

Tenderness.

Not unto every heart is God's good gift
Of simple tenderness allowed; we meet
With love in many fashions when we lift
First to our lips life's waters bitter-sweet.
Love comes upon us with restless power
Of endless passion, and with headstrong will
It plays around like April's breeze and
shower.
Or calmly flows a rapid stream and still.
It comes with blessedness unto the heart
That welcomes it aright, or, bitter fate!
It wrings the bosom with so fierce a smart,
That love, we cry, is crueler than hate.
And then, ah me, when love has ceased to
bleed
Our broken hearts cry out for tenderness.
We long for tenderness like that which hung
About us, lying on our mother's breast!
A selfish feeling, that no pen or tongue
Can praise aright, since silence sings it best.
A love, as far removed from passion's heat
As from the chillness of its dying fire;
A love to lean on when the falling feet
Begin to totter, and the eyes to fire.
In youth's bright heyday hottest love we
seek.
The reddest rose we grasp—but when it
dies
God grant the latter blossoms, violets meek.
May spring for us beneath life's Autumn
skies!
God grant some loving one be near to bless
Our weary way with simple tenderness.

BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

BY L. W. KING.

He wondered as he rang the front door bell what Sophie would be like. He had met Della Bradley on 23d street that morning, and had stopped to speak to her at the door of a large shop. As he lifted his hat and bade her au revoir she said: "Oh, Sophie, the little sister you know, is home from school for good now. Come in this afternoon and I will introduce you to our 'baby'!" She laughed, and then he laughed, thinking a little girl in short frocks an odd pretense for his calling so soon again.

He was a pretty good-looking fellow, as men go; big and athletic, but a trifle old; not base youth, but really getting on in years.

Well, when he rang the Bradleys' door bell that afternoon, as I said, he wondered what little Sophie would be like. He was fond of children.

He was shown to the well-known parlor, where the gathering afternoon shadows made the bright carpet and pretty furnishings look more attractive than ever. As he glanced toward the window he saw seated there, busily plying her needle and unheeding all else, a little, slim, fair-haired girl, with serious blue eyes and such soft, white hands that he could not help noticing them.

His first idea was to retreat; his second to cough and await the result. The girl started, listened and stopped sewing. He coughed again, timidly, and then she looked at him.

As she rose she blushed a beautiful crimson from the pretty throat right up to her forehead, whereon lay soft golden curls.

"I beg pardon, he stammered, quite as much embarrassed as this damsel whom he had stumbled upon. "But I—I came to see Miss Bradley. My name is Marley—Jack Marley! I'm really awfully sorry I disturbed you."

His contrition was so real, and he looked so miserable that the girl smiled—a smile that slowly parted the red lips and lurked in her dimples.

When she smiled like that, Jack smiled too, and after that the "mauvais honte" of the meeting was over.

"I have heard of you," she told him naively, "from my sister. You know I am—er—Sophie."

"Really. Why, I thought," he stammered, "I—that is—you have got on long dresses, haven't you?"

She laughed merrily. "Did you think I was a little girl? Well, I'm not big, and I'm not very wise, but I'm quite grown up, I assure you. Oh, I am afraid Belle forgot you were coming. She went out in the carriage with mamma. Will you wait for her, or?"

"Thank you. I'll wait if I may," he hastened to say; "if it won't disturb you!"

"Not at all," she assured him, as she sank into the depths of a big chair, where she looked smaller than ever.

Somehow every now and then a sense of age oppressed him in contrast to her youth and girliness, and made him more uncomfortable in the thought than he had ever been before. After ten minutes he knew she was glad to be at home, though it had been a sorrow to leave the school where she had been very happy.

"I'm really awfully sorry," she said, "You see I was so little, and they made a pet of me," she laughed in a bright shy way.

There came the sound of opening doors and women's voices. The telephone was interrupted. Jack Marley

rose and shook hands with Miss Bradley.

At the end of the season Jack had seen a great deal of Sophie. He was always a welcome visitor at her mother's house, and as he looked back over the days which had passed since their first meeting it worried him to think how the hours spent with her had grown part of his life.

His friends had begun to comment upon "Bachelor Jack's" infatuation, and he never even tried to hide it. To young Strange he even confided his "foolishness"—when in the mood. He had introduced the young man to his divinity and often wondered at his lack of enthusiasm on the subject.

Ned Strange was in that period of cynicism common to the youth and he laughed scornfully over the fact of "old Marley's being in love!" What could such a grave and revered seigneur see in a little, simple innocent girl. He (Strange) thought it wrong to bring up a girl like that.

This was at first, but by the time Sophie had made her debut, creating quite a furor with her charming face, young Strange silently succumbed, and, though he never admitted it, in his heart he was one of Sophie's lovers.

One day Strange was sitting in the Bradley's parlor waiting, when Marley came in. His grave face and a restlessness in his manner told that something was "up." He flung himself down on the sofa and began at once.

"Ned, you and I have always been friends, have we not? I did you a service once; I want something from you in return." He laughed somewhat constrainedly. "You've known from the first that I loved Sophie Bradley. I told you when I brought you here, old man. Yes, I know I'm too old and serious, but it's just this—I love her so that I must know my fate. Whatever she decides I shall accept without a word. If she should care only Heaven knows what it would mean to me! If not—well, God help me! Ned, will you—tell her for me? I'm a coward, man, when I think of this," and he ran a hand to his gray hairs. "I have no right to ask her, but—Oh, you can plead my cause. Tell her no younger man could love her as—I—do. Ned, will you do this?"

The younger man had grown livid. He did not look up, but he muttered hoarsely, "Yes."

Just then they heard Sophie singing as she came in from the hall. Jack escaped into the back room.

"How do you do, Mr. Strange?" she said, and there was such a pretty flush in her cheeks, and such an odd light in her blue eyes. She sat down near the window and seemed to be waiting for something.

He crossed the room to her side. He noticed how quickly she drew her breath.

"Sophie, I have something to tell you, may I?"

"Surely," she said, her eyes fastened on her fingers playing nervously with the folds of her dress.

"Dear, I want to talk of love—a man's love that has been growing until now it is too strong for silence. Since that night when you wore my flowers to your first ball I have thought only of you."

He did not notice how her fingers grew still and the red faded out of her cheeks as she shrank away from him.

"Sophie, do you love me, and will you be my wife?"

Silence for a minute, and he could not understand the way she looked at him. Then, as she turned away and covered her face with her hands, he thought it joy and lost all fear of a refusal.

"Sophie!" "I think," she interrupted, hesitatingly, "that—there—is some one else!"

"Oh, you mean old Marley?" he laughed. "I always suspected it, but I don't suppose he ever means to tell you so."

"One moment," she said suddenly, going to the door of that back room. Gently, but imperatively, she called "Mr. Marley!" and before she had got back to Strange's side Jack appeared in the doorway.

Ned grew white and clenched his hands. Then the girl spoke in a clear voice:

"Mr. Marley, I wish you to hear. This gentleman—has just asked me to marry him—himself—do you understand?"

Strange tried to stop her, and his eyes fell before one contemptuous look in Marley's.

"This is my answer, Mr.—Strange. You have done me an honor which it is impossible for me to accept—since I am going to—marry—some one else."

Both men started. At length Strange laughed sneeringly.

"So, you've tricked us both? May we know the successful rival?"

She blushed then, but bravely looked at them both and went bravely over to the man at the door.

"Jack, if he will have me," she said simply, slipping her hand into his.

"Sophie!" "Yes, Jack. I was there behind the curtain. I heard you—and you're not a bit old; you're—well, just the dearest man in the world!"

When she reappeared from the embrace of those big, strong arms, Strange was gone.—[New York Recorder.

Hawaiian Names.

The following names of our proposed new citizens were to be found a few years ago on the taxpayers' list at Honolulu:

M. Scissors, The Thief, the Wandering Ghost, The Fool, The Man Who Washes His Dimples, Mrs. Oyster, The Tired Lizard, The Husband of Kanea (a male deity), The Great Kettle, The First Nose, The Atlantic Ocean, The Stomach, Poor Pussy, Mrs. Turkey, The Tenth Heaven.

The same names are bestowed indiscriminately upon males and females. A man living upon Bertania street, Honolulu, is called The Pretty Woman (Wahine Maikai); a male infant was lately christened Mrs. Tompkins; one little girl is named Samson (Kamekoma), another the Man; Susan (Kukena) is a boy, so are Polly Sarah, Jane Peter, and Henry Ann. A pretty little maid has been named by her fond parents The Pig Sty (Hale Pua). A relative hints at luxury in the diet of the coming man, calling the boy The Rat Eater (Kamea Ohi Ole).

An old servant in Dr. Wright's family, at Koloala, caused her grandchild to be baptized in the church The Doctor (Kauka). This, as is the case with all the other names here mentioned, is the only designation. By way of compliment to the early physicians, many children were named after their drugs, as Joseph Squills, Miss Rhubarb, The Emetic. Names of uncomplimentary purport are willingly borne by their owners, while others convey a pleasing and graceful sentiment, among the latter The Arch of Heaven (Ka Pia Lani), The River of Twilight (Ka Wia Lulu), The Delicate Wreath (Ka Lei maka Lili).

The Rev. Dr. Coan of Hawaii possesses the love of his flock. One morning a child was presented for baptism, whose name was given by the parents, Mikia. The ceremony finished, the parents assured the doctor that they had named the baby for him. "But my name is not Michael," said the doctor, supposing Mikia to be aimed thereat. "We always hear your wife call you mikia," answered the mother. She had mistaken Mrs. Coan's familiar "my dear" for her husband's proper appellation.—[Boston Gazette.

Malleable Glass a Possibility.

Among the stories which have floated down to us from antiquity is one told by Tacitus as occurring in the reign of Tiberius. An artificer, it is said, discovered the art of tempering glass so as to render it malleable, and made a large vase which he took to the court and exhibited before the emperor, expecting to receive a handsome reward for his ingenuity. He proved the temper of his vase by throwing it violently on the stone floor, then taking out his hammer, beat it into the former shape. Instead of bestowing a reward, the emperor ordered him to be put to death, alleging that such a discovery would diminish the value of precious metals. The story is probably apocryphal, as perhaps is that other of six malleable glass mirrors sent from the Shah of Persia to Spain in 1610, but both are indications that the subject of glass tempering has long engaged the attention of inventors. During the last half century much progress has been made in tempering glass, and when desired, it is now made much tougher than the glass makers of former times were able to produce. So there is no reason to doubt that malleable glass is among the possibilities of the near future.—[American Carpet and Upholstery Trade.

Enormous Consumption of Explosives.

Even in time of peace enormous quantities of explosives are consumed annually for mining, etc. To fire sunrise and sunset guns alone costs Uncle Sam \$1000 a day. The ordinary rifle practice of the army is an expense to the government of hundreds of thousands of dollars yearly, and the target practice and experiments with guns and explosives pursued by the navy represent an expenditure of hundreds of thousands more every twelve-month.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

HOW ONE PRINCESS LOOKS.

Princess Kaiulani, the young Hawaiian princess, who sailed for England on the Majestic, after a message of thanks to the American people, was rather an interesting young woman.

Many persons seemed to think that the Princess Kaiulani, or Miss Cleghorn, was of the very dark color of complexion. On the contrary, she was no darker than many an American beauty of the brunette type.

Miss Cleghorn was dignified in bearing and suggested the Boston girl known as a bluestocking.—[New York Herald.

THE NEW "HORROR."

In reading of the new "horror," the gown freed to the knees with crinoline, bear in mind that the crinoline alluded to is simply the thin, slightly stiffened material long in use for lining panels, cuffs, collars, etc., and not more than half so stiff as the canvass with which most gowns have been faced for a long time. Hoop-skirts will hardly be worn this coming summer; and though dark hints are thrown out that autumn will see a radical change in style, the dire prediction need not cause alarm.—[Democrat.

JEWELS FOR EMBROIDERY.

The employment of imitation jewels in connection with embroidery and their use upon fancy knick-knacks is very popular among workers in decorative arts, as they impart to such articles a sparkling effect which is very good if carefully managed so as to gleam out unexpectedly and in unlooked-for places. The jewels are in a great variety of tints, representing pink and yellow topazes, emeralds, rubies, sapphires, diamonds, opals and aqua marines. Two holes are ready pierced in each stone, by which it can be sewed on. The stitches which hold the stone down should be as invisible as possible, and fine sewing silk as nearly matching the color of the stone as possible should be used. A mistake easily made is the mixing of half a dozen colors and kinds of stones upon the same piece of embroidery. Two or three colors give the best result.—[New York Tribune.

A QUEEN'S LACES.

The Queen of Italy, like the Princess of Wales, is noted for her taste in dress, though instead of the tailor-made serges and chevots in which the princess is wont to dress, the Italian Queen essays sumptuous brocades and velvets rich in color and texture, like the robes of the stately ladies Titian and Veronese painted in the old days. The Queen has been a patron of the lace-making industry of the Italian people, encouraging the revival of the old stitches and the designing of new patterns. They tell a story of how one particular stitch, in guipure, was almost lost to the world in the decay of the art.

It was discovered at last that a bed-ridden old lace-maker of Buram was the only person alive who could do the stitch, and by dint of good food and wine she was fairly coaxed back to life long enough to impart her precious secret to the young lace-makers of the new Venetian school, Queen Margherita is rather short in stature, but so well does she carry herself that she always conveys the impression of a tall woman. Her neck and arms are beautiful in outline and tint, her skin delicate and creamy, the color coveted by Italian women. She speaks French, German, Italian and English, and her favorite books are those belonging to English literature.—[New York Advertiser.

THE NEW SILKS.

The thin summer silks, of which very many are being made up, are, as a rule, left without stiffening or stiffened only for a few inches above the bottom. The silk is too soft to bear the interlining. Where it is used the character of the goods is destroyed, and the gown seems to be made of crackly paper. The best modistes recognize the fact that crinoline has its limitations, and wisely adapt themselves to the necessities of the fabric they are handling.

The new chene silks are soft and take gathers nicely. Many have the skirts trimmed with only one flounce or narrow ruffle of silk or lace, or perhaps with a band of openwork lace over a lining of colored satin. No skirt, however, is prettier on the thin silks than the skirt full of flounces—that is, flounced from waist to foot in ruffles of six-inch width, or graduating from six to eight, ten, or twelve inches. The flounces are of silk, and are prettiest when pinked top and bottom and put on with a narrow ruffle heading, the heading on the top flounce

only if the flounces overlap, or on all if they are set on separately.

A charming design for trimming the silk skirts is that of a succession of narrow ruffles to the knee, pinked and caught up in the festoons by knots of velvet the color of one shade in the silk, the upper ruffle having a heading of folds and butterfly knots. Shirring on stiff cords is used on thin silks and cottons. The cords are in close-set groups of six or more, making perhaps an inch-wide band, and the goods is drawn upon them at the waist, around the yoke at the wrists, at the head of ruffles and so on.—[New York Times.

THE WOMAN PREACHER.

There seems to be no objection whatever to women taking control of Sunday-schools, benevolent institutions, church fairs, festivals and all other means of caring for the flock and filling the ecclesiastical exchequer, but when it comes to women in the pulpit there is trouble at once. This is only another of the relics of barbarism.

In old times if the church could get control of the women and little children they felt pretty sure of their ability to manage the rest of the human family.

Half a century ago a woman doctor was scarcely recognized in reputable circles, and a woman lecturer was a monstrosity. Contrasting that date with the present and taking note of the change in sentiment from one decade to another, it is scarcely too much to expect that by another fifty years we shall see a most wonderful revolution in matters of this sort.

It is safe to predict that before the end of the first decade of the next century the woman preacher will be no more of a novelty than the woman doctor now is. Woman is specially fitted for such work, and even were she not so it would be only the strictest kind of justice to give her some of the honor as well as most of the hard work of the church. When once it dawns fully upon the minds of the people of this generation that there is no sex in intellect or moral achievement, the first and most difficult part of this knotty problem will have been solved.

By all means open the pulpit doors to women as well as those of the Sunday-school room, the hospital and the Executive Committee.—[New York Commercial Advertiser.

FASHION NOTES.

Corkscrew bougainées are new and stylish.

The law has been laid down: Short skirts, and only short skirts, are to be worn in the street.

A new navy-blue serge has a single thread-stripe of deep green, and is pronounced very stylish.

Cream white, old pink and light blue seem to be the colors selected for young girl's evening costumes.

New skirts for the street do not touch the ground, but house-skirts are almost all made with short trains.

The handsome French chailies are "the thing." The pulled sleeve falling over the elbow is a good model.

Accordion-plaited skirts of surah or India, with plaited waists in sailor fashion, are rather new and effective.

Wide-brimmed hats, with an abundance of ostrich-plume trimming, will be popular for early-summer wear.

Bodice effects reached by means of bands of ribbon are often seen, and are especially affected in evening gowns.

The pretty colored Henriettes are well adapted for this purpose, and with yokes of Irish lace are very stylish.

The dotted or sprigged lawns are trimmed with ruffles embroidered in the dominating color and with knots and streamers of ribbon.

One of the new ideas is a black-satin bodice and a skirt of some dark, rich cloth. Indeed, black satin as a waist material is quite to the fore.

The crisp, clean-looking French batistes, the poetic flower-strewn organdies, the neat-patterned linen lawns and ginghams all make pretty negliges for warm weather.

The white dotted swisses, the plaided nainsooks, and bishop's lawns launder well and are made up with plaited or gathered ruffles, torchon lace, and ribbons of pale green, mauve, or blue.

Sensible and pretty house robes are made of the fine French or Scotch flannels in stripes or figures; pale gray and pink, marine-blue and ponceau, Nil and heliotrope are among the new colorings; these gowns are usually made with yokes or in the loose princess shape and trimmed with lace and ribbon.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Blue is the mourning color in China. The first college was Harvard, in 1638.

The United States have 43,000,000 sheep.

Umbrellas were imported from India in 1772.

Chinese botanists can grow oaks in timbles.

Nails were first made in Rhode Island in 1777.

Last year our railroads carried 600,000,000 people.

An oak tree nearly five centuries old was recently felled near Castleton, Ind.

De La Ryndere's "Almanach des Gourmands" is the most famous cook book.

The royal crown of Great Britain weighs thirty-nine ounces and is valued at \$1,200,000.

Berlin, Germany, has the widest train roof on the continent—that at Anhalt station, which is 198 feet five inches.

The Fijians believe that the souls of all people of marriageable age who die unmarried can never enter into heaven.

An agency for the sale of exclusive recipes for soups, sauces and entrees has been opened in Paris by a "retired chef."

Hash must have been an invention of the old Romans, for it is related that they mixed all sorts of meats and "pounded them into a pulp."

Black patches shaped like stars, crescents, horseshoes, and even like coaches and horses, were worn by the ladies of the court of Queen Anne.

The Mariposa (Cal.) Big Tree grove has 427 big trees. The largest is 34 feet in diameter. Through a tunnel or hole cut in one a four-horse stage is driven daily.

The ancient Romans made the kitchen one of the chief rooms of the house. It was paved with tiles, while the walls were hung with pictures and otherwise decorated.

Oregon, it is said, purposes sending to the World's Fair a horse that overtops all others, and "can pick the tallest persimmon." He is twenty hands and two inches high.

Life insurance dates from almost the year 1650, and was the invention of the Chevalier de Mere, a Flemish nobleman and the Abbe Baise Pascal, the famous Jesuit priest.

The largest sequoia tree in circumference is in Tulare county, California, given by United States surveyors at 109 feet. The tallest is the "Keystone," in Calaveras, being 365 feet high.

An English walnut tree at Vallecito, Calaveras county, Cal., measures nine feet in circumference, and is probably the largest in the state. It produces annually a large crop of superior nuts.

It's a Nap You Need.

A room without a couch of some sort is only half furnished. Life is full of ups and downs, and all that saves the sanity of the mentally jaded and physically exhausted fortune fighter is the periodical good cry and momentary loss of consciousness on the upstairs lounge or the old sofa in the sitting room. There are times when so many of the things that distract us could be straightened out and the way made clear if only one had a long comfortable couch on whose soft bosom he can throw himself, boots and brains, stretch his weary frame, un-mindful of tidies and tapestry, close his tired eyes, relax the tension of his muscles and give his harassed mind a chance.

Ten minutes of this narcotic when the head throbs, the soul yearns for endless, dreamless, eternal rest, would make the vision clear, nerves steady, the heart light and the star of hope shine again. There is no doubt that the longing to die is mistaken for the need of a nap. Instead of the immortality of the soul, business men and working women want regular and systematic doses of dozing—and after a mossy bank in the shade of an old oak that succeeding seasons have converted into a tenement of song birds, there is nothing that can approach a big sofa, or a low, long couch placed in the corner, where tired nature can turn her face to the wall and sleep and doze away the gloom.—[Hall's Journal.

Not Hopeless.

Teacher—This is the fifth time you've been late to school this week.

Boy—Yes'm.

"How do you expect to keep business appointments when you grow up?"

"My legs'll be longer then."