

SPIN CHEERFULLY.

Spin cheerfully, Not tearfully, Though wearily you plod. Spin carefully, Spin prayerfully, But leave the thread to God. The shuttle of His purpose move To carry out His own design. Seek not too soon to disapprove His work, nor yet assign Dark motives, when with silent tread You view each sombre fold; For lo, within each darker thread, There shines a thread of gold. Spin cheerfully, Not tearfully, He knows the way you plod; Spin carefully, Spin prayerfully, But leave the thread with God.

Clint Loring's Neighbor BY JENNY WREN.

Clint Loring had fallen almost asleep in his chair on that warm September evening. He had been bending over his easel all day, and was worn out in mind and body. Painting for amusement and painting to keep the wolf from the door he found to be a totally different matter. In days gone by his studio had been constantly thronged, not with buyers (he had no need to foster his genius, but with friends and admirers—those who smoked his cigars and drank his wine, as they dilated on the merits of his pictures. He had neither the one nor the other now to offer them, and the pictures seemed to have lost their charm. Fortunately, there were a few dealers who cared more for art than the artist, and so when Clint one morning awakened to find himself practically beggared, he determined to make his talents available, and so he quietly moved away from the large and expensive quarters he had so luxuriously furnished to the plain upper room where we now find him dreaming, perhaps, of the past, when suddenly a woman's voice, rich, sweet and clear, breaks upon his reverie. He starts, awakened in an instant, and listens to the end. It is in the very room next his own. Nothing but a thin partition divides the two. Only last night a man's tread, heavy and somewhat uncertain, denoted its occupant. Tonight all had been silence, until the pure notes rang out upon the evening air. Somehow they lingered in Clint Loring's dreams that night, again with an echo of the dim past, when he had strolled at the opera by the season, and could gratify the very passion for music which possessed him. The room had had many tenants since he had occupied his own; but, with the next morning's dawning, his first thoughts flew to his neighbor, with a regretful wonder whether she, too, would be fleeing like the rest. It seemed not, for, as the days merged into weeks, there were many moments when Clint would forget his palette and brush, and listen entranced. He grew to feel a strange interest in his unknown neighbor. Never yet had he been able to catch a glimpse of her face. Sometimes a light, quick step would pass his door, but, let him turn his head howsoever quickly, it had disappeared. One night, returning home, rather later than usual, he caught sight, just ahead, entering the door, of a stylish, girlish figure, which ran lightly and swiftly ahead of him up the stairway. The figure was graceful, the dress plain, but he had little time to observe either as she hurried into her room and closed the door. A sudden impulse caused him to retrace his steps, and when next he appeared, he bore carefully in his arms a rosebush full of blossoms. He neither paused nor hesitated until he stood at his neighbor's threshold, when he knocked. A moment later the door opened, and the owner of the room stood revealed before him. It was a face worthy the voice. A little worn, a little pale, perhaps, for beauty, but with its wondering blue eyes and framework of Titian hair, one could easily imagine how perfect would be the picture, with here and there an added dash of color. Both stood in silence, she inquiringly, he wondering how he should begin, when he spoke: "You will pardon my intrusion, I hope, but I fear if I leave these flowers in my room they will fade and wither. I have not much time to give attention to such things. May I leave them with you?" "Oh, how lovely! Indeed, indeed you may! Thank you, very much," stooping to kiss one of the blossoms of the plant she held in her hands. "But how came you to think of me, a stranger?" "I had heard you sing, and I knew you were a woman, and all women love flowers. May I come in and tell you more about it? My name is Clint Loring, and I am your next-door neighbor. If I wait to be formally presented, I fear I shall never know you."

The old woman looked up only for a moment, as though nothing could longer detain her from her work. "It's not Henry," she muttered. "Henry will never come again." In other days, many women had smiled at Clint Loring, drawing him, they hoped, to their feet, but all had failed. He had gone on in his bright, happy, careless way, until the crash came, and then, without even a farewell word, he had taken his pride and his poverty out of their sight, lost in the great city. But a strange, sweet intimacy sprang up between him and his next-door neighbor. The rose he had taken her blossomed as no rose had ever done before, and it grew to be a nightly occurrence that he should leave a little offering of flowers or fruit at her door. All day, when she was absent giving the vocal lessons by which she lived, and he hard at work over his easel, his thoughts were with her. She had told him something of her early life—her girlhood—but nothing of her marriage; from that she shrank as from a blow. But still the old woman in the corner muttered of "Henry." She never heeded what they said, nor seemed to have a thought beyond her knitting, save the utterance of that one name. So the weeks sped into months, and winter was upon them, when Clint's heart called out against further silence, and demanded food for its hunger. He never doubted its answer, as he entered Edna Andrews's to ask her to be his wife. Their intercourse had been one of purest friendship—no talk of love had ever entered in; but still he felt she loved him, even as he knew he had given her the worship of his soul. Her patient endurance—her noble courage—her true womanhood—had first aroused the feeling; but it had grown and strengthened, until it formed part of himself. So, in the winter twilight, he told his story, and, in the shadow, did not note the great start his listener gave—how ashy white grew her face. A moment's silence fell between them, as he told the story of his love. Then she spoke, but her voice was harsh, as though struggling to choke down unbidden sobs: "From you, Mr. Loring, I did not expect this. I had grown to regard you really as a friend—to feel I had in you a protector—to lean upon the rock you seem to have afforded me—and, lo! I find it all quicksand. How could you? how could you?" and the slight frame shook with the passion of sobs which at last overcame her. "Edna, what do you mean? Have I, then, judged you so wrongly that the mention of my love thus agitates you? An honest man's love is no reproach. Forgive me, if I have erred and startled you from your repose. In my hope of taking you from this life of toil, in sharing with you all I have—which, thank God, is enough for both—I forgot to break it gently. I am not a rich man, Edna, as you know; but I am succeeding in my art beyond my anticipations, and I could have offered you a home more worthy of you, my darling. Do you so shrink from the thought of becoming my wife?" "Your wife?" she almost gasped. "What else, Edna, could I offer the woman who has opened my eyes to a perfect womanhood?" "Your wife? yours? Am I not a wife already—deserted and betrayed, it is true, but bound, hand and foot, by the fetters he has forged?" "Yes, yes, Henry will come back!" muttered the old woman, in her corner. "You hear her? It is he of whom she speaks—Henry, my husband. Listen and I will tell you all. It is your due. I married him when I was but sixteen, attracted by a handsome face, a few loving words. Well, he won me, no matter how. I had not been his bride three weeks before he told me he had married me for my dowry—that he needed money, and must have more. Then I obtained it; but my father, a rich farmer, grew tired of my repeated demands, and refused me more. When I told him this, he struck me, in his anger, and left the house. I have never seen him since. He forged my father's name for a large amount, obtained the money, and fled the country. It is his aunt, not mine, of whom I have the care. She is always looking for his return. My parents died soon after, and my father was so incensed that he left me penniless. Yet, thank God, I have youth and strength, and though I never again can listen to your words of love, though we must part today, perhaps never again to meet on life's highway, I shall remember that one true man has loved me." With an ashy face he heard her to the end. Her eyes, looking into his with a great despair, told him what her lips dared not utter, but in them was a resolution as well, which he dared not combat. He rose like one stricken, turned toward the door, then retraced his steps, and opening his arms, clasped her in an embrace she was powerless to resist, rained passionate kisses upon cheek, brow and lip, then, without another word, went out into the night. The next morning found him tossing in high fever, unconscious and delirious. The long excitement, constant work, with this last shock, had been more than even his strong frame could endure, and it had given way at last, and cast him adrift and helpless in the fever's strong hold. For weeks he lay hovering between life and death; but when he opened his heavy eyes, it was on the pale, worn face of the woman whom he loved, who had mingled in all his dreams, that rested, and his first question was: "Why did you not leave me? Why return for a second parting?"

"Because—because," she whispered, in answer, while a wondrous light beamed in her eyes, "I need never leave you, Clint, if you will keep me. I am free, dear. The news of my release came to me after you were taken ill. My husband died a year ago—died as wretchedly as he has lived. The disappointment was more than his aunt could bear, and she, too, lies under the sod. I am alone in the world today. Clint, have you room for me?" With a wonder if it were not still delirium, and a prayer that it might last forever, Clint Loring opened his arms, and the weary, storm-tossed woman had found rest at last—rest and love. Clint lost his neighbor—he found his wife.—Saturday Night.

HIGH PRICES FOR LAND.
More Than \$330 Per Square Foot Paid for a Lot in New York.
The most valuable plat of ground in this country, at least, the one that has commanded the highest price, is located at the corner of Broad and Wall streets, New York city, in the heart of the great financial district. Several years ago, says the Washington Star Mr. Wilkes established a record for high-priced realty by paying \$168,000 for 508 square feet of ground on this site, or \$330.70 per square foot. The immensity of this rate of valuation can best be appreciated by measuring off a square foot of space and then comparing its dimensions with those of \$330 in money. Such a comparison will show that if Mr. Wilkes had paid for his property in one-dollar bills he would have been able to cover his entire lot with 82 layers of greenbacks, or he could have paved it with four tiers of silver dollars placed edge to edge as closely as they would lie. Doubtless if the worthy Dutch burghers of New Amsterdam could return to earth they would be astounded to learn the value of the land on which they pastured their cows 200 years ago. Though no other piece of ground has commanded an equal price per foot, there are several other plats in New York city which are quite equal to the Wilkes property in value. For example, a considerably larger lot on the northwest corner of Nassau and Pine streets, one block above the Wilkes property, was sold last year for \$250 per square foot, and the opposite corner of the same streets, including 6043 feet, was bought by the Hanover National bank for \$1,350,000. The lot on the corner of Broadway and Maiden lane, and the site of the Commercial Cable company's building in Broad street, are also properties that could be covered fifty deep with dollar bills out of their purchase price. Probably the largest amount ever paid for the site of a single building was that given by the Broadway Realty company for the lot on which the Bowling Green building has been erected. This sky-scraper, which is the largest in the city, extends from Broadway through to Greenwich street, and covers 29,152 feet of ground, for which \$3,000,000 was paid. This is \$102.90 per foot, and though the price per foot is less than has been paid for several other plats, the total represents an enormous sum to pay merely for the ground on which to erect one building. One peculiar effect in real estate values that has followed the sky-scraper era is the extraordinary price which has been put upon sites that are suitable for very high buildings. Spots with open surroundings, on which other lofty structures are not likely to be built, are, of course, the most desirable for this purpose, and such places are few in the city of New York. The result is that many buildings which are already very profitable are being torn down to make room for the erection of sky-scrapers.

Child Saved by a Bear.
Residents of Apalachin, N. Y., had a bad scare recently, when the four-year-old child of Henry Rathburn started out alone to look for trailing arbutus. It was half an hour before she was missed, and then all trace of the little one was lost. Her distracted father and his neighbors joined in the search. While passing through a ravine they were startled to see an uncouth object shambling toward them some distance up the road, carrying a bundle in its mouth. Closer inspection proved to the terrified searchers that the object was a bear and the bundle a child. It is many years since a bear was seen in this section, but the men, though unarmed, prepared to give battle, one of their number going back for help. But the bear trotted toward them as though totally unconcerned, and when a few yards away carefully laid down the child it was carrying by its dress. When the men approached and took up the little one the bear did not show fight, and a closer investigation proved he had a ring in his nose. Later it was found the bear belonged to an Italian who was camping in a nearby barn, making a tour of the country. He had purchased the animal when a cub and reared him in a New York tenement, where he was allowed to play with the children, and it was there he had learned the trick of carrying the little ones.—New York Press.

Where Old Hats Are Popular.
The inhabitants of the Indian ocean, have an extraordinary fancy for old hats, and a regular trade in such cast-off headgear is carried on between Calcutta and Nicobar, the most desired head pieces being paid for in cocoanuts. A tall chimney-pot is the favorite among the Nicobarians, and the same of fashion is considered to be a high white hat with a black hat band. This is worth from fifty to sixty cocoanuts, and is worn by the Nicobarian dandy when he goes out fishing, the rest of his attire consisting solely of a waistcoat.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

Charming Waist For a Miss. Gray cashmere, plaid ribbon and silk embroidered edging combined, to make this charming waist, which, says May Manton, is as simple in construction as it is stylish in effect. A fitted lining, made with the usual darts and seams, closes in the center front, over which the Russian blouse with left-side closing is effected. The



MISSIE'S WAIST OF GRAY CASHMERE.

gether, being shaped in six sections that fit the neck comfortably, and can either be joined to the top or left partly open, to form tabs through which the plaited mousseline falls with a soft, becoming effect. Each section should be interlined with canvas before joining. The cape or pelerine portion is shaped in circular outline and joined to the lower edge of yoke, the stole being joined to the right front section of yoke. A very handsome jeweled buckle decorates the front, the closing being invisible in centre. Smart capes in this style are worn by both young and middle-aged ladies, the former preferring generally to omit the stole front. A handsome silk or satin brocade lining adds much to the attractiveness of this dainty top garment, which can also be developed satisfactorily in silk, satin or cloth, or of material to match the gown. Braided in different designs, passementerie, fringe, ruchings or moss trimming, will provide suitable decoration. To make this cape for a lady of medium size two and one-quarter yards of material twenty-four inches wide will be required.



LADIES' PELERINE CAPE.

Ladies' Dressing Saeque. The utility of this comfortable negligee will be readily recognized. It is here represented in fine French cambric trimmed with embroidered edging and narrow insertion. The full fronts join the back in under-arm seams, the tops being gathered and arranged on the lower edges of the deeply pointed yoke. The closing is effected by buttons and buttonholes through an applied box plait in center front. A turn over collar completes the neck. Moderately full bishop sleeves are gathered top and bottom, straight wrist bands and a frill of embroidery giving a graceful finish. Flannel, cashmere, china silk, cambric, nainsook, lawn in plain, striped or figured varieties may all be used to develop this useful saeque. Lace or embroidered edging, feather stitching



LADIES' DRESSING SAEQUE.

or frills of the material will provide a suitable finish. Drawn to the figure with a gentle ribbon deftly tied at the left, this garment may be made quite as active and becoming. To cut this for a lady of medium size three and one-half yards of material thirty inches wide will be required. The yoke and collar are cut to

A DARING DESPERADO.

SOME ESCAPADES OF THE NOTORIOUS "DOC" MIDDLETON.

For a While He Ran Things With a High Hand in the Black Hills Country—Defied the Federal Authorities and Made a Judge Quickly Throw up His Hands. "Doc" Middleton was the most daring desperado that ever terrorized the Elkhorn valley and ruled the Black Hills country with a high hand," said John C. Barclay, a shoe drummer, at the Lindell, as a party of western traveling men were swapping stories. "Middleton always bore the soubriquet of 'Doc,' but nobody seems to know how he was so dubbed. Before the railroads were built into Deadwood, S. D., I used to make one trip a year by stage to that country, and I saw 'Doc' Middleton several times. He was a powerful fellow, with quick, elastic step, and wore a dark sombrero, an overcoat of wildcat skins and a bright handkerchief, and his cowboy make-up gave him the appearance of a typical western frontiersman. Leading a band of rangers, he waged war on the Sioux Indians and protected the settlers of the Elkhorn valley, Neb. Government officials in those days feared him, and for years he was the chief of desperadoes in those parts. But he settled down to a respectable life in Nebraska over 15 years ago and was engaged in the cattle business. "When I first knew 'Doc' he was freighting from Sidney, Neb., to the Black Hills. One night, in a Sidney dance house, a half-dozen soldiers engaged in a quarrel with 'Doc,' and there was a shooting scrape. Middleton escaped and hid in the bill sands on the Platte river. While living in the hills he picked up a bunch of horses and started out with them. He was captured and thrown into jail in Sidney. The second night there he got the jailer drunk and walked away. He next appeared at a road ranch up the Elkhorn, having been without food for five days. Soon after that he was hurrying down the Elkhorn valley with a bunch of horses that belonged to the Indians. 'Doc' and his party were pursued by a company of United States soldiers, about 50 settlers and a band of Indians. The white men gave up the chase in a few days, but the Indians kept on the trail. One night the thieves were overtaken by the Indians. The red men dared not shoot Middleton, so they took the horses and returned home. Middleton's front teeth were filled with gold, and he was known to all the redskins as the 'Gold Chief.' The Indians believed that 'Doc' must have been favored by the Great Spirit in order to have gold teeth, and they would not kill him. "One of Middleton's escapades was known all over the country. He was at North Platte, and a deputy sheriff tried to take him. 'Doc' mounted his horse, pulled a couple of revolvers and rode over all the town daring any man to shoot at him. The government finally made a determined effort to capture 'Doc' and sent out four secret service men. They met 'Doc' at a Fourth of July celebration at Atchison, Neb. He took their pistols away and made them run foot races and join in the other festivities of the day. Once Judge Moody of Deadwood demanded Middleton's surrender. He made the judge throw up his hands and then took all the valuables he had. "Middleton was finally captured by Deputies Lewellen and Hazen, who were sent out by Governor Thayer of Nebraska. 'Doc' was taken to Omaha, where he received a sentence of five years in the penitentiary. He was shown leniency because he always protected the white settlers and only stole the stock belonging to the Indians. At the expiration of his term 'Doc' returned to Atchison, Neb., and became a law-abiding citizen."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Ginger Habit.
"What is it I am chewing?" asked the man coming out of the drug store in response to a query from his companion. "Why it's ginger root, and it is a fine thing to nibble on between meals. It is a great tonic, too, and a digester. Will you have a nibble?" and he extended a bit of the root to the other man. "Thanks, no," said the other. "How long have you been doing it?" "Couple of years or such a matter." "Have you tried to quit it since you began?" "Of course not. Why should I?" "Suppose you try to quit." "Why?" "Simply to test the strength of the ginger habit. I had it once. A friend of mine talked to me just as you are doing and I, thinking it was a harmless kind of thing, bought a nickel's worth and tried it for indigestion. I think it was. Anyhow, whatever it was, I tried the ginger, and before I knew what I was about it was as necessary for me to have ginger root to chew on as it is for a tobacco chewer to have tobacco. Its stimulating effect had become a need I had to meet, and as soon as I felt the force of the habit I proceeded to break myself of it. I did it, as any habit almost may be got rid of, but I want to tell you it was no easy job, and if you doubt me just you throw that away you have and try going without it for a week."—New York Sun.

An Excessive Rate.
A countryman, says Household Words, walked into a western newspaper office to advertise the death of a relative. "What is your charge?" he asked of the clerk. "We charge \$2 an inch." "Oh," said the countryman, "I can't afford that. My friend was six feet three inches."