'ts About Jewelry.

Don't wear a quantity of jewelry. any other kind are out of place at the breakfast table.

gary to fasten collar, cuffs or waist-

Don't, in the evening, mix your

the earrings should correspond. not harmonize with your dress, says, shun all equivocation and lying, still Woman's Life.

trinkets because they are not costly, ture of fairyland. They early learn Jewelry to be well worn need not be to find the truth wrapped up in the expensive, but must be chic.

Yellow Gowns on Red Haired Girls.

to what reasonably might be supposed to be the main point to considered—the color," complains a girl with brilliant tresses, who thinks the dressmaker will let the Titian beauty venture abroad in any color but yel low doesn't know her business. The discovery that red hair and yellow are quite compatible was made by her on a sailing trip. She says : storm came up and a red-haired girl put on a yellow oilskin jacket and blossomed forth a beauty, and, in spite of the terror and excitement of throat. a storm at sea, the other women on board uttered exclamations of de-

choice of the young daughter-in-law Mrs. Hayes' china was the most costly ever used in the White House, as every piece was hand painted and the beak. They are just as short and work of selected artists in the French factory at Sevres.

Thousands of people actually think themselves to death every year by allowing their minds to dwell on mor-

carefully protected by bright and ought to be a bountiful store in evervone's possession. Bright companions are cheaper than drugs and The morbid condition of mind produces a morbid condition of body, and if the disease does happen to be in the system it receives every encouragement to develop. - New

Making the Shy Girl Talk.

The girl who knows herself to be tongue-tied, though she regret it. need not despair of popularity. Nobody is socially more disagreeable and more dreaded than a woman who talks too much, monopolizing the conversation, and giving no one else a chance to speak. People fly from this over-gifted and aggressive talk-A mere chatterbox is equally disliked. A good listener is always sure of appreciation. If you can but master the fine art of listening to each person with an air of deep interest, just as if there were nobody else at the moment in the wide world, and as if your greatest wish were to understand what the other is trying to tell you, you will have the effect of taking well. All that is really necessary is not to let your attention wander, and at the right moment, in the right place, make some brief reloinder in affirmation. You need never fear that you will be thought too silent if you listen well and say yes or no at proper intervals. A good listener is never a bore, while a great talker frequently gains that unhappy distinction. Girls are sometimes tongue-tied because of indifference, A bashful manner, up to a certain, point, is very attractive, says Woman's Life. But when it has to root in a hampering self-consciousness which makes one awkward and clumsy or surly or deflant, it is a fatal handicap.

Happy to Bed.

Whatever the child's daytime naughtiness may have been, at nightfall he should be forgiven and go to rest with the mother's kiss on his lips and her tender voice in his ear.

Hardly anything can be worse for a young child than to be scolded or punished at bedtime and to carry into its dreams harshness or gloom. mother does well to be a little blind to some things and remember that much childish culpability is super-Bell entertained a guest for the first ficial and washes off also as easily as the soil from the hands and face in the evening bath, says the Indianapo-

Children should never be allowed defy the onslaughts of the laundress. to carry with them in their thoughts the mental sufferings which too many parents seem to think an absolute necessity in the careful bringing up of children. All too soon will they Don't wear precious stones in the have to face the world and its sor-

When the nursery brood is undressed and in bed, the lights turned low and the room quieted for the sweeten their last waking moments with stories before they embark for dreamland. While the most exact jewels. If a gold necklet is worn, and rigid truthfulness should be practiced in our dealings with chil- You cannot develop affection with-Don't wear any jewels which do dren and they should be taught to out heart athletics. we need not fear to satisfy their viv-Don't be dissatisfied with your id baby imaginations with the litera-

> Fairy lore is older than civilization, and its stories with variations



As for silk linings, they will stay for the present.

The majority of the fur neck pieces are straight-just a throw for the

Lace flowers with embroidered stems and foliage comprise the ornalighted approval.—New York Press. mentation of a lovely batiste gown.

The prevalence of light blue is noticeable in evening gowns, millinery,

kind. The prevalence of brown and green

in dress and millinery has created a demand for bronze and gold trimmings. The cloths of gold and silver are

fashionably used as interlinings beneath the sheer dress materials and the elegant lace robes.

The vogue of the Empire styles has had its influences upon all styles. The keynote of every garment of the present time must be grace.

The new wings have a downward curl in the exact shape of a parrot's blunt, but they make a stunning trimming.

Embroider the ends of the tie worn with Peter Pan waist in a design matching the turnover collar cuffs to add an extra bit of tasteful decoration. Five yards is an ordinary width

at the hem of the very long fur capes that will be worn motoring, and too that one is getting on in life without much cannot be said in favor of these garments in point of comfort. A dress for a girl of eight is of

dull blue rajah, with a pointed yoke of the same in open embroidery. sash of the knotted silk girdles this smart long-bodiced dress at the side, fairs in fine kilting and embroidery.

The Japanese have established a steamship line connecting their ports FIGHTING BOB HAD THE FACTS.

A Hitherto Untold Story Shows That He Speaks by the Book.

The naval review at Oyster Bay, because it was commanded by Admiral Robley D. Evans, perhaps recalls an incident of the Spanish war which has not before been written about. It may be that its recital at this time will help to show how accurate a man is this officer, who has suffered somewhat from a false conception of his character.

Admiral Sampson had determined to begin the war by the bombardment of Havana, and on April 4, 1898. Evans, then captain, wrote a letter to the then editor of Harper's Weekly, containing this paragraph:

"I sall have the honor of leading in the Iowa, and when we open, at about 800 yards, with Indiana close astern, if those poor chaps from the Maine don't giggle in their coffins it will be a wonder." This was the pregnant part of the

letter. Sampson was forbidden from Washington to attack Havana, much to his disappointment and wrath. To one sitting at a distance, not knowing Evans, and knowing of the proposed bombardment only as a rumor. the letter might have seemed a bit of bluster. But after a few months chance put

the log book of the New York, the flagship, in the way of the recipient of the letter and there he read Sampson's order for the bombardment of Havana, giving the order of the ships and designating the distance at which the firing should begin, precisely as Evans had stated them in the letter. But why go to within 800 yards of the new forts, which were much more

heavily armed than the ships of Sampson's fleet? Months after reading the log book the recipient of the letter attended a dinner given in honor of Admiral Sampson.

The Admiral made there one of the few speeches of his life, and in it he told the reason-a reason characteristic of his keen judgment and of his boldness-for selecting 800 yards. He had found out that a short time before the Spaniards had momentarily awakened from their usual torpor and had practiced from the new works, firing at floating targets. They had floated these targets past their guns at 3000 yards.

Sampson at once concluded that they supposed that he would attack at that distance and quickly determined to go in at 800 yards, for, he explained, the Spaniards having once fixed their sights for a traget 3000 yards away would not be able to change them, but would fire over his ships until he had dismounted their heavy pieces by his rapid fire guns. So the chain was completed, for we had the facts and the reason for them .- Harper's Weekly.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Bigotry blasts many blessings, Selfishness destroys serenity. Love calls no service degrading. The joy of service is the secret of

A man can be sweet without being

make a good neighbor. The people who shine as the stars

think only of the sun. Your prospects depend on something beside your precepts.

well as your work.

from punishment. Many who glory in their titles have no title to glory.

Our greatest gratitude comes from our deepest disappointments.

You will always find the best berries in the biggest brambles. Dignity is a good thing in the mu-

teum, but out of place in the market. The worst habits, in our opinion, are those for which we have no appetite.-Ram's Horn.

The Military Value of Color. At no time in the history of war

has the question of color received so much attention from military men as within the past ten years. That the value of approximate invisibility has sen fully recognized by our powers of the blue uniform and the advent of in Harper's Weekly makes some very the greater the distance of the object 1200 yards, khaki in close formation gives exactly the effect of the blue uniform, because of the banked up "Moreover yards and a clear day, and it is all one whether massed troops wear green or earth background; and having the red on top, and for signal

striking during all the afternoon. and thinking perhaps it had stopped, she asked little Rita to go into the a hasty survey of the long pendulum swinging back and forth, Rita ran "Why, no, back and announced: mamma, it isn't running. It's standing still and it's wagging its tail."-Harper's Weekly.

THOUGHT AND WORKS

fm not what people say I am, I'm not a Im not what people say I am, I'm not a lazy man;
I simply do m; work upon a scientific plan.
I let my head save hand and foot, I bring my brain in play;
And still I am a lazy chap, so all my neighbors say.
But I don't care, I let 'em talk, and keep about my work:
That is, I keep my brain hitched up and never let it shirk.

Each morn when I get out of hed I sit right down and think:
I think how this or that should go before I eat or drink.
I think up some good, easy way to do this thing and that.
And after thinking hard a spell I have it right down pat.
Instead of delving into it and working hard all day,
I simplify it fifty fold by thinking out a way.

And, best of all, sometimes I and by thinking long and deep.
There's many jobs that ones I thought were pretty middling steep.
I do not need to do at all which I'd have gone and done.
Had I not sat and thought 'em out before they were begun.
And that's the way I had it now, the more I sit and think.
The less hard work I have to do but get my lood and drink.

So if you see me sitting here heneath this tree each day,
And my good wife is washing clothes not very far away.

Pray don't misjudge for I shall be lost deep in thought to see.

How she can get those washings out with less of drudgery.

I'm not what people say I am, I'm not a lazy man;

lazy man; I simply get through life upon a scientific Joe Cone, in the New York Sun.

TUAS ALES Captain-"What is strategy in

war?" Sergeant-"Well, strategy is

when you don't let the enemy discover that you are out of ammunition, but keep right on firing." "What do you consider the most memorable occasion in your career?' "Once, at an evening performance," answered the great tenor, with emotion, "all the boxes were occupied

with mutes. I shall never forget that night."-Minneapolis Tribune. Man at the Desk-"No, sir, I don't want it. I haven't any time to talk to you, either." Caller (with prospectus of new book)-"My dear sir, that won't be necessary. I'm willing to do all the talking."-Chicago Tri-

bune. No polities can move me— Kaze all I want's a tree On de green side er a river Whar de fish bite free. —Atlanta Constitution,

"So she is engaged to that funny little Sir Julius! Yet once she told us she could never marry a man under six feet!" "Ah, well; I expect she consented to a twenty-five per cent. discount for cash "-The Bystander.

"And did you attend the concert last night?" "Oh, yes. Your daughter sang with much feeling." "Thank you, I'm so glad to hear you say that." "I noticed that when she wasn't poking her back hair she went fingering her belt."-Chicago Record-Herald.

She had no minder in her eyes, No rage her being spended to fill; And yet this maid, to your surprise, Was dressed to kill.—Milwaukes Sentinel.

Teacher-"Have you looked up be meaning of the word 'imbibes, Fanny?" Fanny—"Yes, ma'am."
Teacher — "Well, what does it meun?" Fanny — "To take in."
Teacher—"Yes, Now give a sentence using the word." Fanny— "My aunt imbibes boarders."---Woman's Home Compani

"Can you tell me the way to the nearest drug store?" asked the stranger. "There ain't no drug store near here," replied the polite native of the Kansas prohibition town, "but if you're merely passin' through and won't say anything about it. I guess I can do somethin' fer you if you'll step in the house a minute."--Chicago Record-Herald.

The Ideal City.

The ideal city of the twentieth century is thus defined by Lucy Maynard Salmon, A. M., professor of history at Vassar College.

A city with clean streets, well

sprinkled streets, streets lined with well cared for shade trees. Streets and roads that are freed from billboards that are a stench in

the community. Vacant lots now used as dumping places turned into attractive squares. Benches along the roadside for

weary pedestrians. Back yards that are visions of beauty instead of cycsores. Window boxes that brighten dull walls and recreation plers on the

banks of the river. All these make for patriotism as well as for civic beauty and right-

cousness. If it is true that the boy without a playground is father to the man without a job we may shrink from looking into their future. Boys and girls ere turned loose on the streets; misniof, vice and orime result, and when these conditions become unscarable we turn to the curfew as a regative means of dealing with conditions that ought never to have existed.

Another Lively Manhattan.

"Manhatian, Nev., is about what San Francisco must have been in the days of '49," said N. J. Blackwell, of Chicago, at the Schlitz. "The vetcan prospector who rocked a cradie le placer mining in 1849 is there, beimful with stories of the old days The tenderfoot is there, as blissfelly ignorant as of yore on all things sonnected with gold digging. But there is a new class present which was anknown in the days of old. This is the young graduate of the secoo of mine engineering, who knows the theoretical side thoroughly, and with a little experience will make the veterans hustle.

The town is the most democratic on earth, for the rich man of to-day may be poor to-morrow, and vice versa. Gambling is rife, sed many a man's newly emade pile finds its al cambiors."-Milwaukee Sentinel.

For I note you sitting there
By the pleasant tide,
Charlie Rocks, or Lord de Where,
Lolling at your side;
And your costume is as short
As I ever knew,
And you're faithful to the sport
Quite the summer through. "It's just too bad," she said angrily, and then added, relenting a litas she inhealed their fresh and inspiring fragrance; but they are lovely. I wish I dared keep them." She felt they ought to be flung

horrid

with contempt into the waste-basket, but she dallied, lacking the heart. Then she heard a well-known step behind her, and in a panic she hurried them into a drawer, turning with rather a white face to see Mr. Dunne entering.

gain found a bunch of violets on her

"In one moment, sir," answered Nellie, as she hurried off her jacket

ly important letter could be, and her wonder increasing at the very ordi-"Does it seem to you, Miss Bris-

"Not unpleasant, not at all unpleasant," corrected Mr. Dunne. sweet and so blue as her eyes, and se wondered if he had been blind unnence," he said, vehemently; "and I

the city.

"Oh, yes; but this is in business hours, In businessswered, " and I was very glad, for it "Hang business!" interrupted Mr. Dunne

> desk," he avowed. "You!" exclaimed Nellie, and her eyes opened so wide that Mr. Dunne

> continued, watchin her apprehen-"Gracious!" said Nellie, and then she began to cry, quietly. "And I thought you were so good,"

> Repressing her tears as best she could, she got off her chair and be-Mr. Dunne watched her with hewildered despair and said to himself that he might have known better than suppose so lovely a girl could ever think favorably of him, though it was hard to have his attentions

"You are not going?" he asked timidly. "How can I stay here after that?" she demanded. "I always felt you were so kind and just, and to think

"It's deadly earnest to me," he cried; it's deadly earnest to me. Oh, Nellie, dear! it's deadly earnest She looked at him doubtfully, for

Electric Light in Disease. Electric light treatment of diseases is reported by Russian physicians to effecting many cures where ordiuses lights of fifty, thirty-two and twenty-five candle-power, testing both blue and white bulbs, and gives exposures at distances of eighteen inches and less for fifteen to fortyfive minutes at a time. The patient is sometimes treated daily, sometimes

ple, a flourescent paint of a five per ent, solution of eosin or fuchsin being supplied. Success seems to have been especially marked in hysteria, neuralgia, rheumatism and skin affections. One physician mentions that the

Two young women of a type which is by no means uncommon were gaz-Mr. Dunne will be sending me away ing together upon the tranquil beau-'Oh, don't you love nature?"

"Are you fond of flowers, Miss slace?" he asked, suddenly, "A little, sir; at least, very much hat is, out of business hours."
"Oh, out of business hours." re- returned, and then one morning she saids so much!"

Has Too Many Love Letters Now. Hear the plaint of the romanticaling to, anyhow? Is romance to be ended in the garbage can? For two years I have been saving up all of Jimmie's leters and George's letters, I have decided some night to read them all and then burn them -except Jack's. But how? Last year father decided to 'cut out' the big log and electricity instead. What an I

being carried out by Mrs. Franklin Bell, wife of General Bell, chief of the General Staff. On a fine damask table cover she has caused to be written the names of her guests at luncheon, with the dates of entertainment and short quotations about the feast. This cloth is spread only when Mrs. time, and the newcomer was requested to do the writing in pencil. At her leisure, Mrs. Bell overtraced the lis News. markings in indelible ink, which will

morning. Diamonds, emeralds or rows. Don't, at such a time, wear anything except what is actually neces- night, the mother or older sister can

husk of the story.

"In suggesting gowns for red- have been told and taught to chilhaired girls nowadays no great at- dren in all ages and all climes, tention seems to be paid by modistes their origin is in the needs and hearof the race.

Character Told in Household China If, as Howells says, the selection and dressy gown accessories of every of china is the index of a woman's character, some former mistresses of the White House had complex minds, observes the New York Press. In the basement of the mansion the visitor may see a sample of every set of table ware used since Abigail Adams hung her laundry to dry in the East Room. The most ornate set was the of President Van Buren. From the few pieces now on exhibition, it would seem that all America's flora and fauna were depicted in detail.

Morbidness.

bid subjects. The idea that one has some incipient disease in one's system, the thought of financial ruin, improving prospects-any of these or a thousand similar thoughts may carry a healthy man to a premature A melancholy thought that fixes itself upon one's mind needs as much doctoring as physical disease It needs to be eradicated from the mind or it will have just the same result as a neglected disease would Every melancholy thought every morbid notion and every nagging worry should be resisted to the utmost, and the patient should be with Chile.

Limitations lead to liberty.

fresh. It takes more than curlosity to

The world needs your witness as

Pardon alone purchases freedom

He cannot be truly brave who is not trying to be bravely true.

that be is fully shown in the passing the clive drab and khaki. A writer interesting observations on the question of color invisibility as it con cerns uniforms. Accumulations of clear atmosphere are blue, he points out; and the brighter the sun and the bluer it appears; also, the blue ness is in proportion to the density of the object. From 2200 to about atmosphere before it. given a distance greater than 1200 green, blue, olive drab, yellow, khaki or black. Red and white are about the only colors to remain unconquered by the atmosphere against when against the sky, red still flaunts but white goes out like the blowing out of a candle. This is probably the reason for the cavalry guidon survey stations using red and white flags against a ground blackground and red and green against the sky.

Like a Dog Watch.

Mamma had not noticed the clock and the sleeves are short elbow af- hall and see if it was running. After