

THE SILENT RULER.

We only know he walks with noiseless tread,
Unresting ever—voiceless as the dead,
We only know he brings us loss or gain,
The rose of pleasure, or the rue of pain—
All changes manifold of life or death,
From a leaf's promise to a dying breath.
We only know when this old earth and sky
Pass into nothingness, he cannot die—
The silent ruler with his scepter and glass,
Our Father Time, who sees the nations pass—
Yet gives no token over land or sea
Of his new reign—the veiled eternity.
—William H. Hayne, in Youth's Companion.

MY SISTER'S "CHANCE."

BY ERNEST H. HAYNE.

YOU can't guess what's going to happen," cried my sister Elizabeth one morning as she came running up the path from the gate, where she had been to meet the postman. She had an open letter in her hand.

"Has some one left you a fortune?" I asked.

"Oh—better than that," was the reply. "I'm going to have a beau! Listen," and she proceeded to read me her letter:

DEAR ELIZABETH: I write to tell you that a friend of mine has fallen in love with your photograph. He is a widower, and on the look-out for another wife. He happened to see your picture, and it won his susceptible heart at once. He asked all kinds of questions about you, and when he found out that you were "fancy free" he said he "had a good mind to come and see you. Mebbe there was the chance he'd been lookin' for." I advised him to come.

"You can tell by tryin' it," I said. And he's comin'! He has got some business to transact in the city Thursday, and he will stop off at Holmesville on Wednesday and visit you. Be kind to the poor man, and send me an invitation to the wedding.

Hastily,
AUNT MARIA.

"That's just like Aunt Maria, isn't it?" cried Elizabeth, half amused and half indignant. "She's bound to have fun at somebody's expense. I can imagine her laughing every time she thinks of the joke she considers she has played on me. The idea of her sending an old widower to see me!"

"She didn't exactly send him," I responded. "But I think she rather encouraged him to come. What's that she says about Wednesday? To-day's Wednesday, Elizabeth, and you can look for your admirer by the next train. The letter ought to have got here yesterday, you see by its date. Go and get ready to entertain him—there's no time to lose."

"I'm thoroughly out of patience with Aunt Maria," said Elizabeth. "I've a notion to go away somewhere and stay till he's gone."

"But he'd come again if he's so desperately smitten with your photograph, or he'd stay till you came home, or he'd fall in love with me and you'd lose your 'chance,'" I said. "No—stay and face the music, Elizabeth."

"I know what I'll do!" cried my sister, the mischief-loving trait common to her and Aunt Maria coming to the surface. "I'll pretend I'm deaf, and I'll have some fun out of it, as well as Aunt Maria."

"You can't carry out such a deception without getting caught at it," I said.

"Trust me for that!" cried Elizabeth, with sparkling eyes. I think she began to be glad that Aunt Maria had encouraged the widower to come. "Now, remember, I'm totally unable to hear a word of ordinary conversation. It will be necessary for you to almost shout at me if you want me to understand what you're saying. And be sure to keep from laughing. The fun all depends upon keeping up the deception. We must not let him discover it, for that would make us ridiculous, you see. There! I hear the train. We can expect him at any moment now. Oh, dear! I know I shall want to laugh, but I shan't do it—I'll see if I do! I'll go and get ready to receive him. When he comes you must meet him, and bring him in and introduce him," and away ran my frowning sister to get ready for her visitor.

Ten minutes later I saw a man coming down the road from the station, and I knew as soon as I set my eyes on him that it was Elizabeth's admirer. He was at least forty-five years old, with a very solemn-looking face, and an air of having his Sunday clothes on. But perhaps his errand made him look soberer than usual and feel ill at ease. I met him at the door.

"Does Miss Elizabeth Jones live here?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," I answered. "I think she's expecting you. You are the gentleman our aunt Maria Thorpe wrote us about, I suppose?"

"Yes, I be," was the reply. "My name's Peters—Joshua Peters. But mebbe she told you?"

"No, she did not tell us your name—she simply said you were coming to see Elizabeth. She's in the sitting-room. I'll take you in and introduce you. You'll have to speak rather loud, for Elizabeth's just a trifle hard of hearing."

I did not dare trust myself to reply. I went up to Elizabeth and put my hand on her shoulder. She turned and saw us.

"Why didn't you speak when you came in?" she asked, rising.

"She did—she hollered," said Mr. Peters in a sort of stage aside.

"Elizabeth, this is Mr. Peters—the gentleman Aunt Maria wrote about," I said close to her ear.

"Oh—yes, I understand!" said Elizabeth, her face showing great delight and interest. "I'm happy to meet you, Mr. Peasley. Sit down, please, and let's talk to each other. I want to get acquainted right away. I hope you're well, Mr. Peasley?"

"Peters, not Peasley," corrected her visitor.

"A little louder, please—I didn't quite catch what you said," and Elizabeth bent her head to listen.

"I said my name wasn't Peasley," shouted the other. "It's Peters."

"Oh yes, I understand now," responded Elizabeth. "Excuse me, but it was all sister Jane's fault, she speaks in such a low tone. I'm not so very deaf, still one has to talk rather loud for me to understand all they say."

"Your aunt Maria told me about you, Mr. Peters, sitting down. I've known her quite a spell."

"Aunt Maria isn't at all well? You surprise me, Mr. Peters. She didn't say anything about it in her letter."

"I said—I'd knowed her—quite a spell," said Mr. Peters, in a voice like a trumpet.

"Oh, yes—pardon me," said Elizabeth. "When you speak a trifle louder than usual, like that, I have no difficulty in understanding what you say."

"She must be awful deaf if she calls that a trifle louder 'n usual," said Mr. Peters to me. "Hain't she never had anything done to her ears?"

I made an excuse to get away as soon as possible. I couldn't keep my face straight much longer. I busied myself about getting dinner, but I could hear every word of the conversation in the kitchen. Elizabeth asked him all about his farm, and his family, and seemed to be getting very much interested in him. She kept him repeating his remarks until I fancied he was getting hoarse.

"I've always fancied I would like living on a farm," said Elizabeth. "Do you think the children would take kindly to—a stepmother, Mr. Peters?"

"They'd have to if I got married again," was his reply. "I reckon there wouldn't be any trouble about that."

"No, I don't like cats," said Elizabeth. "I'd prefer a dog. Do you keep a dog, Mr. Peters?"

"I didn't say anything about cats," he responded. "You didn't ketch my remark."

"I think just as you do about that," responded Elizabeth. "I don't like to hear them bark. We seem to have quite a similarity of tastes, don't we, Mr. Peters?"

Presently dinner was ready, and they came out together and sat down to the meal. I had told Elizabeth that I would wait on them. I knew I could never undergo the ordeal of sitting at table with them.

"I suppose you have lots of strawberries and fresh cream and everything like that on the farm," said Elizabeth, her face fairly beaming with interest. "How delightful it must be!"

"I like it," said Mr. Peters. "There's a good deal of hard work about it, though. One has to get up afore sunrise, and that makes a long day of it in summer."

"Yes," answered Elizabeth. "I like summer. It's strange what a similarity of tastes we have, isn't it? I hope you like moonlight walks and boating, Mr. Peters? I do—so much!"

"Wall, I can't jest say as I do," responded Mr. Peters. "Bein' out at night, 'specially on the water, don't agree with me. It makes me roomatic."

have her ears doctored, an' it does any good, I'll come down agin. I don't see why your aunt didn't tell me about it. But mebbe she was afraid your sister 'd lose the chance if she let on aforehand. It's a dretful pity! I can't help takin' to her, but—I wouldn't feel like fannin' the risk."

"I've enjoyed your visit so much, dear Mr. Peters," said Elizabeth at parting. "Come again, won't you, now?—and soon."

"That depends," shouted the poor man. "Your sister 'll tell you what I've been a sayin' to her when I'm gone."

"Oh yes, yes! I shall think of you when you're gone," said Elizabeth. "You'll write, won't you?"

"I can't promise," said Mr. Peters. "It was allus dretful hard work for me to write," he said to me, "but I dunno but it'd be easier 'n talkin' to her. Don't forget to tell her what I said about seein' an ear doctor, will you? An' if she does, an' he helps her, let me know. I wouldn't mind standin' part of the expense, if it did any good. I sh'd think she'd be willin' to do somethin' sooner 'n lose the chance."

When the gate closed behind poor Mr. Peters I set down and laughed till I cried.

"Oh, Jane!" cried Elizabeth, dropping down on the floor. "I never had such fun in all my life, never! He shouted at me till the sound of his voice roared in my ears like thunder. I wouldn't wonder if it really made me deaf. Poor man! I thought I should die! It's a 'dretful pity' to lose such a chance, but—there's such a 'risk' to run! Oh, dear, oh, dear!" and then Elizabeth and I laughed and cried together over the disappointment of poor Mr. Peters, and the "chance" that she had lost.—New York Ledger.

Oldest Living Woman.

In the year 1781, when Lord Cornwallis began in joy and ended in disaster his campaign in Virginia against the American colonists, there was born at Fermanagh, Ireland, a girl baby who, living yet, at the age of 116 years, is believed to be the oldest person in the world. While that baby was still in arms Lafayette and Washington were marshaling their forces to check the victorious march of Cornwallis through Virginia, and on October 19 of that year Lord Cornwallis surrendered his army at Yorktown, and the independence of what is now the United States of America was assured.

That girl-child whose life began almost with that of the United States is Mrs. Anne Armstrong, now of county Clare, Ireland. She grew up in Fermanagh and married there. Her husband was a member of the Royal Constabulary. When she was twenty-six years old she and her husband moved to Milton Malbay, in county Clare. That was ninety years ago. In a little thatched cottage at Spanish Point, just outside Milton Malbay, Mrs. Armstrong lives, all alone, waiting for the time when she shall be called to join those who were dear to her, who died years and years ago.

The days that she has lived through have been fraught with the most wonderful events of the world's history, but the particular period that impressed its events most firmly upon Mrs. Armstrong's memory was that of the great Irish rebellion of 1798, when she was a lass of 17. She tells still of how Irishmen were hanged or shot or imprisoned without trials and of the reign of terror which held for years.

Mrs. Armstrong is still able to walk and to care for herself and her little cottage by the aid which her kindly neighbors give her. She is thin and slightly deaf, but her sight is good and her memory clear. Her dress is simple, but a cap and apron of snowy whiteness are always parts of it. Her habits are also simple. At 4 or 5 o'clock each afternoon her day is finished, and she locks her cottage door and retires for the night.—New York Sun.

"Sweetest of the Sweet."

Framed and hung up in the Agricultural Bank of Paris, Ky., is a check which was made payable to "Sweetest of the Sweet" and so indorsed. President McClure of the bank tells the story of the check as follows:

"One of our depositors recently gave his wife a check for \$10, the check being regularly filled out and duly signed, except that it was made payable to 'Sweetest of the Sweet.' When the lady presented the check for payment I innocently inquired:

"Who is this 'Sweetest of the Sweet?'"

"Why, it's me," she replied.

"I told her to indorse the check, which she did and handed it back.

"But, madam," I said, "you must indorse it just as drawn, to the 'Sweetest of the Sweet.'"

"She snatched up the pen and wrote the words below the name and I paid the money."—Chicago Chronicle.

Turning Silver into Gold.

It appears that there is little doubt as to the ability of Dr. Emmens to transform silver into gold by means of a mechanical treatment. A London paper says that Dr. Emmens's results have been verified by well-known English chemists, and about three weeks ago M. Tiffereau, the famous French chemist, endorsed the conclusion. Dr. Emmens is now preparing a machine for subjecting silver to a pressure of 8000 tons per square inch, and hopes to produce 50,000 ounces of gold per month. He is also experimenting as to the transmutation of other metals into one another.

A Famous Coin Collection.

France has bought the late Mr. Waddington's collection of Greek coins for 421,000 francs. It contains seventy-three gold, 1360 silver and 6835 bronze pieces. Among them are coins of 398 towns of Asia Minor.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

The striking and stylish gown shown in the illustration, writes May Manton, is made of soft wool material, the design of which includes green, a bright shade of tan and lines of black. The square yoke is of tan-colored silk and the trimming consists of fine black mohair braid and ornamental buttons. The blouse bodice is made over a fitted lining which includes the usual pieces and seams, but shows single darts in place of double, and which closes at the centre-front. The blouse is fitted by shoulder and under-arm seams only. The yoke portion is faced onto the plaid at the line of perforations, the joining being concealed by the trimming.

The closing is effected invisibly at the left shoulder and down the left side beneath the widest band of braid. The narrower bands and the fancy strip are sewed to the left section of the blouse, so continuing the trimming in harmony with the yoke edges and epaulettes. The sleeves are two-seamed and snug-fitting close to the shoulder where they are finished by the small puffs that are a marked feature of the season. The oblong epaulettes give breadth to the figure and add to the general stylish effect. The neck is finished by a straight, standing collar above which rises a frill of lace. At the waist is worn a belt of tan-colored ribbon clasped with an ornamental buckle.

The skirt is five-gored and fitted smoothly about the hips. The back is arranged in deep underlying plaits. The trimming is carried down from the blouse in a continuous line, so producing the princess effect.

Cashmere, drap-d'ete, camel's-hair and all the new poplin weaves as well

as a garment of feminine use, is equally appropriate for boys who have not yet been allowed the dignity of trousers. The material is dark red cloth, the trimming bands of gray kimmer.



RUSSIAN COAT FOR A CHILD.

With the coat are worn leggings and a Tam hat of the cloth. The fitting is accomplished by shoulder seams and under-arm gores. The fronts are each cut in one piece, but the full skirt is seamed to the back at the waist line.



LADIES' AND MISSES' OLGA BLOUSE.

as taffetas are eminently suitable. The trimming can be carried out in silk passementerie, in fancy braid, in jet or in velvet ribbon, all of which are in vogue. The yoke can be of contrasting material, as shown, or one of jet or applique, such as are sold ready for use, can be applied.

To make this blouse for a lady in the medium size will require two and one-fourth yards of forty-four-inch

The right-front laps well over the left and turns back to form a deep rever that reaches to the waist. The closing is invisibly effected by means of large hooks sewed to the centre of the right-front and eyes to the edge of the left. The sleeves are one-seamed and are finished with pointed cuffs banded with kimmer. At the neck is a straight standing collar and at the waist is worn a belt of the cloth edged with fur and fastened with a large steel buckle. The coat is lined throughout with taffeta showing a bright plaid design.

Ladies' and Misses' Blouse.

In the two-column design Bordeaux red faced cloth is strikingly decorated with parallel rows of black braid that contrast strongly to the handsome edging and full revers of chinchilla fur. A belt of black velvet droops gracefully in front according to the prevailing mode. Hat of red felt, faced and banded with black velvet garniture of red silk crepe, autumn leaves and black quills. This stunning outdoor wrap, says May Manton, is one of the most desirable of the season's novelties, combining style with comfort and giving a distinguished air to the wearer. A unique feature is the extended shoulders which form epaulettes over the coat sleeves that show a slight fullness at the arm's-eye. The entire coat is lined with plaid taffeta. The blouse proper is fitted with shoulder and under-arm seams and the basque portion is cut separately and seamed to the blouse beneath the belt. The sleeves are snug-fitting and are seamed to the lining only at the upper portion beneath the epaulette and both cloth and lining at the under-arm portion. To insure additional strength a strip of cloth is stitched to the lining round the upper portion of the arm's eye where the sleeve joins it alone. The right front of the blouse laps over on to the left and closes invisibly. Revers of fur are turned back from the throat and the neck is finished with a standing collar.



STRIKING AND STYLISH GOWN.

material, and for the skirt five and five-eighths yards of same width good.

Child's Coat of Dark Red Cloth. Up to the age of three years the coats worn by boys and girls are much alike. The model given, while shown

TRANSPARENT THEATRE HAT.

It's Big, Light, Beautiful and Becoming, and is Glass, to Be Seen Through.

Hereafter the theatre hat need have no terrors for us. We will look through it. One of New York's most enterprising milliners has invented for the winter theatrical trade a glass hat. It is as gorgeous, with its nodding plumes and wonderful array of trimmings, as the largest and most striking theatre hat that ever obstructed a first nighter's view, but there is this difference—the new hat obstructs no one's view. You look through it as clearly as you would look through a plate-glass window.

The new glass theatre hat is almost as light as a feather. It will not break if you drop it, and it is quite as fashionable as to its style as any theatre hat made of felt or velvet. The hat is made of a very thin preparation of pliable glass, which has been prepared with certain chemicals to prevent it from breaking. Its main ingredient is silicate of soda. The glass is perfectly transparent, and makes a most effective foundation for trimmings. The glass can be bought by the yard



NEW GLASS THEATRE HAT, FRONT VIEW.

if one is fortunate enough to know where it is manufactured. It is so pliable that it can be easily plaited or ruffled, and under the deft hands of a milliner can be made into very fascinating transparent bows. As pompons and fancy wings it will also be used. But its chief use will be for the foundation of the big theatre hat, for its flaring brim and high crown, so that no matter what the hat's size it can be easily seen through.

One of the most effective of the new theatre hats is a rather expensive creation in glass and chiffon. The flaring glass brim is cut into a series of tabs, each tab softened by a shirred edge of delicate pink chiffon. The glass bell-shaped crown of the hat is also finished with a shirring of chiffon, and it is admirable for the person behind it to get a view of the stage. Beautiful pink feathers are used for the trimming. There are four of them, and they all have a downward droop. These feathers coil prettily over the hair at the back. They fall perfectly their object of being ornamental and yet not in the way. Around the base of the crown a bit of filmy chiffon is coiled, which is caught in the centre with an antique silver and rhinestone buckle, and there you have the new theatre hat complete. And to own this dainty glass creation you must pay \$25. But there are other glass hats now on sale for theatre wear which are less expensive, and some which are double this hat's value. They are all extremely novel, and yet they are not unpleasantly conspicuous, and as for being light and comfortable nothing to equal them in the millinery line has ever been seen before.—New York Journal.

COWS WITH EARRINGS.

Hygienic Measure Ordered by Belgium's Director-General of Agriculture.

A cow is the last creature one would expect to see with earrings, yet every cow in Belgium has got to wear them now. The Director-General of Agriculture has issued a regulation that all animals of the bovine species ate to



FOR HYGIENE, NOT FOR VANITY.

wear earrings as soon as they have attained the age of three months.

This is a hygienic measure, intended to prevent the introduction into Belgium of animals suffering from tuberculosis.

Breeders are to be obliged to keep an exact account of all animals raised by them, and the ring (on which is engraved a number) is fastened in the animal's ear for the purpose of preventing—or helping to prevent—the substitution of one animal for another.

Photography and Shooting.

A miniature photographic camera attached to the barrel of a gun is the invention of Mr. Lerchuer, of Vienna. By an automatic shutter, working in unison with the trigger of the gun, the sportsman is able to obtain a perfect photograph of the bird or animal immediately before the shot or bullet has reached it.

Tuberculosis is in England and Wales the cause of 14 per cent. of all male and 13½ of all female deaths.