Since It Must Be.

Since it must be that fairest flowers will

Bright springtime days depart, we know not whither: Since it must be-

Look well upon the blossoms while ye may, Glean all the gladness from each golden day, Bo gain sweet memories for your weary way; Since it must be,

Since it must be that hearts are daily break-That sorrow comes to some with each day's

waking : Since it must be-

Why bear thy sorrow with a smiling face, Nor grant it in thy thought the chiefest place,

Pass ever onward, taking heart of grace;

Since it must be, -ELEANOR B. PEARODY in the Pathfinder.

Mother Ballard's Home.

BY PRANCIS E. WADERIGH.

That is my cousin Susie Lee, and that is her husband; that fat baby is her oldest; we ain't got no picture of her other children, though she's been a-promisin' them to us this long time, That other baby on the opposite page, the one with the cunnin' bare toes, is Abner's youngest, taken good ten years ago, -and so on, and so on. until every picture in Seth Ballard's photograph-album had been described in full to the somewhat weary visitor.

But what else could Ida, Abner Ballard's wife, do to entertain the guest, a lady from New York, who knew no one in the little town of Clifton save the cousin who was her hostess? Laura Martin, the guest, knew nothing and cared nothing for the details of farm life; in fact, she would never have come to this quiet place but that she had been ordered there by her physician.

The cousin whom she was visiting, Rufus Martin, was almost a stranger to her; and his wife and her family she had never before seen or heard of. She exerted herself to be cordial to them, and never allowed them to suspect how fearfully she was bored. This afternoon she and her cousin's wife, Izannah, were visiting Abner Ballard; and his sister Izanuah, and Serena, his brother Seth's wife, were there also assisting to entertain her.

Serena would every now and then disappear into the kitchen, and then after a moment's pause Ida would foilow her. During one of these brief absences, while Izannah was attending to the wants of her youngest baby, Laura, being left to her own resources, began to examine the gayly-bound books which lay on the center-table carefully piled and mathematically equidistant. Presently she saw a volume of poetical selections not quite so new or shiny as its companions; and, as she was glancing over its contents, she came upon a photograph which represented a bright-eyed, curlyhaired, good-looking fellow about 19 or 20 years old.

"Who is this good-looking young familiar," said she, showing the picture to Mrs. Martin.

"No one whom you ever saw," answered Izannah, with a flushed face and confused air.

"Ah ha! One of your old beaux, eh? I must say that he is ten times as good-looking as Rufus. I am surprised you didn't take him instead of my worthy but very homely cousin. Do tell me about him."

"Nonsense! he wasn't any beau of want to talk about him," answered said. Izannah in the abrupt, snappish manner common to her when she was tired or busy or worried or sleepy-in fact. her usual manner when at home.

Laura fully appreciated the many domestic excellencies which Izannah possessed; she saw that, like her brothers, she worked early and late and could make a dollar go as far as five times its value would under the manipulation of most people. The Ballards were proverbial in Clifton for their industry, their ability to do everything quickly and well, their sobriety and promptitude, and, also, for their economy; only most people thought that in them virtue had degenerated into the vice of stinginess. Success was the standard by which they measured everything and everybody; and success, to them, had none but a pecuniary meaning. They were, perhaps, a little "sharp" in their business dealings, but they never crossed the line into actual dishonesty.

At that moment Ida entered the room, and Laura appealed to her to know who was the mysterious original of the picture.

"That? Why that's Mark Ballard. my husband's youngest brother. I'm sure, Izannah, you necen't try to disown him, for everybody in the County knew him. He was the youngest of the family, and no more like the Balards than chalk's like cheese. He was | was ray comfort."

idle by nature; and, as his father died when he was only ten years old, it never got beat out of him as it ought 'a' ben. Mother Ballard hadn't no more force to her than an old settin' hen. He was her pet, and she certainly did humor him to death. Well, it turned out as it always does when one child is petted to extremes and the others taught to work as they'd ought to do; Mark got lazier and lazier, wouldn't do nothing about the farm, wouldn't go into the mills, wouldn't do nothing but read, read all the time; said he wanted to be a scholar, which was ridic'lous in a poor boy like him. He and his brothers didn't agree, and, finally, be ran away and went to the bad. He ran into debt and took to drink, and as we ain't heard nothing of him for nigh onto 15 years I s'pose he's dead. No great loss if he is," added Ida, not unwilling to exhibit the deep hue of the Ballard black sheep. There was not a real sisterly love between her and Izannah.

"Did his mother give up all hope of him before she died?" asked Laura,

"Oh, mother ain't dead, nor won't be for many a year," answered Izannah, cheerfally. It was her turn now, not Ida's, "She's beautifully settled in the Old Ladies' Home over to Fairfield. One of us goes to see her every year or two. You see when Abner got married, bein' the oldest son, he and Ida naturally chose to live on the farm; and as Ida had to have her mother with her there wa'n't no place there for anybody else's mother. Indeed, the two of 'em had always hated one another like poison; so mother had to give up the old house to Abner. She never did like farmin', anyway. Mark took his love of idle readin' from her. Seth said he couldn't have her come to his house, for there wa'n't no room for her; his house is dreadful small, and come to get three hired men and Seth and his wife in them atties-for that's all his bedrooms are—it is pretty full,

"The boys thought I'd ought to have taken mother; but, dear me! how could I? I wa'n't livin' in the old house, and what with my troop of young ones, a baby always in my arms, and my work round the house, I hadn't no time to tend to invalids; for by this time mother'd got real poorly, So we all joined together and got her a beautiful room in the Fairfield Home, where she don't have a thing to do all day but just enjoy herself." Laura was so shocked and pained

by this evidence of Ballard heartlessness that she cut short her visit to Clifton, and started for her home the next week.

A part of her journey was by water; and happening to fall into conversation with the lady who sat next to her on the boat, she related this incident to her, prefacing it with the question:

"Do you know anyone in Clifton?" "No," replied the stranger, "nor man, Izannah? His face is very in any part of this State. We, my children and I, are simply passing through it on our way home from a visit to the mountains."

"I am glad of that, for I want to tell you a little incident which illustrates the very trait, heartlessness, of which we were just speaking. But, of course, I shall surpress all names.

Getting excited with her recital, however, Laura involuntarily let fall the name of Ballard as well as one or two of the Christian names. When mine. Put the picture away; I don't she had finished her story the stranger

"Where is this Clifton?"

"It is near a railroad center called Barnum? indeed, it was called Barnum Mills until a few years ago. Perhaps you've heard of the Barnum match-works?"

"Oh, yes; I have. Ab, here is the place where I leave the boat. Let me bid you good-by, with the hope that we may meet again some time;" and so saying the stranger took her leave. Early next morning this same stranger "might have been seen" (as G. P. R. James puts it) entering the comfortable, if lonely, little room

the Old Ladies' Home at Fairfield. "You once lived in Barnum Mills, or Clifton, as they now call it, did you not?" the stranger asked Mrs. Ballard after the first greetings were exchanged.

assigned to Mrs. Izannah Ballard in

"Yes; I was married in Chitton, and my husband bought a farm there. He lies sleeping there now, and my three children live in Clifton still. Have you come from there?" was the enswer.

"No; but I know some one who did, and I understood him to say that you had four children,"

"Yes; I had four children, but my youngest is-oh, I don't know where; dead, I am sure, as it is years since I heard from him. Poor Mark! He ganism which he calls Protococcus is the real chinchilla, put taken from fabric.

"I heard he was wild."

"He may have been, but if he was, others were to blame. He was always good to me. They called him lazy; but he never let me chop a stick of wood or draw a pail of water. I never took any extra steps when he was round. He didn't love to work maybe, as the others did-he set great store by his books."

"Are you comfortable here?"

"Ye-es; but it's kind o' lonesome sometimes, 'specially when I remember that Abner and Seth and Izannah have all got good, cheery homes of their own. If Mark had lived it would all be different."

"It shall be different yet, mother. I am Clara Ballard, your son Mark's wife," cried the visitor, embracing and kissing the surprised old lady. "You shall be in a cheery home of your own before this time tomorrow. Willie, come and kiss your grandmother. Isn't he the image of his father?" added Clara Ballard, proudly, as the boy came forward at her bid-

"My Mark is alive again in him!" "Your Mark-our Mark-is himself alive and well, mother. He was a little wild at first, he says, and unfortunate in everything he undertook; but he grew steady, and then he persevered in one thing instead of trying first one, then another, and, finally, got into good practice. You knew he was a doctor, didn't vou? No? He is one of the leading physicians in our State. He wrote ever so many letters to you, but got no replies, so we thought you were dead.

"I never heard a word from him! His brothers were always so afraid he'd come home to be a drag on them that one of them must have destroyed those letters. They always got our mail from the office."

"He never will be a drag on anyone! I know he was a good son, mother, for he is the best husband that ever lived; and when my unele died a year ago and left me a fortune, I was glad to get it so that we could have more to give away, bless him! Come, mother, help me pack your things and I'll take you home as a welcome present to Mark."

Someone, Clara Ballard never said that she knew who, had inserted in the next issue of the Clifton County paper (which Abner and Seth took) a long article describing the remarkable manner in which "Dr. Ballard, our former townsman, now the most able lung specialist in the State of N---, than whom there is no more honored. generous and useful citizen in our country," found his mother in the Old Ladies' Home in Fairfield. It also gave an account of his handsome house and of the warm, sunny, luxurious room which his little ones now call "grandma's room," where they love to gather at twilight and hear long stories of how thoughtful and obedient their father was in his youthful days.

Oh, how Abner and Seth did grind their teeth with rage to find that their black sheep was the very reverse of black, not even a gray hue! How one of them wished he had read a certain letter or two before he burned them, unopened; then he would have known that, instead of begging money, the trusht had some to give away. And, horrid thought! may hap one of those letters had money in it! He never knew, nor dared to ask .- Demorest,

A Clock's Hands a Pigeon Roost.

If the time kept by any clock in the city should be accurrate it is that indicated by the tower clock at the Grand Central Depot.

To the attendants at the Grand Central the clock is a constant source of trouble, and about twice a day, as a rule, somebody has to set it right. The gentle nature, with no fighting inclock is all right, but the difficulty lies in the fact that no glass protects the face and hands.

Pigeons and sparrows, attracted by the crumbs and sweepings from the cars in the railroad yard, make the depot a loafing place, and a roost of the hands of the clock. One pigeon alone cannot affect the hands, but when two or three cluster together upon one hand, the works fail to lift to lift the load, and the hand steadily larity of this fur at present is, that in drops behind. - New York World.

Red Snowbanks.

One of the most conspicuous landmarks, or, rather, snowmarks, in the whole of the arctic regions is the red snowbanks discovered near Cape York, Greenland, by Captain John Ross in the year 1818. For miles and miles the hills are covered with snow that is as red as though it had been saturated with blood. Lieutenant Greeley, who chills. visited that region while on his famous amined these blood-stained cliffs and reports the color due to a minute ornivalia - Chicago Herald.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

APRONS FOR NURSES.

Aprons for nurses are made of two widths of the material used and are cut from thirty-eight to forty inches long. When finished they usually reach to the bottom of the dress, They have long wide strings and are trimmed at the bottom with lace, a wide hemstitched hem or embroidery. Aprons for waitresses are not more than thirty-four to thirty-six inches long and require only a breadth and a half of the material. They are finished with a wide hem or hem and tucks-New York Post.

DRAWBACK TO FEMALE LABOR.

One great drawback to making s living by a woman who is compelled through necessity to go out to work is the competition she is forced to meet with in the case of the daughters of well-to-do people, who simply go out to make money to dress on or to spend. In case of a strike for higher wages or against a reduction, these girls who have parents to support them and homes to go to, are the very ones who will accept and stay in, simply because they do not depend upon their wages for board or rent. -Journal of the Knights of Labor.

A HERO'S WIFE AND HER MARK.

It has been discovered that Mrs. Harrison, wife of the president and hero of the Tippecanoe, could not write but signed her name with an X. The discovery has come about through the discovery of a deed, executed by William H. Harrison and his wife, which has just been filed for record with the circuit court of Hillsboro, Ill. The deed is for forty acres of land near Hillsboro, and was excented in 1839. The paper is regarded as a valuable document for its historical interest, and not the least interesting thing about it is that Mrs. Harrison has signed it with an X. - New Orleans Picayune.

PENALIZING HIGH HATS.

Bills have been introduced in the legislature, of New York, New Jersey and Missouri, fixing the penalty of sjectment and a \$10 fine for any one appearing in a theatre to the hindrance detriment or annoyance of the theater's patrons, presumably by the wearing of hats so high and big as to obstruct a view of the performance. The Missouri member who fathers the bill got his cue from the action of a town council down in the northwestern portion of the state, which some time ago passed an ordinance to protect patrons

The town whose council set the pace in this matter nearly a year ago is well satisfied with the experiment. The | Chronicle. high hat has been altogether eliminated there. The ground taken is that when one pays money to see a play he has the right to expect that nothing in vent him from getting the full benefit of his investment. - Washington Star.

Fur was once defined by a witty Frenchman as-"une peau qui change de bile,"-(a skin that changes its wearer), and fashion has decreed that we should all array ourselves this winter at the expense of the little rats known as chinchillas. The name is Spanish, as the animals are natives of Chili and Peru. They are about the price. size of a small squirrel, but much less active than our frisking, frolicsome flashes of fur, with very large round thing. ears, covered but slightly with down They use their fore-paws to convey the food to their mouths. Being of a stincts, their only chance of safety lies in flight, so they burrough in the mountain sides long tunnels, whose depths and extent enable them to clude their pursuers. They are hunted by dogs, who are trained to take them without injuring the fur.

The ancient Peruvians used to weave very beautiful materials of the plucked hairs, which were used only by royalty. Probably one reason of the popu-1830 the French naturalists first gave their attention to the chinchillas, being enabled to verify the statements made by Molina many years before. by observing some of the little animals which had been brought to the "Menagerie of the Museum" in Paris. Public attention was drawn to them. The fur became the fashion. As we are now masquerading in the costumes of that period, we too must wear chin-

There are three grades of the fur.

an old animal, while the very young. ones furnish the most beautiful and valuable skins. Of these the fur is long, the color a light pearly grey, and in certain lights there is upon them a silken sheen that is much admired by connoisseurs. The moths are more appreciative of chinchilla than of any other fur, and seem to have an instinctive preference for the best. Through the summer the furriers wage incessant war with these destroyers, never allowing the made-up articles to be put away in the dark, but they are kept out in the open daylight and frequently aired, while the skins themselves are kept on ice. - Detroit Fron Press.

HINTS FOR SPRING HATS.

Fancy striped ribbons have been vell ordered.

White straw brims have black erowns and vice versa. Entire hats of guipure lace are

shown at the importers'. Loose velvet crowns appear with fancy open straw brims.

White ground chine ribbons, moired, are for elegant summer hats,

A touch of light green vies with the inevitable purplish-red note seen.

As a rule, flowers are placed under the brims or at the back, falling over the hair.

Flaring brims have ostrich feathers drooping over them and caught to the mner side.

Broad effects in trimmings and the two sides alike or "twin" style are to be retained.

Two distinct kinds of flowers are put on one hat, as pink roses and purplish violets. Made brims of straw braid and

fancy crowns were prominent at the first openings. Very large, loose, reddish purple

violets of silk, are stylish, handsome and expensive. The new strings seen on bonnets are of No. 12 double-faced satin ribbon or

No. 7 velvet ribbon. Violet bouquets for the crush collars and to wear on the wrap are as

fashionable as for the hats. Large, soft rosettes of velvet, as three shades of magenta in one, will

be on the early spring hats. Metal pins, buckels and ornaments on French hats frequently exactly match the shade of the trimming.

One of the beauties of French millinery is that all the trimming of each model seems to be made exactly for

A five-inch satin ribbon having an applique vine of lace down the middle formed an immense bow on an equally immense hat.

Roses, with leaves, violets, black ostrich tips and aigrettes are secure for the spring, no matter how other trimmings come and go. - Dry Goods

FASHION NOTES.

Round, half-high neck is the favorite cut for evening bodices.

Tiny handkerchiefs, to stick in front of the bodice, are a Parisian caprice. Water color paintings of flowers and

fruit are said to be in unusual demand. Portiere materials are more elegant and sumptuous than the world ever

Silver paper cutters and envelope openers are now combined very clev-

Dresden china is the craze. Women are collecting it regardless of the

Bohemian glass rose bowl with filigree covering is a very fashionable

The richest qualities of fine handkerchiefs are much affected by ladies for mufflers. They are made up in twenty-four inch squares of satin damask showing rich designs and of heavy weight. White has the prefer-

Black satin, silk or moire gowns are fashionably trimmed with ruches that are lined with white, amber, tan, fawn, rose or other colored satin or sile. One or three ruches may edge a skirt, and a similar ornamentation may be applied upon the waist and sleeves.

Smooth, satin-faced cloths and roughwool materials of medium weight are used extensively for street gowns, particularly the rough-wool crepons, and among these is a novelty called "cameo crepon." The rougher they are the more fashionable they appear.

Cashmere is again in favor for evening wear at home, and is most artistic in fawn color, with a decoration of satin in any illuminatig hue that is becoming. French cashmere is one of the most satisfactory materials made, as it endures laundering with impunarctic expedition, microscopically ex- The cheapest comes of a cross breed, ity. The huge, under-draped sieeves and is recognizable by its darker color | that are now in vogue are more graceand shorter fur. The second in value ful in cashmere than in any other great care must be taken to protect

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

What is beautiful cannot be useless. Courtship is a sonnet, marriage an

The perfect man is never the perfect

Ill-balanced praise is worse than

silence. Every heart has its own definition

of love. Women lie oftener through kind-

ess than malice. Modesty is not ordinarily the handnaiden of genius.

A man would admire his wife's dress more if it cost less.

Beware of the man who tries to

whitewash any kind of sin. The man who is satisfied with himself is much disappointed with other

folks. It seems a provoking paradox that a light bill can be so heavy; when it's a gas bill.

A kicker is generally a man who is not busily engaged in any business of

You never value the water till your ne g iber wants to fill her bucket at your well.

Honesty has a disposition to awag down in the middle if too much gold is loaded on it.

What is permanent in art is always conventional, because conventionality is permanence.

Boys will be boys, and some of the girls are doing the best they can in the same direction.

Seek the company of those whose intercourse and converse will instruct, elevate and refine.

A child's education is never complete so long as he feels that he knows more than his parents.

The world is full of people who are anxious to die happy, who are not trying very hard to help anybody to live happy.

What we truly and carnestly aspire to be that in some sense we are. The mere aspiration, by changing the frame of the mind for the moment, realizes itself.

Doors Made of Glass.

Two Boston inventors have secured a patent for a process of making glass veneers which have many peculiar properties. This invention relates primarily to the production of ornamental glass, which may be either semi-transparent or opaque, and is made to represent highly-polished wood of any description. It is intended to be applicable for veneering wherever required, and is particularly adapted for vestibule and other doors, the exterior of the glass having the appearance of highly polished wood, while in the interior of the house it will appear semi-transparent. In carrying the invention into practice, a sheet of ground or plain glass is taken of any desired size and clouded the same on one side with a liquid dye of the proper color to represent any desired wood which dye is applied by means of a sponge for delineating the grain of the wood so as to appear upon the surface of the glass. The shading is softened by means of a badger brush. Photographers' varnish is then caused to flow on the glass, and leaves the grain clear and fast without the necessity of using any gelatinous substance, which would render it liable to crack and spoil the effect. To complete the operation the glass is then slightly heated, and the varied shades of dyes required for the particular wood to be represented are caused to flow over it by means of a syringe. The glass is heated in order to prevent the shadings from merging into each other. The whole is then made semi-transparent by applying another cost of photographers' varnish, so as to prevent the dyes from being effaced, while the exterior surface presents the appearance of a highly-polished solid wood finish --Detroit Free Press.

Ebonized Wood.

The wood is immersed for fortyeight hours in a hot, saturated solution of alum and then brushed over several times with a logwood decoction, prepared as follows: Boil one part of best logwood with ten parts of water, filter through linen and evaporate at a gentle heat until the volume is reduced to one-half. To every quart of this add from ten to fifteen drops of a saturated solution of indigo, completely neutral. After applying this dye to the wood rub the latter with a saturated and filtered solution of verdigris in hot, concentrated acetic acid, and repeat the operation until a black of the desired intensity is obtained. It must always be remembered when handing chemicals that the hands - New York World