

LUCK AND LABOR.
Each doth wait, standing idly at the gate,
Wishing, wishing all the day;
And at night, without fire and without light,
And before an empty tray,
Doth sadly say,
"To-morrow something may turn up;
To-night on wishes I must sup."
Labor goes plowing deep the fertile rows,
Singing, singing all the day;
And at night, before the fire, beside the light,
And with a well-filled tray,
Doth gladly say,
"To-morrow I'll turn something up;
To-night on plenty earned, I sup."

The Black Lace Domino.

BY ELIZABETH M. LEVINE.

I AM a Baltimorean; but last February a year ago, business, in a combination with fate, carried me to Mobile. Pursuing my way up Royal street from the Battle House I was at a loss to account for the throngs of pedestrians which were pouring in two ceaseless streams up and down this thoroughfare. It was a motley crowd, consisting of masques, peanut vendors, street singers, organ grinders, nuns, priests and ordinary individuals of every class and variety.

I turned into Dauphin street, and came face to face with my old classmate and crony, Ferdinand Duval. "Why, Philip Blackburn!" he exclaimed, grasping my hand. "What good luck brought you to Mobile at the gay and festive season of Mardi Gras?" "Mardi Gras!" I ejaculated. "So that accounts for the galvanic thrill that has passed over the town."

"Don't abuse Mobile; there isn't a place in the Union that can compare with it. But she is at her best now—you know Mobile has been dubbed the 'Mother of Mystics.' The Knights of Revelry have just finished their procession. To-night the Infant Mystics and the Order of Myths have theirs, and then unite in a grand carnival at the Opera House. You must surely go. There'll be no trouble about a costume, I'll fix you up easily."

While Ferdinand rattled on we had been making our way up Dauphin street to the Alhambra Club, where he insisted upon my taking lunch. "And you must be sure," he added, "to come out home to seven-o'clock dinner—southwest corner of Conception and St. Anthony streets; you'll find no trouble in finding the place. I am sorry to say that Helene cannot go to the carnival to-night. She has not been well for some time. I say, Phil; if you come to Mobile next winter I'll introduce you to the prettiest little sister-in-law in the country. Margherita Pancita is her name—Helene's sister, you understand. I may as well announce here, by way of parenthesis, that Ferdinand pronounced his sister-in-law's surname as though it were spelled Ponchechter."

"Why can't I meet her now?" I demanded. "Well, for the present she is in a private boarding school, and the teachers have such poor taste as not to include young gentlemen of your fascinating appearance among their list of callers. But Margherita graduates in May. In the meantime you will have to content yourself with Helene and myself."

Duval was the most hospitable fellow in the world, and it was certainly a God-send to have met him. After a delicious dinner we joined the Order of Myths, of which Ferdinand was a member, and after making a triumphal tour of the city, we wound up at the opera house about eleven o'clock. He was a gay and brilliant Mephistopheles, while I was the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan. When was a masqued ball otherwise than enjoyable? True, I knew no one, but that was a matter of small consequence—nine-tenths of the gathering were in the same fix. But from the first I was attracted to a black lace domino that flitted through the throng like a swallow, so small, so light of foot was the wearer. From the black silk, lace-edged masque two large dark eyes gleamed like twin stars, the soft waves of blue-black hair were piled on the little head in a distractingly pretty fashion, while beneath gleamed the softest, creamiest throat imaginable. For some time I suspected that this fascinating little figure was, as it were, skirting on my borders, and this caused me to keep my eye on her; but I was totally unprepared when she finally walked up to me, as I stood alone after a dance, and deliberately tucked her hand under my arm. "Ferdy," she said softly, "I've gotten myself into a scrape, and you must get me out."

"Margherita!" I exclaimed, as familiarly as though I had raised her, "is it possible that this is you?" "Now, Ferdy," said my lovely companion, giving my arm a gentle squeeze, and looking into my face with two large, soft, beseeching eyes, "if you are going to call this poor little girl Margherita, she will certainly run away. You frighten her to death."

Well, here I was at sea again! What was I to call her? "I'm not too bad for Rita, indeed I'm not!" she exclaimed earnestly. "All right, Rita, my dear," I replied in a voice I was fain to hope to be brotherly, and covered her little soft hand with mine. "I was so astonished, you know—that made me call you Margherita. Go on with your story, child."

"And you'll not breathe a word to Helene?" "Not a syllable to Helene, or any living creature."

"Ferdy, I do know you are the best brother in the world. Well, I couldn't withstand the temptation to come here to-night. The idea of a girl seventeen years old being shut up in a school is preposterous anyhow. I have a quantity of black lace and I ripped up an old black silk skirt for the foundation, and made my domino without any trouble. Then as soon as I finished supper to-night I pleaded a headache and went to my room. I looked out the window to the veranda roof, and then by a tree to the ground."

She paused for breath. "How did you get over the wall?" I asked. "O, I never attempted the wall. I climbed the gate." The gate, though high, was iron, and had many a foothold. "Then I walked here."

"Rita Pancita! Did you walk four miles to this carnival?" "Certainly I did. And I've danced everything since I've been here, but I'm about to drop now. I couldn't walk that four miles back if I never got there. Ferdinand Duval, there are no two ways about it—you must drive me back."

"I shall be only too glad. But you can't go without one turn with me. Come."

never pass my lips. Won't you try to forgive me?" She looked at me in a bewildered way, then a burning blush rose and died all her sweet face, the white throat, even the little hands.

"It is very strange," she murmured, "but you have been kinder. Ferdy could not have been kinder; and then, as you say, you will tell no one, while Ferdy—well, I've felt all the time as though Helene was sure to know. Really, I am under a great many obligations to you."

Bless her little heart! Her innocence saw no harm in the deceit I had practiced on her. I felt like kicking myself all over Mobile. "Then you will try to forgive me a little?" I asked penitently. "I have nothing to forgive," she answered, trying gently to release her hands. "Indeed, I hope this shall not be the last time I shall ever see you."

"Believe me, it is not. You brother says you leave the convent in May. After that you will be very certain to see more than enough of me. But now good-night, indeed," and pressing a kiss on each of their little hands, I jumped in the buggy and drove off.

That was a year ago. Another mardis gras has come and gone, and I am drawing to a close. In Mobile there are several weddings booked to occur immediately after Easter; and, among the earliest on the list, cards are out for the marriage of Margherita Pancita. The groom—oh, blissful world!—is Philip Blackburn.—Atlanta Constitution.

Aluminum. During the past year a great deal has been learned about what may be called the practical qualities of that curious and useful metal, aluminum. Not long ago the public prints were filled with extravagant predictions of the wonders that we should see when the arts of extracting aluminum from rocks and clay had been perfected. One might have been led to believe that iron and steel would be forgotten when aluminum had once come into general use.

But as the process of obtaining the metal has been improved and cheapened, the public has learned more of its peculiarities, and it is now known that the introduction of aluminum, valuable as it is destined to be, will not quite abolish the use of the other metals which have served the purposes of mankind so long and so well. Aluminum is exceedingly tough, but it is not as strong as steel, and so cannot take its place. It is very bright and clean, but its surface will oxidize a little, so that it is not as incorruptible as gold. Still the uses of aluminum are legion, and almost every day we see it employed for some new purpose. We have heard within the past few months how the warlike German Emperor has been sending his agents abroad to purchase aluminum to be used in making canteens, cartridge shells and the metal trimmings of his soldiers' accoutrements.



A CHAIR CARRIED BENEATH THE GOWN. One of the most original inventions of the day is a little portable and invisible chair, which is very light, and easily adjusted under a lady's gown, so that it does not interfere at all with her walking. The person desires to rest, all that is necessary is to assume a position as if about to sit down on an ordinary chair, by which motion the apparatus adjusts itself.—New York Journal.

CORAL ORNAMENTS. A Paris correspondent writing of coral, once so fashionable in jewelry, but for so long out of favor, says it is now brought to the front in several displays. Paper knives with ivory or mother-of-pearl blades have arborescent coral handles. Silver and gold penholders exhibit similar handles. Small mirrors are framed with light and graceful floral motifs consisting of pink coral. A pair of silver candlesticks partly covered with coral sprays of flowers are beautiful.—St. Louis Republic.

EDUCATION FOR GIRLS IN HOLLAND. In the higher girls' school in Holland languages and literature form a very prominent part of the instruction, and the Dutch young ladies consider these two subjects a most essential part of their education. It was therefore to be expected that these sections would also be well attended at the universities; but this is, however, not the case. More and more voices are being raised against the fashionable training given to girls and young ladies in Holland, and it is now frequently the case that parents prefer to send their daughters to the boys' school—an arrangement which requires a special permission from the authorities, which is almost invariably granted.—Chicago Post.

ROUND WAISTS. The fashion of round waists will be continued all through the season. They are elaborated by jacket fronts, and thus made are especially becoming to slender figures. The Eaton jacket was a novelty introduced into the trousseau of Miss Cornwallis-West. It, too, like the square Figaro, cannot be utilized for stout women. One of the most successful visiting dresses is of navy blue wigmore, made with the bell-gored skirt, bordered at the hem by a side plaiting of black satin, above which appears a band of many colored passementerie in the palm-leaf pattern. The skirt is fastened by hooks on a bodice of black satin made full at the throat under a collar of the passementerie and brought down over the front by three enameled studs. Over this is a square Figaro bordered with a row of tiny palm leaves like the three-inch trimming on the skirt. The sleeves are of cloth and the back is in effect a princess, but, in fact, the meeting of skirt and bodice is hidden under a black satin ribbon.—Chicago Herald.

WOMEN TO THE FRONT. Lassa, the principal city of Tibet, is a remarkable place for one thing; Government recognizes the ability of women to manage and control a large proportion of the retail trade, that at certain seasons of the year demand unusual attention. From December to March a brisk business is carried on with "neighbors from abroad." Huc, the distinguished explorer, relates that china ware, rich carpets, attractive silk stuffs, and other commodities in great variety and large quantities are brought from western China; and from other quarters appear traveling merchants with well-laden camels and horses, revealing a tempting display of Russian goods, among which may be found gold lace, silken textures, and peculiar styles of jewelry, much in request in the cities and villages of Tibet; also many kinds of furniture are included in the list; and eastern Tibet falls not in simple provision of much-prized musk. The owners of these valuable "packs of richness and elegance" throw themselves heart and soul into the work of disposing of their various properties, for in three months "the season of absence from home with them is past, and early in March they must again take up the claims of farm and store and shop in their own land."—Harper's Bazar.

THE PAN FAD. An English paper that is quite progressive in its methods recently offered a prize for the prettiest fan designed. There were thousands of competitors, but the palm was taken and the prize was carried off by a little school girl only fifteen years of age. The fan was so very pretty in design that it deserved the prize. There is no doubt about it. It represented peacock's feathers done upon a changeable electric blue and green background. There was one very large feather extending from the side of the fan almost all the way across it, while several smaller feathers crossed the stem of the large one. In the other corner there was a bunch of peacock feathers, each one of which showed curious and beautiful play in colors. The fan had a ruffling so obstinately among us that it is difficult to keep women supplied with anything like the number of fans they crave. If you enter a house you see here, there and everywhere fans displayed in possible and what should be impossible places. Of all the fads that have raged recently the fan fad is certainly the prettiest and most sensible one. It is likewise capable of more artistic treatment than

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

CURING MEAT. To one gallon of water take one and one-half pound of salt, one-half pound of sugar, one-half ounce of saltpeter, one-half ounce of carbonate of potash. In this ratio the pickle can be increased to any quantity required. Boil these until all the scum rises, then skim it off. Pour the hot pickle into a tub to cool, then pour it over the meat. The meat must be weighted down to insure its being kept covered. Meat should be slightly sprinkled with saltpeter to remove the surface blood, and rinsed in cold water and laid to drain. In this way, two days after slaughter, the meat is put in pickle clean and neat. Blood is the tainting element. By following this method the meat will be always uniformly sweet, delicate, and of good color. Thin, lean meats only require to remain in pickle a few days when they may be used for cooking. Corned beef three to six days. Ham, bacon, chops and shoulders designed for smoking may be left in pickle four weeks, and smoked from a week to ten days.—American Agriculturist.

WASHINGTON'S BREAKFAST BREAD. This is the name given in some sections of the country to the cake or bread known generally as "Sally Lunn." On the Eastern shore of Maryland you will hear it called "Federal bread" by a great many people. In some cook books you will find mention made of it under the title of "Washington's breakfast bread." The "Father of His Country" is said to have been especially fond of this bread, and during his Administration it became such a fashionable bread for breakfast and tea that some facetious politician of the opposing party dubbed it "Federal bread."

This is a good recipe by which to make it: Stir a gill of liquid yeast or two half-ounce cakes of compressed yeast and a teaspoonful of salt into a quart of lukewarm milk and water, mixed in equal proportions; then stir in sufficient flour to make a dough somewhat softer than ordinary bread. Add a tablespoonful of melted butter and three well-beaten eggs. Pour into a pan and let it rise six or eight hours, or until thoroughly light, then bake in an oven of the same temperature as for bread. When done split in three or four layers, butter generously, replace so the loaf will assume its original shape and serve warm in slices.—Chicago News.

THE CHINA CLOSET. A woman who has pretty china and who deserves to have it, because she knows how to care for it, has a way of guarding against scratches and breaking in her ware by making dozens of mats of pinked cotton flannel, which she uses everywhere in her china closet. Every place where it is piled away in the closet has one of these soft mats laid upon it; every saucer and small flat dish has a mat laid over it before another is laid upon it; mats are laid over the tops of tureens before the covers are put on them and the cups and tumblers, instead of being piled upon each other, are set singly on the shelves.

Quite as careful is the way she puts her silver away. There is a lot of it and it's all solid, so in the logical way of many women she puts it safely away in a big Nuremberg chest and uses "plated" ware instead. But the way in which she packs it is an art of itself. There are bags great and small of cotton flannel, with draw-strings into which the larger pieces are slipped, but these are not uncommon among careful housekeepers. It is her pockets for the small pieces that commend respectful admiration. The knives, forks and spoons are not packed away in families, but each one has its own apartment. She doubles a large piece of cotton flannel, sews it up except on one side and then stitches it into a dozen little compartments, one for each piece. When these are carefully slipped into their places she rolls the pocket together and ties it with tape strings like an old-fashioned needlework.

But this care the little mistress boasts that her silver doesn't have to be cleaned oftener than twice a year. But she always forgets to say that she doesn't use it oftener than twice a year. The last touch of fastidiousness in the care of her china closet is the covering which she permits herself for the shelves instead of the paper commonly used. The covers are made of heavy white linen, exactly fitted to each shelf and with a frill of heavy linen lace hanging over the edge. Her china closet is a place to delight the souls of other women, if it doesn't fire them with envy. But then, as I said at the outset, she deserves it all because she loves it and knows how to care for it.—Chicago News.

ORANGE PIE.—Grated rind and juice of two sour oranges, four eggs, four tablespoonfuls of sugar; add the beaten eggs, then the rind and juice of the oranges, and lastly the whites beaten to a froth and mixed in lightly. Bake with an under crust. Fritters.—Three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one pint of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, a pinch of salt, flour enough to make a stiff batter. Beat thoroughly. Drop a large spoonful in hot lard. Fry brown and roll in powdered sugar when done. Raised Doughnuts.—Three eggs, one cup of sugar, one-third cup of butter, three pints of bread sponge. Mix with the hand as soft as possible; let it rise. Mold again; have the breadboard floured, put the dough on it, roll out half an inch and cut out. Let them raise half an hour. Fry in moderately hot lard. Duchess Potatoes.—Take two or three of mashed potatoes, add to them a gill of hot milk, a tablespoonful of butter, and palatable seasoning of salt and pepper. Beat the potatoes rapidly until they are perfectly white and light. Then form them into little balls; stand these balls in a greased baking pan, brush them with milk, and brown in the oven. Serve immediately.