LITTLE CLOVER BLOSSOM,

It sleeps within a casket rare ; 'Tis twined about within ribbon fair, And just one strand of shining hair-That little clover blossom. One solace sweet remains a-gleam From youthful pieasure's withered beam It wakes again love's early dream-That little clover blossom.

> A little clover blossom f 'Tis naught at all to you, But more than gold Or gems untold I prize its faded hue,

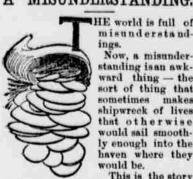
It breathes of morn and mountain brooks Of birds and bees and flowing nooks ; "Tis worth a world of musty books, That little clover blossom. I prize it most of all I see

cause it brings in girlish gies The bonnie lass who gave it me-That little clover blossom,

> A little clover blossom! It wields a wondrous power: No words can tell Its sacred spell-That little faded flower,

-Samuel M. Peek, in Atlanta Journal A MISUNDERSTANDING.

ings.



This is the story of a misunderstanding. .

would be.

The very first time he saw her he said to himself: "Now, there's the girl dry your eyes." "It's about Phil," Gwen went on

She was just his sort, but it was the old story of the attraction of oppo-sites, a story as old as the hills. He was big, she was small; he was dark, she was fair ; he was quiet, she was lively ; and so on, ad infinitum. She certainly was a very taking little girl, and she had a pensive way of contem-plating one with her great blue eyes that was altogether fascinating. Bob Helmsleigh went down before that look like a leaf before the wind.

Bob was not particularly clever or amusing, or, indeed, particularly anything but honest. Honest he was, from the crown of his close-cropped head to to the soles of his military boots, and as simple-minded as a child. Hitherto he had never been in carnest about a woman, but he was in earnest now, and it was a sober, sol-emn, downright earnest. Henceforth there would be but one woman in the world for him.

He would have liked to take her in those great strong arms of his and tell her so, but such a course of action was out of the question, for she was engaged to his old chum, Phil Marsden.

Now, Phil Marsden was the sort of man that lady novelists describe as "one of Fortune's favorites." In plain English, he was good-looking, well off, a thorough sportsman, a good hand at all games, and popular with men and women alike. A lucky mortal all round, but it never occurred to Bob to envy his friend until he saw Gwen Warrington. Then a new, strange feeling stirred in Bob'shonest beart. It was not exactly jealousy, but rather a wistful, patient wonder why one fellow should have all the luck

Bob to se Poor old Bob! He could tell that something was wrong, but he could something was wrong, but he could not make out what it was, though he puzzled that honest head of his until he thought that he was going to have brain fever. The new look in Gwen's eyes haunted him. It was always in his brain in the day-time, and it kept him awake at night. He felt impelled to do something—but what? That was the question. the question. At last one day he found Gwen all

by herself in the library, crying over the fire, and that was the climax. He never could bear to see a woman in tears, and when it came to the woman he loved, why

he loved, why---"Miss Warrington," he said, hur-riedly. "Miss Warrington, you are in trouble of some sort. Will you tell me what it is!" Then, as she did not answer at once, his hand fell heavily on her shoulder, and he add-

ed, "For God's sake, don't cry." Gwen checked her sobs with an effort, and raised her tear-dimmed eyes to his face. "Oh ! Mr. Helmsleigh, "she exclaimed,

"I am in great trouble, and --- and you are so good and kind. If only you could help me."

"Give me a chance," Bob returned, shortly. "I'm a stupid sort of a chap, I know; no good at tall talk. But if there's anything in the world I can do misunderstand-Now, a misunderstanding isan awkfor you, I'll do it. Do you believe ward thing - the me?" sort of thing that

sort of thing that sometimes makes shipwreek of lives gesture, while the term bullive that otherwise over afresh.

would sail smooth-Bob took the trembling little hand ly enough into the and held it in a strong, close clasp-a haven where they clasp that seemed to carry help and comfort with it. "That's right," he said. "Now, let

me hear all about it. But don't cry -for pity's sake, don't cry like that. You'll send me mad if you do. Come,

mopping her eyes obediently. "Of course, it's about Phil. Oh, Mr. Helmsleigh, you have known Phil so much longer than I have, and you must un-derstand him better. Can you tell me why he is so-so queer with me?' This was somewhat of a facer. Bob

ran his fingers through his short dark hair and drew a deep breath. "Don't you know?" he asked.

Gwen shook her head.

'No. "Well, I'm blessed if I do," said Bob.

Gwen went on in a low, hurried tone.

"Phil has never been to me other girls' lovers are to them; but I don't know why. I only wish I did. He seemed fond enough of me before we were engaged, but now-well, of course the whole thing is a miserable failure, and it gets worse. It isn't thet Phil is unkind to me; he is as kind and good and patient as a man could be. He considers me before himself; there is nothing he wouldn't do for me, but--but-he doesn't love me. That is the root of the whole matter."

Her voice broke with a pathetic little quiver that went straight to Bob's heart. He looked down at the childish forlorn figure, half lost in the big leather chair, and felt a wild impulse to take it in his arms. But he re-strained the impulse somehow.

"Well," he said, as quietly as he could, "it's a riddle, isn't it? I wish I could help you to read it. Old Phil must be a lunatic--nothing less than a lunatic.'

"No," Gwen answered, sadly, "he and everything else, while the other is not a lunatic-far from it-but fellows were left out in the cold. She looked up at Bob again, and laid pression seems to be that the fowl in her hand lightly on his arm. Such a heads to give a ball. It was a final pretty little hand. It looked like a nowflake on his rough cost sleeve. "Will you do something for me?" she asked; "I know I can trust you, and you are Phil's oldest friend; but you must say if you mind very much." Bob turned his head away, for he

dering look in her eyes that it hurt have made an awful idiot of myseli, for, to my horror, she thought I was

proposing to her, and before I knew where I was she had accepted me. It was all up with methen. I felt queer, I can tell, Bob; and when I found she had really cared for me all the time, when I thought she was only playing me at my own game, I hadn't the pluck to tell her the mistake she had made. I was a coward, I know, but I literally could not do it. I just let things slide, and trusted to luck to get me out of the scrape. You see the result, Luck described me for once, and here I am-stranded. I've behaved like a fool and a scoundrel all round, and the worst of it is no one is satisfied. I am miserable, so is Gwen, and so is Lily

-and all through a misunderstanding. Is there anything I can do to put things straight, old chap? Without behaving more like a scoundrel than ever, I mean. What would you do in my place?"

Bob thrust his hands deep in his pockets and nodded his head with great gravity. "Tell the truth," he answered,

tersely; "it's the only thing you can do, and you ought to have done it long

ago. Jove! it's a tight ht, though. Phil fairly groaned. "If I thought Gwen had given up saring for me I'd tell her fast enough, he rejoined; "but I don't think she has, and—how can I tell her? No, hang it all! I can't. I shall have to see the thing through now, whatever comes

Bob has silent for a moment or two, blinking solemnly at the fire.

"Tell you what it is," he said at last, "Miss Warrington has plenty of pluck, and she's as straight as they make 'em. You ought to be straight with her, Phil. It seems to me that the more she cares for you, the more right she has to know the trnth. I may be wrong-I'm a stupid sort of chap, I know-but that's the way I look at it."

Good old Bob! His honest heart and simple mind had led him straight to a truth that wiser men have often missed.

The story is quite an old one now. It all happened last year, and Phil and Lily are going to be married next month.

And the others?

Well, it was only one day last week that Bob said suddenly to Gwen : "I say, do you remember what hap-

pened a year ago to-day?" And Gwen flushed a little as she

answered : "Yes, of course I do. I was in

trouble, and I asked you to help me-and you did." "And I did," said Bob, and then he put his hand over hers as it lay idle on the arm of her chair. "Tell you what it is," he went on, looking at her with all his honest heart in his honest eyes, "I wish you would let me go on helping you; through life, I mean. I'm not much good at talking, but I know what I mean, and I'll always do my best for you. Will you try me? Will you-Gwen?

And Gwen said : "I will"-London Truth.

A Goose of More Than Forty-five Years,

Colonel B. B. Jackson, of Siskiyou County, who is one of the commission-ers to the fair, is anxiously awaiting the appearance of a live goose which is supposed to be on its way to this city, and which, if its identity proves what every indication points it to be, will effectually knock the pins from under all the tales told about a goose not living to a great age. History does not tell us at just what age the "old gray goose" died of which the old song treats, but the general im-

LOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

REEP YOUR DREAD DRY.

One hears a great deal of talk about moist bread, and a large number of housekeepers shut their bread in airtight boxes to keep it moist. Such barbarous treatment of bread may be efficacious in keeping it moist, but bread from which fresh air is excluded but always has a disagreable, clayev fla-vor, and is unpalatable to people of cultured tastes, who appreciate the nutty sweetness that is a prominent characteristic of all good bread.

The foolish notion of keeping bread moist had its origin in bad cookery. Most of the stuff made by bakers ha to be eaten fresh and moist, or not eaten at all. It is so light and wooly that if exposed to the air a few hours, it grows dry and husky, and is almost as unsavory and innutritious as chips. A large proportion of home-made bread is similar in character, and is affected in a similar manner by exposure to the air. But properly made bread-such bread as ought to be in every intelligent home and on every table three times a day-grows sweeter by exposure to the air, and is not at its best until two or three days old. Bread should be kept in a well-covered box or jar, but it should not be wrapped in cloths, and the box or jar in which it is kept should have small holes in the top or sides, through which the fresh air can have access. As soon as loaves of bread are taken from the oven they should be exposed freely to pure sir, and at no time af-terward should they be excluded from it. Make good bread, put it in a wellventilated box after it is perfectly cool, and it will keep sufficiently moist at least a week.—New York Advertiser.

A HOUSE PEST.

It would seem at times as if no amount of vigilance would free us from or keep us rid of the moth. In the time, like all insects of this winter class, the moth remains torpid, in a crysalis state, but no sooner do the warm spring months come than he conspiciously obtrudes himself into everything. It does not help the case to know that the male moth is entirely harmless, and that it is the female who does the mischief; she lays her eggs in every kind of textile fabric, and as soon as these hatch out they begin the work of destruction. Many good housekeepers believe that by keeping their rooms dark they will exclude the moth, but this is a great mistake as, like many other evil things, this creature prefers darkness to light As yet no remedy has been discovered that will destroy the moth, for the reason that we cannot find where the eggs are laid; but it is well to know that they will aever deposit their eggs where there is light, and knowing this we can see that light itself serves as a preventive, if not a cure. Wherever if is possible to do so, every article of wear stored away in closets should be exposed for some time to the sunlight before being done up in papers or laid away in boxes that are moth proof. The fumes of camphor, as is well known, have the effect of driving off moths, but as soon as one enters a house that is so protected, the camphor manifests itself in an unpleasant way, and on the streets and in the cars the odor of camphor tells of garments that have recently been pro-tected from the moths. The buffalo moth is even more destructive of car-pets than the ordinary kind. As they invariably lay eggs along the edges o the carpets near the walls, a slight sprinkling of kerosene will destroy their eggs, and while the odor is even more unpleasant than that of camphor, it has the advantage of being more volatile, and in a day or two at the most its evidence will have disappeared. It has been discovered by . New England housekeeper that the buffalo moth prefers materials of a blue or red color. The same keen observer availed herself of this information when the buffalo moths were on the wing. She saturated strips of red and blue flaunel with a preparation of arsenic and kept these along the edges of the carpet for a week or ten days. After the eggs were laid she took the strips away, first noticing that they were pretty well covered with moth eggs, but as soon as the creatures hatched out they began eating the flannel and so ended their own career.

REALM OF FASHION. uowadays grows her own hair, making no pretence of great quantity. It is wonderful how small the fash-ionable knot is. Merely large enough to centre the lines from nape and

circlet.

nished

forehead, rather below the crown into

a knot bound round with a golden

This circlet is formed of two or

three gold bound combs, permitting the waved spaces to be loosened about

great width is the fashion, but not

every face can stand the "part." This width accentuates the oval of the face

and hints at intellect and isa long way

better than the high, narrow style,

with its brazen display of the ear and its suggestion of "rooms to let, unfur-

In London, outside of the "smart

set," there is a large circle of society, solid and wealthy, who like real Eng-lish fashions. They wear most excel-lent materials, but are utterly devoid

of modern style and chic. The young girls and matrons are

wearing a monstrous thing on the back

of their heads called a "bun," which is the old fashioned "waterfall" or

chignon in its fullest proportions, and

in most cases, palpably false. I am told that the "bun" is a a past fashion and that the "duchesses and

ladies" do not wear it, and do their

hair in the French knot, but still half

the well-dressed people in the street and the theater are adorned with this

DRESS AND MILLINERY.

English Walking Hats-Evolution in Sleeves-Fancies in Waists-New Ways of Wearing the Hair.

the ears or neck, or wherever there may be a defective form to be hidden. THE little hat with the teacup It rolls loosely off the forehead and crown has given place to a chip with a dent in the crown, temples and drops half over the ear. Sometimes it is parted and combed down over the ears each way, because turned up on the sides. This



LATEST STYLES IN SLEEVES.

The evolution of the sleeve, from disfiguring mass of hair covered with a fine net, and the front hair finely frizzed and confined over the brow the close-fitting, uncomfortable affair of a few years ago to the exaggerated frizzed and confined balloon and fantastic arrangement with an invisible net.



COSTUMES OF CREPON AND SILK.

teresting example of the influence of else very "flyaway," and the bonnets fashion on taste. It is, of course, an worn with the "bun" are most pecu-accepted fact that fashions must liar. They are so flat to the head as change, otherwise the styles of dress would become a weariness to the eye, but if a limit could be put on the vari-ations in sleeves that would keep them within the range of beauty and graceful outline, it would be a step toward improvement. Some of the styles are modernized copies of sleeves in the old portraits, and are worthy of illustration for their ingenuity and eccen-tricity of design rather than for their auty and useful liar variety has the fulness laid in deep plaits at the inside seam, and is trimmed with Vandyke points of lace which half cover the sleeve. Another has deep, plain cuff on lower sleeve, which is cut with a band on the top that extends to the shoulder. Circular cuffs at the elbow, and circular epau lettes at the shoulder, are still another fancy, and draped butterfly puffs are divided by two plaited ruffles. The

which bears the name to-day, is an in-| The hats are large and drooping, or not to show from the front, and a large Alsatian bow is put on the back, frequently so far back as to rest on the "waterfall" instead of the head, giving a most disconnected appearance of hair and head.



SUMMER STYLES IN WOMAN'S

Well, one summer the officers of Bob's regiment took it into their flare up before the -th moved into fresh quarters, and they spared neither trouble nor expense to make it a success. At this ball Bob was introduced to the future Mrs. Phil Marsden, and they danced a good deal together. Bob had a splendid swing, and Gwen was the lightest waltzer in the room, so they went like clockwork.

Gwen gave Bob more waltzes than she gave Phil, but the latter did not seem to mind, and that, of course, was rather a queer state of things. Bob noticed it, which was remarkable, for in an ordinary way his perceptions

were just as blunt as are most men's. "I say, Miss Warrington," he ob-served, tentatively, as he and Gwen went out together yet once again, "it's awfully good of old Phil to let you give me so many dances. Shows he isn't selfish, any way, doesn't it?" Gwen shrugged her shoulders, and

a change came over her expressive face; a change that Bob did not quite

like to see. "Selfish !" she echoed. ' "Oh ! Phil is never selfish where I am concerned, I can assure you, Mr. Helmsleigh. He has no desire to keep me all to himself.'

There was no obvious answer to this speech, and so Bob said nothing. As a matter of fact, the situation was just a little beyond him.

He thought of Gwen's words after-ward, though, and of the faintly bit-ter tone in which they were uttered, but he did not venture to broach the

subject again. It was ticklish ground. He saw nothing more of either Phil or Gwen until the autumn, and then he ran into them at the house of a mutual friend, where he had gone for a week's shooting. This time the idea that all was not right between the lovers struck him more forcibly than before. They were apparently on good terms with one another, and they never diragreed, but Phil had lost his old genial spirits and become moody and discontented. He was always either in the clouds, or swearing at his luck. Gwen had changed, too. Her manner had grown tired and listics and there was a wistful won.

Her manner had grown tired and one evening, and tried to ask her to become a factor to be recked listless, and there was a wistful, won- put in a good word for me; but I must in the markets of the world

dared not meet her eyes just then. But he took hold of her hand and squeezed it hard.

"Anything," he said. "Then," Gwen went on, "try and find out from Phil what it is that has come between us, and if I can do anything to put it right. I have tried and failed. But you may succeed. Will you try?"

"Yes," said Bob, just as he would have said it, if she had asked him to go to the other end of the world for her. That same evening he broached the subject to Phil. It was rather a big fence to tackle, but he shut his eyes and rode hard at it, going straight to the point in his blundering, honest way.

Phil hesitated a little at first, but in the end he told the truth.

"You see, old chap," he said, "it's like this. The whole affair is a ghastly mistake all through. I never pro-posed to Gwen at all."

Bob gave a great start.

"You never proposed to her at all?" he echoed. "Then how, in Heaven's

name, did you get engaged?" "Well," said Phil, addressing him-self to the fire, "it happened in this way. You remember Charlie Thomp-son of the --th? Well, I was staying down in Devention with him last down in Devonshire with him last summer, and there I met Gwen. She took my fancy awfully at first, and I seemed to take hers; so we started a diritation, and that worked all right until her sister Lily appeared on the scene. When I saw her-Lily, I mean -I knew I was done for. She's-she's different from other girls, somehow. "Well, I soon made up my mind to ask her to marry me, but I was a bit

shy about it, and, like a fool, before speaking to her I thought I would try and find out from Gwen if there was a chance for me. I mentioned it to her

question seldom attains a greater age than ten or twelve years. The evidence at hand, however, would seem to indicate that his gooseship, of which this item treats, is a hale old fellow of over forty-five years. Colonel Jack-son gives the following particulars of the goose's early history : "In 1849 I and eight other Oregonians ran across Kit Carson and General Freemont with a small force of men near the sink of the Humboldt in Nevada. They had been rounded up by a lot of In dians, but we beat them off and all went into camp together on the spot. Provisions had got pretty low, and one day Carson proposed to me that we go out and try for some deer. We started out together and met with poor luck, and while separated from Kit I took a shot at a fat buck in the brush, but he got away from me. Just after I fired I noticed a fluttering sound coming from the direction in which I had aimed, and upon investigation found a young goose, which had been slightly injured, but had become entangled in the thick underbrush and thus prevented from escaping. At this juncture Carson came up and I proposed that we take a rest, at the same time telling him that I was going to mark the goose and let it go. For this purpose I took the tin tog which always came around the per-cussion-cap boxes furnished by Uncle Sam in these days, and marked the initials of my name and the date on the tag in heavy and enduring charac-ters with a file which we carried to repair the locks of our guns. This tag was twisted around the goose's leg in such a manner as to prevent its falling off, and he was released. That was the last I ever heard of the goose until a few days ago, when a letter informed me that 'Jim' Sturgeon, editor of the Homer Index, had the goose in his possession, alive and well. My information states that the tag is intact, and that the mitials are still plainly visible."-San Francisco Call.

Last year Egypt sent 9676 tons of cane sugar to France, and it would apear as if Egyptian sugar would soon ecome a factor to be reckoned with pear as if Egyptian sugar would so

RECIPES.

Cherry Mousse-One pint of cream, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, onehali teaspoonful of vanilla and one cupful of cherry juice. Whip with egg-beater, put in a close-covered mold and pack in broken ice and rock salt for two hours. It will turn out like a mold of ice-cream, but when cut will be in little needle-like flakes. It is a delicious dessert.

Escalloped Cauliflower-This dish may be prepared with cold boiled cauliflower. Break the cauliflower apart, butter a scallop-dish or shallow pudding dish ; put in a layer of caulilower, moisten with cream sauce and sprinkle over a little grated cheese. Put in another laver of the ingredients until the dish is full, cover with buttered bread crumbs and bake half an hour in a moderate oven.

Summer Lettuce Dressing-Take four tablespoonfuls of oil, two table spoonfuls of tarragon vinegar, a halfteaspoonful of salt and one-half teaspoonful of paprika, or Hungarian red pepper. Add the salt and pepper to the oil and mix them thoroughly. It is best to first measure out one tablespoonful of oil and mix the seasoning with that, then to add the remainder. Add the vinegar, a drop at a time, and stir vigorously. The mixture should look like an emulsion. There is now made a convenient little affair for dropping oil, a drop at a time, in mrking salad dressing.





puffs are really pretty for evening sleeves, when made over another sleeve of lace. - New York Sun.

NEW COLFFORES.

To-day the hair receives greater care, perhaps, than ever, and it submits to endless changes in arragement, but there is next to no faisity in it. The modish woman may change her coiffure 300 times in nineteen years, as was said to have done a certain Roman queen, but it cannot be reproached to her as Martial re-proached a woman of his time: "You are a composition of falsities; while you live in Rome your hair grows on the banks of the Rhine." A woman

A peculiarity of English women is the wearing of elaborate coiffures. Nowhere is so much false hair worn as here. It is made up in all sorts of ingenious ways, to be pinned on bodily. The fashion of parting the hair and wearing the little curl in the middle of the forehead so prevalent in New York is not seen here. Instead, the fine frizzes worn by the Princess of Wales and her daughters are imitated by most of the sex. - Detroit Free Fress.

The polonaise idea gains favor but slowly, and the long apron, slig itly draped, appears to keep it company. A costume that has some good sugges-tions is of bouroutte diagonal in black, with flecks of blue and white. This is made up with a bell skirt, with panels of light blue cloth with plain surface. There is a half-waistcoat also of the light blue, the color showing only from the bust to the bodice, and in open slashings to the tops of the darts on either side of the front. A small V in the cuffs is the only color on the sleeves.

Ivy is a great fashion this year. Bonnets are made entirely of ivy, with little tufts of rose-pink roses in the front and back. Many of the brown hats are trimmed with cornflower-blue, interspersed with mignonette