

WELL DONE.

Sleep, happy people of field and wood—
 Bush and cropper and herb and tree—
 The Master judges thy offering good.
 And sends his steward to care for thee.
 Doff thy festival garb of gold—
 Flim and saffron and glowing red—
 Winter hastens down the world
 To tuck thee warm in thy waiting bed.

Sweet thy dreams as the winds rush by
 And vainly pluck at thy coverlet.
 And streams are fettered, and chill the
 sky.
 And town and country are frost beset;
 Dreams full thronged with the breeze's
 tale.
 The bee's bassoon and the ring-dove's
 call.
 With vista of meadow and hill and vale
 From bursting spring to the brimming
 fall.

Sleep, happy people, where all is still
 Save the crow's hoarse caw and the
 squirrel's bark.
 The sun swings low o'er the leafless hill
 And short grows the moment from dawn
 to dark.
 Sleep, 'tis the Master who bids thee rest
 And holds thee fast in his loving ken.
 Till the doors fly open at His behest
 And April summons to work again.
 —Edwin L. Sabin, in Woman's Home
 Companion.

HOW MR. PRESTON PUT IT TO THE BOYS.

By SYDNEY DAVRE.

Mr. Preston had a way of giving the boys in his room a little talk at the close of school in the afternoon. One day he began:

"Once, when I was not as old as some of you, and older than the rest of you, I played truant to go fishing, and I had a very bad time of it."

"This was a good beginning, the boys thought, and it is fairly supposed that they listened eagerly to hear what he had to say about that day's fishing."

"I objected a little when Peter Garner proposed it. I knew I ought not to go, for I had recently been ill, and the weather was damp—very good for fishing, but not good for health, and it didn't need two thoughts to tell me it would be wrong all round. But—well, why will boys sometimes, in the face of all such knowledge, go and do the thing? I suppose I shall have to leave it with the boys."

"We stole away from school at the noon recess. Peter had brought his tackle and hidden it under a bush in the strip of woods, one corner of which came to a point close up to the country schoolhouse. Going through this woods we came to the little brook in which were were to fish."

"The sun shone all about the schoolhouse and the yard, but in the woods it was cool and damp. We sat on a rock to fish, and I can remember still how cold and wet that rock was. We had fairly good sport, though the fish were very small. But at length a fine big fellow came swimming along near Peter's hook."

"Keep still," he whispered. He stood up and I stood up, neither of us daring to breathe as we tiptoed to watch him. He played about Peter's hook, and we thought he surely had him, when all of a sudden he turned away. I quietly dropped my hook in and he quickly swallowed it."

"I say," said Pete, angrily, "that was my fish. You had no business to put in your hook."

"Perhaps he was right. I had no time to discuss the matter; for, as I raised the fish, just poising myself on the edge of the rocks, Pete gave me a little shove. Whether he meant to push me in is another of the questions I have never been able to settle, but in I went up to my neck in that cold water. Pete was scared."

"Grab hold of my pole," he cried, holding it out to me. I did so and climbed out, gasping and shivering."

"You'd better scoot home as fast as you can," said Pete. But I didn't want to go home: I thought I would like to get my clothes dried first. I went higher up where the sun shone on the bank and lay down. It was a dry, warm place when I first did so, but before long the water dripped down and made a mud puddle under me."

"I got up and took a look at myself, concluding presently that I was about as forlorn a looking boy as could often be seen. I called to Pete, but he was gone, and in his place, some one else was fishing—a very nice, pleasant man."

"It seems to me you had better hurry home, my boy," he said, and his tone was kind and friendly. I was cold and miserable, and half whimpered as I said:

"I wonder what my mother will say when she sees me."

"Oh, it won't much matter what she says," he said. His tone was so indifferent that I stared at him, it seemed such a queer thing to say."

"Do you think so?" I asked.

"Well, it is very plain that you think so," he said. "But there are all sorts of mothers, you know. I just concluded that yours is one of the kind that don't count one way or the other." I was angry, as you may guess.

"You'd better not talk that way about my mother," I said. "She not count! She's the best mother in the world. If I were as big as you are you wouldn't dare to talk so."

"Oh, come now, my boy," he said. "You needn't sputter and bluster about it. I'm only taking your own testimony in the matter. If you're going to put in a plea for your mother, you have no case at all."

"What do you mean, I asked."

"Why, as I understand it, you would like people to think you have a good mother."

"That's what she is, I said hotly."

"Well, as I don't know her, I can

only take your word, or, rather, your deeds for it. Actions speak louder than words, you know. Now, when people see a boy away from school to go fishing, they naturally have their opinion of his mother. They know it is poor business, and they begin at once to wonder what kind of influence is brought to bear on him in his home. If they are the right sort of people, they know what is true and frank and honest and honorable in a boy, and are sorry for a boy whose mother has not taught him these things."

Mr. Preston paused for a moment, looking around on the half hundred boys, more or less, whose eyes were fixed on him. Then he resumed:

"Boys, wasn't he hitting me hard? As you may guess, I simply hadn't a word to say for myself at first. Then I blustered a little."

"I suppose," I said, "that you always minded your mother when you were a boy."

"I am sorry to say I did not," he said. "In thinking of it since, it gives my heart a stab to think how often I must have hurt her by my carelessness and undutifulness—my heedlessness of her teachings. I think of it more, I suppose, because I lost her before I was as old as you are."

"I was pretty stiff and miserable as I got up to go home. I wasn't going to cry, of course; but a sob seemed to sob itself as I turned away. The gentleman stepped after me and took my hand."

"It's a well-off boy who has a mother to grow up with," he said. "I always look at such a one with envy, thinking of the chances still granted to him of being all that is loving and loyal to her—of how he can be her true knight, paying her the small attentions that count so large, holding her always in dear respect and reverence, taking her closely into his life as his best chum. Good-bye!"

"That was the last I ever saw of him. But he set me thinking, and I have always believed he did me some good—and my mother."

As the boys were dismissed, it was quite evident that they, too, were inclined to do a little thinking.—From the Christian Register.

THE OLD SOUTH.

Quaint Customs Still in Vogue in Conservative Charleston.

The South is very conservative, and Charleston most of all. In many respects Southerners are like the English. Family portraits are a cherished part of their possessions. Mary is pronounced Mairy. A dress waist is called a body, and the man that waits on table the butler. His other duties may include milking and cooking; still, he is the butler. By the old school a married woman is spoken of and to as mistress. Many members of the aristocracy (?) live in the country on large estates, to which they assign names; they employ governesses and tutors, ride horseback, have house parties, and go long distances to attend balls. Hedges are in general favor. Around the old churches are burial grounds or churchyards; but, as a rule, burial in them is no longer permitted.

Ancestry is of much consequence in Charleston. It is the sole basis of social distinction. After having been there, one understands perfectly how literature was preserved by tradition. No college of heraldry is necessary; the memory is an infallible repository. The point of a story is sometimes lost sight of in genealogical digressions. In loyalty to state and in rigid social distinctions Virginia and South Carolina claim precedence.

Large families have not gone out of fashion in the South. Usually the number of children in a family is from six to ten.

Family ties are rendered complex by the not unusual intermarriage of cousins, and thus the members of the aristocracy are more or less closely related to one another.

The breakfast hour is from 8 to 9, an earlier hour being hardly possible, even if desired, owing to the fact that negro servants go home at night. They prefer to go, even when they live several miles away. Until a late hour in the night they indulge in social and religious demonstrations and do not arrive very early in the morning. Dinner is whenever it is ready, which is any time from 2 to 4. Dinner is hardly ever over before tea is announced at 7.30 or 8. This division of time makes the days all morning, the period between dinner and tea being by some included in the word evening.

Calls are made from 12 to 2 and from 5 to 7, but in hot weather only from 6 to 8 in the evening.

Labor is very cheap, but it takes several negroes to accomplish as much as one Swede or German, who is paid from five to seven dollars a week for general housework. In small towns \$5 a month is paid for domestic service; in Charleston, seven or eight. A very competent cook and laundress commands ten. Fifteen dollars is a big price. A dollar and a half or two dollars for making a dress, even though it is much trimmed, is a not uncommon charge by dressmakers in small towns.—Rosary Magazine.

Misplaced.

Mr. Husky went into a chemist's shop and bought a bottle of patent stuff which was advertised thus: "No more coughs. No more colds, 1s. 1-2d. the bottle." Three days later he went to the chemist, complaining that his throat was stopped up and that he could scarcely breathe. "I've drunk all that patent cough mixture, and I'm no better."

"Drunk it? Why, that's an India rubber solution to put on the soles of your boots!"—Tit-Bits.

WOMEN WHAT ARE WEARING

New York City.—Unquestionably cutaway styles are having extended vogue, and very welcome the fact is,



for they are jaunty, smart in effect, and altogether satisfactory. This coat is one of the simplest and best

For Mourning Wear. The smooth faced, dull finished materials are best for mourning wear.

Over Blouse or Jumper. Each new variation of the over blouse seems a bit more attractive than the last, and each one is certain to find a place in the wardrobe. This one is novel in many of its features and is graceful and becoming, yet by no means extreme. The modified kimono sleeves give breadth, while they are shapely and becoming, and the tucks are so arranged as to give the best possible lines to the figure. As illustrated, the material is pongee in a very beautiful shade of amethyst, while the trimming is velvet and embroidery worked onto the material. The over blouse, however, is appropriate for both the separate waist and for the gown, and for almost every material used for garments of the sort. Everything fashionable is thin and soft and consequently all can be tucked with success. Trimming always can be varied to suit individual taste, and the necessities of the special occasion. Velvet is being extensively used and always is handsome, but appliques are offered by the score, and soutache applique is one of the newest and best liked of all trimmings. In place of the embroidery medallions of separate motifs could be utilized, or the material could be left plain.

The over blouse is made with



and is made with the most becoming lines possible. It is adapted alike to the suit and separate coat, and is eminently to be desired for both. In this instance it is made of mahogany colored broadcloth with binding of black silk braid, but, while this binding is new and chic, stitched edges are quite correct. The pointed back is novel and desirable whenever it is becoming, but the coat can be made round at that point, and each wearer should choose the style that suits her the better. Sleeve length, too, is to be determined by each wearer, both full and three-quarter being correct. All reasonable suitings and cloakings are appropriate.

The coat is made with fronts, side-fronts, backs, side-backs and under-arm gorges, and is finished with regular collar and lapels. The sleeves are made in two pieces each, with roll-over cuffs.

New Felt Hats.

The simple field blossoms and grasses look exquisite in conjunction with new felt hats of rich butter color.

Elastic Belts Popular.

The elastic belts studded with beads, jewels or cut steel are so satisfactory that undoubtedly they will remain, as they are now, in the front rank of popularity.

Hatpin Novelty.

A charming novelty in hatpins is the pin ending off in a large baroque pearl. In every hollow is placed small imitations or diamonds and other precious stones.

fronts and backs that are tucked over the shoulders and gathered at the waist line. It can be closed at either the front or back.



The quantity of material required for the medium size is two and one-half yards twenty-one, two and one-quarter yards twenty-seven or one and one-quarter yards forty-four inches wide with four and one-quarter yards of banding and one-quarter yard of velvet for the belt to trim as illustrated.

Fancy Bengaline Bags.

A fancy bag of bengaline is ornamented with forget-me-nots and leaves in ribbon embroidery.

THE SOCIALIST'S FAREWELL TO HIS WIFE.

Fare thee well! It is forever,
 So forever far thee well!
 It is best that we should sever;
 Circumstances so compel.

We have lived ten years together,
 Side by side, like pecked peas,
 But we now must break the tether—
 We are not affinities.

Ten long years were we connected;
 Each the other thought a prize;
 And I never once suspected
 That we didn't harmonize.

But I've recently been bitten
 By the Socialist bug,
 And as recently been smitten
 By the charms of Laura Hugg.

Laura is my heaven-born fellow;
 Laura is a thoroughbred;
 Laura's hair, like mine, is yellow;
 Laura's soul, like mine, is red.

Laura is my bright aurora,
 And the idol of my eye—
 But you've had enough of Laura;
 Very likely so shall I.

Bon voyage! And stop your crying!
 All aboard! Here comes the tug!
 In a moment I'll be flying
 To the arms of Laura Hugg.

—D. L. T., in Puck.



"Papa, what is Mr. Rockefeller's business?" "Not knowing about it, my son."—Life.

"Mr. Nervey," said the girl's father, "it seems to me you sit up entirely too late with my daughter." "I never require much sleep."—Philadelphia Press.

"Do you think you will ever publish my poem?" wrote the author to the editor. And the editor replied: "What water until all the soap is removed; dry the spot thoroughly with a clean cloth."—American Home Magazine.

Freddy—Love, darling, is a disease. Dolly—Yes, and with some it appears to be a lingering disease. And then he called for his hat and cane.—Chicago Daily News.

"Are you entirely settled in your new flat?" "No. Not entirely. The landlord is still nagging us for the balance due on the first month's rent."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Miss Longsine—I have never yet met the man I wanted to marry. Mrs. Chillico—Kearney—No? Tell me his name, dear, and I'll manage to have you meet him some day.—Chicago Tribune.

"Has that city boarder of yours got any consumption, Hiram?" "Has he got any consumption? You just order see the bare places in our vegetable garden and meat house!"—Baltimore American.

Wigg—Scribbler's new novel is very realistic, don't you think so? Wag—Yes, indeed. When I came to a six-page description of a yawning chasm, it actually put me to sleep.—Philadelphia Record.

"I have come all the way out here," said the tenderfoot, "to see your beautiful sunset." "Somebody's been stringing you, stranger," replied Arizona Al. "It ain't mine."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Sunday School Teacher—The Bible says the veil of the temple was rent in twain. What are we supposed to understand by that? Willie Green—I s'pose it means that it was rented to two families.—Philadelphia Record.

"What a happy disposition your husband seems to have." "Yes, I always make him believe I wouldn't have the things I want, and when he insists on getting them I pretend to let him have his own way."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Have you devoted much time to the study of political economy?" "No," answered Senator Sorghum. "My attention has largely been engaged in keeping down campaign expenses. I have been studying economical politics."—Washington Star.

"Did you notice about th' joke me brother Tim played on wan av thim chauffeurs?" "I heard a turrible thing happened to him. Poor Tim!" "Poor Tim, th' divvie! He had a stick-av dynamite in his pocket whin he wur run over!"—Judge.

"Pop!" "Yes, my son." "Did you know that Mr. West of Chicago is ambidextrous?" "No, I did not, my boy." "Well, he is. I was over there to dinner today and I saw him eating pie. First he used one hand and then the other!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Nice—There's one unmistakable sign of a gentleman, and that is that he keeps his hands clean. Kidder—But sometimes it isn't possible for a gentleman to keep his hands clean. Now, I know one—Nice—Nevertheless, he's not a gentleman if—Kidder—But this man employs 250 of them in his factory.—Philadelphia Press.

A Turkish Joker.

Among the many anecdotes related of the old Turkish joker Nasir-Eddin-Khodja is the following: Khodja went one evening to the well to draw water, and looking down to the bottom, he saw the moon. Quickly he ran into his house and got a rope with a hook attached to the end of it. This he lowered into the well. The hook caught fast on a stone. Khodja pulled desperately, the hook gave way and there was the joker, flat on his back, staring up into the sky. "Up on my soul!" he exclaimed, perceiving the moon, "I have had a bad fall, but I have put the moon back in its place."—Philadelphia Record.



Saving Rain Water.

Do you know the rainfall where you live? In some places it is over 40 inches in a year. Think of it a minute. A flat roof measuring 25 feet each way will collect 314 gallons of water in an inch of rain, and many a storm will deliver an inch in a day. One woman said she spent \$50 to save the rain water on a small barn, and was able to collect 13,000 gallons of water a year, an average of 36 gallons a day.—Woman's Home Companion.

A Vegetable Cellar.

It is now recognized that it is very unwise to use the house cellar as a storage place for vegetables. A far better plan is to build a vegetable cellar entirely separate from the house. A cellar six by eight feet, three feet deep, with walls of stone, four feet high, and with a shingled roof, would hold all the vegetables needed by a family of six for the winter. If well made and tight, the natural heat of the earth will protect the vegetables from freezing in all ordinary weather, and an oil stove will prevent all damage in zero weather.—Woman's Home Companion.

To Clean a Coat Collar.

Nothing looks worse than a greasy edge to a coat collar, and nothing makes a coat shabbier. To remove spots or marks of that description take equal parts of soft soap and fuller's earth, well mixed and beaten together, with a little spirits of turpentine; make it into a ball and when required for use either dip it in hot water or moisten the part of the garment to be cleaned; rub the ball in and then let it dry, and afterwards wiping over quickly with a cloth dipped in hot water until all the soap is removed; dry the spot thoroughly with a clean cloth.—American Home Magazine.

Renovating Old Silk.

Old silk renovated in this way will retain its lustre and look as well as when new: Put two ounces of alcohol, a tablespoonful of muscage of strained honey, a rounded tablespoonful of soft soap (dissolve a small piece of good quality in water), and two cups of soft water in a bottle, and shake until well mixed. Sponge the silk on both sides with the mixture, rubbing well, and then shake up and down in a tub of cold or cool water, neither rubbing nor wringing. Hold by the edge and flap off the water, pip the edges to the line, and while still damp iron between cloths or paper with an iron only moderately hot.—From Harper's Bazaar.

Recipes.

Pickled Onions—Peel the onions, let stand in salt water two days. Strain off the salt water and pour on hot spiced vinegar enough to cover.

Tomato Soup—Strain one quart of canned tomatoes through a sieve, put on the stove and cook a short time. Then add one quart of milk, one onion, salt, pepper and butter, and thicken a very little with flour.

Tomato Salad—First a nice crisp leaf of lettuce, on this lay a firm slice of red tomato, over all pour a mayonnaise dressing not generously enough to hide the colors. Keep on ice until ready to arrange and it will be very refreshing on a hot day both to the eyes and to the palate.

Mayonnaise Dressing—Put yolks of two eggs in a bowl, one teaspoon of salt, one teaspoon of mustard, and a pinch of red pepper; then commence beating the eggs and add oil a little at a time, using two tablespoons and juice of half a lemon. If too thick, thin with a little cream.

Tomato Catsup—One gallon tomatoes, one pint of vinegar, one tablespoon of ground mustard, one tablespoon of allspice (small measure) two tablespoons of black pepper, one tablespoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of cloves, one-half tablespoon of cinnamon, and one-half cup of sugar. Boil down one-half.

Sweet Tomato Pickles—One peck of green tomatoes and six large onions; slice together and sprinkle one teaspoon of salt over them; the next morning drain in a colander, and scald up in weak vinegar water; then take four quarts of vinegar; two pounds of brown sugar, one ounce of white mustard seed, two tablespoons of ground allspice, cloves and cinnamon. Put all together and boil 15 minutes.

Chili Sauce—Eighteen ripe tomatoes, six large onions, one or two peppers, leaving out the seeds, one cup sugar, two and a half cups vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of salt, one teaspoonful each cinnamon, allspice, and nutmeg, one-half teaspoonful of cloves. Scald and peel tomatoes and cook with the onions and peppers until tender; add sugar and spices, cook ten minutes longer; add vinegar and let come to a boil. Bottle or can while hot.

Salmon Loaf—One can salmon, four eggs beaten light and separately, four tablespoons melted butter, one-half cup bread crumbs, sprig parsley; pick fish fine, rub in better, beat crumbs with eggs, mix all together, season with salt and pepper, steam one hour. Sauce—One cup heated milk thickened with one tablespoon corn starch rubbed together with one tablespoon butter, then add the liquor of salmon and just before taking off stove one well beaten egg. Season. Pour over loaf and garnish with egg and parsley.