"BE STRONG."

Be strong to bear, O heart of mine! Faint not when sorrows come. The summits of these hills of earth Touch the blue skies of home. So many burdened ones there are, Close journeying by thy side: Assist, encourage, comfort them Thine own deep sorrow hide. What though thy trials may seem great, Thy strength is known to God; And pathways steep and rugged lead To pastures green and broad.

Be strong to love, O heart of mine! Live not for self alone, But find, in blessing other lives, Completeness for thine own. Seek every hungering heart to feed. Each sadder heart to cheer, And where stern justice stands aloof, In pity, draw thou near. Kind, loving words and helping hands Have won more souls for heaven Than all the dogmas and the creeds By priests and sages given.

Be strong to hope, O heart of mine! Look not on life's dark side; For just beyond these gloomy hours Rich, radiant days abide. Let hope, like summer's rainbow bright, Seatter thy falling tears: And let God's precious promises Dispel thy anxious fears. For every grief a Lethe comes; For every toil a rest. So hope, so love, so patient bear, God doeth all things best. -Womankind.

JOHN SMITH, DYSPEP-TIC.

It makes no difference if John Smith was born with indigestion, acquired indigestion or had indigestion thrust upon him, he was what the world calls a dyspeptie.

The widow Jamison had told more than once how Mr. Smith, when he came first to her boarding-house, wore only a stiff, bristle-like mustache, and did not then appear with the iron-gray side whiskers which distinguished him, and which he literally kept trimmed to a hair. She told, too, how her feelings had been hurt when first her oldest boarder began to grow the whiskers. It was some time after he came to her house, a year or more, perhaps. She had got so she thought she understood him pretty well. At any rate, she knew just how brown he wanted his apples baked, and just what apple he preferred to have baked. She knew too, that he would eat only the prunes that were distinguished for their plumpness after they had been stewed. She knew just how he wanted his bread toasted, and she knew, too, that he would not eat the toast if he knew the bread was less than two days old. She knew how rare he wanted his roast beef, and what part of it he preferced. And she had ground indelibly in her memory the only kind of oatmeal he would eat, how long he wanted It cooked, how warm the milk must be which he put with it, the exact numfer of seconds which his eggs must be

and now fresh they must be. Ste understood further how he wanted his knife and fork and his napkin placed on the table. He had told her that it was better to have the knives and forks lie north and south because of the electrical influences at work all the time, and she remembered it. Mrs. Jamison never considered him a crank; she said only-he was much younger than she-that "he suffered so much from dyspepsy." So she humored him In all his whims, and pleased him, as she thought; for he had told her in a burst of good feeling one Christmas morning that he had never enjoyed such good cooking anywhere as he had at her boarding-house. And that Christmas Day seemed more merry to her than any other. And if she had that his few words had made her morehappy than anything she had heard died and left her to make her way in the world as well as she might. But the impression which Mr. Smith had created at the time did not last long. He began to grow the whiskers, the widow had told her intimates, and she had asked him why. He snapped out to her that he was growing them be cause his looking glass, which he cousulted daily, had told him that he was getting thianer, and he wanted to hide that fact from his friends and fellowemployes in the office. "And really," Mrs. Jamison had do clared, and always in a tone of sorrow, "he was gittin' fatter all the time. Of course, he was never what yu'd really call fat, but he wusn't thin then though he was thinner when he first came to my house. I felt dreadful cut up about it." In the mental distress caused by that Incident Mrs. Jamison actually got one of the baked apples too brown, and strange as it may appear, kept the eggs in the water all of twelve seconds too long, both of which lupses were discovered on the instant by Mr Smith That night he informed Mrs. Jaml son that he would be compelled to leave her house, that he could not remain longer in her establishment and sacrifice himself as a martyr to had cooking. He took longer to say it than that, and seized the opportunity to point out in just what way the offenses had been committed. He had saved the based apples and the ergs and during the course of his remarks, produced them as evidence of what he termed in his own mind the "vicious carelessness, or worse," of his bound ing mistress. On that occasion Mrs. Jamison was so taken aback at first that she hardly knew what to say in reply to his an monneement. She tried to speak, but could not. She could feel the breath passing through her throat, but she could make no sound. Her agitation was extreme. She put one hand to the back of her head and feit of her do his cooking, he need never fear that up the street in a harry. Detroit Free

She didn't know it was loose, she Ily. That was a powerful argument didn't even think it was. If she had thought about it at all she would have remembered that it was her new switch she had on and that It was well pinned, which would have been a comforting reflection. But she thought of none of those things. The movement of her hand to the

back of her head was purely mechanical, and Mrs. Jamison dld not reaily know that she had performed that action.

Mr. Smith noticed the movement, however, and thought to himself what a hollow mockery for some women to claim that they had a soul, a heart, or any feeling of any kind, for that matter. Here was he, he thought, pleading, as one might say, for his very existence, and there sat that monster of a woman staring at him blankly and arranging her hair.

Could anything be more outrageous? What was her hair-it was probably false, he thought-or the hair of all the women in the world, for that matter, as against his digestion? Could it be that Mrs. Jamison was really mocking him, and toyed with her hair to make him understand that she considered his digestion, his existence, of very little account?

He had become quite excited by the thoughts which flashed through his mind. His hands began to shake and his head seemed to whirl for a moment. He got in such a state of agitation that he well nigh lost all control of himself. As it was, he thought he said in ordinary tone, but shouted: "It's outrageous!" The vehemence displayed by Mr. Smith was so great, the force with which he made the exclamation was so explosive, that it roused Mrs. Jamison from the semi-stupor into which she had been thrown by his first words. She wondered how it had happened that she had blundered so; how it had occurred that she was not so careful as was her wont was beyond her comprehension. And he, poor man, ne must have suffered so, she thought, because she had never seen him quite so agitated before. The agony his words had caused her made her heart beat audibly. And he had told her he was going to leave her house! The very thought of it made her feel limp, and in the very agony of despair, and not knowing what she said, she almost wailed:

"Good Lawd, Mr. Smith, you're fatter now than you ever wus!"

"It's a lie!" shouted Smith.

He strode toward the door, and Indignation seemed to radiate from him. On the threshold he whirled about se suddenly that the baked apple, which he was carrying on a small plate that had been given to him by his mother when he was a boy, flew from the plate as if anxious to get away from the center of sc much excitement, and struck one of Mrs. Jamison's newly covered parlor chairs with a thud.

Under ordinary circumstances Mrs. Jamison would have been up in an instant to see how much ruin had been wrought by the apple. But on this se casion she did not even notice where the apple had landed. Her eyes were fixed on Mr. Smith, as he stood in the doorway, looking at her indignantly. Like one in a dream she heard him repeat: "It's a lie, I say." And then: "I was weighed this morning and again this afternoon and I was a whole pound lighter than I was three weeks ago." Then he was gone. Mrs. Jamison sat quite still for a few moments. Then the tears began to gather in her eyes. She rocked herself to and fro for a moment. As the tears began to roll down her cheeks she got up, put out the gas and stole quietly to her own apartments. When she appeared in the dining-room in the morning she seemed to have grown a year told it all she would have confessed older during the night. Mr. Smith was there, and she greeted him just as pleasantly as had been her wont. She since the dear, good man Jamison had wondered if he was going to leave her house for good after breakfast, and felt faint at the thought. But no such idea was in his mind at that time. Her remarks that he had gained flesh since he had been at her house was a seed that had fallen into good ground in his brain, and flourished during the night into the conviction that he had really grown a little stouter since he had been living at Mrs. Jamison's house. He had been awake most of the night thinking of it and had consulted the mirror many itmes, and had not enrived at the final conclusion until after daylight in the morning. But with that conviction, he decided he would rumain where he was, also that he had done Mrs. Jamison a gross injustice and made up his mind to tell her so at the first opportunity. So after breakfast he did tell her so and apologized for his conduct and language of the night before. She, good soul, told him simply that she was glad he was going to remain with her. And when he was gone she yowed mentally that thereafter, so long as she had the senses of smell, sight and hearing, she would never again permit anything to go on the table for Mr. Smith that was not to his liking. That was the situation at the time that one of Smith's fellow clerks got untried.

with him, and it sunk deep into him. What if Mrs. Jamison should die, he thought, or decide to give up the boarding-bouse? Who would he find then to prepare his food as she had prepared it? He couldn't marry ber, of course, but wasn't there some of the young women among his few acquaintances to whom he could safely intrust the task of cooking for him for life? He thought there was, and determined to settle the fact without delay, for he was firmly convinced that he must get married as soon as was consistent with absolute safety. So he called on one eminently practical young woman, a Miss Moore. She seemed a good, home-like young woman, and he had heard that she was as good a cook as her mother, and her mother had quite a reputation in that direction. He called on her a number of times, and by degrees made her aware of the food he wanted and how he wanted it cooked. Her mother invited him to tea one Sunday evening and had told him her daughter would bake him a couple of apples. He went to tea, he sat at the the table, the apples were placed befor bim. One glance, and the matter was settled in his mind forever. The apples were not half brown enough. If Miss Moore could be so careless now, was the thought which flashed through his mind on the instant, when she had everything to gain by exercising care in cooking for him, what it would be later when she had hooked him? He shuddered at the thought, and shuddered as he ate the apples out of common politeness. He left the home of the Moores early in the evening and never went back there again.

Smith was discouraged for a time, but tried again, this time with a Miss Brown. The result was about the same. While Miss Brown baked the apples just to his liking, she made him toast from fresh bread. Fresh bread! The very thought caused a perspiration to break out on him. He had visions of writhing and groaning and pale features as he ate it. He decided on the instant that Miss Brown would never do for him.

There is no necessity for recounting all the experiments Smith made with the cooking of different young women. One did not cook his eggs long enough, another cooked them too long; the oatmeal prepared by another was simply, raw. One offered him tomatoes with? out straining the seeds from them when she knew as well as he that appendicitia was now a common ailment! So it went on from one to another, until Smith was in despair. What should he do-what could he do? he asked himself. In all there was not one woman who could cook for him!

Smith groaned and went down to the supper table. He found Mrs. Jamison there, smiling as asual, and everything on the table that he wanted and just as he wanted it. Mrs. Jamison seemed quite cheerful, he thought, and then a new thought flashed through his mind. He finished his supper hurriedly. Then he donned his hat and overcoat. He hurried out and to the grocery on the corner. "I just want to weigh myself," he said to the grocer. He was two pounds heavier than he had been before!

THE FASHIONS OF OLD bia, where a black mole is considered

BELLES AND DANDIES.

Breeches So Large that They Served as a Storeroom and Were Sometimes Stuffed with Bran-Patches as Adorn-

ments-Other Enormities.

Styles that Were. If some of the dandles and beau of other days could only return to the flesh and wearing the habilin of their age what a sensation the would create! Imagine a dandy of the reign of James I. of England walking into your home with breeches large enough, if extended, to shelter a moderate-sized circus; or a fair daughter of Eve of the seventeenth century beam-



LORD HOWARD OF EF-tude. We read FINGHAM. breeches" tied above the knee, ribbons extending up to the pockets, ribbons hanging all about the waistband and shirt hanging out from the opened vest front. We read of breeches "almost capable of a bushel of wheat" and of

the British dandy of the m

FASILION OF THE PATCHES breeches by a protruding nall in his chair so that by the time he gained the door the escape of bran was so great as to cause a state of complete collapse.

Breeches as a Storehouse. A law was made "against such as did so stuff their breeches as to make them



AN ALSATIAN BELLE

a beauty spot. Hence those in England to whom nature had denied the boon of a black mole endeavored to imitate QUEER CUSTOMS OF OTHER it by means of black slik and paste. Our illustration of this fashion represents a lady of the latter part of the seventeenth century with a star and two half moons, a circular mark and a coach, coachman and two horses, with postillions, upon her face. Patches were even made a symbol of political allegiance, ladies favoring the Tories patching the right side of the face, while those who adhered to the Whigs atched the left side. After 1766 patchon the face were discontinued.

Masks Were the Fashion. Masks formed another fashionable decoration for the face, half masks and whole masks being optionally used. The masks, when not worn, were suspended to the side by a string; when used they were held in position by the teeth by means of a round band fastened on the inside. During the reiga of Charles II., of England, few ladies visited the theater unmasked. Hoops, which were an extension of

the "padded or false hip" of the fifteenth century, did not come into very general use until toward the close of the seventeenth century. A paper of a little later period speaks of a chairmaker, "one William Jingle, who contrived a chair six yards and a half in circumference, with a stool in the center of it; said vehicle being so contrived as to receive the passenger by opening in two in the middle and closing



OF 1646.

when she is seated." The same Jingle "invented a coach for the reception of one lady only, who is to be let in at the top," and the paper continues, "the said coach has been tried by a lady's woman, in one of these full petticonts. (hoops) who was let down from a balcony and drawn up again by pulleys to the great satisfaction of all who beheld the sight."

One of our illustrations represents an Alsatian (French) belle of 1727. The most singular feature of this beauty is the coiffure, which consists of an enormous three-cornered edifice of satin, lace and jewels, stretching out on either side far beyond the width of the figure and standing up in a point in front.

Two of our illustrations, that of Sir William Russell and that of Lord Howard of Effingham, deal with the time of Elizabeth. In the representation of Sir William Russell the immense ruff worn very generally at that time is shown. A railer against the vanities of those days says: "There is a certain liquid matter which they call starch wherein the devil had learned them to

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Beware of your brilliant ideas. Scars are merely the tracks of erperience.

One sometimes runs a great risk while standing still.

The chickens of others sometimes come home to us to roost.

Some people appear to be utterly unable to do the best they can.

The gentleman is solid mahogany; the fashionable man is only veneer.

The most beautiful pictures are those that lovers carry in their eyes. A narrow-minded person is one who

considers every competitor an enemy. It is never safe for two people to marry unless they are real good

friends. Rest satisfied with doing well, and

leave others to talk of you as they please. A propensity to hope and joy is real

riches, one to fear and sorrow real poverty.

The thing that a man has, that he could give away cheerfully, no one else wants.

Every man is full of philosophy which he is unable to apply to his own necessities.

Some people never learn how to keep out of debt until after they lose their credit.

Every man has a right to his opinions, though they may not be worth shucks.

The man with nobody to care for is quite as badly off as the man with nobody to care for him.

A philosopher knows how contempt. ible the people are because he knows how contemp tible he is himself.

One kind act from those who have inflicted injuries should atone and wipe out a multitude of the latter.

Running in debt is as easy as rolling off a log, or walking down hill, but getting out--aye, there's the rub.

What we ardently wish we exert ourselves to possess, and hence it is that a high ideal is always so essential.

The Arab Character.

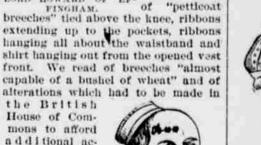
One day I was the guest of a general commanning the chief military division of Northern Africa, writes Poultney Bigelow in Harper's Magazine. It is better not to mention names, for people with official responsibilities usually dislike being quoted.

My acquaintance with General ---arose, however, through a good mutual friend; and as I was treated with frankness, I have every reason to consider his views in consequence.

"Can you trust these Turcos and Spahis in case of war?" I asked him. To this he replied by telling a story. That he had once been in the position where he was able to save a great Arab chief from disgrace and beggery. That chief had been friendly with him for many years, and was so overwhelmed by gratitude that he brought the general a costly present.

"I never accept presents from natives," said the general, in parenthesis. "Whoever accepts a present from an Arab loses his authority at once." The chief was very

a chagrine



House of Commons to afford a d d i tional accommodations for the members' seats. It is related of a

time that on ris. ing to conclude a visit of ceremony he had the misfortune

to damage his

Smith attended the wedding, and in the midst of all the joyousness he felt a sense of loneliness. It worried him, too, to see the guests eating all manner of confections and pastry. He would have substituted a patent predigested food for the cakes which were scattered about in such lavish profusion on the table.

Smith never realized his lone condition so much as he did after that wedding. He was so much impressed by it that when his fellow-clerks began to chaff him because he had not married he took it all seriously. They pointed out to him, knowing his werkness, that with a woman devoted to him to switch in order to see if it was loose . his took a suit not be prepared proper ; Trank

"Any increase?" asked the grocer, pleasantly.

"Yep, two pounds," answered Smith. with something like joy ringing in his tones.

"You're looking well," commented the grocer, as Smith hurried out again. He made his way to the parlor. Mrs. Jamison was there. He had made up his mind as to what he would do.

"Mrs. Jamison," said he, hurriedly, "I find I'm two pounds heavier than I have ever been before. Will you marry me?"

Mrs. Jamison recovered from the shock sufficiently to say yes and Smith was happy, for he was sure that thereafter he need not worry about his food,-New York Evening Sua.

An Unconsidered Remedy.

He stood on the dock looking at the water and the policeman, noticing him, became suspicious and walked over that way.

"What's up?" he asked, touching him on the shoulder.

"All," was the utterly despondent reply

"What do you mean?"

"All's up between me and my girl." "What did you do to bring it on?" "Asked her."

"And wouldn't she have you?"

"That's what she said."

"What are you going to do about it?" "How deep's the water off this platform?"

"Twenty-five or thirty feet, perhaps.'

"Would I strike bottom pretty hard If I jumped of ?"

"Not hard enough to hurt, I guess, ' "What would you do if I jumped in?"

"Hitch a boat hook in your collar and fish you out."

"And tear my clothes?"

"Likely."

"They cost \$15."

"Well, I couldn't stand on price at such a time."

"You wouldn't let me drown if I wanted to?"

"Certainiy not."

"You don't sympathize with me in my misery, you don't."

"Yes I do. I've been through it myself, but that's no way to remedy it." "Do you know any better way?"

"Of course I do." "What is it?"

"Brace up and ask her again." The victim of woman's wavering shook himself, straightened up, and

pulled himself down with a jerk. "By George," he exclaimed, "I never thought of that. Much obliged, Good-by." And he hustled off the dock and

dry will then stand stiff and inflexible lerd of to-day dressed like Lord Howard of Effingham! AGAIN IN USE.

> Adobe Houses Are Once More Being Built in the West.

> It is a curious thing that adobe houses, the earliest type of houses known in this country, are again coming to be used, as several have been re-

stand out, whereupon," says an old cently built in Colorado. Everybody authority, "when a certain prisoner who has ever seen a picture of a cliffwas accused for wearing such breeches dweller's town or of a pueblo village contrary to law he began to excuse knows what an adobe house is. The himself of the offense and endeavored adobe house is made of a peculiar by little and little to discharge himself sticky mud and is always sun drie4. of that which he did wear with them; The bricks vary in size and are generhe drew out of his breeches a pair of ally about 4 inches deep, 6 inches wide sheets, a brush, a glass, a combe and and 16 inches in length, while the outer night caps, with other things of use. walls of the adobe building proper vary saying, 'Your worships may underfrom 2 to 4 feet in thickness. One old stand that because I have no safer mission in New Mexico bonsts of an storehouse these pockets do serve me outer wall six feet in thickness. for a roome to keep my goods in and

Curiously enough, the exact recipe for mixing this adobe is held as a secret by the Mexicans and half-breeds. Not even have they disclosed the necessary amount of hay or straw to make up a perfect adobe brick. Mayhap the Egyptian told it to the Aztee and this wonderful race to the ancestors of the present. The building of an adobe

house must necessarily be confined to the months between May and August, at least in Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico, for frost is death to the unbaked brick. The adobe is prepared in the old-fashioned way-that of treading-and when the mud is worked to the proper consistency by the nervous feet of the Mexican it is placed in molds of the required size. The mortar is also of mud, but dries quickly, and is

as solid as modern coment. Wealthy



NEW ADORE HOUSE AT COLORADO SPRINGS

people in the West have taken up the fad and are building adobe houses and, if the fashion spreads, the time may yet come when the adobe dwelling will be the distinctive type of American architecture.

Gop can forgive sin, but He won't oless laziness.

wash and dive their ruffs, which being at the general's determination, and sought in vain to alter it. Finally, in about their necks." Imagine a British a fit of uncontrollable emotion, and with a choking voice, he raised his hand solemnly and said :

"General, you have saved me from dishonor. I owe you all I have. Let me make you a gift more valuable to you than any precious stone. It is one word of advice: Never trust an Arab-not one-not even me!"

With which strange, not to say paradoxical, warning the chief disappeared.

"That happened several years ago," said the general, "but each day I realize more fully the value of the strange gift. The Arab has his nature, which is not yours or mine. He may live twenty years with you; respect and admire you; serve you faithfully; even spill his blood for you-but all that counts for nothing. The next year he may cut your throat."

Old People of Philadelphia.

There was published in the Ledger of July 4th a record of the deaths announced in our obituary columns during the first half of the year 1894 of those who had lived to or beyond the age of eighty years. The total for that period was 433, of whom 164 were men and 269 women, the latter outnumbering the men by 105. During the last half of 1894, to December 31th there were announcements in the Ledger columns of the deaths of 370 persons who had lived to or beyond the advanced age of eighty years. Of these 163 were men and 207 women, the latter outcumbering the former by 44.

The total number of deaths of octogenarians, nonogenarians and centenarians announced in the Ledger during 1894 was 801, there being 325 men and 476 women, thus again emphasizing the usual proponderance of women. Of the males, forty-three reached or passed the age of ninety, and their combined ages make a total of 4003 years, while the aggregate ages of the eighty-four women, aged ninety or over, give 7571 years. - Philadelphia Ledger.

Tons of Caterpillars.

Thirty-six tons of caterpillars and a large number of cocoons were destroyed in the effort to drive the pest from the young plantation of trees on Hong-Kong Island, China. They appeared on the pine trees with which the Government is trying to reafforest the island, and lasted for two months. Stations were established where the caterpillars were received and paid for by weight; this method seems to have been successful. It is estimated that 35,000,000 insects were killed .-Scientific American.

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was accepted and well laughed at, and they commanded him that he should not alter the furniture of his storehouse." A Daudy of 1646.

though it be a straight prison yet it is

a store house big enough for them, for

I have many things more yet of value

within them.' And so his discharge

One of our illustrations is of a dandy of 1646, taken from an old print. He wears a tall hat, with a bunch of rib bon on one side, and a feather on the other; his face is spotted with "patches" and two love locks hang down upon his bosom and are tied at the ends with ribbon. The vest is left partly open, and the shirt protrudes. Ills breeches are ornamented at the knees, and his





legs are incased in "boot-hose tops."

"The tops of his boots," says an old

record, "were very large, fringed with

lace and turned down as low as his

The patches referred to in the above

description were introduced in the sev-

alternth seamer, prohably from Ara

spurs, which jingled like the bells of a

monice dancer as he walked."

