

### WILD WISHES.

BY ETHEL M. HEWITT.

I wish, because the sweetness of your  
I wish, because the glory of your dreaming  
Strews all the field of heaven with throbbing stars,  
That I might storm the portals of your  
slumber,  
And soar with you beyond night's golden  
bars!

I wish to be the day you die, Beloved,  
Though at its close my foolish heart must  
break!  
But most of all, I wish, my dearest  
darling,  
To be the Blessed Morning when you  
wake!

—From Harper's Magazine.

## A Bohemian Bonanza.

Schaunard and Marcel, who had been at work since morning, suddenly stopped.

"Gods! I'm hungry," said Schaunard, and he added, carelessly, "don't you breakfast some time to-day?"

Marcel showed great astonishment at this question. "Since when have we breakfasted two days in succession?" said he. "Yesterday was Thursday," and he finished his response by designating with his maulstick that commandment of the church which refers to meat on Friday.

Schaunard found nothing to say to that, and set to work again at his picture, which represented a plain oak on which a red tree and a blue tree were clasping branches—being a transparent allusion to the charms of friendship from a very philosophical standpoint.

Just then the porter knocked at the door. He brought a letter to Marcel.

"Three sons to collect," said he.

"Are you sure?" replied the artist. "All right, we will owe them to you," and he shut the door in his face.

Marcel took the letter and broke the seal. At the first words, he put himself to capering about the studio in an acrobatic dance, singing, at the top of his voice, a popular student's song of the day, which indicated with him the very apex of joy.

"Look here," said Schaunard, feeling already symptoms of mental alienation, "if you don't dry up I'll play the allegro of my symphony on the influence of blue in the arts;" and he went on to the piano.

"This threat produced the effect of a drop of cold water falling into a boiling liquid, calming Marcel as by enchantment.

"Read that!" said he, passing the letter to his friend.

It was an invitation to dinner from a deputy—patrons of the art in general, and of Marcel in particular, who had painted the portrait of his country home.

"It is for to-day," said Schaunard. "What a pity that the ticket isn't good for two. But, come to think of it, your deputy supports the ministry. You can't, you ought not, to accept. Your principles forbid you eating bread soaked in the sweat of the people."

"Bah!" said Marcel; "my deputy belongs to the left center, and voted against the government the other day. Besides, he is going to give me an order, and has promised to introduce me in society. And then, you see, it is Friday, and I am hungry enough to eat a raw dog, and I must dine."

"There are yet other obstacles," replied Schaunard, a little jealous of the good fortune which had befallen his friend. "You can't go to a swell dinner in a red blouse and a longshoreman's hat."

"I will borrow some clothes from Rodolphe or Colline."

"Bah! Have you forgotten that we have passed the twentieth of the month, and that at that epoch the clothes of those gentlemen are spotted?"

"I will, at least, find a black coat somewhere about here by five o'clock," said Marcel.

"It took me three weeks to find one when I went to my cousin's wedding, and that was early in January."

"Well, I will go as I am," replied Marcel, striding across the room. "It shall never be said that a miserable question of etiquette prevented my taking my first step in society."

"Good," said Schaunard, taking much pleasure in the chagrin of his friend; "but what about the boots?"

Marcel went out in a state of agitation impossible to describe. Toward two o'clock he returned, loaded down with a paper collar.

"That is all I can find," said he, piteously.

"It was hardly worth while running about for that," responded Schaunard. "We have paper enough here to make a dozen collars."

"The devil!" said Marcel, tearing his hair; "we ought to have some effects between us," and he commenced a long research in all the corners of the two chambers. After an hour's hunting, he realized a costume composed as follows:

One pair of plaid trousers.  
One gray hat.  
One red cravat.  
One glove, originally white.  
One black glove.

"That will make two black gloves at a pinch," said Schaunard. "But when you are dressed you will look like the solar spectrum. But what of that, you are a colorist!"

Meantime, Marcel tried the boots. Cursed fatality! They were both for the same foot. The despairing artist then sped in a corner an old boot in which they put their brushes, and possessed himself of it.

"Like Garrick in 'Syllabé,'" said his ironic companion. "This one is pointed, and the other is square."

"Nobody will notice that. I will varnish them."

"Good enough! All you want now is the regulation black coat."

There came another knock at the door. Marcel opened it.

"Monsieur Schaunard!" said a stranger, standing on the threshold.

"That's me," said the painter, begging him to enter.

"Yes, monsieur, I can boast of that," murmured he to himself. "I am denying my gods."

"That is worth mentioning, young man," replied the delegate, in putting on the dressing-gown which had such a noble origin.

"Hang the gentleman's coat in the wardrobe," said Schaunard to his friend, with a significant wink.

"I say," murmured Marcel, in leaping into his proxy, and designating Blancheron, "some style about him. If we could only keep a little of him."

"I will try; but dress quickly and run. Get back here by ten o'clock, and I'll keep him till then. And don't you forget to bring me something in your pocket."

"I will bring a pineapple," said Marcel, going out.

He dressed himself hurriedly. The coat fitted like a glove, and he went out by the other door.

Schaunard put himself to work. As it grew dark, Monsieur Blancheron heard six o'clock strike, and remembered that he had not dined. He so remarked to the painter.

"I am in the same fix; but to oblige you I will let it go to-night, although I was invited to dine in the Faubourg Saint-Germain," said Schaunard. "But we can't disturb ourselves; that would compromise the resemblance."

He turned to his work.

"However," said he, carelessly, "we could dine here without disturbing ourselves. There is an excellent restaurant down stairs, and they could send up whatever we wanted." And Schaunard waited the effect of his trio of plurals.

"An excellent idea," said Monsieur Blancheron; "and, in return for the suggestion, would you do me the honor of keeping me company at table?"

Schaunard bowed.

"Hurray!" said he to himself, "this is a man worth knowing; a veritable envoy of providence. Will you select the bill of fare?" he asked.

"You will oblige me by doing it yourself," said Blancheron.

## Philosophers vs. Oysters.

LITERARY philosopher once said that an oyster never made a mistake. There was greater profundity in this aphorism than would appear at first glance.

Making mistakes is a sign of life and activity. The man who never does anything worth while is immune from the danger of perpetrating minor errors, but what is a great deal worse, his entire career is one great big mistake.

Men who accomplish great deeds have small heed for the little errors. It is only the man of circumscribed vision, of limited capacity, of narrow views, who ponders long and deeply over each minor step in his affairs.

Successful men are those who are willing to make one mistake that they may accomplish nine things "worth while" who are willing to lose one little that they may achieve nine victories. And right here is a moral for advertisers.

Take any advertisement in any newspaper any day and present it for criticism to any ten or twenty people. Nearly every one will point out its deficiencies or show where, in their belief, it can be improved.

Yet the advertisement produces results—it tells its story. Its main good overcomes its small defects. The advertiser who plans his campaign and copy intelligently, puts vigor and force into what he does, and keeps "everlastingly at it," is the usual winner in the race for success.

If he should stumble in his judgment, or trip over an occasional obstacle, he does not let that alter his course, but keeps right on toward the goal with undiminished vigor and speed. Now you, Mr. Merchant or Manufacturer, take this home to yourself. Don't be afraid to make a mistake in advertising.

Realize that the biggest mistake you can make is not to advertise at all.

This simplicity gave Schaunard the measure of the man; above all, when he added that he desired his portrait painted with the finest colors.

"I never use any others," said Schaunard. "How large would Monsieur like his portrait?"

"As big as that," replied Monsieur Blancheron, designating a canvas.

"But how high does that come?"

"From fifty to sixty francs; fifty without the hands, sixty with."

"The devil! my cousin talked about thirty."

"That is according to the season," said the painter; "the colors are higher at different seasons of the year."

"What, just like sugar?"

"Exactly."

"Go ahead, then, for fifty francs."

"You're wrong; for ten francs more, I would put in the hands, in which I would place your pamphlet on the sugar question, which would be flattering."

"Egosh, you are right."

"Ye gods!" said Schaunard to himself, "if he continues I shall explode, and wound him with the pieces."

"Have you remarked?" hissed Marcel in his ear.

"What?"

"He has on a black coat."

"I understand, and I have your idea. Leave me alone."

"Well, Monsieur," said the delegate, "when shall we commence? It must not be delayed, for I sail shortly."

"I have a little journey to make myself; I leave Paris day after tomorrow, so, if you like, we will commence at once. A good sitting will advance the work."

"But it will soon be dark, and you can't paint by candle-light," said Monsieur Blancheron.

"My studio is so arranged that I can work at all hours," replied the painter; "if you will take off your coat, and assume the pose, we will commence."

"What do you want me to take off my coat for?"

"Didn't you say you wanted this portrait for your family?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, you ought to be represented in your home costume, in your dressing-gown. Besides, that is the custom."

"But I have no dressing-gown with me."

"But I have. The case is foreseen," said Schaunard, presenting to his model a ragged jacket, historic with paint stains, which made the honest countryman hesitate at first.

"That is a very singular garment," said he.

"And very precious," responded the painter. "A Turkish visier presented it to Horace Vernet, who gave it to me. I am a pupil of his."

"You are a pupil of Vernet?" said Blancheron.

"Yes, monsieur, I can boast of that," murmured he to himself. "I am denying my gods."

"That is worth mentioning, young man," replied the delegate, in putting on the dressing-gown which had such a noble origin.

"Hang the gentleman's coat in the wardrobe," said Schaunard to his friend, with a significant wink.

"I say," murmured Marcel, in leaping into his proxy, and designating Blancheron, "some style about him. If we could only keep a little of him."

"I will try; but dress quickly and run. Get back here by ten o'clock, and I'll keep him till then. And don't you forget to bring me something in your pocket."

"I will bring a pineapple," said Marcel, going out.

He dressed himself hurriedly. The coat fitted like a glove, and he went out by the other door.

Schaunard put himself to work. As it grew dark, Monsieur Blancheron heard six o'clock strike, and remembered that he had not dined. He so remarked to the painter.

"I am in the same fix; but to oblige you I will let it go to-night, although I was invited to dine in the Faubourg Saint-Germain," said Schaunard. "But we can't disturb ourselves; that would compromise the resemblance."

He turned to his work.

"However," said he, carelessly, "we could dine here without disturbing ourselves. There is an excellent restaurant down stairs, and they could send up whatever we wanted." And Schaunard waited the effect of his trio of plurals.

"An excellent idea," said Monsieur Blancheron; "and, in return for the suggestion, would you do me the honor of keeping me company at table?"

Schaunard bowed.

"Hurray!" said he to himself, "this is a man worth knowing; a veritable envoy of providence. Will you select the bill of fare?" he asked.

"You will oblige me by doing it yourself," said Blancheron.



Handbag of Twine.  
Handbags and belts of fine white woven twine are the newest accessories for all white costumes.

The bags are quite generous in size and exceptionally strong. Belts are dainty and quite lacy looking. Both launder well. An admirable feature of the belts is that an invisible strip of elastic is woven into the belt, so that it fits the figure snugly without any drawing or strain on the woven twine.—Philadelphia Ledger.

To Work in Burma.  
Miss Nellie Ma Dwe Yaba, of Bassem, Burma, has completed a six weeks' course in the Moody Institute, Chicago. She planned to spend a month lecturing in the Eastern States and then sail for England, to remain six months before returning to her native country, where she intends to work as an organizer for the Young Women's Christian Association. Miss Yaba has spent four years in the United States. She completed a course at Ann Arbor, Mich., before entering the Moody Institute.—New York Sun.

The Divorce Zone.  
A girl recently returned from a series of visits asked not to be questioned as to how much she had enjoyed it, as she had been living in the divorce zone. "In every family in those places, and I went to five colonies," she said, "there had been a divorce, and the one topic was the heart hunger that had made one or the other seek fresh fields." I could not quite understand why any woman should be "hungry for love and sympathy" when endowed with a decent husband and children, or why it was always the most eligible bachelor that was hungered for.—New York Tribune.

Elected Honorary Chairman.  
Dr. Sarah Dolley, of Rochester, was elected honorary chairman at the meeting which the women members of the American Medical Association held in New York City for the purpose of devising means for educating the public in the prevention of disease. Dr. Dolley was the second woman in this country to take a medical degree, the first having been Elizabeth Blackwell, who now resides in England. She is the honorary president of the Women's Medical Society of New York State, which celebrated her eighty-first birthday last March with a dinner in Rochester.—New York Sun.

Beefsteak Pie.—Crust for pie: Ten ounces of flour, a teaspoonful of baking powder, half a teaspoonful of salt—mix; one-quarter pound of lard, rub in one-third of the lard lightly with the fingers, and make to a paste with cold water. Knead lightly, and roll out lengthways; put the remainder of the lard on one end, not too near the edge, and fold the other part of the paste over; press the edges lightly; roll out; roll and fold up three times; roll out the last time the size of the deep pie dish. To make the pie: Take one pound of lean steak and cut into medium-sized pieces; split carefully in two or three, to be as thin as possible; mix together one-half teaspoonful of flour, one teaspoonful of salt; one-quarter teaspoonful of pepper; dip the meat in it and roll up; set on end in a medium-sized pie dish, the edges of which have been previously wetted (kidney cut up in small pieces, mushrooms or oysters added are all an improvement). Place the crust on; make a hole in the center; brush over with milk, pinch the edges, and decorate with leaves cut out of the paste. Bake an hour.

To escape a single existence—it is an honest and honorable state.  
The school girl—time will change her vision.  
The too-ready girl—any man could win her.  
Under brain storm—you will recover.  
With a sandwiched heart—you will rue it.  
To spite somebody—you are storing up trouble.  
In haste—you will repent at leisure.  
And forsake other filial duties.  
But—  
Do marry where your heart interests are tried and proved; steadfast and immovable; constant and pure. They who so choose have mastered themselves and are the pillars of society. "To thine ownself be true."  
—Wyalusing.

Multitude of Mantles.  
This season is to be one of capes, not coats. The old fashioned worsted mantle is revived. There is the cape d'Espagnole, the Cavalier cape, the Henry II. mantle and the Louis XIII. mantle.

The latter is not a wrap, but a drapery. It is very artistic and provides a way to continue using the ever graceful scarf. Whether Marguerite La Croix, of Paris, really originated it or not, is hard to tell, but her name was given to it at the races not long ago.

It is of gold or silver tissue, of chiffon or gauze, in any suitable color, and may be bordered with a wealth of decorous ornament. It is caught on each shoulder at the back, drops down into folds that reach the knees and then goes up the fronts and

Fashion Note.  
A rage for champagne color is on. Gooseberry will be seen, particularly in velvets.

On some of the most fashionable stockings lace monograms appear.

Emerald green is an exception to the rule for tones that might be called dull.

Dull, rusty-looking colors prevail, with red as a brilliant exception to the rule.

Browns on the khaki and leather order have been promised us for several weeks.

A particularly cheerful tone is known as ripe cherry, promising a big run for hats.

Colored shirt waists have a double pleated frill made of two rows of Valenciennes lace.

High tan shoes, the lower part made of ordinary tan leather, the uppers of high brown suede. The shoes are buttoned.

Little wraps that end in dainty sash ends and front tabs and have skeleton body parts are one of the season's introductions.

Hats made of fine bastiste, quite simply arranged with a band of velvet ribbon around the crown, are enjoying a remarkable vogue.

Mourning ruching is made of three rows of pleated tulle, two rows of white with a row of black in between. It is neat and crisp looking.

Black velvet hats are faced with colored broadcloth to match the gown. This foretells an extravagant season, since the tendency seems to be for a hat to accompany every gown.

A shade of red that will be fashionable is terra cotta. It requires care in manipulation, of course, although an all terra cotta hat, with a black frill, would be charming.

On shoppers, rather than in the shops themselves, a noticeable number of flower trimmed hats. All sorts and descriptions of flowers are used, and most of them are evidently new.



PRETTY THINGS TO WEAR.

## State of Pennsylvania

Honor Ex-Governors.

Considerable interest has been aroused in Capitol Hill by the movement inaugurated by the Pennsylvania Public School Memorial Association to secure a monument to Thaddeus Stevens and ex-Governors George Wolf and Joseph Ritner in this city. The movement, which is in charge of Colonel O. C. Bosbyshell, of Philadelphia, has attracted much attention among patriotic and fraternal organizations and members of the Legislature say they are being asked if the statues are to be put into the Capitol. The idea of the association is to perpetuate the services of the "Great Commoner" Stevens and the men who were ex-governors between 1829 and 1839 in behalf of what is now the State's magnificent school system. Numerous letters of approval have been received by Colonel Bosbyshell, it is said by men here who are taking an interest in the matter, and the next Legislature will be memorialized on the subject. It has been suggested that statues of the men be placed in the Capitol or in the park.

Child Kills Woman.  
Pittsburg.—Resenting a reprimand which Margaret Lang, 18 years old, a neighbor, caused him to receive, George Augustin, 7 years old, of Millvale, a suburb, fired at Miss Lang, killing her almost instantly. The shooting occurred at the Augustin home. A few weeks ago three cousins of the dead girl were burned to death in a fire which destroyed their home.

Luther League.  
Reading.—"Home Missions" was the theme at the sixty-fourth quarterly convention of the Central Luther League, of Berks County, held at Spangville. Addresses on home missions were made by Rev. A. C. Schenck, of Philadelphia; William Mearns, New Holland; Arthur T. Mielker, president of the Luther League of Pennsylvania, of Easton; and Rev. M. Luther Zweitzig, of Reading.

Canoe Club Officers.  
Easton.—The Riverside Canoe Club held its annual meeting here and elected W. A. Eynon, commodore; Ronald Richard, vice-commodore of the navy, and Harry Cleland, president of the club; Leslie Montague, vice-president; S. S. Hora, secretary, and Schuyler Nipes, treasurer.

Railroad Patterns Burn.  
Hazelton.—Fire destroyed several buildings and \$25,000 worth of patterns of the Lehigh Valley Railroad shops at Weatherly. The patterns were the production of years of toil and many of them were very valuable.

Train Runs Down Men.  
Sunbury.—While Dr. Harry McNeill, the pilot, and John Smith, a prominent resident of Milton, were driving over a Reading Railroad crossing here, they were run down by a passenger train and held in part of the wrecked carriage, which was dragged two hundred feet, before being released. They were badly lacerated and bruised.

Cars Kill Two Men.  
Scranton.—James Thomas and Joseph Stackhouse, masons, working in the Exeter colliery at West Pittston, were killed by a runaway trip of cars sent down the Red Ash vein, by the mistake of a switchtender at the head of the plane. Both men were married and leave families.

Firebugs Felled.  
Doylestown.—Well-laid plans of an incendiary to fire the unoccupied buildings of a farm at Levin, belonging to Lottie Croft, were discovered and the buildings were saved. The house, barn, shed and all outbuildings were saturated with kerosene and ready to apply the match.

Susquehanna Scholarship.  
Sellersville.—Hearty gratitude greeted the announcement by President Charles T. Alkew to-day that he had secured for Susquehanna University the establishment of three scholarships of \$1,000 each, to be given to students of this county. The donors are Rev. Dr. E. S. Bodine, of Hughesville; Rev. Dr. E. S. Brownmiller, of Reading, and A. M. Brown, of Tyrone.

Killed By Falling Clay.  
Reading.—While working under a bank of clay for the Glen-Gery Brick Company, at Shoemakerville, this county, Jacob Franke, a laborer, aged 70 years, was caught by falling clay and was injured so badly that he died a half hour later. His skull was fractured and he was injured internally.

Chain Dogs For 100 Days.  
Reading.—Dr. W. G. Huyett, of Wernersville, this county, a representative of the State Live Stock Sanitary Board, visited Rehersburg and ordered all dogs to be chained for 100 days, owing to an outbreak of rabies some time ago.

Snowball Battle In Sunbury.  
Sunbury.—Four inches of snow on Buffalo flyer, southbound, was utilized for a snowball battle by many passengers at Sunbury station.

Filthy Habit Leads To Jail.  
Bethlehem.—James Platish, of Siegfried, was sentenced to jail for five days for expectorating in a trolley car.

What Is Ice Cream?  
York.—President Robert Crane, of Philadelphia, who is presiding over the annual meeting of ice cream manufacturers of the State, impressed upon the association in an address that uniform laws should be enacted in all of the states on the question of "What is ice cream?" This, he said, would prevent trouble over interstate shipments and from dissatisfaction of manufacturers in states in which the standards set are higher than in others.

Quits Northampton Heights.  
South Bethlehem.—Rev. S. Martin Wenrich resigned as pastor of St. Matthew's Lutheran Church at Northampton Heights to become pastor of the Pleasant Valley, Monroe County, charge.

Refuses To Leave Truck.  
Hazelton.—A Hungarian woman sat on the Lehigh Valley track, near Lattimer, and refused to move when the engine whistle was sounded. It was necessary for the engineer to stop the coal train, and the crew had to carry her away.