

### BATTLE TO BE WON.

There's a battle to be won—  
You may win it, if you will;  
But from rise till set of sun,  
You must battle sword and gun,  
And must do as all have done,  
Who have won a soldier's skill.

There's a ship of state to steer—  
You may guide it, if you will;  
But from morn till midnight drear,  
You must toil from year to year,  
Just as every serf or peer,  
Who has won a statesman's skill.

There's a lyric to be sung—  
You may sing it, if you will;  
But the starlit shades among,  
You must train your truant tongue,  
Like the lyrist, old and young,  
Who have won a singer's skill.

There's a truth to demonstrate—  
You may do it, if you will;  
But from early life till late,  
You must work and watch and wait,  
Till you triumph with the great,  
Who have won a savant's skill.

There's a sermon to essay—  
You may try it, if you will;  
But from youth till you are gray,  
You must read and think and pray,  
As the youths of yesterday,  
Who have won a steward's skill.

There's a chance for every one—  
You may win with dauntless soul;  
But from rise till set of sun,  
Many a deed must needs be done,  
Many a manly race be run,  
Before you gain the goal.

### A DINNER IN BOHEMIA

By Helen Campbell.

"All I want," the girl said, "is to see for myself. My father insists that there isn't any more Bohemia in New York, that it went out with Pfaff's beer-cellar, where Fitz James O'Brien and Fitz Hugh Ludlow and all that famous tribe, Walt Whitman included, talked immortal talk over mugs of beer from midnight to dawn. They are all gray-beards now, if alive at all, which most of them are not. But yesterday Macpherson, the new man in pastels, you know, told me at a private view, of a place where you can really dine with exiles and anarchists."

"Why in the name of wonder, should you want to dine with exiles and anarchists?"

The young man's eyes were on her, smiling, yet puzzled; and now the girl smiled also, yet with a touch of condescension, her charming face expressing a general hopelessness of making her meaning clear.

"You ought to know. You are two-thirds anarchist yourself, I believe, and, I do not doubt, know all about it. So you have no good reason for not taking me."

Again the young man considered her gravely.

"To what end? Have you not burrowed enough in places where you do not belong? Why is it that this generation is doing all the things its mothers never thought of, and even now would not venture upon? Fancy your mother at an anarchist table d'hôte!"

"Yes, but mamma has no dramatic instinct. I should say the last generation were almost made up without it, save one here and there, who, if they did not find outlet for it on the stage, suffered tortures all their days from perpetual misunderstandings. Mamma now wants life according to fixed rule. I, on the contrary, want it with a flavor. It is all part of a general study of humanity, you know. Now there certainly is, perhaps, not the old, but a new, Bohemia."

"An imitation Bohemia, yes. A Bohemia where, as a witty newspaper man said the other day, 'uninteresting people go to see people who are not there'—places where a famous artist or writer has gone between checks, and his followers flocked there in consequence. You don't want a make-believe Bohemia, child."

"I don't want Bohemia at all. I want to see the place that Macpherson knows and says is just a big family, and the proprietor its patriarch—a place where homesick foreigners, who have not made homes here, come because it is friendly and kind and gives them native dishes and native faces, and a place where they can speak what they think without fear. It is a dangerous part of the city, he says, though how it can possibly be any more dangerous than all the rest, with the subway going on, I can't see. The point is, will you take me, Hal? I don't want to go alone, but I might, perhaps, for lunch."

The young man groaned, but it appeared to carry a sense of affirmative to the girl, who laughed again as he fixed questioning eyes upon her.

"Poor Hal," she said, "you have been looking at me like that ever since I was three and you six. Will it always go on?"

"Always, I suppose; but you don't mind, and I may cease to be surprised. When shall it be? To-morrow?"

So it came that the next day found the pair leaving a car at Sixth avenue and West Fourth street, and, turning presently from a deep-shaded old park, due southwest into a street filled with men hurrying from work, children as the sands of the sea, and a roar of sound, not alone from the elevated close at hand in a side street, but with organs pouring out rag-time music, and, added to this, the cries of innumerable vendors of wares no man in his senses could possibly desire, till farther down before a house, at the last extremity of

forlornness, her guide turned, then led the way through a long hall, past a kitchen, from which savory odors steamed, out to a yard long and narrow, actually a bowling alley at one time, but now divided in half, its companion alley on the other side of a partition.

The proprietor, a striking likeness of King Humbert, had advanced to meet them, bowing as he came, and led the way to the end of a long table crossed at the upper end by a second one, where he whispered, sat the most famous exiles and patriots, giving them places so near that much of the conversation could be overheard.

"What a fraud you are, Hal!" the girl said. "I knew you knew it all, but you feel it your duty to keep me in check. If you deceive me so now, what will you do when we are really married?" But now she turned, for a little gong had sounded, and a line of waiters entered, bearing huge bowls of savory soup, from which each guest, ladled for himself huge portions of rich gravy filled with all known vegetables. How it was eaten the girl could not tell, for every one talked, it seemed, steadily, save the three anarchists at the cross table, who spoke never a word, the Italian husband and wife at her left, smiling amiably and soon talking volubly, as they found she could follow them fairly well, pointing out first one and then another celebrity; a South American ex-minister of education talking South American politics to an exiled Italian lexicographer, who at intervals defined the meaning of words; a doctor farther down describing a new surgical instrument to a neighbor bent on proving the necessity of a literary aristocracy, while waiting for the second course, polenta, otherwise corn-meal mush fried in thin slices, on each of which reposed a reed bird nominally, really a sparrow, heads and feet still on, as if they were minded to hop away on the moment.

"It would be perfectly heartless to eat them," the girl said, "for you know I belong to the Audubon society." And she pushed back her plate and sipped a glass of vichy till the roast came—a slice of veal flavored with sweet herbs, a touch of garlic, accompanied by a delightful salad, in which leeks and red vinegar and green Italian oil made a color scheme with all the rest. They had started with a mountain of plates, slowly reducing till there came the final cheese plate, with cup of black coffee. And now there entered a pair of strolling musicians, with guitar and piccolo, delicate music, to which was paid the tribute of entire silence, each guest then paying his share and asking for favorite ballad or some special solo, heard in Milan or Florence, it might be, from the lips of some famous artist.

The tables were cleared speedily, and now games—chess, etc.—were brought out, and, through it all, unceasing talk. The pair slipped away quietly at last, hurrying up the crowded street to the quiet old square.

"You don't mind, do you, Hal?" the girl said, as they crossed the square toward Sixth avenue again. And the young man said:

"Not if you don't do it again."—From the Boston Cooking-School Magazine.

### Local Paper a Great Benefit.

There is no advertisement so beneficial to a city, nor one which more favorably impresses a non-resident as an ably conducted newspaper, well gotten up, and filled with local news and advertisements of home merchants. Such a paper at once suggests the thought that here is a live and prosperous city, and the reader is favorably attracted to it.

In new towns and villages this fact is so well understood that those interested soon look about for a newspaper and often times a plant is bought for the publisher, and it proves a good investment.

No influence is more potent in building up a community in America than its newspapers, says the *Muscodia* (Wis.) Democrat. From its earliest history they have been ceaseless in advertising the advantages and the resources of the surrounding country. If a new industry was to be had, they have been foremost in measures to secure it, the publishers often times devoting more time and money (to say nothing of columns and columns of space) than any other citizen.

In matters of public concern, municipal affairs, taxation, etc., they are expected to advocate and do favor the course which is most conducive to the interests of the city and their advocacy usually leads to better government and lower taxation.

Publishing a newspaper is a matter of business. The mission of the local paper, however, is especially to work in and out of season for the building up of the community, and in so far it is entitled to the active co-operation and support of the merchants, business men and property holders of that community.

### Clock Made of Straw.

An extraordinary addition has been made to the exhibition of inventions now being held in Berlin. A shoemaker named Wegner, living in Strasburg, has sent in a clock of the grandfather shape, nearly six feet high, made entirely of straw. The wheels, pointer, case and every detail are exclusively of straw. Wegner has taken fifteen years to construct this strange piece of mechanism. It keeps perfect time, but under the most favorable circumstances cannot last longer than two years.—*London Globe*.

## OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

New York City.—The over waist that is made with loose sleeves is one of the best liked and is always



charmingly attractive. This one is distinctly novel, giving the effect of a separate guimpe while in reality

### American Beauty Favored.

The American Beauty rose is to be a great favorite with all milliners. It is occasionally used alone, but often combined with lilacs and orchids.

### Child's Coat.

Such a coat as this one is adapted to all seasons of the year, for it can be made from an almost limitless variety of materials. In the illustration white pique is trimmed with embroidery but cloth, silk, bedford cord and all materials used for children's coats are appropriate. For the coming season pique, linen, cotton bedford cord and the like are much used, while for the very warm weather still thinner fabrics are dainty and are very much liked, whereas for the cooler weather cloths are in every way appropriate. The cape is not alone becoming, it also is protective and desirable from the practical point of view, but it is, nevertheless, optional and can be used or omitted as liked.

The coat is made with a square yoke, to which the full skirt portion is attached. It includes comfortably full sleeves that are finished with cuffs and the separate cape is arranged over it, while at the neck is a turn-over collar.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (four years) is four and three-quarter yards twenty-



the entire blouse is made in one. In the illustration taffeta is trimmed with banding and is finished with embroidery on the yoke and the cuffs while it is combined with a chemise of tucked mousseline, but almost all the waisting materials are appropriate and the blouse will be found quite as satisfactory for the gown as it is for separate wear. It will be charming made from crepe de chine or any similar thin, soft silk and, indeed, from almost every seasonable material. The chemise can be of tucking or of all-over lace or of anything in contrast that may be liked, so that there is great variety possible.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is three yards twenty-one or twenty-four, two yards twenty-seven or one and one-half yards forty-four inches wide with three-quarter yard of tucking, nine and three-eighth yards of insertion.

### A New Shade.

The newest color shown in the advanced styles is called mulberry. This seems to be a cross between crushed strawberry and raspberry, and it is just near enough to old rose to be becoming to almost any complexion.

### Hat in Tobacco and Claret.

A very large hat with drooping brim rolled slightly at the left side and medium-tall straight crown, covered with mirror velvet, tobacco-brown. Binding of the velvet finishes the brim; draped velvet, held at the front by a diamond-shaped brooch set with a mock moonstone, surrounds the crown, and posed at the left of the back is a radiating tuft of three demi-short ostrich tips in claret-red.

seven, three and three-quarter yards thirty-two or three yards forty-four inches wide, three and three-quarter yards of narrow, six and one-half



yards of wide banding, six and one-half yards of edging.

### Ribbon Through Lace.

The running of ribbon through lace has become more fashionable than ever and the handsome dinner gowns are treated with silk and velvet ribbon and with chiffon velvet, used as though it were ribbon.

### Quills On Hats.

Golden quills are in great demand for hats, and what could be easier than to paint over those that fall to match any hat at present in use?

### The Human Interest.

By RAMSEY BENSON.

"Has no mother killed her babies and herself, rather than starve?" asked the managing editor, his brow clouded with anxiety.

"None," replied the night editor, shrinking within himself.

"No leading banker committed suicide to hide the fact that he has been stealing money to buy diamonds for a popular actress?"

"Not a banker."

"No rich, cultivated, beautiful young woman married her father's colored coachman?"

"No, sir."

"No very considerable public man been sued for breach-of-promise by his stenographer?"

"I'm afraid not."

"No faithful wife left home to make room for her husband's affinity?"

"Not this evening?"

"No fireman rescued a pet sea from the flames in the fortieth story of a fashionable apartment house?"

"Unhappily, no."

Here the managing editor went to pieces.

"My God, have we got to print mere news on the first page, after all the money we're spending!" he cried, and bowed his head pathetically upon his arms.—From Puck.

### A Homesick Pioneer.

In wonder the people of to-day read of the persistent cheerfulness with which the pioneers went about the business of settling the great West. Nevertheless, it somehow gratifies the weakness of human nature to know there was now and then a wearer of the deerskin leggings and coonskin cap who grumbled.

One early settler who went from a snug New England village to the fever haunted prairies along the Missouri was moved to put his complaints into rimes, one of which has survived, and is now carefully preserved by the descendants of the early settler, who live surrounded by the peaceful prosperity and comfort of a Missouri farm—right in the heart of the anaesthetized prairie.

"Oh! lonesome, windy, grassy place, Where buffalo and snake prevail; The first with dreadful looking face, The last with dreadful sounding tail I'd rather live on camel-hump."

And be a Yankee Doodle beggar, That where I never see a stump, And shake to death with fever'n ager."

Judging from the last line one might conclude that an acute attack of "ager" had suddenly prevented him from continuing.

### Hunters Do Well Off Bounties.

Two old ninnyrods, William and John Coldpitts, who live in a tiny hunting lodge in the midst of the pine forest near the small village of Seney, in Schoolcraft County, have received \$450 in wolf bounties from the last meeting of the county Board of Supervisors.

The old men, who are brothers, are both well advanced in years, and have lived in the hut they now occupy for over a score of hunting seasons, and practically make their living by hunting and fishing. Thirty large timber wolves have been killed in Schoolcraft County since October 1 last, for which bounties amounting to \$730 have been allowed by the Board of Supervisors. Besides wolves the report shows a lynx, for which a bounty of \$5 is paid, and five wildcats, which bring \$3 each, have been killed during the same period.

Besides the Coldpitts brothers several other well known characters have made considerable money during the present season devoting their time to the pursuit of such animals.

—Manistique Correspondence of St. Paul Dispatch.

### Didn't Know Where They Were.

Where a meandering river constitutes the boundary of a nation or State, changes in the course of the stream give rise to problems in civil government, as the following incident illustrates. A minister in the southern part of South Dakota was called upon once to officiate at a wedding in a home in a bend of the Missouri River. During the high water of the preceding spring the river had burst over the narrow neck at the bend, and at the time of the feeding it was flowing at both sides of the cutoff, so that there was a doubt as to whether the main channel of the stream—the interstate boundary line—was north of them and they were still in South Dakota. To be assured of the legality of the marriage rite the bridal couple, minister and witnesses rowed to the north bank, and up on the South Dakota bluff the marriage service was performed, the bridal party returning—they cared not to which State—for the festivities.—The Vermillion Republican.

### Relativity of Knowledge.

The "relativity of knowledge" means that you can know things only as they are related to your faculties. The thing "in itself," and apart from the way it appears to us, is unknown and unknowable. Absolute knowledge is out of the question. In a word, we know appearances, but never the reality behind the appearances; the shadows, but never the substance itself. In fine, the gist of the doctrine of the "relativity of knowledge" is that our so-called knowledge is only phantasmagoria. We know the appearance, but we have no means of deciding whether the appearance is true or false.—New York American.

### Assouan Dam to Be Raised.

Egypt's great dam at Assouan, built to harness the Nile, is to be raised fifteen feet.

### HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS



### MICROBE PROOF FURNITURE.

"Furnish in bright, warm colors, and you will have less sickness—you will keep the microbes out," said a physician. "You know how deadly the sun is to microbes? Well, so in a lesser degree all bright, warm hues are deadly to them—bright wall paper, bright upholstery, bright rugs. Bright, cheerful houses are seldom visited by me; they are, to all intents and purposes, microbe-proof. It is the gloomy house, with its dark paper, its heavy, dark upholstery, its sombre carpets, that my team is continually stopping at."—New York Press.

### SPOTLESS DISH TOWELS.

None but the slovenly housekeeper is content to wash her dish towels but once a day or even less often. Such treatment soon shows in a line full of clothes that look as if they had been used to scrub the coal bin or a greasy floor.

The tri-daily washing may be quickly done if the dishpan is filled with boiling water in which a little borax is dissolved and the towels are allowed to soak for five minutes or more while the dishes are being put away.

Rinse in several waters and always dry in the air and sunlight, instead of on the line behind the range, as is the way with many.—New York Press.

### TO PURIFY SAUCEPANS.

Sometimes the most careful washing will not remove the flavor and odor of food from the utensil in which it was cooked. This is frequently the case with fish, onions, cabbage, but there is a remedy which may be a little trouble, and yet it is well worth trying.

After any of these articles have been cooked, wash the utensil well with soap and water.

Neatly fill it with cold water, and for each quart of water add about one tablespoonful of dissolved washing soda. Place on the fire, and let the water get boiling hot. Turn the water into the sink, and on wiping it dry, it will be found perfectly sweet.—New York Press.

### USEFUL KITCHEN APRONS.

Aprons are one of the most useful garments in a woman's wardrobe, and if those who do not wear them when doing housework realize how much neater they appeared dressed in a clean gingham apron than when in a discarded street frock, dirty and perhaps torn, every woman would have a goodly supply of these articles of wearing apparel.

A fresh gingham apron savors of the old-time gentility, when women of the highest social rank were not ashamed to be seen wearing large aprons when performing household duties. Even now the daughters and granddaughters of those stately dames have in their possession a supply of kitchen aprons that may be slipped on when they go into the kitchen to work.—Washington Star.



**Veal Roast With Raisins**—For a veal roast with raisins, take three pounds, roast a nice brown in butter, add hot water and salt, and cook. Within one hour of serving add one and one-half cups vinegar sweetened with sugar, three-quarters cup washed raisins, about ten flowers of cloves. When done, remove meat, thicken gravy with a little cornstarch dissolved in water, and serve.

**Sour Milk Gingerbread**—Cream together one cup brown sugar and one cup butter, lard or half and half. Add one cup molasses, three well beaten eggs (whites and yolks separately), one cupful sour milk into which a teaspoonful soda has been beaten, four tablespoonfuls ginger, one teaspoonful cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful cloves and three cupfuls flour twice sifted. Heat the molasses slightly before adding. Bake in a loaf or a shallow biscuit tin, as preferred.

**Gingerbread (soft)**—Soften one-half cup butter, lard or drippings, as preferred, and mix with it one-half cup each molasses and sugar. Add one egg well beaten, a teaspoonful soda dissolved in a quarter of a cup of hot water, a teaspoonful ginger, the same amount of cinnamon and about one-half cup of flour. Add also a pinch of salt. Beat thoroughly and bake in a quick oven, using a biscuit pan or gem tins, as preferred. A few seeded raisins will improve it. Bake carefully, as gingerbread is the easiest to burn of all cakes.

**Lamb Chops and Green Peas**—Take six chops, trim off, leaving small bone, dip in egg and bread crumbs, fry in butter. Take a can of peas (when fresh ones are not to be had) and heat them; also enough mashed potato to make a border. For gravy stew four tomatoes and press through sieve, thicken with flour, add small piece of butter, sugar salt and pepper. When ready to serve make border of potato near centre of dish, place a little on outside of potato; pour tomato sauce all around this and you will have both a pretty and appetizing dish. Arrange small paper frills on the chops and garnish with parsley.