

NECESSITY.

What stern Necessity hath once ordained
For mortal's share,
Let him not murmur, howsoever constrained,
His lot to bear.

Nor Time, nor Chance, nor Laws, nor Gods,
Nor Men,
Her voice can stay;
Her eye finger points the way, and then
Man must obey.

And Love, and Hate, and Fear, and Joy,
and Pain
She portions each,
Nor vanished bliss will e'er restore again,
Whoe'er beseech.

'Tis weakness to resist her stern decree,
'Tis impious to rebel;
The strongest mind, the noblest heart has he,
Who follows well.

—Temple Bar.

A HOSPITAL NURSE.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.



"WELL, mother," said Dora Trafford, "what are we going to do now?"

And Mrs. Trafford answered, with a sigh, that "she was sure she didn't know."

"Have you had any breakfast?" said Dora, fondling the little wrinkled hand where the worn wedding ring hung so loose.

"I've had some toast and a cup of tea," answered Mrs. Trafford. "And the teapot is waiting on the back of the stove for you. We have got to vacate the premises before night, dear. The man has sold them, and needs a caretaker no longer."

"Yes, I know," nodded Dora. "I ought to have been up earlier to help you pack our poor little odds and ends. But I was so tired and slept so heavily. Mother, what are these?"

She touched with the tip of her slim, taper foot a slovenly bundle of things that lay on the floor.

"Soiled silk dresses, crumple dresses, half-worn embroidery," said she, elevating her pretty little nose. "One would think the errand boy had mistaken No. 49 for the lodgings of the second-rate actress at No. 17."

Mrs. Trafford flushed up to her faded eyebrows. What had she been thinking of not to have hurried the things out of sight before Dora came down stairs?

"It's from your Cousin Mainwaring," said she. "I sent them a little note yesterday."

"A little note!" Dora's Diana-like figure involuntarily straightened itself up—a vivid carmine stained her cheek. "What note, mother?"

"Oh, nothing, dearest—a mere matter of business!"

"But, mother, it can hardly be nothing! Tell me what all this means. I insist upon knowing. Surely you never asked them for a package of second-hand clothes!"

Mrs. Trafford burst into feeble tears.

"Don't look so sternly at me, Dora," she bewailed herself. "I—I couldn't help it! I've had to do it this long time, but I never meant that you should know it. You're like your father, Dora—you're so proud. And people must live."

Dora had grown very pale.

"Mother, have you been borrowing money of these haughty relations of ours?" cried she.

"You're hurting me, Dora! Don't squeeze my arm so!"

"Oh, I beg pardon, dear! I didn't mean to hurt you," stooping to kiss the bony wrist. "But you haven't answered me."

"How could I borrow money of them when they wouldn't lend it?" quizzically retorted Mrs. Trafford. "But they sent these things. They thought, perhaps, we might make them useful."

"Oh!" said Dora, curling her short upper lip with infinite scorn. "Then that accounts for the remarkable wardrobe you've been sending me while I was under-teacher at Miss Magalloway's! As long as I thought it was your taste in selections—but all the while it was second-hand finery!"

"What could I do?" plained the widow. "Some of the things I sold at Simons's place. It all helped to pay the grocer and the baker. The Mainwaring ought to help us, Dora. They're so much richer than we are!"

"There's no ought about it!" retorted Dora. "Dives never lent money to Lazarus that I know of, although they might have been distant relations."

"Dora, what are you doing?" cried Mrs. Trafford.

"Tying up these things, mother, into a smaller bundle."

"What are you going to do with them?"

"I am going to send them back where they came from!"

"But, Dora, stop! Some of the things are quite good—"

"A great deal too good for us, mother," bitterly answered Dora. "or else not good enough, I can't quite settle which!"

"And Simons really gives quite a fair price—"

"He will not have the opportunity again. Don't try to argue the point, mother, dear. This thing never would have happened if I had been at home. To think that these Mainwaring should insult us by an offer of their second-hand clothes!"

Mrs. Trafford ahrank into the chair, appalled at the pallor in Dora's cheek, the lightning of her eyes.

"What would she say," thought she, "if she knew all I had borrowed from Cousin Oels, and couldn't pay back? Oh, dear? Oh, dear! but how could I

help it, with all our expenses and not a cent of income?"

Miss Adela Mainwaring was just returning from a drive on Riverside Park, when she saw the district telegraph boy toiling up the steps with a colossal package.

"What's this, mamma?" she said.

"The folks is much obliged," said the boy, hurriedly inventing a substitute for the note which—not without previously acquainting himself with its contents—he had contrived to lose while running after a fire engine; "but they've gone where they ain't no need of such things no more!"

"What!" cried Mrs. Mainwaring; "dead?"

"That's the message," said the boy, making good his escape with no unnecessary delay.

"Addie, dear, you must go and see about this," said Mrs. Mainwaring. "Poor, dear Henry's widow! And there was a girl, too, wasn't there? Thomas, Thomas! don't put the horses up. Miss Adela wants to use the carriage again. Stay a minute! I'll go, too!"

But when the claret-colored landau reached the shabby brick house in St. Aloysius Square, it was locked, barred and shuttered.

"My goodness me!" said good-natured Mrs. Mainwaring. "What a pity!"

Miss Adela shrugged her seal-skin shoulders.

"Well, after all," said she, "perhaps things happen for the best! The woman was always begging and borrowing. I'm sure I got out of all patience with her long ago."

Meanwhile Mrs. Trafford, looking listlessly out of the window of an economical lodging over a baker's shop, was quite certain that nothing short of starvation awaited herself and Dora.

"Now, mother, that's all nonsense," said the latter. "We are independent now, and that is what we need most of all. Mrs. Totten—Totten was the name inscribed in gilt letters over the store door—'knows of some fancy knitting you can get to do, and I have already secured a place in St. Francis's Hospital. Dr. Hope always told me I was a born nurse, and it was so nice that he happened to recognize me when I went to enter my application as a helper there."

"But the sight of blood!" said Mrs. Trafford. "And the smell of ether—and all those horrid things! Dear, dear! I am sure it would kill me!"

"Somebody has got to care for the poor sufferers," said brave Dora. "And why shouldn't it be me?"

"And to think that the Reverend Henry Trafford's daughter should write her name in the hospital books!" groaned poor Mrs. Trafford, who, like the proverbial ostrich, hidings its head in the sand, all along maintained the pitiful fiction of exceeding gentility.

"Oh, that's all provided for!" said Dora. "I wrote my name 'Dorcas Travers.' I don't see why I'm not as well entitled to a nomme de plume as the pen-and-ink women."

"It's no laughing matter!" sighed the mother.

"Isn't it always better to laugh than to cry?" cheerily demanded Dora.

Dorcas Travers had scarcely been a week in attendance at the hospital, when its bustling, imperious, little head surgeon sent an imperative summons for her.

"You're not afraid of scarlet fever, are you?" said he, curtly.

"I am afraid of nothing!" said Miss Travers.

"Good!" said Doctor Hope. "Then I shall detail you for instant duty in Madison avenue. Your bag—"

"It's here in my arm, all packed," said Dorcas. "I thought it would be well to be prepared, so I left word with my mother not to expect to see me at present."

"Good again!" said the doctor, drawing on his gloves. "Jump into the carriage! I'll take you there at once."

"Is the—the young person quite experienced?" gasped Mrs. Mainwaring, her pink cheeks bleached white, her point lace cap pinned on awry. "Because Richard is so very ill."

"She'll do very well," said Doctor Hope, gruffly. "Be so good as to turn all these people out of the room, madam. Quiet and fresh air, above all things, must be maintained."

And this was the first Dora knew that she was in the house of her rich relations. Her first impulse was to run after Doctor Hope and tell him that she could not remain there; her next to accede quietly to the dictates of fate.

"After all," said she to herself, "it's simply in the way of business. To think that I am to be installed as nurse to that Grand Mogul of a Richard Mainwaring!"

She went quietly about her avocations, a sort of crowned queen in the sick room, to whom everybody deferred as second only to Doctor Hope himself.

"Well, really," she thought, as time passed by, "he isn't so intolerable! I really think I should have been sorry if he had died that night when his life-boat drifted so near the Great Unknown. He's very handsome and very patient."

"Really, doctor," said Mrs. Mainwaring, "that little blue-eyed nurse of yours is an educated lady. I found her reading a volume of Goethe in the German the other day, and it's wonderful how well she manages Richard in his convalescence. The Mainwaring's were always difficult to control in sickness."

"A lady? Of course she's a lady," assented the doctor. "A clergyman's daughter, I believe. Taught in a school before she took to nursing. By-the-way, I shall need her in an interesting diphtheria case to-morrow. I think Mr. Mainwaring will do very

well with yourself and the housekeeper after to-day."

"But she can't go!" gasped the lady.

"But she must go!" declared the doctor.

Mrs. Mainwaring burst into tears.

"Miss Travers," she cried, as the slender, velvet-stepping nurse came into the room to get a carafe of iced water for the convalescent, "what's this about your leaving us? You cannot! I will double your salary."

"If you were to quadruple it," said Dorcas, in that low, sweet voice of hers that was so potent in the sick-room, "it would make no difference. I am at Doctor Hope's disposal."

"Bravo, Miss Travers!" said the head surgeon, softly clapping his hands.

"Dear Dorcas, do not leave us!" gobbled Miss Adela, flinging herself on the girl's shoulder.

"I have a debt to pay," said Dorcas, quietly. "I must earn all I can."

"What debt?" questioned Adela.

"I am a poor girl," said Dorcas, still in the same even, melodious voice, "and all my life some rich relatives have been helping me. Now I have resolved to be dependent no longer, nor shall I rest until I have repaid every whit of the obligation. Perhaps, Miss Mainwaring, you do not know who I am? My real name is Dora Trafford."

"Eh!" said the doctor. "Flinging off the mask already?"

"And I think"—Dora was glancing around with a frightened air—"that I had better go with you now, doctor. Mrs. Mainwaring, you will please keep my twenty-five dollars a week toward my debt. I will just go in and tell Mr. Mainwaring good-by, and join you presently, doctor."

And before Mrs. Mainwaring or Adela could recover themselves, she was gone.

But Mr. Richard Mainwaring, from the inner room, had overheard something of what was going on.

"So you are going away?" said he, detaining her with one emaciated, claw-like hand. "No, Dorcas—no, dear little disciple of the Red Cross—you shall not escape so readily. Dorcas, I love you—you shall stay!"

"I think you must be a little delirious still," murmured Dora, faintly.

"You spoke of a debt," said Richard Mainwaring, and there certainly was a magnetic light in those deep, dark eyes of his. "Well, granted that such a debt exists. You can only pay it with yourself. Sweet, if you have saved my life for me, it would be a cruel kindness for you to blast it now."

"I—don't—know—what to think," hesitated Dora.

"Well," said Doctor Hope, "I think I'd better look up a new nurse for that diphtheria case."

And Dora Trafford's first situation was her last.

"There's no use in trying to mould one's own destiny," said she, piteously. "Things work themselves out so differently from what one expects!"—Saturday Night.

Buffalo Bill a Fighter.

"I notice a disposition on the part of certain newspapers to cast reflections on Buffalo Bill," said George Henderson, of Helena, Montana, to a writer in the Washington News. "Every now and then somebody will come out and call him a dress-suit Indian fighter or a fakir or something of that sort, but don't you make any mistake about Bill Cody. He's a fighter and as game a one as ever wore out shoe leather."

"Ever hear about his duel with the big chief? Well, if that don't prove he's game and something more than a long-haired circus entertainer I'm mistaken. Let's see, that was in 1873. Cody was then a Government scout under General Crook. It was during the trouble with the Cheyennes and the Arapahoes. Crook had 3000 men under him, mostly green recruits. "They went out into Northwestern Nebraska and conquered the Indians without ever firing a shot. Just before the Indians surrendered the two armies camped within two miles of each other. There was a tremendously big Cheyenne who used to go out on the plains every day and brandish his knife and whoop and dare any white man to come out and fight him. He did this for three or four days. Cody got tired of it. He went to General Crook.

"Look here, General, I'm going out to lick that Indian," said he.

"The General told him not to pay any attention to the Indian, but Bill persisted and he finally gave his consent. Bill took his knife, stripped to the waist and started out for him.

"I wish you could have seen that fight. Both armies turned out to a man, the Indians lined upon one hill and the whites on another. The big chief, as soon as he saw Bill coming towards him, quit hollering and prancing. They circled around each other once or twice, closed and Bill's knife found his heart in about two seconds. Game? Well, you just bet he's game."

Be Contented.

Some people are always grumbling. There is nothing like contentment. A young lady resorted to tears the other day because her father thought \$25 was too much to pay for a hat. If that young lady had only considered that there are thousands of young girls who don't spend that much money in a year for hats, she would have received consolation. Another case in point is of a youth who grumbled because his father could not, just at that time, pay for the boy's shoes being mended. That boy little thought that at the same time he should have been contented and put up with what he had, for his next door neighbor had recently met with an accident, and he had no feet to put shoes on.—Philadelphia Call.

ISLE OF BEAUTY.

SICILY, LAND OF HISTORIC VEN-DETTA AND RECENT RIOT.

The Native Rebels Against Heavy Taxation—Some of the Famed Islands and Riches of Nature and Art.



NE of the most interesting islands of the world is Sicily. It is noted for its people of volcanic temperament, as well as for its famous Mount Etna, and it is recorded of the native Sicilian that he would leave a feast to attend a fight, so belligerent are his instincts. But this time, says the Detroit Free Press, it is not the traditional vendetta that is bursting into action, but the revolt of an over-taxed people against oppression. They cannot pay their tax, which is so heavy that there is nothing left for their living expenses. While the Italian resi-

bloodshed, every foreigner who could not pronounce the word "cicero" to the liking of the Sicilian was put to death. This test was compared to the biblical shibboleth instituted by Jephtha on the slaughter of the Israelites. Charles, of Anjou, had tyrannically enslaved the Sicilians, and caused the death by beheading of the hereditary King of Naples, son and heir of Conrad IX. He was but a youth of sixteen, but he died a patriot and a martyr, and his death and martyrdom have been embalmed in song.

Palermo, the capital city, the Golden Shell, is open on one side to the sea, and on the other three sides it has orange and lemon groves, and so gracious is the climate that even in mid-winter the air is fragrant with the breath of lilies and roses blooming unheeded. There is always a picturesque division of light and shade, the sun shining in a blue sky one moment, the next obscured by masses of copper-colored clouds that break into specks of gold and silver, or roll themselves up into dense masses, moving seaward, or up to the mountains with magnificent effects of color.

The cathedral of Palermo retains the Norman towers of the twelfth century,

preserved the antiquities of Greek and Roman art.

In spite of the assurances we have from the authorities that brigandage is no longer a profession in Sicily,



A SICILIAN LETTERBOX.

travelers find eternal vigilance necessary in making a pilgrimage among the mountains in the vicinity of Palermo or Monreale. The organized band of robbers with their picturesque entourage and their ransom money may not exist as they once did, but robbers are plenty, only less violence accompanies their acts than formerly.

Messina, with its lava pavements, is clean and handsome. Its villas are palaces overlooking the sea. There is a tower of Norman architecture, a Capucine monastery, and a good hotel. There are many English residents. It is said of the Messina people, that they are very devout, and have always the word "Letterio" for one of their names, or the feminine "Lettenia." The custom is traced to a traditional letter written to them by the hand of the Madonna when she took them under her special protection. How beautiful the coast of Italy is at this point may be learned from the ecstatic language of a traveler who invokes the magician's pen of joy, where the consonants dance and the vowels sing to describe it!

In Catania there is a subterranean street kept in good repair and through which people can walk in companies. The destruction of Sicilian towns by earthquakes and volcanoes is prominently brought to mind by the presence of imposing ruins.

And there is always Mount Etna looming in the distance with a perpetual threat of calamity. It is a tradition in Sicily that if Etna grows Vesuvian roars, Stromboli rumbles and Lipari threatens. These volcanoes are all in touch when one complains.

The Sicilians themselves are most interesting. The men are handsome, and the women in their early youth are very attractive. But they are trampled by superstition and idolatry. They do not trouble their heads about revolutions or the higher education of woman, but take life as if it were a draught of pleasure if rich, and work and pray if poor.

Paris costumes, rich equipages, as well as the quaint native letters and a great display of wealth are to be seen in all large Sicilian cities, but to the tourist they are less interesting than the Sicilian peasant, whose heroic blood has never been filtered to a stagnant quality by contact with luxury. The throes of revolution are always there, whether dormant, like the fires of their own volcanoes, or bursting out in local riots. Sicily has been successively governed by Carthaginians, Romans, Goths, Greeks, Saracens, Normans, French, Swabians, Austrians and Spanish. It came under Neapolitan Government in 1736. At several different periods the people of Sicily have risen in revolt during the present century. Garibaldi was their leader in 1860, and afterward when they were annexed to the new kingdom of Italy under Victor Emanuel. There are more than 2,000,000 of population, and every man is a soldier or a fighter. Love of Sicily is a Sicilian virtue.



CATACOMBS AT PALERMO.

dent in other parts of the country does not affiliate with the Roman-Greek-Norman-Italian of Sicily, he does sympathize with a revolt against injustice, and an outbreak of local war upon the island is usually followed by similar uprisings in other parts of the kingdom. It is a volcanic example emanating from the most beautiful and fruitful country in the world, of which historians record thrilling deeds of valor, and poets sing in historic measure.

There Archimedes discovered specific gravity, and his tomb is shown in Syracuse to students, who, like him, cry Eureka! Roman and Venetian and Greek colonies may still be traced there. He who would have a souvenir of Sicily has only to look at the street fruit seller on the nearest corner, who will give him good-day in the Sicilian tongue, and sell him oranges that were lately plucked in Messina, which supplies half the world with fruit. Naturally harmless citizens, these people in a country they have adopted, but where a strange language is spoken, and still volcanic in the nature they inherited from fiery ancestors; ready to revenge with the knife the half understood badinage of the stranger, but quiet and attentive to their own business if unmolested. Within a stone's throw of Detroit is a Sicilian citizen of a higher caste, who scans the daily papers eagerly for news of his country which he left within

to which has been added an unsightly Neapolitan dome. In it are found the magnificent sarcophagi in which, nearly a century ago, the remains of Emperor Frederick were discovered, clad in royal splendor. They had been buried there for 500 years, and the skull cap he wore is on exhibition in the sacristy. It was really an Arabic crown covered with uncut gems, and embroidered with pearls.

Another church of great antiquity is of ancient Eastern origin. It resembles, even in its ruins, St. Mark's, of Venice, with its large central dome, and four smaller ones, and it is historical that the bell of this church rung the alarm when the massacre of the Sicilian Vespers was enacted in 1282. The Archbishop's palace is another twelfth century memorial.

The Museum of Antiquities has many rare treasures, among them the bronze ram, a remarkable piece of ancient sculpture, the work of Greek artists. A fine collection of Sicilian coins, of interest to the numismatist, is seen there, and a bronze group from Pompeii.

The catacombs are very repulsive to the American or European tourist at first, the exposed dead giving one a horrible sense of the emptiness of all worldly fame or pleasure. The bodies are stood up in rows, dressed as in life, and holding out a card, with age and date of death. Glass eyes being substituted for real ones obliterated by



THE CASA DEGLI INGLESI—HUT OF REFUGE AT FOOT OF MOUNT ETNA.

three years. He speaks with fluency of the reason why revolt is imminent in Sicily.

"A merchant there cannot sell a quart of wine from the casks in his cellar without paying toll on every quart he owns, in order to prevent seizure. The land is taxed first, then all it produces is taxed, and there is nothing left. If a man kills a sheep he must pay a tax on the mutton. Everything, everywhere is taxed, and the people cannot stand it," Mr. Fenic, the young Sicilian, said dejectedly. But he grew enthusiastic over the natural beauty of the country, the climate, where it is always summer, and insisted that the school system was better there than in America, since the industrial professions are taught in the free schools, and there are three fine universities in Sicily, from which scholars are graduated every year. He admitted that the Sicilians had been in the habit of pointing back to a splendid past of eight centuries, but that now, with Government railroads, submarine telegraphs and other modern improvements, they had grown ambitious for the future. But that hot blood which led to the historic tragedy of the Sicilian Vespers has not yet grown cool.

At the time of the massacre, known historically as the Sicilian Vespers, which occurred in 1282, when the French were routed with a terrible

decay, make the scene more horrible. The friends of the deceased used to dress them at intervals in fresh clothes, until the authorities interfered on sanitary grounds, and that practice is no longer permitted.

Syracuse is so rich in historic lore, and traditions of the past, that to visit it is almost equal to a course in the classics. The tomb of Archimedes is not its greatest attraction. It has a remarkable cathedral, formerly an open air temple where Plato pondered his new philosophy, and Cicero formulated his theories of wisdom. There, also, is the "Ear of Dionysius," a cave with an entrance resembling a human ear. At this horrible and grotesque alt, the tyrant was accustomed to sit and listen, hoping to discover the political secrets of his prisoners chained within.

Marble and granite pillars, Greek theatres and Roman amphitheatres and the premises of the fair Arethusa, now turned into a fountain for washerwomen, make scenes of interest for the tourist which are not soon forgotten.

The favorite speculation for a Sicilian—outside of the lotteries—is the sulphur mine. Fortunes are made and lost in sulphur. Burning lakes of sulphur give one unused to the Sicilian product a fair idea of the infernal region. The people themselves call a sulphur mine purgatorio. But the thoughtful tourist remembers that it is this sulphurous atmosphere that has

About the Color of Flames.

You have often noticed the many-tinted bars and bands that rise in the shape of "forked tongues of flame" from wood burning in the grate, but ten chances to one, you never thought to figure on the cause. To bring the matter quietly to the point, it may be said that the many colors are the result of combustion among the different elements of the wood. The light blue is from the hydrogen and the white from carbon. The violet is from manganese, the red from magnesia and the yellow from soda.—St. Louis Republic.

Bride's Dress.

This dress is of thick satin in ivory white. A series of very finely crimped ruffles of the material finishes the



lower edge of the skirt, which has a medium-length train, and is cut with bell-shaped gores all around. The close-fitting body is finished with a scarf-shaped fold of the goods, edged with crimped ruffles. The elbow-sleeves are extremely full and also finished with ruffles; the high collar is edged with orange-blossoms, and sprays of the same finish the surplus end of the scarf-shaped waist-trimming and hold the tulle veil in place.—New York Ledger.