SPIN CHEERFULLY.

SPIN CHEERFULLY.

Spin cheerfully,
Not tearfully,
Though wearlly you plod.
Spin carefully
Spin prayerfully,
But leave the thread to God,
The shuttle of His purpose move
To carry out His own design,
Seek not too soon to disapprove
His work, nor yet assign
Dark motives, when with silent dread
You view each sombre fold;
For lo, within each darker thread,
There shines a thread of gold.
Spin obserfully,
Not tearfully,
He knows the way you plod;
Spin carefully,
Spin prayerfully,
But leave the thread with God.

## Clint Loring's Neighbor

Clint Loring had fallen almost asleep in his chair on that warm September evening. He had been bending over his easel all day, and was worn out in mind and body.

Painting for amusement and painting to keep the wolf from the door he found to be a totally different matter. In days gone by his studio had been constantly thronged, not with buyers constantly thronged, not with buyers (he had no need to foster his genius), but with friends and admirers-those who smoked his cigars and drank his wine, as they dilated on the merits of his pictures.

He had neither the one nor the other now to offer them, and the pic-tures seemed to have lost their charm.

Fortunately, there were a few dealers who cared more for art than the artist, and so when Clint one morning wakened to find himself practically beggared, he determined to make his talents available, and so he quietly moved away from the large and expensive quarters he had so luxuriously where we now find him dreaming, perhaps, of the past, when suddenly woman's voice, rich, sweet and clear,

breaks upon his reverie.

4 He starts, awakened in an instant, and listens to the end.

It is in the very room next his own.

Nothing but a thin partition divides the two. Only last night a man's tread, heavy and somewhat uncertain, denoted its occupant. Tonight all had been silence, until the pure notes

rang out upon the evening air.

Somehow they lingered in Clint
Loring's dreams that night, again with an echo of the dim past, when he had stalls at the opera by the season, and could gratify the very passion for music which possessed him.

The room had had many tenants since he had occupied his own; but,

with the next morning's dawning, his first thoughts flew to his neighbor,

with a regretful wonder whether she, too, would be fleeing like the rest. It seemed not, for, as the days merged into weeks, there were many moments when Clint would forget his palette and brush, and listen en-

He grew to feel a strange interest in his unknown neighbor. Never yet had he been able to catch a glimpse of her face. Sometimes a light, quick step would pass his door, but, let him turn his head howsoever quickly, it had disappeared.

One night, returning home, rather later than usual, he caught sight, just ahead, entering the door, of a stylish, girlish figure, which ran lightly and swiftly ahead of him up the stairway.

The figure was graceful, the dress plain, but he had little time to observe ither as she hurried into her room and closed the door.

A sudden impulse caused him to resared, he bore carefully in his arms resebush full of blossoms. He sither paused nor hesitated until he sod at his neighbor's threshold, when he knocked, A moment later the door stood revealed before him.

It was a face worthy the voice. A itsle worn, a little pale, perhaps, for beauty, but with its wondering blue eyes and framework of Titish hair, ane could easily imagine how perfect would be the picture, with here and there an added dash of color.

Both stood in silence, she inquirbegin, when he spoke:

"You will pardon my intrusion, I
hope, but I fear if I leave these flowers

in my room they will fade and wither. I have not much time to give attention to such things. May I leave them with

"Oh, how lovely! Indeed, indeed you may! Thank you, very much," stooping to kiss one of the blossoms of the plant she held in her hands. But how came you to think of me, a

"I had heard you sing, and I knew you were a woman, and all women love flowers. May I come in and tell you more about it? My name is Clint Loving, and I am your next-door coring, and I am your next-door eighbor. If I wait to be formally resented I fear I shall never know

bright smile lit up her face, as she looked into the honest eyes awaiting an answer to his question. Handsome eyes they were, too, which had found hair way to many a woman's heart to she answered: For a minute she hesitated, then a

"Yes, you may come in. It seems range to receive visitors, but I bid a welcome. I am Mrs. Andrews." Did his cars deceive him? Was a young girl a wife? Perhaps a dow, he thought, with a glance at a hlack dress, since she seems alone desolate.

desolate.

It she was not alone; for, as he send the threshold, he noticed in corner an old woman knitting.

It is my cunt," she explained, a in growing very old, but I dread time when she will leave me alone, this is a bread of mine, life.

The old woman looked up only for a moment, as though nothing could longer detain her from her work.

"It's not Henry," she muttered.

"Henry will never come again."

In other days, many women had smiled at Clint Loring, drawing him, they hoped, to their feet, but all had failed. He had gone on in his bright, happy, careless way, until the crash happy, careless way, until the crash came, and then, without even a fare-well word, he had taken his pride and his poverty out of their sight, lost in

the great city.

But a strange, sweet intimacy sprung up between him and his nextdoor neighbor. The rose he had taken her blossomed as no rose had ever done before, and it grew to be a nightly occurrence that he should leave a little offering of flowers or

fruit at her door.

All day, when she was absent giving the vocal lessons by which she lived, and he hard at work over his easel, his

thoughts were with her.
She had told him something of her early life—her girlhood—but nothing of her marriage; from that she shrank as from a blow. But still the old woman in the corner muttered of "Henry." She never heeded what they said, nor seemed to have a thought beyond her knitting, save the utterance of that one name.

So the weeks sped into months, and winter was upon them, when Clint's heart called out against further silence, and demanded food for its hunger.

He never doubted its answer, as he entered Edna Andrews's to ask her to be his wife. Their intercourse had been one of purest friendship—no talk of love had ever entered in; but still he felt she loved him, even as he knew he had given her the worship of his

Her patient endurance—her noble courage—her true womanhood—had first aroused the feeling; but it had grown and strengthened, until it

formed part of himself.

So, in the winter twilight, he told his story, and, in the shadow, did not note the great start his listener gave

how ashy white grew her face.

A moment's silence fell between them, as he told the story of his love. Then she spoke, but her voice was

harsh, as though struggling to choke down unbidden sobs:

"From you, Mr. Loring, I did not expect this. I had grown to regard you really as a friend—to feel I had in you a protector—to lean upon the rock you seem to have afforded me and, lo! I find it all quicksand. How could you? how could you?" and the slight frame shook with the passion of sods which at last overcame her.

"Edna, what do you mean? Have I, then, judged you so wrongly that the mention of my love thus agitates you? An honest man's love is no re-proach. Forgive me, if I have erred and startled you from your repose. In my hope of taking you from this life of which, thank God, is enough for both
—I forgot to break it gently. I am
not a rich man, Edna, as you know; but I am succeeding in my art beyond my anticipations, and I could have offered you a home more worthy of you, my darling. Do you so shrink from the thought of becoming my

"Your wife?" she almost gasped.
"What else, Edna, could I offer the woman who has opened my eyes to a perfect womanhood?"

"Your wife? yours? Am I not a wife already-deserted and betrayed, it is true, but bound, hand and foot, by the fetters he has forged?"

"Yes, yes, Henry will come back!" muttered the old woman, in her

"You hear her? It is he of whom she speaks—Henry, my husband. Listen and I will tell you all. It is your due. I married him when I was out sixteen, attracted by a handsome face, a few loving words. Well, he won me, no matter how. I had not been his bride three weeks before he toid me he had married me for my dowry—that he needed money, and must have more. Then I obtained it; but my father, a rich farmer, grew tired of my repeated demands, and refused me more. When I told him this, he struck me, in his anger, and left the house. I have never seen him He forged my father's name for a large amount, obtained the money, and fled the country. It is his anut, not mine, of whom I have the care. She is always looking for his return. My parents died soon after, and my father was so incensed that he left me penniless. Yet, thank God, I have youth and strength, and though I never again can listen to your words of love, though we must part today, perhaps never again to meet on life's highway, I shall remem-ber that one true man has loved me."

With an ashy face he heard her to the end. Her eyes, looking into his with a great despair, told him what her lips dared not utter, but in them was a resolution as well, which he dared not combat.

He rose like one stricken turned to-He rose like one stricken, tarned to-ward the door, then retraced his steps, and opening his arms, clasped her in an embrace she was powerless to resist, rained passionate kisses upon cheek, brow and lip, then, without another word, went out into the night.

The next morning found him tossing in high fever, unconscious and delirious. The long excitement, constant work, with this last shock, had been more than even his strong frame could endure, and it had given way at last, and east him adrift and helpless in the faver's strong hold.

and cast him adrift and helpless in the fever's strong hold.

For weeks he lay hovering between life and death; but when he opened his heavy eyes, it was on the pale, worn face of the woman whom he loved, who had mingled in all his dreams, that rested, and his first quastics was:

"Because—because, "she whispered, "Because—because,"she whispered, in answer, while a wondrous light beamed in her eyes, "I need never leave you, Clint, if you will keep me. I am free, dear. The news of my release came to me after you were taken ill. My husband died a year ago—died as wretchedly as he has lived. The disappointment was more than his aunt could bear, and she, too, lies under the sod. I am alone in the world today. Clint, have you room for me?"

With a wonder if it were not still

With a wonder if it were not still delirium, and a prayer that it might last forever, Clint Loring opened his arms, and the weary, storm-tossed woman had found rest at last—rest and love. Clint lost his neighbor—he found his wife.—Saturday Night.

HIGH PRICES FOR LAND.

More Than \$330 Per Square Foot Paid for a Lot in New York,

The most valuable plat of ground in this country, at least, the one that has commanded the highest price, is lo-cated at the corner of Broad and Wall streets, New York city, in the heart of the great financial district. Several years ago, says the Washington Star Mr. Wilkes established a record for

Mr. Wilkes established a record for high-priced realty by paying \$168,000 for 508 square feet of ground on this site, or \$330.70 per square foot.

The immensity of this rate of valuation can best be appreciated by measuring off a square foot of space and then comparing its dimensions with those of \$330 in money. Such a some those of \$330 in money. Such a com-parison will show that if Mr. Wilkes had paid for his property in one-dol-lar bills he would have been able to cover his entire lot with 82 layers of greenbacks, or he could have paved it with four tiers of silver dollars placed edge to edge as closely as they would lie. Doubtless if the worthy Dutch burghers of New Amsterdam could return to earth they would be as-tounded to learn the value of the land on which they pastured their cows 200

Though no other piece of ground has commanded an equal price per foot, there are several other plats in foot, there are several other plats in New York city which are quite equal to the Wilkes property in value. For example, a considerably larger lot on the northwest corner of Nassau and Pine streets, one block above the Wilkes property, was sold last year for \$250 per square foot, and the opposite corner of the same streets, including 6043 feet, was bought by the Hanover National bank for \$1,350,000. The lot on the corner of Broadway and Maiden lane, and the site of the Commercial Cable company's build-Commercial Cable company's build-ing in Broad street, are also properties that could be covered fifty deep with

dollar bills out of their purchase price. dollar bills out of their purchase price. Probably the largest amount ever paid for the site of a single building was that given by the Broadway Realty company for the lot on which the Bowling Green building has been erected. This sky-scraper, which is the largest in the city, extends from Broadway through to Green wich street, and covers 29,152 feet of ground, for which \$3,000,000 was paid. This is \$102.90 per foot, and though the price per foot is less than has been paid for several other plats, the total represents several other plats, the total represents an enormous sum to pay merely for the ground on which to erect one building. One peculiar effect in real estate values that has followed the sky-scraper era is the extraordinary price which has been put upon sites that are suitable for very high buildings. Spots with open surroundings, on which other lofty structures are not likely to be built, are, of course, the most desirable for this purpose, and such places are few in the city of New York. The result is that many buildings which are already very profitable are being torn down to make room for the erection of sky-scrapers

Residents of Apalachin, N. Y., had s bad scare recently, when the four-year-old child of Henry Rathburn started out alone to look for trailing arbutus. It was half an hour before she was missed, and then all trace of the little one was lost. Her distracted

father and his neighbors joined in the

While passing through a ravine they were startled to see an uncouth object shambling toward them some distance up the road, carrying a bundle in its mouth. Closer inspection proved to the terrified searchers that the obect was a bear and the bundle a child. It is many years since a bear was seen in this section, but the men, though unarmed, prepared to give battle, one of their number going back for help. But the bear trotted toward them as though totally unconcerned and when

a few yards away carefully laid down the child it was carrying by its dress. When the men approached and took up the little one the bear did not show up the little one the bear did not show fight, and a closer investigation proved he had a ring in his nose. Later it was found the bear belonged to an Italian who was camping in a nearby barn, making a tour of the country. He had purchased the animal when a cub and reared him in a New York tenement, where he was allowed to play with the children, and it was there he had leagned the trick of carrying the little ones.—New York Press.

Where Old Hats Are Popular. The inhabitants of the Indian ocean have an extraordinary fancy for old hate, and a regular trade in such cast-off headgear is carried on between Caloff headgear is carried on between Calcutta and Nicobar, the most desired head pieces being paid for in coccanuta. A tall chimney-pot is the favorite among the Nicobarians, and the acme of fashion is considered to be a high white hat with a black hat band. This is worth from fifty to sixly coccanuta, and is worn by the Nicobarian dandy when he goes out fishing, the rest of his attire consisting solely of a waist

## THE REALM OF FASHION.

Gray cashmere, plaid ribbon and silk embroidered edging combined, to make this charming waist, which, says May Manton, is as simple in con-



MISSES' WAIST OF GRAY CASHMERE,

struction as it is stylish in effect. A fitted lining, made with the usual facts and seams, closes in the center front, over which the Russian blouse with left side closing is effected. The

gether, being shaped in eix sections that fit the neck comfortably, and can either be joined to the top or left partly open, to form tabs through which the plaited mousseline falls with a soft, becoming effect. Each section should be interlined with canvas before joining.

The cape or pelerine portion is shaped in circular outline and joined to the lower edge of yoke, the stole being joined to the right front section

of yoke.

A very handsome jeweled buckle decorates the front, the closing being

decorates the front, the closing being invisible in centre.

Smart capes in this style are worn by both young and middle aged ladies, the former preferring generally to omit the stole front. A handsome silk or satin brocade lining adds much to the attractiveness of this dainty top garment, which can also be developed satisfactorily in silk, satin or cloth, or of material to math the gown.

Braid in different designs, passementaria, fringe, ruchings or most

menterie, fringe, ruchings or moss trimming, will provide suitable decoration.

To make this cape for a lady of medium size two and one-quarter yards of material twenty-four inches wide will be required.



LADIES' PELERINE CAPE

yoke is simulated by rows of insertion overlaid by alternate rows of the nar-row plaid ribbon, the pattern provid-ing for the shape on both back and front. The fashionable sleeves are closely fitted by double seams, the front. The fashionable sleeves are closely fitted by double seams, the full epaulette being gathered at the top, falls in graceful folds. The blouse or pouch effect is confined to the front, the back being drawn in alight fulness at waist line, the under farm portions presenting a smooth appearance. This design is suitable for wash fabrics as well as for wool or silk and bright-hued chambrays, plaid ginghams, flower-sprigged organdie and other cotton goods can be charmingly decorated with face or embroidered edging and insertion in this style. Velvat or safin ribbon, braid, gimp or applique bends will effectively trim waists of wool or silk, and the lace can be omitted if not desired. The yoke and epaulettes can also be of contrasting material, a useful suggestion where a garment has to be made over. To cut this waist for a miss of fourteen years two yards of material forty-four inches wide will be required.

Ladies Pelerius Cape.

Ladios' Pelerine Cape

The handsome wrap is the velvet wrap, declares May Manton, and the shorter it is made the daintier it seems. One of the very newest styles is heart in the learn angraying in the learn angray in the learn and the learn angray in the learn angray i

One of the very newest styles is shown in the large engraving in black velvet decorated with jeweled applique bande and edged with fine pliese of mousseline de sois.

The single stole end is a new feature that may be omitted if not desired, the cape being perfect without it, as shown in the small sketch.

The rake and celler are ext to-

The utility of this comfortable neglige will be readily recognized. It is here represented in fine French cambric trimmed with embroidered edg-

Ladies' Dressing Sacque



LADIES' DRESSING BACQUE

or frills of the material will provide a suitable finish. Drawn to the figure with a girdle of ribbon deftly tied at the left side, this garment may be made quite attractive and becoming. To cut this sacque for a lady of medium size three and one half yards of material thirty-six inches wide will be re-

## THE SABBATH SCHOOL LESSON

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR APRIL 17.

thew avil., 12—Golden Texts Jonn 1.

14—Commentary on the Lesson Fur the Day Written by Rev. Dr. D. E. Stearns.

1. "And after six days Jeans taken Paper. James and John, his brother, and bringsch them up into an high meannain spart." Luke says, "About an the day of the season, "About an the day of the season, "About an the day of the event, while Matthew and Mark only mention the interrening days, Mark says, "The taketh and leaded me, and Fill go with Thee all the way?" Well, be sure that you mean it, and do not question His love if He leads you in the vailey. These three were with Him when He raised the little girl and when He was in the garden. We cannot go with Him unless we are willing to go apart from the many who follow Him, and we will not anjoy His followship unless we have something of His Spirit of prayer, for Luke iz., 28, says that He was it opray. As we learn to live alone with Him and for Him, we will find ourselvesingly given to communion with Him.

2. And was transfigured before them, and his raiment was white and glistering (Mark ix., 5; Luke ix., 29). It makes one think of Him as show, Low and His raiment was white and glistering (Mark ix., 5; Luke ix., 29). It makes one think of Him as show, Low and His rament was white and glistering (Mark ix., 5; Luke ix., 29). It makes one think of Him as the over the mark of the feating to observe that the word transformed" and in the other "are changed," but in each case it refers to the Direct and our being changed more and more into the image of Christ. In Romans it is shown to be a complished by beholding His glory in the glass or mirror of His word. It seems to me that the beginning and development and consummation of the Christian ille has but one soret, and that is "beholding Him." When in that fair morning we shall indeed see Him, then we shall indeed he his, and consummed the him of the papered unit of the shallong with the chord in such a life and such biles as we cannot imagine (Phil. i., 21, 23; lil., 20, 21), but all the blessedues and reali

command, 'Hear ye Him.' we are not to hear what men think or say about Him, but to hear Him, and that is to hear God Himself, for the Father told Him what to say (John xil., 49).

6, 7. "And when the disciples heard it they fell on their face and were sore afraid. And Jesus came and touched them and said, Arise and be not afraid." So He or His angel did to Daniel, and He Himself surely did to John on Patmos (Dan. viii., 18; x., 8, 18; Rev. I., 17). He gave His people no cause to fear. Why is it that we have so many fears? How we must grieve Him. He says that He will never remember our sins. It shows great lack of confidence in Him for us to fear or to think that He will. He says that we are blessed with all spiritual blessings in Him. It is surely dishonoring to Him for us to question it. He tells us that since He so roved us as to give Him.

ual blessings in Him. It is surely dishonoring to Him for us to question is. He tells us that since He so roved us as to give Himself for us He can therefore withhold no good thing. Faith just believes it, and is happy beaause He says so.

8. "And when they had lifted up their eyes they saw no man save Jesus only." What a powerful life word this is, and what peace and victory to see Jesus only in redemption, and in sanctification, as we will see Jesus only as the center of all the glory of heaven! In redemption and daily life our temptation is to see feelings and experiences and people, but thus there is no rest. We must see that His finished work is all that God asks and that we need, and His word all the assurance that is necessary and learn to sing always "Behold, God is my salvation."

9. "And as they came down from the mountain Jesus charged them, saying. Tell the vision to no man until the Son of Man be risen again from the dead." Even if we may not fully understand, we may be sure that there was some very good reason for this charge (Essek xiv., 25). It is not always for us to understand, but always to obey (Las. I., 19). The other disciples at the foot of the mount with their difficulty is suggestive of many difficulties that shall not be solved till He shall come, but more faith might solve more. Meanime we must pay taxes cheerfully lost we give offense.—Lesson Helper.

The mountain people of North Carolina and West Virginia are said to put sait in their shoes in order to keep off the witches. Bancroft related that one of the aboriginal tribes of North America refrained from eating sait to the belief that it turned the hair white.

The leaf of a creeping mess found in the West Indies, known as the "lif-plant," is absolutely indestructible by any means except immeration in bolling water or the application of a red-hot