

SOMETHING.

If the world seems cold to you,
Kindle fires to warm it,
Let their comfort live from you
Winters that deform it.
Hearts as frozen as your own
To that radiance gather;
You will soon forget to moan
"Ah! the cheerless weather."

If the world's a "vale of tears,"
Smile till rainbows span it,
Breathe the love that life endears—
Clear from clouds to fan it.
Of your gladness lend a gleam
Unto souls that shiver;
Show them how dark sorrow's stream
Blends with hope's bright river!

His Freshman Romance.

BY ABBIE FARWELL BROWN.

Apropos of finding photographs, did you fellows ever hear about Briarwood's romance. In our freshman year it happened.

Briarwood was not exactly in our crowd, you know, but we all came from the same fitting school, and so at first we saw a good deal of him. I remember I went over to his room that first evening after he was settled and found him sitting in his big armchair before the open fire. He jumped up quickly when I came in and laid something slyly on the mantelpiece. It looked like a photograph, and I began to blow him about being homesick so soon and asked if he was looking at mother's picture.

He flushed up quickly and said it was nothing to be ashamed of if it had been his mother's picture, but that as it happened it was no such thing. Then he changed the subject and asked how I liked the room.

"Have you noticed my desk?" he asked, pretty proudly. "I bought it of Thorne, the fellow who had this room last. He was first marshal last class day and a first-rate fellow, too, I judge. Great, isn't it, Stockton?"

It was a handsome desk—mahogany, roll-top, with brass knobs and all that. He unlocked and rolled up the top for my benefit.

"Thorne gave me the key himself, with his alumnus blessing, today," he said, "and when I asked if 'finding was having' he laughed and said I was welcome to whatever I found in the old ark, for he was pretty sure there was nothing but undergraduate dust in the cracks."

"But you did find something after all?" I asked quickly, for though he is a good lawyer now, he never could keep a secret in those days.

"Oh, well, not much," he said, carelessly; but I saw him glance toward the mantel. I guessed in a minute what it was, and before he could stop me I sprang for the photograph at which he had been looking when I entered. He jumped up angrily. "Give me that photograph!"

"Oh, ho! So it's a girl, is it? And a mighty pretty one, too."

The girl was evidently tall and dark, with a splendid figure, a strong face—almost masculine, but perfectly featured—and great big, dark eyes full of fun. She had a huge shade hat hanging by its ribbons and was smiling so as to show the prettiest teeth I ever saw.

"Thorne was a lucky fellow. I wonder—ah, here's a name on the back," I went on, composedly. "Rose Thorne. Pshaw! So she was only his sister! What a fake!"

Briarwood had the picture by this time and after putting it away in the desk turned upon me indignantly again.

"You had no business to meddle with it," said he.

"She's a stunner," I answered, "and if 'finding is having,' Briarwood, I advise you to hunt up the original pretty quick, old man."

With this parting shot I hurried out of the room, dodging the curve on a Greek lexicon that came tumbling after me. After that I saw more or less of Briarwood, principally less, for he soon grew too popular to stay in our set. He was easily the man of his class and no wonder, for take him all around, he is about as fine a chap as I ever saw.

It was one evening along about the first of June, I think, when one of the fellows—Goodrich, expelled the year we graduated—came running into my room all out of breath for laughing and threw himself into my chair, so weak he could hardly speak.

"Oh, it's the rich joke on Briarwood," he gasped at last; "it's the photograph he always carries around with him—'Rose Thorne'—oh, my eye!" And he exploded again. "That picture—it's Thorne's own photo, taken last year in the Pi Eta theatricals. Here's a duplicate of it. I found it in Van Ruyter's room today." And he pulled out of his pocket another likeness of the fair Rose Thorne.

The joke was too good to keep. The idea of dignified old Briarwood being in love with another fellow—a shaven and bewigged "Rose" blossoming on the Thorne tree!

"And he carried that thing around in his vest pocket next his heart!" roared Goodrich. "I saw it the other day at the gym. Oh, the soft meat! He'll never hear the last of this!"

Then we concocted the fine scheme. We agreed that the crowd should meet around at Briarwood's rooms some evening, quite accidentally, and manage to bring "Rose Thorne" into the talk somehow, till he fired up, then we would give it all away and explain that his lady-love existed only as a strapping alumnus, and the joke would be on him for the benefit of the whole college. For we planned to get a version of it into the "Lampoon," with portraits.

We set one night just before class-day for our seance, and all the boys promised to be there to see poor old Briarwood through with it. Well, sirs, that evening Harry was in his best mood. He had just finished his last examination and was feeling pretty fine altogether, for his year's rank was a sure thing; however, the profs might play the deuce with the rest of us. He did the honors in great shape and showed no sign of caring for any girl, let alone the photograph whose

original he had never seen. The boys began to put up the game before long. Goodrich was the one to start it off.

"I say, fellows," he called across the room, "don't you remember little Thorne? Yes, you do, at Adams' spread a year ago—little Rose in the red dress?" We had all come on for class day the year before.

"Oh, yes," said another fellow, with a grin; "you mean the girl who took too much champagne—"

"And couldn't walk to the carriage," chimed in Eddy, with his horse-laugh. "I remember that, fellows; I carried her."

"She was more than a handful for Thorne, that little sister of his," said another. And so they went on with their jokes about "Rosie," as they called her, each growing more personal in his hits, which were received with roars of laughter and assenting grins of delight.

Briarwood was all this time sitting glum and quiet by the window, with his head bent in his hands, pulling fiercely at his pipe without a word. Then Goodrich said, suddenly:

"I say, fellows, how many of you have her picture? She only gives 'em to the ones she loves best, sweet Sozodent! I got mine the night I took her to Mariave's for a little dinner after the theatre. How's that, Briarwood? Is that the way you got yours?"

Harry jumped up quickly and stood facing Goodrich defiantly, with his eyes flashing.

"Oh, you've got it there, we know," went on Goodrich, tapping his breast pocket. "I've seen it; isn't it like this?" And he pulled the duplicate out of his own pocket triumphantly.

But Goodrich overdid the thing—he always did. He was a coarse brute, and the faculty was all right to get rid of him as soon as they did. He made some other remarks which were quite unnecessary for the purposes of our joke and which we were all of us ashamed to hear, and then he stepped forward as if to grab the photograph out of Harry's pocket.

But Briarwood was thoroughly waked up now. With a gesture he flung away his pipe and then, planting his big fist squarely between Goodrich's eyes, sent him tumbling back with a crash against the door.

"It's a lie; it's all a—lie," he said, steadily and in a low tone. "She is Jack Thorne's sister, and I know she is a fine girl. I'm not ashamed to wear her photograph, but I won't take it out for you fellows to see. If any of the rest of you dare to say that Goodrich spoke the truth, let him step out and say it, and then I'll knock him down."

Just then there was a knock on the door. We must have made a terrible racket there with our laughing and jolly, and when Goodrich fell he made a big crash, for he was a heavy fellow—half-back on the team until he was expelled.

At any rate, as we all stood there looking sheepish enough, in walked Mr. White, the proctor. He stood holding the door-knob in one hand and looking first around at the crowd of us, then straight at Harry, who was still standing with his fists clenched, glaring down at Goodrich on the floor. Then Mr. White asked, sternly:

"What's all this row, Mr. Briarwood? Did you knock this man down?"

"I did, sir," said Harry, firmly.

"Why, may I ask?"

"He insulted a lady."

"A lady? What lady?"

Harry made no reply, and some of the fellows snickered. But Harry looked around quickly with a glance that made us all keep quiet.

"This is the lady's photograph," he said at last, steadily taking the picture from his breast and handing it to the proctor with much dignity. "She is the sister of a man who is an honor to the college. You know him, Mr. White."

No one said a word, even to explain the joke. Mr. White started when he saw the face, turned it over and read the name as if puzzled. Then, as if suddenly comprehending, he glanced around the circle of us with a quizzical look and a half contemptuous smile.

"Briarwood," he said, "you were quite right. I excuse your action and thank you in the name of the lady before all these gentlemen. Goodrich, get up and out of here as quickly as you can." Then turning to Harry again, he said, pleasantly, as if nothing had happened:

"Mr. Briarwood, there are a lady and gentleman waiting outside who would like to look at this room, if you are prepared to receive visitors now."

We all stood mute and awkward while the proctor, after receiving a puzzled, but gracious assent from Harry, turned and spoke to some one outside the door.

"Mr. Briarwood," he said, re-entering, followed by the two strangers, "I think you have met Mr. Thorne before. He wished his sister to see his old college room. It is the first time she has ever been to the college. I assure you, Miss Thorne, it is not usually so noisy here. The boys were having a little frolic tonight."

One by one we slunk silently out of the room, fixing our dazed eyes to the last upon the feminine counterpart of the unlucky photograph—a sweeter, far lovelier version of the

handsome brother, by whose side she shooed chatting graciously with Harry and looking coldly at us from under half disdainful eyelids.

We said little more to one another that night, but we all wondered, and wonder still, how much of that racket she ever heard. She had come to C— early for her first class day, for she had been studying abroad for the last three years and so had missed her brother's spread. But she had wanted to see his old room, now Briarwood's, and had stumbled upon our joke.

No, it didn't get around the college. I don't know whether Harry himself ever quite understood it. You see, we naturally did not care to have it noised around much, for even Goodrich agreed that the joke wasn't exactly on Briarwood.

Oh, yes, her name really was Rose. Thorne had written it on the photo because its resemblance to her was so perfect. We saw it still more plainly on class day, when she wore a big leghorn hat as she walked about the yard with Harry, the lucky dog! We hung around them anxiously, the whole crowd of us, hoping for an introduction, but neither of them paid any attention to us. That was only Harry's freshman year. You should have seen him at his own class day.

What's that? Of course, he did. Harry always got whatever he tried for, in college and out. Besides, hadn't Thorne himself agreed that "finding was having?" I rather think that Harry found something worth having on class day evening. It looked so.

—Woman's Home Companion.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

There have been thirty fatal terminations of prize fights since 1832.

Seven out of every eight loaves of bread eaten in London are made from foreign wheat.

The number of shops dealing exclusively in horseflesh in the Belgian ports exceeds thirty.

Sea weeds do not draw nourishment from the soil at the bottom of the sea, but from the matter held in solution in sea water.

In spite of the closest espionage, the diamond mining companies of South Africa lose, it is said, \$1,000,000 a year by theft.

Woman is a subject never mentioned in Morocco. It would be considered a terrible breach of etiquette to ask a man about his wife.

One of the stations of the railway which is to be built from the Red sea to the top of Mount Sinai will be on the spot where it is supposed Moses stood when he received the two tables of the law.

The Congregational church in Gilsun, N. H., completed 125 years of existence the other day. The damask linen cloth, woven on a hand loom, about 1790, is still used to cover the communion table.

According to the premier of New Zealand, a homing pigeon flew from Victoria to New Zealand in three days. The distance is about 1000 miles, and the bird must have flown without rest at a speed of about fifteen miles an hour.

In one consignment a feather dealer in London received 6000 birds of paradise, 360,000 birds of various kinds from the East Indies and 400,000 humming birds. In three months another dealer imported 356,398 birds from the East Indies.

A large sunfish weighing 488 pounds was captured off the south side of Nantucket, R. I., by a party of fishermen and brought into town, where it has been on exhibition, attracting large numbers to see this wonderful monster of the deep.

The Manx cat is not the only tailless variety. In Crimea is found another kind of cat which has no tail. The domesticated Malay cat has a tail that is only about one-half the usual length, and very often it is tied by nature in a kind of knot which cannot be straightened out.

Herr Marpmann has found microbes of various kinds in seventy-seven samples of ink—red, blue and nigrosine—supplied to schools, and some of the microbes were deadly enough to kill mice inoculated with them. He recommends that ink bottles should not be left open to the air in schools.

French Secret Police Methods.

I once spent an afternoon in a pleasant little villa on the banks of the Marne, with the former chief of police in the time of Napoleon III, up to the proclamation of the republic. No one would have thought, to look at the peaceful figure of the proprietor, a little man in sabots, with gray beard a la Millet, absorbed in cultivating the magnificent hortensias that covered his terraces, reaching to the water's edge, that his head had been a storehouse for all the machinations and turpitudes of that period of decadence which ended in a disastrous war and a revolution.

It was on that afternoon that I learned how the fatal Ollivier ministry was decided upon by M. Thiers and his political friends one evening in the conservatory of a beautiful French woman, living not far from the Opera. Two brothers, well known in the best Paris society, meanwhile distracted the attention of the guests in the salon by sleight-of-hand tricks and gymnastic feats on a Persian rug. And when I asked the old man how he knew all this with such precision, "From a femme de chambre," he answered, tranquilly, "all personages of importance at that time, at their own request, took their servants only from my hand."—Harper's Weekly.

A sponge with the great circumference of five feet six inches has lately been taken from the waters of Biscayne Bay Florida.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

Misses' and Girls' Bath Robe. The need of the bath robe is too apparent to require urging, writes May Manton. The model shown is comfortable and luxurious at the same



COMFORTABLE BATH ROBE.

time that it fits the figure sufficiently to insure satisfactory effect. The fronts are plain and loose, but the backs are fitted by means of a centre seam and side-back forms which extend to the edge of the skirt. Below the waist line the backs are laid in deep underlying plaits which provide fullness for the skirt. The hood extends across



ROUND BASQUE AND FLARE SKIRT WITH SHEATH YOKE.

the shoulders and forms a deep collar at the front. It is so formed as to allow of turning up over the head and affords ample protection against chill.

Tasteful Costume in Stone-Gray.

The popular fancy for cloth is exemplified (see large picture) in a stone-gray tastefully trimmed with black velvet, worn with a hat of gray and black, and gray gloves. The waist, which makes a grateful change from the blouse, is made over a fitted lining that closes at the centre-front and includes smooth-fitting under-arm gores. The handsome vest, which is of velvet embroidered with jet, is attached to the lining at the right side and hooks over onto the left beneath the cloth front which is invisibly hooked into place. The bretelles, collar and belt are all of velvet made over stiff foundations, and the collar closes at the left side where it is finished by frills of black lace. The sleeves are two-seamed and snug to the shoulder where they are finished with small puffs. They are cut in square tabs at the wrists and edged with narrow velvet bands, while frills of lace fall over the hands. The flare skirt delineates one of the latest styles, and one that will be popular during the coming season. The trimming, which is velvet to match the bodice, is cut in bias bands and stitched along each edge.

The upper portion, or deep yoke, is shaped with a front gore that fits closely to the figure, its sides being joined to circular portions that meet

in a bias seam at the centre-back. Two backward-turning, over-lapping side-plaits arrange the fullness at the top in such a manner as to completely conceal the placket formed at the centre-back seam. A two-inch hem finishes the lower edge to which is stitched the flaring lower portion of skirt that is cut in circular shape, hemmed and decorated to match the upper portion. Each portion of the skirt should be lined throughout and the hems firmly stitched, the tops of lower portion being included in the stitching of the upper hem. Any style of decoration preferred may be employed, or a double row of stitching will provide an appropriate finish in tailor style. Firmly woven textures in serge, cloth, armure, chevot and other dress fabrics are commended for skirts in this style.

Girls' Frock in All-Wool Chevot.

Nothing gives better service for school and general wear than good quality all-wool chevot. The useful yet stylish frock here shown is made of the material in a bright shade of tan with trimming of brown. The simple childish waist is made over a fitted lining to which the full material is attached and which closes at the centre-back. The plastron-shaped trimming of brown chevot is laid over the upper portion and extends over the edges of the full body. Its edges are finished with two bands of straight brown braid within which is a single hand in trefoil effect. The sleeves are one-seamed and comfortably loose without being large. At the neck is a straight standing collar trimmed with braid and showing a narrow frill of lace. The wrists are completed with straight cuffs of the brown trimmed in harmony with the collar. The skirt is straight and may be either hemmed or faced. The fullness at the top is arranged in gathers and sewed to the

band of brown. The band of chevot, which makes the decoration, is finished with straight and trefoil braid as is the plastron on the waist.

To make this frock for a girl of



GIRLS' FROCK.

eight years will require three yards of forty-four-inch material with one yard of the darker color for trimming.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Mushrooms generally consist of 90 per cent. water, but the remaining 10 per cent. is more nutritious than bread.

A French experimenter has succeeded in grafting tomatoes upon potatoes. The hybrid plant produces tubers underground and tomatoes on the stalk.

The Smithsonian institute has just come into possession of the Hallett Phillips collection of Indian implements and antiquities from the Potomac valley.

The eagle is able to look at the sun without blinking, by means of a thin, semi-transparent veil, which the bird can drop instantaneously over its eye. It does not obstruct the sight.

An electric locomotive in a Canadian coal mine shows a saving over miles of \$5528 in 200 days, and an electric pump in the same mine shows a saving over steam pumps of \$1573 in 970 days.

A new style of boat for use on the Yukon river is on exhibition in Seattle. It is composed entirely of iron and canvas, weighs less than 125 pounds, and can be taken to pieces and packed in a very small compass.

In the manufactures of Great Britain alone, the power which steam exerts is estimated to be equal to the manual labor of 4,000,000,000 of men, or more than double the number of males supposed to inhabit the globe.

The official reports show that the highest temperature ever recorded in California was 130 degrees, this being at Mammoth Tank, in the desert of San Diego county. Close to it was 128 degrees, at Indio, in the same county.

A new method of testing steel bullets has been devised in Germany. The balls are dropped from a fixed height onto a glass plate set at an angle. If properly tempered, they rebound into one receptacle; if they are too soft, they drop into another.

Electricity, where unretarded by atmospheric influences, travels at the rate of 288,000 miles a second. Along a wire it is, of course, vastly slower and a perceptible period of time is occupied by the electric current in sending telegrams over long distances.

A proposal has been made by M. Gabriel Viaud, a French chemist, to obtain easily assimilable iron tonics from vegetables by feeding the plants judiciously with iron manures. It would be interesting to know whether a suitable amount of iron could be absorbed in this manner.

According to the experiments of MM. Seguy and Quenisset, the X-rays cause dangerous palpitations of the heart. The experiments were made on medical students and upon themselves, and they describe the palpitations as violent and unendurable unless the rays were intercepted by a metallic plate.

Paper has been used for a large variety of purposes, but one of the newest is for the glazing (if one may use the term) of windows. The new paper panes have the appearance of "milky glass." They intercept the light rays while letting the heat rays through. This feature is considered by the inventors to be a great advantage for greenhouses. Paper "glass" is cheap and is said to last for years.

Sleep-Inducing Methods.

An article in the Lancet gives some hints on the inducing of sleep which will be of interest to all victims of insomnia. So vital is the necessity for sleep that any method by which it may be secured is worthy of attention. The means employed is to produce weariness by muscular exercise after retiring. "Lying on the back the patient first reaches for the foot and head board at the same time. He then raises his head half an inch; at the same time he breathes slowly and deeply about eight inspirations to the minute which are counted. After about twenty inspirations the head, which begins to feel heavy, is dropped. The right foot is then raised (the reaching for the boards and counting being continued) and similarly dropped when fatigued. The left foot goes through the same process. The muscles which are used in reaching for the head and foot boards are then relieved, and the body is elevated so that it rests on the head and heels. He then turns on the right side and reaches for the head and foot boards again, and raises first the head and the foot, as before. The same process as gone through on the other side. Thus eight positions have been assumed, and a large number of muscles used. If sleep has not been induced the same cycle is gone over again."—The Ledger.

True Prediction of Rain.

How often we hear the remark, "We shall have rain, the atmosphere is so heavy." The reverse is true. When one sees smoke hanging from a chimney with a tendency to sink to the ground, it indicates that the atmosphere is light—in fact, too light to float the smoke. When the smoke rises from the chimney it indicates a heavy atmosphere. A column of smoke is not a bad barometer, for a barometer simply records the pressure of the atmosphere. When the atmosphere is light and the smoke settles, the pressure of the mercury is light and the column falls, indicating storm. When the atmosphere is heavy and the smoke rises, the pressure is greater and the column rises, indicating fair weather.

Knew What He Deserved.

"I don't know what I would have done if it hadn't been for you!" exclaimed the discharged prisoner.

"Well, you would probably have done time," said the proud lawyer.—Boston Traveler.