

## AT SIX O'CLOCK.

On the street at six o'clock when the people homeward flock  
There is something fascinating for the lover of his kind;  
There is every sort of face in that anxious homeward race  
That the wisest physiognomist could expect to find.  
There's the face that's filled with joy like a child with latest toy;  
There's the face that's all preoccupied with business or care;  
There's the face that bears its pain with a smile that's all too plain;  
There's the face that has the hallowed look that pictured angels wear.

There are faces crafty, hard; there are lovely faces marred  
With a look of hate and cunning that the Father never gave;  
There are faces filled with woe, in this human torrent's flow;  
There are faces with the harried look of hireling or of slave;  
There are faces gentle, sweet, that are blessed ones to meet;  
There are faces harsh, repellent with their settled smile of scorn;  
There are faces that impart stories of a broken heart—  
Faces sad that shone with pleasure when they started forth at morn.

Oh, the faces on the street that at six o'clock you meet  
As they hurry from the places where they toil from morn to night—  
Is there one amid the throng you could cheer with smile or song?  
Is there one whose heart is heavy while your love could make it light?  
Some will hurry home to weep till they lose their cares in sleep,  
Some will carry home the sunshine that the waiting loved ones need.  
'Tis the open book of life with its tale of love and strife,  
Written large and clear and simple so that he who runs may read.  
—S. W. Gillilan, in Baltimore American.

## THE SACRAMENT OF POVERTY



BLUE sky, and a blue sea, and a large white house facing it—in front, a stretch of firm, gray sands, upon which the waves kept up an eternal whispering—behind, a grove of orange trees, the subtle fragrance of whose blossoming filled the summer air with a drowsy content.

In the front piazza of this house stood, one summer morning, a very beautiful woman, calm-browed, with great pensive eyes and a face and form almost faultlessly perfect. Her dress was of some thin texture, of a pale violet color, and the great crimson flowers of a tropical vine, which trailed over and under and round every inch of support the piazza could yield, threw its rosy shadow over her.

Beautiful, exceedingly, she was, yet passionate and proud, and utterly ignorant of "the blessings of constraint," for her will had always been to all within her home the yea and nay from which there was no appeal. All who knew her gave the homage of implicit obedience—all save one; and for this rebellious subject she now waited and watched.

Soon she saw him coming; his powerful black horse devouring the distance with eager steps until they stood under the locust trees, white with drooping sweetness, that shadowed the gates of the main avenue. Here John Hereford stopped and tied his horse in his shadow, and then looked lovingly, longingly towards the woman watching him from under the green piazza. He was worth the watching, this John Hereford; handsome enough to match even Ruby Rae's beauty; a wise young gentleman, in whose character there was no seam.

They had loved each other long, but the course of their love had not run smooth. First, Ruby's father died, then the war interfered, and now poverty lay like a cold, dark shadow between them. Both had been rich, and both were now poor, and between that had and now lay miseries and sorrows and disappointments enough to have tamed less confident spirits.

For some time it had been hard for either to realize the change that had fallen on their lives. John had come back from the camp with a firm trust in his own particular section, and its ability somehow to find a living for him. Ruby had never believed it possible that any of her requests would be denied by the tradesmen of the little town which had for so many years seemed on "to exist in order to serve the Rae plantation. Both were deceived, and it did not take John long to decide on his future course.

He determined to go bravely to work at whatever he could find to do, and nothing better offering, he accepted the position of overseer to the stranger who had bought his father's estate. Ruby was outraged, indignant, not to be either reasoned with or entreated. She declared their engagement broken, and passionately threw at his feet the opal ring John had given her.

This was a full year ago, and since then they had not spoken. John had toiled hard in the fields and over the books of the old family estate, and Ruby shut herself up with her pride and the two old negro women who remained faithful to her. Both had suffered. There were anxious lines on John's face, and Ruby's eyes told a tale of sacrifice. But John's suffering had brought its reward; his conscientious, careful toil had won the respect of his employer, and he had offered him a fine position which he commanded in New York. The salary was large enough, John thought, to marry on; hence he had written to Ruby to ask her for this interview. John foresaw that it was not destined to be a happy one when she did not come walking down the avenue to meet him, as had been her custom in happier days. He could not tell how much this sacrifice to her pride cost her, and so he said, rather bitterly, as he held out his hand:

"A cold greeting, Ruby."  
"Such as you have sinned me to, John. It is not my fault that I cannot meet you as an equal."  
"I have left the old Hereford place forever, Ruby, so that question is not worth discussing now. A very fine situation, with an excellent salary, has been offered me in New York; I came to ask you to share it."  
"Eat the bread of service! No, thank you, John. My little property in the village buys me bread and muslin

dresser, Mamma Bawn and Aunt Sally raise me chickens and vegetables, and this poor roof still shelters me. I prefer poverty and respectability."

"Say pride, Ruby—a poor, miserable pride, which offers on its cruel altar not only your youth and beauty, but also the happiness of one who has loved you ever since he can remember. We have hardly borne this year's separation, broken as it has been with an occasional sight of each other. I am going away to-morrow. If we meet no more, how are you going to comfort your heart for my loss, Ruby?"

"Do you flatter yourself, John, that you are really necessary to its comfort?"

"Yes, I do, Ruby; else you were the falsest as well as the most foolish of women. How often have you told me so? I thought you spoke the truth. Oh, Ruby darling, don't waste both our lives for a sentiment that has no meaning in the new order of things with which we must grapple."

And her keen, stinging answers, so utterly foolish and futile, her cruel, doubtful little speeches, brought at length on her what she richly deserved—plain, unequivocal truths. For once she quailed before the impassioned, loving reprover who held her two hands, and looked into her face with those open, clear gray eyes.

They parted without hope and without promise. John went to his new life haunted by that last miserable look which Ruby could not quite suppress; and she shut close the doors of her house and heart, and thought she had left her love lying dead outside.

In the battle of life John soon found that the first step toward commanding one's destiny is to command one's spirit; so he bravely left the dead past buried in his dead, and bent all his great natural powers to his new duties. Ruby and he seemed to be as effectually sundered as if death and not pride, had "put them apart."

Thus four years passed away, each one drifting them further apart. For John's friends had gradually followed his example, and scattered themselves far and wide from the little Southern village which could no longer give them a subsistence; while Ruby, more and more offended at a society which was rapidly assimilating itself to the new order of things, retired altogether from it. In 1870 she stood where she had done in 1860, a relic of a class which will soon be a tradition. Most of her friends had accepted cheerfully (or otherwise) the situation. Some were teaching, some "taking boarders," and a few had married men, who, according to Ruby's code, "were not gentlemen."

She, with a courage and firmness which ought to have had a better object, said to all manner of happiness, "I can do without thee," and lived in perfect isolation and seclusion. And if people are determined to be recluses, the world has not time to convert them. Ruby's acquaintances wondered, expostulated, and then forgot her.

A joyless life is worse to bear than one of active grief, and Ruby often found herself pitying her own heart. In the lonely, dilapidated splendor of her house, she sat mostly silent. There was no bliss coming for her to run and greet, and a still, passionless look settled over the face once so radiantly beautiful.

Then, one hot summer's night, her summons into the very thickest of life's conflict came. There was a sudden light, which gathered and spread, and filled the air with heat and smoke; and Ruby knew the village was on fire. Brighter every minute grew the flames, and through that clear atmosphere, though two miles distant, she could hear the cries and shouts of those fighting the fearful foe.

Her heart kindled; it burned within her. Her cheeks flushed; her eyes filled. Before she could think or reason, she had saddled her mare, and was nearing the burning village. In among the walling, excited, frightened crowd she rode, their very weakness developing all the strength of her real womanhood. In half an hour she had got wagons for the children, and sent them and the women to the shelter of her own large, empty home. That fiery atmosphere, by some subtle alchemy, evolved all the latent power of her nature. She was calm and sensible, full of wise and prudent suggestions, which eventually resulted in putting a stop to the conflagration. When the daylight broke she found herself black with the smoke, scorched

with the flames, and absolutely penniless, for her little property lay in ashes before her.

At once she realized that her dreamy, selfish, lazy life was over. She had not a dollar to rebuild the house whose rent had been her whole support, and her own home was mortgaged to its full value. She knew well that she had long been a tenant at the will and generosity of her father's own friend. Great emergencies are prompt and rapid counselors. She determined to leave as soon as possible for New York, and earn there her own living. If any hopes connected with John Hereford acknowledged them, even to her own heart.

I should like to pass over the next eight months of Ruby's life, and indeed I shall not go into it in detail. Imagine a woman so proud and so "lonely," so inexperienced and so poor, flung all at once upon her own resources! Day after day, week after week, saw the same dispiriting search after employment, with a constantly depleting purse and wardrobe. Poor Ruby was almost ready to give up in despair, when she obtained a situation as teacher of music in a third-rate school. Hard enough was the eight hours labor, miserable the pittance she was to receive in return, and in the meantime her finances did not always allow her to indulge in two meals a day.

This abstinence, with the confinement and exhaustive labor, soon told very distressingly both on her feelings and appearance. She suffered so much that she began to be afraid of her own pale, thin face, and the hunted look in her eyes; and she often found herself wondering if she should die whether John would find her out and bury her decently.

But when it is dark enough the stars shine out; and one miserably cold, dreary night, as she was feebly making her way up Broadway, almost fainting from exhaustion, some one put his hand on her shoulder, and looking into her eyes, said, with voice trembling with love and pity:

"Oh, Ruby! Ruby darling!"

She knew at once that it was John, but she was too faint and feeble to do more than smile sadly and put her hands in his.

He called a carriage, and lifting her tenderly in, drove to a restaurant. Then he gave her food, and she was far too hungry and too humble now to do anything but accept them gladly. In the commencing that followed this reunion, no stranger can intermeddle. John urged a speedy marriage, and Ruby gratefully accepted the love and protection that she had once so scornfully rejected.

Poverty is a great teacher, though it does take marvelously high wages. It humbles the proud, and adds fresh grace unto the humble. It teaches the right names and the value of men and things, and by it "God reaches us good things with our own hands."

It had proved a veiled angel to Ruby Rae, and only humbled that it might exalt her. For when she saw the beautiful home which John's industry and frugality had provided for her, she acknowledged with bitter regret how shamefully she had circumscribed the grand old name of gentleman; while her own experience among the struggling, intelligent poor had taught her that no man or woman, however indigent, and no honest calling, however humble, is "common or unclean."—Waverley Magazine.

### Two Yale Professors.

Professor Phelps used to tell with glee of the way he achieved a reputation for knowing a thing he hated. He took a walk with Professor Newton, who lived in a world of mathematics, and started off at once to discuss an abstruse problem. Mr. Phelps' mind could not follow, and wandered to other things. At last he was called back when the professor wound up with "which you see gives us X." "Does it?" asked Mr. Phelps, politely. "Why, doesn't it?" exclaimed the professor, excitedly, alarmed at the possibility of a flaw in his calculations. Quickly his mind ran back and detected a mistake. "You are right, Mr. Phelps. You are right!" shouted the professor. "It doesn't give us X; it gives us Y." And from that time Professor Phelps was looked upon as a mathematical prodigy, the first man who ever tripped the professor.—Christian Register.

### Amusing Himself.

"The close student of history," he was saying, "cannot give entire credence to Daniel Webster's intimation that the panic of 1837 was caused by President Jackson's bungling interference with the currency; nor, on the other hand, is one prepared to yield unqualified assent to the assertions of the extreme protectionists that it was the result of the gradual reduction of duties following the compromise act of 1833. The truth probably lies between these two extremes. It is to be borne in mind, moreover, that there had been an area of wild speculation, and when the specie circular was—" "Ralpherson," interrupted the mother of the little Boston boy, "you are becoming too bolsterous in your recreations."—Chicago Tribune.

### The Value of Exercise.

The brain that never calls upon itself for work must become dull and stupid, and it is the same way with the muscles of the body. They are filled with blood vessels that should be up and doing. The blood has several purposes, and one is to carry away the waste fluids of the body. The lungs are a sort of refinery, and the blood is a distilling agent. If the blood becomes thick and unhealthy and sluggish the body does not keep its youthful state. Eyes grow dull, lips lose their redness, and the complexion is sallow and unlovely. It is an easy and simple matter to make exercise a habit.



### Fashion in Handwriting.

There is a fashion in handwriting just as there is a fashion in clothes; but, fortunately, the modes of calligraphy change with less weathercock like facility than those of chiffons do. There is also a vast amount of character revelation in handwriting; so perhaps even if it became the vogue to alter the handwriting as often as the hat, women would be unable to conform to the rule, says Home Chat.

But to return to the question of style, or fashion. The woman who writes what is called the Italian hand has almost died away with the old days in which the penny post had no existence and letter writing was a real art. We scribble now, whereas when twenty-hours went further than they do now women produced wonders in the art of calligraphy.

The gentle nurtured and carefully educated girl of the very earliest days wrote a sloping hand, formed her letters clearly and carefully, made very long tops and tails to those letters that require them, and took a pride in forming her up strokes with delicate fineness, falling off again to a fine, light finish.

She was very particular about the formation of her capital letters, using many a quaintly wonderful flourish; and she endeavored, as best she might on her closely lined pages, to preserve an even line, employing sometimes ruled note paper, or using beneath her paper a sheet of ruled paper, the lines of which gleamed through the top sheet and proved a guidance to her pen.

Many men of culture and refinement also adopted the Italian style of handwriting. Those who have seen the signature of that great surgeon, Sir James Paget, will recollect the sloping character of the calligraph, the light and dark up and down strokes and the length of the looped letters. But in Sir James Paget's case, as in that of many other men of his marvellous intellectual power and unobtrusive modesty, flourishes of a pronounced type were absent.

Miss Braddon's handwriting tends toward the Italian style with pointed letters, well defined tails, and a distinct difference between the up and down strokes.

It used to be cruelly said of women who wrote an ill-formed, undecipherable hand, that they were unable to spell; and of a truth in many cases this was undoubtedly so. In ancient days, of course, neither men nor women could be blamed for bad spelling. Until the standard of orthography was settled, how was it possible for anybody to spell correctly? Still, there is no doubt that until girls were as carefully educated as their brothers, numbers of them did adopt a form of handwriting that left the spelling of their words most questionable as regarded accuracy.

### A Woman's Appearance.

There was a time when a woman going to look for a situation put on her oldest or poorest clothes either to excite sympathy or to demonstrate that she was very hard up indeed. But all that has changed, and the woman who goes in search of work presents as good an appearance as possible, appreciating that it multiplies the adverse odds to appear out at elbows and on the verge of poverty, says the New York Sun.

There are women who contend that to be well dressed is only within range of a few. But there are others who have given the question considerable care, and they assert that it is within the power of all, provided the matter is approached from the standpoint of common sense. Failure is due not to want of money, but to want of appreciation of merit or demerit and to a certain slavish order of mind which leads to a blind following of fashion, without seriously considering whether it is the fashion for one's self or not.

Here of course lies the difference between the dressmaker and the artist in dress. The purses of many are not long enough for the demands of the latter, and therefore it is more incumbent on the majority to study seriously the requirements of their own physiques, so that they may supply to the dressmaker the want which is so costly in the hands of the artist, namely, the knowledge of certain inviolable lines on which their clothing must be built, and to which the reigning fashion must inevitably give way.

The pity of it all is that woman in the pursuit of the beautiful in dress does not always study it from the end and object of it all—to present one's personality in its most attractive guise—is common to the sex, but attainment is reserved for the few. Possibly this arises from the fact that, though women may be fully alive to their attractions, they show a lamentable ignorance of their defects. Indeed, a full realization of both is indispensable to success in this important matter. For all-important it is, though many rank it among the trivialities and possibly the snares of

life. The self-respecting woman is well groomed, well dressed, presenting in herself an object of respect.

The critic judges one by the outward adornment rather than the inner virtues of one's soul, and possibly does not go far wrong in taking the former as an index of the latter. Slovenliness of the body is very nearly allied to slovenliness of mind.

### Hour Glasses For Children.

A clever mother recently gave hour glasses to her three children. They were timed to run out the end of an hour, half hour, and fifteen minutes, respectively. The little girl who before had dawdled through her piano practice, after watching the sands of time run out so visibly in her hour glass at once brought a new zest to her practice. The boys would thereafter time themselves on their evening "chores," and hurry back to see if they had been beaten by the hour glass, says the Pittsburg Leader.

It was a very good way of teaching them the value of time. If the experiment is tried, however, mothers must be careful not to allow their children to carry it to excess at first, and so grow weary of it as of a worn-out toy.

### Health Means Beauty.

If you wish to be beautiful there are four rules you must follow. Here they are: Have plenty of exercise and fresh air, good food, sunshine and lots of sleep. This last is most necessary.

A hot bath and a few hours' sleep will do wonders to renew a youthful appearance.

Never eat or work if you are over tired. The digestive organs will surely refuse to do their task properly, and you will suffer the reaction.

It is always best to obey nature's laws just as strictly in regard to our complexion, as well as our lives.

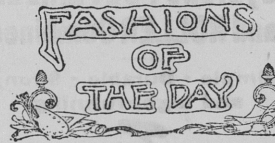
Use tepid water to wash in, and if it is hard a little borax will soften it, as hard water is very bad for the skin.—New York American.

### Ingrowing Nails.

Despite the protests of many girls who are not yet converted, ingrowing toenails are invariably produced by pressure or a blow, says the Minneapolis Tribune.

A shoe too narrow across the toe or a tread of the foot or insufficiently long for ease and comfort, though large enough elsewhere, either cramps or distorts the fore parts of the foot and toes or arrests the nails in their proper growth forward, forcing them back into the sensitive flesh at their roots and sides and causing them to grow in width and thickness only.

The results of tight shoes are not always immediate, but they are sure and very painful.



Comparing the late winter gowns with the few spring models on view, one sees little change in the general outline, or silhouette, as an artist would call it.

A charming dressing jacket of pure white crepe and Irish lace is made like a shawl. The sleeves are formed by the short points of the shawl, and a ribbon gathers in the fulness at the waist.

This season's velveteens have proven as durable and as satisfactory in all ways as the manufacturers promised, and it is to be hoped that fashion will allow them another season's vogue.

There is a craze for gowns where the waist is a tiny bolero, pelerine, or sailor collar of the skirt material over a blouse of thin material or lace. It is a pretty, graceful fashion and furnishes a hint for making over gowns.

The cotton and silk mixtures continue to come in. Among them flecked tissue de soie, silk gauzes, satin lisse, and pointelle cotton are familiar in name, but are much more beautiful this year than before.

The military jacket has taken remarkably well. Only fine broadcloth or the best quality of zibeline enters into its construction. There is a lavish use of braids in frogs, epaulettes, and bindings. This short style is adapted only to slender, youthful figures, but on these it looks unusually smart.

Everything is to be tucked, we are informed, but the tucks are by no means to be the straight around or even up and down variety. Tucks in all sorts of circular and crescent-shaped designs are presaged. Soft silks and pongees yield themselves to this sort of needlework manipulation. Of course, it is all hand-done.



### Egg Farel.

Cut hard boiled eggs in halves crosswise. Remove the yolks and put the whites aside in pairs. Mash the yolks through a sieve; add an equal quantity of cold cooked chicken or veal (chopped fine); add a little melted butter; season to taste; add a little lemon juice, mustard and cayenne pepper. Fill the whites with the mixture and put them together.

### Potato Gems.

To one cupful of warm mashed potatoes add one teaspoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of salt; beat the yolks of two eggs; add to them one cupful of milk; pour this upon one and one-half cupfuls of sifted flour and the mashed potato; add the beaten whites of the eggs, two and one-half level teaspoonfuls of baking powder; fill buttered gem pans two-thirds full and bake in a quick oven twenty minutes.

### Rice Waffles.

To one cupful of boiled rice add one cupful of flour; beat one egg, add to it half a cupful of milk; pour this over the rice and flour and beat well; add one level teaspoonful of butter, melted, one level teaspoonful of baking powder and half a teaspoonful of salt; beat well and bake on a hot greased wafer iron. Sour milk may be used instead of sweet milk; in that case omit baking powder and use one level teaspoonful of baking soda.

### Baked Potatoes.

Parse and cut four or five potatoes into thin slices, first dividing the potato lengthwise if large. Put the slices in a deep baking dish and over each layer sprinkle salt, pepper and flour and dot with bits of butter. When all are used pour on milk enough to cover the potatoes. Let them bake slowly, and twice during the process stir the brown skin tea. forms on top all through the potato. This is a convenient way when one has time for the long cooking; two hours will not harm them, and they need no attention at serving time.

### Fruit Filling For Sandwiches.

Have ready the raisins seeded, the dates washed, dried and stoned, and some macaroons rolled fine. Chop the raisins and dates, add if you like some of the can led apricots and cherries, also chopped fine. Allow about equal parts of each. When all chopped and mixed, moisten it with orange juice and the syrup from canned cherries, using about one-fourth cup for two cups of the fruit mixture. Remove the crust from thin slices of bread and cut into hearts, diamonds or other fancy shapes; spread quite thick with butter and then fill with the fruit mixture and put together.



A little flour sifted over suet will prevent the pieces sticking together while being chopped.

Mix plaster of paris with vinegar instead of water and you will find it excellent to stop the cracks in the wall.

To clean raisins roll in flour and then pick off all large stalks. If currants are washed they must be dried before added to cakes.

To keep cheese from getting mouldy wrap it in a cloth that has been dipped in vinegar and wrung out almost dry. Keep in a cool place.

When making pillows, if you wash the tick the feathers will not work through. To do this rub a very hot iron with beeswax and place it on the tick. Repeat till the whole thing has been covered.

Do not use bath brick or other gritty substance for cleaning taps, for it will get in the joints and cause needless wear and expense. A good polishing with oil alone will have excellent effect and can do no damage.

Lovers of cats should not forget to provide their pets with a little green food in winter. Lettuce leaves chopped in their food, or even celery tops, are relished by cats. It is a good plan also to keep a lot of grass or oats growing in the house for them to nibble at.

Because of the unpowery quality of brown paper it is a good nonconductor of heat and cold, and in the absence of woolen blankets it serves the same purpose. Outing flannel or gingham can be lined with one or two layers and an excellent quilt made that will wear well and be a warm, comfortable covering.

### Profits of a Sermon.

Queen Alexandra has just forwarded the Gordon Boys' Home and the British Home for Incurables \$100, representing the profits derived during the year from the sale of Canon Fleming's sermon, "Recognition in Eternity." This sermon has reached a total profit of £1572, which has been distributed equally between the two charities.