

LITTLE BOY JIM.

Out of the angel land he came,
Little Boy Jim.
Without any clothes, not even the name
Of Little Boy Jim;
Left all the brightness of heavenly skies—
Just borrowed enough for his heart and
his eyes
And, maybe, some nectar for tears when
he cries,
Little Boy Jim.

Plucked from the golden street a brick,
Did Little Boy Jim,
Got a big angel that knew the trick,
Cute Little Jim,
To turn it into a heart of gold—
The angel scoured heav'n to get the best
mold,
—P. A. Connolly, in the National Magazine.

BID FOR HAPPINESS

"Helena Meranth is quite the prettiest woman in the room. Don't you think so, Cecil?"

Jennie Heron glanced with all a handsome, unsophisticated debutante's admiration at the tall, stately young woman in black chiffon who was dancing with their host. Mrs. Meranth's uncommon beauty, combined with her graceful waltzing, was attracting—so many of the women present thought—an aggravating amount of attention that night.

"I suppose she is," Penrose admitted, grudgingly. "But she doesn't appeal to your humble servant. She is so frightfully stand-offish—makes a fellow feel a regular worm, don't you know, and without uttering a word!"

Jennie laughed and pressed her fiance's arm in mock sympathy.

"So you tried to flirt with her, did you? Never mind, I'm not jealous. I don't suppose for a moment that you never made love to any one until you met me. Indeed, I'm rather glad you practiced philandering with other people; otherwise you would not be such an expert in the art as you are!"

"I wonder what sort of a chap old Meranth was," Penrose pondered. "I never heard much about him, except that he was an American, made a colossal pile and was burned to death in some hotel fire."

"He was a perfect beast!" Jennie assured him, solemnly. "Helena never said so, she isn't that kind of a woman, but she never mentions his name. She hasn't a single photograph of him about her rooms, and she is evidently in no hurry to marry again!"

"Altogether most convincing testimony as to the iniquity of the late lamented," Penrose laughed. "Still, I am ready to bet you anything in reason that your friend does marry again eventually. I will even venture to spot the happy man. Talk about telepathy—she has stopped dancing, and he is speaking to her now. Watch her face, Jennie, and then take my bet if you dare!"

The room was brilliantly lighted, and Jennie's keen young eyes could detect every change of expression on Mrs. Meranth's face as the latter stood at the end of Lady Vereker's pink room smiling at "Chum" Winstanley. Jennie duly noted the flush on Mrs. Meranth's cheeks, the light in her dark eyes, and her sudden assumption of an air of absolute content.

"I believe you are right, Cecil. But I thought Chum was the last man Helena cared for!"

Helena tucked her program securely away among the soft folds of her chiffon bertha when Winstanley bowed and left her. It had fallen once that evening from her fan, and she had no mind that prying eyes should discover the number of times she had allowed the young man to scribble his initials upon it.

"He will speak to me to-night!" she told herself, with a little thrill of excitement.

No one should have been better acquainted with the premonitory symptoms of a proposal than Helena Meranth, for many men had wanted to marry her since she had dawned upon the now waning London season, and had taken society by storm with her loveliness and reputation for great riches.

But double harness with Gerald Meranth had proved so disastrous an experiment that it was small wonder his widow should resolve that only a grand passion should tempt her into matrimony a second time. She had been just twenty-one when she had engaged herself to the middle-aged millionaire, whose handsome features and masterful way first attracted her. Her father was dead, her youthful mother had married again, and Helena was free. So she had accepted Meranth.

She pretended no acute grief when the catastrophe occurred. Her husband's end had been tragically sudden. In one of his occasional moods of amiability he had accompanied her to Johnsville for the wedding of a former schoolfellow, and had even allowed her to attend without his chaperonage the ball the bride's mother was giving on the eve of the marriage.

Meranth had remained at their hotel on the plea of indisposition and had talked of retiring early. And the last time his wife had seen his face had been as he handed her into the carriage—he was always punctiliously polite to her in public—which was to take her to Mrs. Grimes. Four hours later the hotel was a smoking ruin, and Helena, hurrying back, identified her husband by his inflated gold watch.

Once recovered from the shock and horror of her husband's demise, Helena put her affairs in order—Me-

And put in a piece of his own heart, I'm told,
For Little Jim.
And he had it tuned in a perfect key,
Little Boy Jim,
To keep it in constant harmony,
Wise boy, Jim.
And all the time that he is away
The heavenly choir will sing and play,
But he hears the echoing melody—
Lucky Boy Jim.

That is the reason a part of each day
Little Boy Jim
Ceases his baby prattle and play—
The angel in him
Is listening, while into his eyes will creep
A wistful look so tender and deep—
The angel voices are singing—Ah sleep,
Little Boy Jim.
—P. A. Connolly, in the National Magazine.

ranth had left her an extremely wealthy woman—and called for England. When her first year of widowhood was over Helenahad met Chum Winstanley, a rising young diplomat, home on leave from his embassy at Bermanja, and the two had promptly fallen in love with each other. Since that moment, now a month ago, life had held fresh hopes.

"Fate destined that we should meet," Winstanley was saying. "I can't believe mere chance brought us together, can you?"

"At any rate, it doesn't matter, so long as we are together," breathed Helena, softly.

They had been engaged exactly ten minutes, and in another five their ecstatic tete-a-tete in the big conservatory would inevitably be disturbed.

"All I want is just for you to keep on loving me," she told him. "What sentimental creatures we women are! I sometimes wonder why we are made to care so much, often only to be disappointed, disillusioned and to have our hearts almost broken. I daresay, Chum, you hear rumors, but you can't imagine really what I went through—through enough to value my present happiness!"

"Poor little one! Don't ever speak of it again," Winstanley urged. "Why, you are quite pale and actually shivering."

"You foolish boy, I am quite all right." The color had indeed quickly returned to Helena's smooth cheeks. "It was only just for the moment I felt chilly. The reaction, I expect, after all the excitement. Let us talk about something else, dear. Do you think your father will like me, and do you think I shall like Bermanja?" she concluded, brightly.

It was the end of July when the engagement was announced, and Helena, eager to make the acquaintance of her fiance's people, promptly accepted Lord Wingtree's invitation to spend Cowes week upon his yacht.

"I shall have three weeks after that for chiffons, and clothes do not absorb me as they do some women," Helena pointed out laughingly to Winstanley when his father's invitation arrived.

"If only I can persuade your father to approve of me I shall feel that I have nothing left to wish for!"

"Unless the pater is a much harder hearted mortal than I take him for he will simply adore you," Winstanley responded, gayly.

Lord Wingtree was, as a matter of fact, extremely cordial. He went himself to meet her in the launch which was to bring her on board the Crocus.

Helena, looking her prettiest, seemed in high spirits, and blushed so delightfully when Winstanley's name was mentioned that the old man was quite captivated.

"I hope you will find your quarters comfortable, my dear," he said, as the launch stopped. "My steward has done his best to make them picturesque. He has wonderful taste, poor fellow! I must tell you his history some day."

"I am enchanted with my rooms, they are quite like fairyland!" Helena said to her host later on at the dinner table. "The enormous bowls of roses on the tables are the final touch. Your man must have emptied some one's garden to fill them!"

"Mortimer is devoted to flowers. And he manipulates them skillfully, too. In fact, he has proved most handy altogether. I have never regretted the day I took him into my service, now nearly a year ago!"

"Ah, you said he had a history," Lord Wingtree nodded and lowered his voice as a man servant came round with an entree.

"Yes. When I picked him up at San Francisco he looked the most dilapidated, down-at-heel specimen of humanity you could imagine. People wouldn't employ him—they thought him queer; but the truth was he had completely lost his memory, and starvation was completing a bad business. Everything, he said, was a blank to him up to the moment he awoke in the hospital at Johnsville."

Helena started involuntarily at the mention of the town.

"His head had been injured in some accident, I suppose?" she suggested, sympathetically.

"Something of the kind. I wrote to the hospital authorities—the man impressed me as one who had seen better days—but they could only tell me that he had been carried in unconscious on the night of the big fire at the Palais hotel. He seemed a human derelict, for no one came forward to claim him. See, he has just come into the room." A moment later she was fumbling for her glass with trembling fingers, and cheeks as white as the damask table-

cloth. She tried to speak, but the words froze on her lips. A mist began to fill the room; she shivered; her limbs grew cold. Lord Wingtree sprang to his feet as she fell back in her seat with a moan.

"Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Meranth has only fainted," said Lady Tiptan, calmly—"a thing I've done dozens of times!"

"Yes. He is my husband! I knew him instantly," Helena said, quietly. "There is no mistake."

It was 11 o'clock the next morning, and Mrs. Meranth, still pale and shaken, but absolutely self-possessed, was talking to her host, who at first had refused to credit her staggering news.

"Of course, the explanation is simple enough," she went on in level tones. "The face of the man I identified as my husband was unrecognizable. He was no doubt some thief who had made off with Gerald's watch in the confusion of the moment. Meanwhile my husband escaped into the street to have his head injured by some falling masonry."

"It is too dreadful! My poor boy!" broke in Lord Wingtree, incoherently.

"I have written to Chum," Helena bowed her head. "Lord Wingtree, if you only knew what it cost me to do it—"

"And Mortimer—your husband—doesn't even know you?"

"No; and possibly he never will! I saw he looked at me as he might at any stranger. But I couldn't have been happy; and there would always have been the risk—for such cures are known—of the truth coming out. I made my bid for happiness. But one can't fight against fate. Kismet; it is written, you know."—Modern Society.

TREK TO THE UNITED STATES.

Europe Migrating to This Fair Land of Promise.

The imagination of Europe has been kindled by reports of opportunity in the two American continents. The movement from Greece, Italy and Spain has assumed the proportions of a great migration. In fact, few of the emigrations of races, from the descent of the Dorians to the Great Trek across the Vaal, however classic in their picturesqueness, compare in volume with the current exodus from the Old World.

The American Consul-General in Barcelona reports that all the men, women and children in a Spanish town of 2000 inhabitants packed up their belongings and went to Paraguay, leaving the town empty. The Republic of Paraguay paid for their transportation. In the country around Malaga negotiations are under way for the transportation of 1000 farmers and their families to Hawaii. The promise of free passage, steady employment, medical attendance, education for their children and a deed to a house and an acre, exempt for three years from taxation, has created great excitement in Andalusia.

Louisiana wants labor, and, like other sugar-cane States, is looking for help from Southern Europe. Chile has just appropriated half a million pesos to pay the passage of immigrant labor. Brazil offers the European farmer a plantation and the free gift of agricultural machinery.

The greatest migratory wave moves toward the United States. George Horton, writing from Athens, says that the young men are deserting the farms of Greece and are thronging the cafes of Athens and Piræus, where they discuss America and plan the voyage. There are 1000 vacant houses in the city of Athens. The Minister of War, by the most drastic conscription, cannot recruit the Greek army. Nearly 200,000 of the young men of the land have left for the New World.

The American Consul at Patras says that so many able-bodied young men have joined in the migration to America that many villages in the interior of Peloponnesus are being left in charge of women and old men.

Great statesmen are considering how best to check the draining of their nation. Italy has already passed a law giving the Government authority to limit emigration. In 1906 440,000 sturdy emigrants left Italy. Of these 310,276 were bound for the United States.—From an Editorial in the New York American.

Dominic's Little Joke.

The Rev. Dr. William H. Fishburn, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Camden, is one of the jolliest and most sur-hiny men in the world and likes nothing better than a good, wholesome joke, even if it is turned against himself. He was visited in his home on last St. Patrick's Day by a prosperous-looking couple who desired his kindly office in making them one. The man was an ironmaster from Pittsburg and the bride-elect was a Jersey woman. The business was quickly dispatched and the happy bridegroom came to the question so many in like fix ask the clergyman. "Just suit yourself as to that," said Dr. Fishburn, as his eyes rested upon a thick roll of bills the ironmaster had dug out of his trousers' pocket. "Well," said the newly made husband, "as this is the seventeenth of March, I'll make it seventeen dollars, and good luck to you."

"My friend," said the dominie, "I wish you the greatest happiness in the world, but if you ever happen to want me again just call around on the thirty-first of the month."

"No, sir," replied the bridegroom, as he walked away. "I'll come on the first."—Philadelphia Record.

WOMEN WHAT ARE WEARING

New York City.—The waist that gives a chemisette effect is always a charming and dainty one, and this season there are being shown an ex-



ceptional number of variations. Illustrated is one of the prettiest and latest that is made of pale green pongee lined with black and

for the medium size is four and an eighth yards twenty-one, three and a quarter yards twenty-seven or two yards forty-four inches wide with one-half yard eighteen inches wide for the chemisette or one yard if long sleeves are used, three-quarter yard of silk for piping.

Golden Brown Fashionable.
Golden brown hair is as much the fashion this season as golden brown shoes and dresses and hats are.

Eton Jacket.
The Eton is such a pronounced favorite that fresh designs are constantly in demand. Here is one of the latest, simplest and prettiest that is charming for linen, pongee, for veiling, for taffeta, indeed, for all seasonable materials and which is just as desirable for the separate wraps as it is for the costume. As illustrated it is made of black taffeta trimmed with wide banding and with soutache braid and is designed for a general all-round wrap to be worn over any gown. It is trimmed to give the big armhole effect that makes such a feature of the season and has pretty sleeves that suggest the kimono idea, but that are in reality separate. Banding of any sort or trimming of either embroidery or



trimmed with black buttons and combined with a chemisette of string colored lace over white chiffon. The color and the material are both eminently smart and the touch of black gives a distinctive character to the whole, but a season as prolific as this one allows of a great variety of fabrics and colors. Again, the waist will be found equally suited to the separate one and to the gown so that its usefulness is varied and its possibilities are many. Pongee in all its colors, plain and figured, is being greatly worn, and there are innumerable thin summer silks that would be charming so made as well as light weight wools and the like, while many of the so-called washable materials are in reality designed to be cleaned and also can be utilized for the design.

The waist is made with a fitted lining on which the front and back are arranged. There is also a centre front portion that is cut in a point at its upper edge and the chemisette, which is arranged over the lining, the closing being made invisibly at the left side. The trimming straps finish the waist and the shoulder edges, and there is a choice allowed of elbow or full length sleeves, while a full girde completes the waist. The sleeves, let it be added, make a special feature and are singularly attractive.

The quantity of material required

soutache applied over some stamped design make the proper finish.
The Eton is made with fronts and back and is fitted by means of single darts and is trimmed to give a distinctive and novel effect. The sleeves are in one piece each.
The quantity of material required for the medium size is two and a



quarter yards twenty-one, one and seven-eighths yards twenty-seven or one yard forty-four inches wide with seven and a half yards of wide braid and soutache according to the design.

As to the Coiffure.
The Parisian coiffure is less high than it was last season, the hair being drawn loosely back and massed about where the traditional Greek knot is placed. There is, however, no semblance of the hard Psyche knot in the soft coils, and puffs and curls of the coiffure a la mode. New York women in general are still wearing their hair very high, but the French influence has been noticeable among the most modish women of the opera crowd.

Contrasting Hems.
Contrasting hems can be added easily to materials not supplied with borders, with excellent effect, and with possibilities of obtaining great results at little cost. Frocks of pretty, dainty cottons may have a distinguished air given to them if advantage is taken of the border fad.

White Strappings on Blue.
White broadcloth strappings ornament a navy blue and white plaid voile.

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Profit in the Patent Office.
The patent office is one of the few departments of the government which pays its own way and turns over a balance each year to the Treasury, and yet for years its operations are hampered by the lack of competent labor. This is due to the repeated neglect of Congress to make some proper provision by which adequate salaries can be paid to the employees. Many of the more competent employes have been held from year to year by the promise of increased salaries, but since the adjournment of Congress after having failed to make any such provision for these persons, there has been a general exodus from the different divisions of the department.

The work is very exacting, as shown from the fact that out of 135 applicants at the last civil service examination for examiners, only 17 qualified. There is a constant demand from industrial plants and patent agencies for men who have had experience in the patent office, and during the last few months a very great number have resigned their government positions to take up more lucrative ones with private concerns. The situation has become so alarming that Secretary Garfield himself has been called upon to take a stand in the matter, and he is preparing to make a campaign in favor of greater liberality in this direction.—Philadelphia Record.

Highest Mines in Peru.
It is thought that the old Caylloma silver mines in Peru are probably situated at a greater elevation than any other considerable mines in the world. Their altitude varies between 14,000 and 17,000 feet. They were worked by the Spaniards in the sixteenth century, and before that, it is believed, by the Incas. An English company is now preparing a hydro-electric plant for them. This plant will be situated at an altitude of between 15,000 and 16,000 feet. It will derive its power from a waterfall on the Santiago river, and in a dry season from Lake Huallacho, one of the sources of the Amazon. The power will be transmitted by cable about three miles. At the highest mines the pressure of the atmosphere is only 8 1/2 pounds a square inch, and water boils 24 degrees below the ordinary boiling point.—Philadelphia Record.

Governors' Salaries.
Illinois is going to have the highest paid officials in the country. The new salary bill just passed by the Legislature raises the salary of the governor from \$6,000 to \$12,000 a year, which will make him the best paid of American governors.
New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania pay their chief executives \$10,000. Massachusetts and Indiana pay \$8,000.
Most of the other states pay \$5,000. Vermont pays the smallest gubernatorial salary, the amount being \$1,500, or a clerk's hire. New Hampshire and Delaware are on a \$2,000 basis. South Carolina pays \$3,000.
Texas and Connecticut are \$4,000 states, although Texas is more than 50 times as big as Connecticut. Georgia is in the \$5,000 class.

A SMALL SECRET

Couldn't Understand the Taste of his Customers.
Two men were discussing the various food products now being supplied in such variety and abundance. One, a grocer, said "I frequently try a package or so of any certain article before offering it to my trade, and in that way sometimes form a different idea than my customers have."
For instance, I thought I would try Postum Food Coffee, to see what reason there was for such a call for it. At breakfast I didn't like it and supper proved the same, so I naturally concluded that my taste was different from that of the customers who bought it right along.
A day or two after, I waited on a lady who was buying a 25c package and told her I couldn't understand how one could fancy the taste of Postum.
"I know just what is the matter" she said, "you put the coffee boiler on the stove for just fifteen minutes, and ten minutes of that time it simmered, and perhaps five minutes it boiled, now if you will have it left to boil full fifteen minutes after it commences to boil, you will find a delicious Java-like beverage, rich in food value of gluten and phosphates, so choice that you will never abandon it, particularly when you see the great gain in health." Well, I took another trial and sure enough I joined the Postum army for good, and life seems worth living since I have gotten rid of my old time stomach and kidney troubles.
Postum is no sort of medicine, but pure liquid food, and this, together with a relief from coffee worked the change. "There's a Reason."
Read "The Road to Wellville," in 16 pgs.