

The Gentle Ghost of Joy.

A little while ago you knew not I was I—
A little while ago I knew not you were you—
Now the swift hours have run by
And all the world is new.

I hear the young birds sing
In the rosy light of morn;
Like them I could take wing,
And sing as newly born.

A little while from now I shall be far away—
A little while from now your face I shall
not see—
But within my heart a ray
To light the dark will be.

Do you not know that pain
So sad, so sweet, so coy,
That comes, and comes again,
The gentle ghost of Joy?

Ah, that shall dwell with me,
When your face I do not see!

—[Louise Chandler Moulton, in Independent.

FOR HETTY'S SAKE.

There be more heroes in this world,
According to my way of thinking than
ever get talked on in the newspapers,
or have the Victoria cross presented to
them, or have books written about
them after they are dead and gone.

All the same, I've never been able
to make up my mind as to whether
one man I've known was a hero or
not. Maybe I'm a heavy kind o' chap,
and things don't strike me so clear as
they do others; but if I tell you the
story just as it happened, you can put
what reading you like on it.

I'm a miner down Staffordshire way,
have been a miner all my life, and
reckon I'm likely to stick to the pick
till some explosion comes along and
makes an end of me.

I worked with a gang in the Nine
Pits colliery about fifteen years back,
and there was one man there who
hailed from South Wales as I got pretty
friendly with.

I've called him a "man," but I don't
know if the title comes right. He was
more like a stunted boy than a man,
and more like some queer animal than
either. He was a dwarf. He had a
monstrous large head and shoulders,
and pair of little, bowed, twisty legs
no bigger than a child's of nine years
old.

His backed was crooked; he had a
lot of hair on his face, as those Welsh-
men have, and his eyes had a look in
them as I never got to the bottom of—
they were deep set in his head, as
black and as bright as a bit of silk-
stone; and sometimes there would
come a cloud into them and dull them,
and he would stare out before him as
though he were tranced; it was a sad
look, too, as well as dull, and I never
could make out what he was thinking
of then.

You might think that, being so mis-
shapen and little, he wasn't much
good in a coal mine; but I can tell
you there wasn't a man of six feet
among us stronger than he was. To
have seen him swing his pick would
have made you hold your breath; he
went at the work like steam, and he
could walk, you see, down some of
the narrow, low galleries where chaps
like me would have to crawl.

I lived along with my father and
sister then. We were precious poor,
and father used to say he hoped Hetty
would marry some one able to keep
her, and so give us a lift that way.

Hetty was powerful pretty. I've
seen a sight of women, as you may
suppose, in six-and-thirty years, but
I have never seen one that could come
near her for good looks. Bright and
light she was as sunshine, and she had
a bit of temper, too.

One day a new hand came to the
pit, Jim Marwood by name; a pleas-
anter man to look upon than Jim you
never saw. See him on Sunday going
to chapel, clean and smart, as straight
as a pole, with blue eyes looking so
frank and smiling, and you'd say he
looked a picture.

He had struck up a mighty affection
for me before he had been a month in
the gang.

You would have thought 'twas a
wonder he had lived so long without
me. He told me all about his friends
and such like most confidential, and
I found out he had to keep his mother
and hadn't a sixpence he could call his
own.

All he told me I told Hetty, and she
would listen, with a lovely color in
her cheeks, and go on talking about
him after I had stopped, till all of a
sudden it came upon me that him and
her knew as much of each other as I
did, and more, too, and liked what
they knew to a degree that was con-
siderable.

I was a trifle put out about it, for I
knew he was poor, and it would be a
bad lookout if they was to come to-
gether; still, as I've said, I'm heavy
and slow to most things, and I thought
I'd better hold my tongue awhile
longer.

Well, one day—I remember it as
clear as yesterday—it was between

the lights on a September evening,
very quiet and still, the stars just show-
ing out like sparkles of diamond light
we get in the seams at times. I was
smoking my pipe in our back room—
father was out of the house—when I
heard voices in the other room across
the passage. It was Matty and my
sister talking together.

Matty was the dwarf. He had a
long Welsh name, but we called him
"Matty" in the general way, because
of his rough hair, and didn't seem to
mind the joke.

I knew his voice well enough. It
was not exactly unpleasant, though
deep, with sometimes a sort of crack
in it, but anything like it sounded just
then I never heard before.

It made me sit up and put my pipe
down pretty sudden.

"I love you!" he says to Hetty.
"I've loved you ever since I've seen
you; won't you marry me? I'd be a
good husband to you."

She went into a light kind of scorn-
ful laugh.

"Marry you?" she says. "Why,
Matty, you must be dreaming? Of
course I won't."

And then I guessed she gave her
head a toss, with a way she had.

I got up and went a step nearer the
door, for I didn't know how he might
take it, them dwarfs being uncertain
creatures.

He was silent a minute, then he
says:

"I'm stunted and crooked, I know,
but I love you better than any other
man will ever love you, and I've a
comfortable home to offer you."

"If you had twenty homes I
wouldn't have you," she answers
quick. "So do say no more about it."

I think he moved around the room
after that, for his voice sounded near
to me. He spoke short and savage
like: "Jim Marwood's the man that
stands between you and me. Do you
think I've been blind? Do you think
I can't see that? Jim Marwood has
got your heart; and do you think you
will ever marry him while I'm alive?"

I got a shiver down the back, and
felt round for my stick, for his tone
was awful, and I didn't know what
he might do next.

Hetty never was the girl to be cowed,
and she flashed round on him the next
moment like gunpowder.

"It is Jim Marwood that has got my
heart, and I have his, and I'm not
ashamed to say it before you or any
man. I know you've got your cottage
and your garden that you are so mor-
tal proud of, and we shall have to wait
for years; but you needn't think you'll
frighten me out of marrying him, for
you won't; and if I don't marry him,
I'll never marry such a miserable,
wicked, ugly wretch as you! So don't
flatter yourself I would."

And she gave a kind of sob, and
burst out at the door, and rushed upon
our little flight of stairs, and I heard
the door bang and the key turn in her
lock sharp and passionate.

I waited, still as death, wondering
how he would take on, and hearing no
strife I kind of squinted round the door-
post into the passage.

There he stood in the dusk facing
towards the open entry door and the
starry sky. A desperate, hideous,
evil-looking thing, with his monstrous
head and shaggy hair and his little
twisted legs. There was that dull,
tranced look in his eyes, and he was
staring before him like I had often
seen him do in the mine.

"She shall never marry Marwood
while I'm alive. God made me same
as him," I heard him mutter to him-
self, and then he went out.

I saw him no more that night, and
I didn't let on to Hetty that I had over-
heard them. The next day we were
all underground as usual. Somehow
or other Matty and Marwood and I
found ourselves always pretty close
together. He seemed to me to be
hanging on to Jim in a way I didn't
like, hearing what I had heard, and I
kept as close to both as I well could,
keeping my tools ready to hand, and
watching the dwarf out of the corner
of my eye.

Jim never looked taller, nor hand-
somer, nor straighter than he looked
that day. Happy he was as a lark,
whistling over his work and laughing
as light-hearted as could be.

I couldn't be light, for there was a
curious weight on my mind, a sense
as if some mischief was going to hap-
pen before nightfall.

I notice that the dwarf scarce took
his eyes off Jim, except at 12 o'clock,
when we stopped for our bits of food,
and then he sat in a corner by himself
under a truck and scribbled on a scrap
of paper, with a queer sort of smile
on his face. I had the shivers more
than once, for he looked so evil and
so black among the coal heaps, and
every now and then he would talk to
himself in Welsh, which I had never
heard him do before, and it turned my

blood cold, for it sounded for all
the world like the jabberings of a
maniac.

In the afternoon we got down to a
lower level. It was a dangerous part
of the mine, as we all knew, and we
kept our Davy lamps pretty light, I
can tell you.

"There's fire-damp about here," said
one of the men.

"And a spark would settle the lot of
us, wouldn't it?" said the dwarf.

They were almost the first words he
had spoken, and the expression of his
face as he said it made my heart give
a turn.

"Ah! that it would," Jim an-
swered.

A kind of sick fear came over me
that our lives were in the dwarf's
power, and hanging, as it might be,
on a thread. Such a longing came
over me for a mouthful of fresh air
and the sight of the open sky as I had
never known in the mines before.

People warming their toes at their
handsome fires on the winter nights
don't know what it means to us chaps
who have the digging of the coal in the
depths of the earth, and who put
flesh and blood in jeopardy every hour
to do it.

Nothing more was said about fire-
damp, however, and that day, the
longest day I had ever known, came
round to 6 o'clock without an explo-
sion.

The cages were ready for us to get
up to the top of the shaft, and most of
the men had gone.

"You go now," says I to the dwarf.

"No!" he answers, "I'm going to
stay a little over-time to-night. You
all go on, and send the cage down
again for me. And look here, give
this to your sister Hetty, will you?
and tell her to open it."

He put a bundle in my hand, tied
up in a handkerchief. I took it gin-
gerly enough, for, with such suspi-
cious in my mind, I half expected it
might go off in my face somehow.

Then we touched the signal rope,
and up went Jim and me, and the
dwarf stood underneath and turned
his face up, watching us out of sight.

Well! I felt more comfortable when
we put our feet on firm ground on top
of the shaft, and then sent the cage
down again for him.

"Wonder what's in that bundle?"
says Jim.

"Maybe Hetty will tell you some
time," I replied, little thinking how it
concerned him.

I took it home and called Hetty to
open it. Our cottage wasn't far from
the pits, and it couldn't have been
above ten minutes since the dwarf had
put it into my hand.

She undid the knot, and there—if
you would believe it—were the title
deeds of his cottage and a dozen sov-
ereigns tied up in a piece of canvas,
and the scrap of paper I had seen him
scribble on under the truck. There
were these words on it:

"What is here is for you. 'Ugly
and miserable' I am, but 'wicked' I
am not, I said you shouldn't marry
him while I was alive and I shall keep
my word. Think kindly of a dwarf
if you can. God made me as well as
him."

We hadn't got to the end of the
poor, dirty little letter when we heard
a sound that made our hearts stand
still—a long, dull roaring, shaking the
floor we stood on as if it was thunder
under our feet.

"An explosion in the mine!" says
Hetty, with a face as white as chalk.

We rushed out. All Nine Pits was
out; men, women and children,
screaming and running to the shaft
head.

Hundreds of tons of solid earth and
rock and rubble had fallen in, and
under it all was the dead, crushed
body of that poor creature we had
helped to send from the world.

It was no use trying to dig him out.
He knew when he opened his Davy
lamp—and he must have opened it—
that human help could never reach
there. He knew, when he watched
me and Jim go up in the cage, that he
was staying behind for his death, and
he went to it of his own free will for
the love of my sister Hetty.

She cried about it for a week and
said she should never be happy again.
But I think she is happy now, for she
married Jim, come the Easter after,
and they live in Matty's cottage still,
and the garden is all bloom with
flowers.

Might Have Been Worse.

She—I am very sorry, but our en-
gagement must cease. I can never
marry.

He—My gracious? What has hap-
pened?

She—My brother has disgraced us?
He—Oh, is that all. That doesn't
matter. I feared maybe your father
had fallen.—[New York Weekly.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

THE MASK VEIL.

The "Yashmak" is the name of the
new "Oriental" or mask veil, so dense
in its meshes at the top that the
features are almost obliterated as far
as the nose. The more transparent
lower half of the veil, however, per-
mits the mouth and chin to be visible.
These veils are still uncommon, and
quite a departure from the popular
flimsy veils so long worn, and remind
one of the masked footpad.—[New
York Post.

WITCHERY OF JAPANESE WOMEN.

Every one who has been to Japan
catches the witchery of the Japanese
women. They are just as sweet and
pretty as they can be. At least that
is the verdict of all the men who go
there and see them in their own homes.
They are so clean, too, and so willing
and so obliging. When a Japanese
belle gets herself up to slaughter
hearts she stains her teeth black—jet
black. Now this doesn't sound very
pretty, but to offset the blackness she
puts a dash of red pomade right upon
the front of her mouth, making such
a tempting beauty spot that no man at
all, even though he be married and is
the head of a family, can resist ad-
miring the lovely bit of beauty.—
[New York Advertiser.

A QUEEN IN DIVIDED SKIRTS.

Fancy the aged Queen of Great
Britain and Empress of India, Prin-
cess Beatrice, the Duchess of Con-
naught and their maids of honor and
ladies of honor wearing divided
skirts!

A lady correspondent writing from
Hyeret, France, where the royal party
recently rusticated, chronicles the fact
with much fullness of detail.

Princess Beatrice says it is the most
comfortable dress yet tried at that
hilly resort, equally nice for walking
and yachting. She induced her royal
mother to try it, and Her Majesty is
delighted with it. She will wear it in
future whenever she goes to her High
land residence, and possibly, also, in
her rambles within the royal precincts
of Windsor Castle.—[New York
Journal.

WOMEN AS LIBRARIANS.

An official statement has been sent
to the Pittsburg Dispatch by Mary
Salome Cutler of salaries paid to all
the women employed in twenty-four
of the most prominent libraries in the
country, prominent for their size, wise
administration and efficiency.

Three hundred and eighty women
are employed in twenty-four promi-
nent libraries, receiving from \$240 to
\$1500, an average salary of \$570.
This includes work of all grades and
the average is greatly reduced by the
large number required to do mecha-
nical work in comparison with the few
needed for supervisory and independ-
ent work.

Thirteen women of recognized
ability, trained as apprentices in large
libraries or in the school of experi-
ence, receive from \$550 to \$2000, an
average salary of \$1500. The 37
women trained in the Library School
which was opened in 1887 receive
from \$600 to \$1300, an average salary
of \$900. The 13 highest salaries paid
to Library School women average
\$1900. Seven women as librarians of
State libraries receive from \$625 to
\$1200, an average salary of \$1000.
The 24 men filling similar positions
receive an average salary of \$1450.

A woman occupying a subordinate
position in a library, where faithful-
ness, accuracy and a fair knowledge
of books are the only essentials, can
expect from \$300 to \$500. A good
cataloguer, or a librarian with average
ability and training, can expect to re-
ceive from \$600 to \$900. A woman
with good natural ability and fitness
for the work, with a liberal education
and special training, can expect \$1000
at the head of a library, or of a de-
partment in a large library, with a
possible increase to \$1500 or \$2000.
Women rarely receive the same pay
as men for the same work.

HOW WOMEN SHOULD RIDE.

Half the accidents to women origi-
nate in their own fright, and the ob-
ject of lessons is as much to infuse
confidence as to give instruction. Any
horse suitable for a woman can be
ridden and managed with ease by any
one who will keep her head. When
her horse is led up to the door, the
equestrienne may dismiss all fear and
look with unalloyed pleasure at what
lies before her. Many women, espe-
cially in the South, mount from a
block. It is a capital thing to learn,
and, with modern short skirts is easy.
A woman should be able, at neces-
sity, to mount from a fence, as she can
with a steady horse. If riding alone,
and her horse picks up a stone, she

must get it out or lame him; but un-
less she can mount unassisted she
dares not dismount. Women usually
ride in company, but in the country
it is well to be independent. It is
quite possible to mount a small horse
by letting down the stirrup leather
far enough to insert the foot, but this
savors of gymnastics.

In being mounted it is three-fourths
the lady's spring and one-fourth the
lifting of the cavalier which tells.
Some little women are heavier in
mounting than a sack of meal, and
others of greater avoirdupois and no
more strength need scarce a finger's
exertion. Only very muscular men
can lift a woman bodily into a saddle,
and no one likes to do it. One of the
worst preparations for a ride is the
irritation caused a man by having to
exhaust his strength in mounting his
partner.

There are many methods of holding
the reins. Provided the curve and
snaffle reins are kept so distinct that
each can be quickly shortened or
lengthened any method is good. The
fashion of the day is to ride with both
hands, but a woman's horse should
guide by the neck or bit at will. To
be unable to ride readily with one
hand is an absurdity. In any case,
hold the hands low.

When the seat is straight and strong
the hands can be as light as the horse's
mouth. The perfection of riding is to
accomplish everything with as slight
muscular effort as possible. The bit
should be such as to prevent the horse
from boring on your hands and yet
not make him restless. The adjustment
of the bit to produce the best results
is a matter requiring much judgment
and experience. Every horse has his
peculiarities.

In company, keep together. Noth-
ing is so annoying as to have your
companion ahead of or behind you
half the time. Companions should
ride as they walk, side by side. One
of the charms of equestrianism, con-
versation enlivened by the brisk
motion and suggestive surroundings,
is quite lost unless you keep together.
Good riders can chat at a rapid trot or
an inspiring canter as well as at a
walk, because, whatever their gait,
they remember that they ride for com-
panionship as well as exercise. Lack
of familiarity with saddle work is quick-
ly betrayed by the failure to keep
abreast.

Dismounting is about as easy as
getting out of a carriage. It may be
done gracefully or ungracefully. An
active woman can slide to the ground
without assistance. Be sure your
skirts are clear of your horse and
your feet clear of everything. The
rest comes readily.—[New York Sun.

FASHION NOTES.

Gaiters are the correct thing.

Grace batiste is a new fabric for
gowns.

Stone-soled shoes are made for
active boys.

More trimming is observed in the
front of hats.

The broad square toe is conspicuous
by its absence.

The newest ornament is a diamond-
shaped buckle.

Many puckered effects are seen in
new cotton goods.

In buying fancy silks all-over de-
signs should be chosen.

Old-time lawns and organdy muslins
are in delightful demand.

Drab waistcoats spotted with pink,
and flecked with white and tints of
blue and fawn, are wonderfully
effective.

Four tints are used in some party
dresses, as yellow, blue, pink, green;
yellow dominating.

Flounces of graduated widths and
tiny overlapping bias ruffles will trim
many of the new skirts, if one may
judge from the character of the latest
modes.

Dots, checks, flowers and numerous
other devices are woven in the new
ginghams, which show such dainty
colors as canary, pea-green, heliotrope,
pale blue and pink.

Full bibs of Irish-point lace attached
to standing collars formed of over-
lapping folds of mull or crepe de
chine are worn by many fashionable
women. They sometimes reach
several inches below the waist-line
and are caught to position, the fullness
being bunched under a narrow girdle,
a long metal clasp or a section of
handsome passementerie.

As pointed girdles are just now
counted the height of good style, the
shirt blouse will be very generally
chosen instead of the vest for travel-
ing, for outdoor sports, and for more
or less ceremonious indoor wear. A
new blouse of this kind is presented
and is very effective, whether seen be-
neath a coat-basque or with an open
or partly open top garment.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

A GOOD STOCKING DARNER.

The suggestion is offered by a
clever needlewoman that a better
stocking darning than the wooden or
porcelain egg or polished solid cup is
a discarded slipper sole, or rather the
sole of a discarded slipper, for the
two should remain united. This in-
serted in the stocking offers a smooth
and more available surface for
stretching the hole over than any
other.—[New York Times.

PROTECTING DRIED FRUITS FROM INSECTS.

Dried fruits can be effectually pro-
tected from the attacks of insects by
being slightly sprinkled with ether by
means of an atomizer and then shaken
in a wide mouthed glass vessel that
has been rinsed with ether. The fruit
should then be put up in well corked
bottles and kept in a cool, dark place.
Raspberries thus treated are not only
safe from insects, but also preserve
their natural appearance and taste, as
well as the odor peculiar to them when
dried, that of the ether not being per-
ceptible.—[New York Commercial
Advertiser.

A CURE FOR MILDEW.

"What is a good cure for mildew in
clothes?" writes a friend. The best
thing is to use the ounce of preven-
tion in time. When the evil is done,
however, there is no use in crying
over spilled milk, though it must be
admitted that any agent powerful
enough to remove mildew or blue
mold from linen is apt to injure the
fabric. A solution of the chloride of
lime, such as may be used for bleach-
ing, is perhaps the best remedy. A
tablespoonful should be dissolved in a
gallon of cold water, by stirring with
a wooden stick. Soak the injured
garment in this preparation, moving
it about occasionally till the stains are
no longer visible, then rinse very
thoroughly, changing the water several
times.—[New York News.

ASPARAGUS IN TEMPTING FORMS.

There are several ways of cooking
asparagus besides the familiar one of
boiling. It may be cooked au gratin,
in the oven. For this purpose, boil a
bunch of fine asparagus for twelve
minutes. Lay it in a baking dish.
Moisten it with half a cup of the
water in which it was boiled. Grate
Parmesan cheese over it, season it
well with salt and pepper, sprinkle a
tablespoonful of fresh bread crumbs
over the top with a tablespoonful of
butter cut in bits, and bake in a
moderately hot oven for fifteen
minutes. Cold boiled asparagus is
very nice served as a salad with a
French dressing or with the following
sauce: Pound the yolk of a hard-
boiled egg to a paste, add two tea-
spoonfuls of good vinegar, a salt-
spoonful of salt and half the amount
of pepper. Add an onion minced
fine. Toss all together thoroughly
and pour it over the cold asparagus.—
[New York Tribune.

RECIPES.

Potato Croquettes—To two teacup-
fuls of potato mashed with a vegetable
masher add two well beaten eggs, one
tablespoonful of butter, salt and
pepper. Beat until light, then form
into flat cakes, roll in beaten egg and
bread crumbs, and fry in smoking hot
fat.

Asparagus on Toast—Cut the stalks
of equal lengths, rejecting all wood-
portions. Tie in bunch with strip of
muslin, and boil until tender, from 20
to 30 minutes. Cut off the crust and
nicely toast the bread. Dip each slice
carefully in the liquor in which the
asparagus was boiled, butter well, and
lay on a warm platter. Spread the
asparagus on the bread, slightly
sprinkle a bit of salt over, and serve.

Dandelion Salad—Wash the leaves
thoroughly through several waters,
pick over carefully and let remain in
cold water over night. Drain and
wipe dry; put in a salad bowl and add
the following dressing: To three
tablespoonfuls of oil add one of
vinegar, one-half teaspoonful of salt
and one-half teaspoonful of pepper
and beat together thoroughly. Garnish
with rings of hard-boiled egg.

Minced Spinach—Wash carefully
and boil in a very little water until
tender. Drain and chop fine. Put a
tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan,
and when hot, add the spinach, salt
and pepper to taste, and when hot
stir in cream until well moistened.
Spread slices of hard-boiled eggs over
the top and serve. Spinach is also
nice served on toast. Prepare as
above, and when seasoning add one
hard-boiled egg, chopped fine, but no
cream.