

### LITTLE WHITE SHOON.

Little White Shoon, you are dainty and slim  
As you flit o'er the ballroom floor;  
Worthy are you for an artist to limn,  
A poet to hymn—and adore.  
I gaze in amazement at your frolicsome  
As a wight by enchantment be-  
witched.  
But what do you care as you trip it  
to-night?  
You ensure that the Pixies have  
stitched!

Little White Shoon, like twin butter-  
flies  
That circle a garden a-blow,  
With rapturous sighs and love-laden  
eyes  
I follow wherever you go,  
'Neath satin a-shimmer you glimmer as  
gay  
As lily buds wet with the dew—  
If I mix up my smiles, pardon me, pray,  
Each moment I'm wildered anew.

Little White Shoon, you have gallants,  
a score,  
Around you they sigh and aspire,  
And into your ear vivid compliments  
pour  
Unmet for the grace they admire;  
But melody springs from my lyre, for  
its strings

Are a-quiver because you are near,  
And when you have vanished, like all  
lovely things,  
The world of your beauty shall hear.

Little White Shoon—afar from the rout,  
What fancies are blent with my  
dreams!  
As you pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat gleaming  
about,  
I catch the sweet ripple of streams;  
The scent of the wild rose a-way in the  
wind.  
The song of the shy forest bird,  
The glamour of moonlight with shadows  
entwined,  
In my dreaming are felt and are  
heard.

Little White Shoon, the night's ebbing  
fast,  
The East's growing pink with the  
mora;  
The fairer the vision the quicker 'tis  
past—  
Alas, must you leave me forlorn!  
The cellos are breathing a final refrain:  
May your beauty ne'er wither or  
blight,  
And soft be the touches of sorrow and  
pain!  
Little White Shoon, good night!  
—Samuel Minturn Peck, in Life.

### AN UNPRECEDENTED LOSS.

By A. B. SCUDDER.

Jeanne Prentice, only daughter of Doctor Prentice, the old rector of St. Jude's, was gazing abstractedly at a sweet face before her in the looking glass. Jeanne was thinking. As she rested her elbows on the dresser, supporting her dimpled chin with her hands, the expression around her mouth settled itself into unbecoming dissatisfaction.

Out of pure willfulness she had quarreled with, and was now parted from the man she loved. True, she had repented immediately, for Jeanne had meant to do nothing more than tease Bob Marsden. But Mr. Robert Marsden had seen fit to take her acceptance of attentions from the new curate, Renwick Krecting, in a more serious manner than Jeanne had intended.

After a reception at the church during the winter, at which the tall young curate had monopolized Jeanne's time more than Bob liked, he had remonstrated. Jeanne had laughed at him. That was all.

Just then, Dannie, the boy who pumped the organ used for the Sunday school, came with a message of importance from one of the members of the firm with which Bob was associated, and he had gone off hurriedly and coldly. The next afternoon she had sent a repentant little note over to Bob's office, by John, his father's servant, who came to return an umbrella. No answer came, and a couple of days later she heard that Bob had gone away on a business trip for the firm—gone without a word of good-by.

In all the city there was not a mercier girl than Jeanne, but during the last three months of Bob's absence there were times when in the midst of a laugh a sigh would come and her sweet face become overshadowed.

Tonight she was going over to the church, and with the assistance of several other young girls and men of St. Jude's arrange the flowers around the altar and in the font, for an anniversary tomorrow; a service to commemorate the twenty-fifth year of Doctor Prentice's rectorship at the church.

So Jeanne sat thinking in front of her glass, thinking of past happy times at the church, where from childhood Bob had always been with her, a ready and willing helper. She felt she could not endure his silence longer. She must do something. But what? Bob had not answered her note, and was gone. Nothing could be done.

Jeanne rose wearily to join her expected friends as the doornell rang; but somehow she could not get her mind away from Bob, and as they entered the church she thought of how last year he was there and how much she missed him now. Jeanne abruptly turned to Renwick Krecting, who had come forward to welcome her, and began a lively conversation. But under the stream of idle chatter she heard in loving memory Bob's voice, as he softly called her "sweetheart."

She was sinking into reverie again, and aroused herself with a start.

"What foolishness!" she thought. "I am wasting my time thinking about a man who has forgotten me."

At this moment the door in the chancel opened and a gentleman stood looking at the altar made so beautiful by the light fingers of the young girls.

"Why, Mr. Marsden, is it really you?" they cried, running forward to meet him.

What had happened to Jeanne? She stood perfectly still, but the walls of the old church were spinning around; the electric lights bobbed up and down and the flowers and the altar seemed to float away in a great white mist. It was only for a second. No one happened to look at her; no one noticed that she had turned as white as the lilies in her hands.

In the round of handshaking that so heartily welcomed him, Bob came towards Jeanne and bowed gravely as he took her hand. She managed to greet him with a slight smile. She felt she must keep up appearances, whatever happened. Every one here had known that Bob Marsden had loved Jeanne, and it was generally thought that she had refused him. They should never know her punishment for a foolish moment; never know that he had forsaken her and that her heart was breaking in its intense longing for her old playmate.

And Bob? Well, he had come back because of the desire to see his mother, and besides there had come such a flood of memories of Jeanne; her

bright and happy face; the fitting of the color to her cheeks. He could not remain away and had come back—come back to find her enjoying herself, and the curate still in attendance. He had better not have come, and yet how glad he was and how his heart beat to see her sweet face again.

The evening proved a weary one for both, and they were glad when it came time to go home. The crowd of young people parted from Jeanne at the door of the rectory with a noisy "good-night." Bob did not touch her hand or speak as he raised his hat and started down Fifth Avenue, with the rest. Jeanne sobbed herself to sleep in remorseful sorrow, and came down in the morning with pale cheeks and heavy eyes.

Her father, quick to notice the tone of her voice as she wished him "good-morning," said gently—  
"Are you well, dear?"  
"Yes, father, quite."  
But the doctor, still doubtful, said—  
"Perhaps you had better not go into the church this morning."  
"Oh, yes, I must. You know I have a solo to sing for you. I shall be all right."  
But she wondered, as she wearily took her place in the choir, if she would be able to sing with such an aching head and heavy heart.

As Jeanne stood up her eyes wandered from her music to the crowded church below. Yes, there he was in his old seat, and for just one second his eyes looked straight into hers.

There was no doubt about her singing now. Love, pride, something thrilled through the young girl. "I know that my Redeemer liveth" came in a sweet burst of song from her lips. Never once did she falter; never had she sung so sweetly before. Even her father turned with a look of wonder upon his face which settled itself in a ray of expression of adoration of the Christ as her voice rang out the words of peace and comfort.

After the service was over she was slipping out of the vestry door to reach the quiet of home, only a few steps distant, when she heard some one following her. Her heart gave a quick jump, but it was only Dannie.

"Miss Jeanne, he you goin' home?"  
"Won't you write a letter for me, Miss Jeanne, please?"

It was most trying to have this request come, just when she felt so nervous and longed to be by herself. But she could not see her way clear to refusing the boy who could not read or write himself.

"Well, come on, Dannie, and I will write it." Upon entering the house she went to her father's study table. Sitting down she said, "Now tell me what I must write for you, Dannie."  
"Well, you see, Miss Jeanne, it is this way. Mr. Marsden—Jeanne gave a start—"has just come back. Last winter," continued Dannie, "he gave me a letter to mail. I had an old jacket on and the letter slipped down between the lining and the outside. I thought I had lost it. He went away the next day, so I could not tell him. Afterwards I accidentally found the letter, but thought I had better keep it until I seen him again. But now I am afraid to tell him, Miss Jeanne, and I want you to write to Mr. Marsden and explain it out to him. Mother says he won't mind then. Do you think he'll be awful mad, Miss Jeanne?" The boy looked anxiously in her face.

"Have you the letter?" said Jeanne, with a strange feeling of tightness about her heart.

"Yes."  
"Let me see it," as the boy fumbled around in his pockets.

Yes, there it was in Bob's bold handwriting—"Miss Jeanne Prentice."  
She stood up and steadied herself by holding on to the table. Then asking Dannie, much to his amazement, to excuse her she flew to her room holding the letter close to her heart.

"It is mine, mine!"  
The letter ran:—  
"I am sorry that I was so unreasonable last evening. May I come over and tell you how sorry? Send me permission by John when he brings your father's umbrella. I think perhaps I may have to go away for a time on business for the firm."  
"Yours faithfully,  
Bob."

A dozen times Jeanne read and re-read it. She was so glad to get it, and yet so sorry. Glad to get and read but between the lines how much he must

have loved her. Sorry because he had changed his mind after writing. Why did he not come, or why did he not answer her note sent by John, even if it made no mention of having received his?

Suddenly her heart almost seemed to stop beating. If one letter had been lost why not two? Pshaw! Jeanne Prentice, how ridiculous. Still, somehow an idea haunted her, as she went to the table that the letter had been written to her, and that she would explain the matter to Mr. Marsden herself, which arrangement pleased Dannie mightily. Just how she was going to do it she hardly knew, but Jeanne was not one to rest idle. Now that she had this letter she felt that things had somehow gone wrong and needed at least an explanation. She thought of John, and remembered that he was to move some benches in the Sunday school room preparatory for an afternoon service.

Going over to the church, after a few moments' talk with her father, whom she found still lingering, and who asked if she had sung her headache away she turned to John and said—  
"I saw this morning, John, that young Mr. Marsden was at service. That note that I gave you to deliver to him—remember the day before he went away—you gave it to him personally?"  
"Yes, miss."

Jeanne's heart sank. She had not realized how strongly the idea had taken possession of her that her letter to Bob had been lost also, until the man spoke. Then it occurred to her that John's glance was shifting; that he did not wish to meet her eye, and her cheeks burned as the thought came to her that he divined the reason of her question.

Well, there was only one way. She must write a formal letter to Mr. Marsden enclosing the one he had written to her and explaining the matter for the sake of Dannie, as she had promised, but she could not bring herself to ask any explanation as to his change of mind after the receipt of her own letter.

But there was no need. While Jeanne with a dull pain at her heart, was trying to write out what she considered a properly worded letter, John was walking slowly down the street in the direction of Mr. Marsden's home. Even after he had touched the button he looked around as if to find some place in which conveniently to hide, then suddenly bracing himself for a disagreeable duty, entered, as the maid answered "yes" to his question if Mr. Robert Marsden was at home.

Jeanne's question had awakened memories in John. That letter? Oh, yes, he remembered it well. Jeanne's question also brought to John's memory an old saying something about "honest confession" and his "soul"; but if it troubled him for the fear of a meeting and explanations between Jeanne and Bob.

His old master's son welcomed him warmly. After speaking of an accident that had incapacitated him for much hard work, John with many hesitations reached the story he had come to tell, which was to the effect that Miss Jeanne had given him a letter to deliver the day before Mr. Marsden had gone away. He stopped to see a fire on the way over, and in getting through the crowd had lost it. When Bob met him on his return and asked him if Miss Prentice had sent anything he was afraid to tell the truth and said "No," intending to go back and tell Miss Jeanne all about it. The next day Mr. Marsden having gone away he had let the matter drop, but thought now as Bob had come back he had better tell about the letter and so came around.

John had not calculated the effect of his story. Bob suddenly jumped up and taking him by the hand almost hugged him with delight; he told him it was all right, and as John walked slowly away from the house ten minutes later with the promise of a better position, he wondered if it would always pay as well to make an "honest confession."

Jeanne was still working over her letter, when she heard her father's voice in the hall. But he was not alone. Who had come in with him? Her heart gave a glad bound as she recognized the well remembered voice and heard her father calling—  
"Jeanne, Jeanne, Mr. Marsden is here."  
"Yes, father, I am coming."

Jeanne sat quite still for a moment. Why had he come? Then suddenly turning to the glass she gave a quick glance, and taking Dannie's letter went slowly down the stairs, a new light in her eyes, a new joy upon her face.—Waverley Magazine.

### The Vision of Reptiles.

The best sense that reptiles have is that of sight, according to Viennese naturalist named Werner, who has recently published the results of observations on nearly 200 snakes, lizards, frogs, etc. But even this sense is very dull. A crocodile cannot see a man more than six times its own length away, while fish can see only about half their own length. Snakes are still worse off. Some can see a quarter of their length away, while others are limited to one-fifth or one-eighth. Frogs are much keener sighted. They can tell what is going on at a distance of 15 or 20 times their own length. Most reptiles are nearly or quite deaf, but in compensation, all, according to Werner, seem to have a marvelous sense of the direction in which water lies. They will make a bee line for it, says the Literary Digest, even when so far away that no sense known to us would help them. Werner thinks this due to some sort of attraction akin to chemical action; but he cannot explain how or why it takes place.

### MARVELLOUS URALITE.

AN ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF SUBSTANCE INVENTED BY IMSCHENETZKY.

It is Superior to Anything of the Kind That Has Yet Been Produced—Will Prove Most Useful for Building Purposes.

Have you ever heard of uralite? Probably not, for it is a new invention. Yet it is well worthy of your notice, since it is superior to anything of the kind that has yet been produced. It is the invention of a Russian artillery officer, and chemist, named Imshenetzky, and its claim to distinction lies in the fact that it is absolutely fireproof.

Uralite is composed of asbestos fibre with a proper proportion of silicate, bicarbonate of soda and chalk, and it is supplied in various finishes and colors, according to the purpose for which it is intended. In a soft form a sheet of uralite is like an asbestos board; when hard it resembles finely sawn stone and has a metallic ring. Besides being a non-conductor of heat and electricity, it is practically waterproof (and may be made entirely so by painting), and is not affected either by atmospheric influences or by the acids contained in smoke in large towns, which rapidly destroy galvanized iron.

Moreover, it can be cut by the usual carpenter's or wood workers' tools; it can be veneered to form paneling for walls or partitions; it can be painted, grained, polished and glued together like wood; it does not split when a nail is driven through it; it is not affected when exposed to moisture or great changes of temperature, and it can be given any desired color either during the process of manufacture or afterward.

Mr. Oliver J. D. Hughes, United States consul general at Coburg, thinks highly of it as a fireproof building material. Several tests, he says, have been made of it, and in each case the result has been most satisfactory. In order to carry out the tests, a small brick built house, an iron framed hut, lined and covered with uralite, and a duplicate platform were erected, and each was then fitted with pyrometers for the purpose of recording the temperatures electrically and was filled with highly inflammable material.

To the house were fixed four strong doors, of oak, steel and uralite, and as soon as a fire was lighted inside they were shut. The highest temperature reached was 235 degrees Fahrenheit, and after the test it was found that in each case the doors had resisted the fire. In the hut was placed a dried box made of uralite and wood, and in the box were placed some papers, a book, a crucible containing paraffin wax and another holding a piece of easily fusible metal.

After being subjected to an external heat of 2030 degrees Fahrenheit, the papers and the book were not affected in the slightest degree, and though the wood nearest the fire was charred right through the uralite was sound and the paraffin wax had only melted slightly.

After the fire had been burning three-quarters of an hour, those present were able to place their hands on any part of the door which was covered inside and outside with uralite, though by that time all the woodwork had been "burned off" another door, which had uralite for its panels only.

Other remarkable tests are also described by Consul General Hughes in an official report which he has just sent to the government on the subject. "In the well equipped laboratory," he says, quoting the words of an expert, "one of the staff took a strip of uralite about one foot in length and one and a half inches wide, and alternately stirred up a bowl of boiling water and a freezing mixture. In the latter about an ounce of mercury was suspended in a test tube, and this rapidly froze into a bright bullet in the bottom of the tube. Some pieces of India rubber tubing placed in the mixture were also broken with the hammer like cast iron."

"The strip of uralite, on the other hand, showed no sign of warping, lamination or disintegration; in fact, it would have needed an expert to have told subsequently which end of it had been subjected to such severe changes of temperature."

"That uralite can also withstand a great strain the two following tests show: In the first, a cube one inch square was subjected to hydraulic pressure, and 18.5 tons were registered before it gave way. In the second, a strip six and a quarter inches long, one and a half inches broad and seven sixths of an inch thick, which was placed between supports and gradually subjected to an increasing weight, did not give way until a weight of 15 pounds had been applied to it."

That uralite will prove most useful for building purposes is the opinion of Consul General Hughes. "Owing to its extreme non-conductivity," he says, "huts, railway carriages, barracks, hospitals and other buildings constructed with it, while absolutely fire and water proof, are warm in winter and cool in summer. A room entirely covered with uralite three three-quarters of an inch thick might have its contents burned, it is claimed, without any danger of the fire spreading.—New York Herald.

### He Said No More.

Mr. Elder—There is something I want to say to you, Bessie—er—that is, Miss Kutely.

Miss Kutely—Call me Bessie if you wish.

Mr. Elder—Oh, may I?

Miss Kutely—Of course; all old gentlemen call me Bessie.—Philadelphia Ledger.

### THE WASHINGTON OF JAPAN.

General Viscount Katsuma Is Famous for Courage.

It is generally believed that the Japs are brave soldiers, but few know who is the bravest and greatest of them all. The Washington of Japan is General Viscount Katsuma, who became prime minister two years ago. He began his fighting career in 1867, during the civil war which resulted in the overthrow of the old order of things in the Land of the Rising Sun and the adoption of western civilization. Though only a lieutenant then, he became famous for extraordinary courage. He was always in the thickest of the fight, always the first to volunteer to lead a forlorn hope.

After the war his government sent Katsuma to Germany to study military matters. On his return he took a leading part in reorganizing the Japanese soldiery on the European model, and was practically creator of the modern Japanese army. In 1876 when a colonel, he was again sent to Germany, in company of the late General Kawakami, to inspect the German military system. The two officers were at that time regarded as the most promising men in the entire Japanese army. Katsuma became a major general on his return home and was vice minister of the war office under Oyama. In 1891 he was made lieutenant general. In the China-Japanese war he led his army through Corea to Manchuria, and later, under General Norzu, won many victories. His name became a terror throughout the invaded country. In 1898 he was appointed war minister, which office he retained until the downfall of the Yamagata cabinet in 1900. He became premier in 1901.

Katsuma was born in 1849 in the province of Nagato, generally called Choshu, in the western part of the main island of Japan. This province has given birth to many illustrious statesmen and generals, among them Marquis Ito, Field Marshal Yamagata, and Count Inouye. The viscount believes the Japanese are the best soldiers in the world, and says he would not fear the result if he had to lead them against any white troops. One thing much in favor of the Japs is that they are so small the enemy can't find them. Nothing in Japan is too good for Katsuma. He is the idol of the people. All kinds of honors have been showered on him. At 55 he is ready to take the field.

What is to be the future of Japan? The Greeks and Romans built splendid temples of stone. All architecture was on a grand and imposing scale, designed to last as long as the world. Today the Greeks are a nation of harmless fruit vendors and sapless artisans. The Roman empire sustained by macaroni. Japan boasts no antiquities beyond coins and idols. Her temples and palaces are constructed of precious woods. There were no chairs or tables in the kingdom until in recent years. The people sat upon straw mats and ate out of small wooden salvers. What can be the future of a nation built upon straw?—New York Press.

### QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

A novel restaurant at the world's fair will be one with the walls of the building made of glass tanks in which will swim fishes.

In Holland an unmarried lady invariably walks on the right of her escort, while a married one takes her husband's left arm.

In Sitka when a wife loses her husband she does not don widow's weeds; she simply paints the upper part of her face black.

In attending a Mexican theatre the admission is charged one act at a time; thus the rates are according to the number of acts in the play.

Enthusiastic members of London's Audubon society propose a law to authorize the confiscation of all hats decorated with the skins of song birds.

After the death of a reputed witch some peasants of Hungary mutilated the corpse in the belief that she would otherwise reappear and suck the blood of living persons.

The Rev. Mr. Cook of Concordia, Kas., has bought space in one of the papers published there, making a year's contract at regular advertising rates, and will print his sermons weekly.

The residents of the village of Soll-full, a few miles from Birmingham, England, have so rooted an antipathy to the place being modernized that they have petitioned the district council against telephones.

### The Tamest Birds.

Naturalists commissioned by the United States government have discovered on the distant island of Laysan, in the Pacific, some new birds and many novel facts in regard to known species. The visiting scientists were perhaps the first human beings whom the myriads of birds that crowd this tiny speck of land had ever seen. In consequence, birds representing species which in other lands wing hurriedly away at the sight of man, came up to the naturalists, looked curiously into their faces, perched on their writing tables, wonderingly inspected the tripods and other accessories of the cameras and permitted themselves to be stroked. The fact that these birds are ordinarily regarded as the wildest species made a profound impression on the visiting scientists.

The world produces 1,000,000 pounds of silk a week.



### FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

About the Clock.  
To keep the clock in good order remove the pendulum ball, take works from case, remove all pendulum connections from wheel. Then wind up, immerse in boiling water and let run down. Repeat the operation once or twice and your clock will be thoroughly cleaned. Dry thoroughly in a warm place—not too hot. Now dip the end of a feather in some light oil (I use kerosene) and apply to all bearings and replace in case. I have a clock that has been running 18 years under above treatment and the wear is scarcely perceptible.—Mark Bonnell, in The Epitome.

### Washing a Blanket.

In washing a blanket a warm soap lather must be prepared from a soap jelly made the day before, and a little ammonia must be added to this, and the blanket allowed to soak for about a quarter of an hour to extract the grease. Then it must be kneaded and squeezed until the dirt is all loosened, and, if necessary, put through two, and even three, fresh lathers. The next process is rinsing, which must be done in warm water, and if no soft water has been obtainable, a tiny piece of ammonia to each rinsing water is a great advantage.

When rinsing is over it is important that folding should be even and exact, and then the wringing through a machine will act as mangling, also.

Shaking well after rinsing, and then pegging carefully to clothes lines in the open air, and shaking occasionally by two persons while drying, are the final processes; except the "last and final" stretch between two persons after they are quite dry, in order to keep them to their proper size.—New York News.

### Two Handy Bags.

One of the most convenient articles imaginable is a stocking bag. To make one requires a piece of large flowered calico or other goods and a piece of cardboard.

Cut the piece of cardboard seven inches square, round off the two lower corners, leaving the top square, and pad on the outside with a little batting. Then cover with the cloth, turning and whipping it over and under the edges.

Cut a strip of cloth 15 inches wide and 50 inches long, hem it at the ends, leaving the hem wide enough to slip a tape string through. Gather the sides and sew to the covered cardboard, the straight edges to be used for the top.

The people use for spoons and thimbles, take some bright colored material, cut a 15-inch square, then round off the corners or make it perfectly round, if preferred. Line with some contrasting material, turn in the edges and whip over and over. Sew on at intervals six fancywork rings at the top, through which run a piece of ribbon to hang up the bag with. This bag should be placed near the sewing machine for convenience.—New York American.

### Marking Household Linen.

Tablecloths, certainly all fine ones, should be carefully lettered in embroidery. The rule for the placing of the letters is not absolute. There is a choice between putting them 40 inches from the corner diagonally, or on each opposite side of the centre of the cloth. In the latter case, for a five-foot table, the letters should be about 27 inches apart to place them at the requisite spot. The size of the letters for cloths should be from two to three inches. They may be monograms or interlaced letters. Sometimes a housekeeper choosing a set of table linen selects a fern, rosebud or fleur-de-lis design, and introduces the same pattern in the group of letters which form the monogram or initials.

The napkins should be marked with letters of the same general design—that is, if Old English is used on the cloth, they should be repeated in smaller size on the napkins. Where the latter shall be marked is a matter of individual taste. If the napkin is to be folded for the last fold, from each end in under the centre, the letters must be placed in the centre of that final square, the point to be easily found by folding the napkin, then marking it at the proper place. Sometimes they are marked in the very centre of the napkin, and are folded to correspond when placed at the cover. A common way to mark is diagonally in the centre of the last square when the napkin is entirely folded, the base of the letters pointing toward the outer corner of the napkin. The size of the letters should be from one to two and a quarter inches for napkins.—Harper's Bazar.

### Recipes.

Potato Pudding—Boil one medium sized potato until tender, then rub it through a strainer; add four table-spoonfuls of powdered sugar, three tablespoonfuls of butter, three eggs, beaten, and the juice and rind of one lemon; pour into a buttered dish and bake in a moderate oven thirty minutes.

Gelatin Pudding—One-third box of gelatin, four eggs, two cupfuls of sugar, juice and rind of two lemons, and two cupfuls of milk; dissolve the gelatin in one-third cupful of the milk; beat the yolks of the eggs until quite thick; add two cupfuls of sugar; scald and pour over the gelatin; cook till creamy; spread the beaten egg over the gelatin.