

To the Sea.
The earth is our mother, but thou—
thou art father of us and of time;
For all things now were not when
thou wast strong in thy prime.
There was silence first, and then dark-
ness, and under the garment of
these
Was the body of thee in thy might,
with its infinite mysteries.
And God alone was aware of thy pres-
ence and power and form;
And out of His knowledge foresaw His
will in thy calm and storm.
Answering unto His will, He gave
thee lordship and crown,
And bade the kingdoms of man to
worship thee and bow down.
For earth He made out of dust, for
change and defeat in the blast;
But thee He made eternal, through
aeons and aeons to last,
Unmarked by sun or wind, and su-
preme where thy waves are
tossed;
Not an inch of thy beauty to perish,
nor an ounce of thy might to be
lost.—William Stanley Braith-
waite in the Century.

WITH MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

BY CARL L. WATSON-BANKIN.

"It is precisely as I feared, Adelaide," said the girl's uncle, rising somewhat wearily from the papers he had been sorting on the dining-room table. "When all the bills are paid, you'll have just exactly nothing left. I suppose we should be thankful that your father left you free from debt. Of course, as I'm situated—"

"I shall get along splendidly," returned Adelaide, with commendable pride and courage. "I'm not afraid, and you needn't worry about me. I'm nineteen, I'm through school, and I know of at least two positions that are mine for the asking. If I can't earn a living any other way, I can wash dishes for my board!"

"Oh, you'll never need to do that," returned Adelaide's sole surviving relative, seriously.

"I know I shan't. I could earn two livings if I had to."

"I'm glad you're so confident; but if you shouldn't—"

"But I shall!" declared Adelaide, her chin elevated, her shoulders erect. "By this time tomorrow I shall be occupying a salaried position, boarding with Mrs. Hill, and glorying in my independence."

Sure enough, the morrow found Adelaide drawing maps in an important real estate office. Never was there a more enthusiastic clerk; never was real estate business studied so perseveringly; never did novice learn so speedily.

Yet at the end of eight weeks Adelaide, who sincerely believed that her services had been of unusual benefit to Gore & Pelham, was paid an extra month's salary—and dismissed. "But why?" she demanded, in her surprise. "I really can't tell you!" stammered Mr. Pelham. "I don't exactly know, Mr. Gore perhaps—"

But the senior partner likewise weakly waived the question, suggesting that Mr. Pelham might perhaps explain.

Adelaide secured another entirely desirable position within the week; one's first impression of Adelaide was always favorable. But in spite of untiring industry, this place, too, failed her at the end of the second month. Again no reason was given; again her employer was vague and polite, but his parting smile was slightly satirical.

The third place lasted just six weeks. Mild, easy-going Judge Whitney said, with apparent regret, that he guessed he would be his own clerk for a while. Oh, yes, Miss Adelaide had done all and more—in fact, a great deal more than he had asked. Yes, indeed, she was punctual, industrious, accurate, clever. If she needed letters, call on him, by all means. He wished her all success, but—good-bye!

Four more offices welcomed Adelaide. Four more employers discovered very speedily that it was possible—and decidedly more comfortable—to exist without this clever, enterprising young woman's aid.

The morning after her polite dismissal from the city treasurer's office found Adelaide perched on a high stool in what was known as Gray's store. She was keeping books for Thomas Gray & Company. This entirely respectable mercantile business of fifty years' standing had been established by "old" Thomas Gray. It now belonged to "young" Thomas Gray; but "young" Thomas was fully sixty years of age, and his ways were even more antiquated than his father's had been. He thoroughly disliked what he called "new fangled notions," yet because of his unswerving honesty and kindness, he stood high in public estimation. People wondered when he installed a bookkeeper.

"It's because I'm a relic of the past," confided Adelaide to her friend, Rose Miller. "He went to school with father, so I'm thereby connected with his own generation. He likes that generation best; but I intend to make a few changes when I get my work to going smoothly. Why, we're way behind the times! The firm's on a splendid footing financially, but nobody would know it to look at us.

Look at me, perched like a chimney-sweep on this high stool! I don't suppose there's another like it in the State."

"It's a good place, just the same," said Rose.

"Whenever I want to be sure of getting linen that is linen, wool that is wool, or coffee that is coffee, I always come here. There are lots of more showy places, but you can depend on Gray's."

The black walnut office was certainly guiltless of modern improvements. A big cupboard held piles of wholesale catalogues, trade journals, extra stationery, samples of dry-goods and staple groceries. There were shabby books and pasteboard boxes on top of the big iron safe. A large unframed portrait of a tattered but still ferocious tiger hung above the desk.

"Ready," said Adelaide, "to eat me if I make mistakes in these dingy old books. But just wait till my hand's in. There'll be some housecleaning round here, Mr. Tiger, and away you'll go, first thing."

But the books, kept according to Mr. Gray's old-fashioned ideas, occupied so much of Adelaide's time that for five weeks the tiger remained unmolested.

During February, when trade was always dull, it was Mr. Gray's habit to go East to select his spring stock. Then Adelaide was left alone with the tiger in the cage-like office. The day after Mr. Gray's departure came the winter's most severe snap. For five days the thermometer registered from ten to twenty below zero.

Horses and pedestrians hurried along in clouds of white steam. The closely packed snow creaked noisily underfoot. Windows were thick with frost. Telephone wires hummed and whistled with the intense cold. The shopping district was deserted.

In Gray & Company's the idle clerks huddled about the two huge base-burning stoves that had warmed the building in the first Thomas Gray's time. Adelaide, however, was sufficiently warm. She stood on her stool, reaching for the tacks that upheld the tiger.

"What in the world are you doing?" asked Julie La Tour, who served all French-speaking customers.

"Cleaning house," replied Adelaide, dropping the time-worn tiger gingerly to the floor. "Don't you think we need it? Bring me a roll of paper, Mr. Anderson; I'm going to straighten this cupboard."

"My," exclaimed the Swedish clerk admiringly, "but you're the smart one! I've been here nine years, and I guess nobody but Mr. Gray has touched those shelves in all that time."

"Bring me a big box, somebody," said Adelaide, poking dusty catalogues off the cupboard with Mr. Gray's umbrella. "I don't quite dare to burn this trash, but there's no use having it here."

"Mr. Gray," warned Julie, "is fussy about having things changed. I've told him it would be handier to have the spool cases where the button shelves are; but no, he says it's always been just so—and that settles it."

"But this," said Adelaide, "is my corner, and I'm going to have it just as fine as I can. I've sent for a catalogue of office furniture, and I'm going to persuade Mr. Gray to fix this place up."

"You don't know him," demurred Johnson, the old shoe clerk. "This store is just about all the home and family he owns; and he doesn't take kindly to changes. When he can't get the same old brand of sheeting, the same make of lamp chimneys, or the same old cut of overshoes, he's terribly put out. I'd go easy with that desk, Miss Adelaide."

The office certainly looked neater when Adelaide finally tucked her dust-cloth into the roaring stove. It looked different, also. A calendar had replaced the tattered tiger. An artificial palm waved its too green leaves above the safe. A damaged curtain, taken from the stock, hung before the cupboard. The desk, turned cornerwise, was bare except for a few new pencils, Adelaide's fountain pen, a new scarlet penholder—thoughtfully provided by Adelaide for Mr. Gray's personal use—and a new bottle of ink. Even the pigeonholes wore a Sunday air of unprecedented neatness. The enterprising young woman eyed it all with complacency.

But Mr. Gray did not. He reached town after closing time, three nights later, let himself in with his own private key, and went straight to the old-fashioned office to write a letter. No one knows exactly what happened during the first five minutes; but he spent the next thirty-five in a frantic search for his own battered penholder, twenty-five more hunting for his own particular kind of ink, another fifteen in digging up the stack of blue-lined paper that no longer occupied the right hand corner of the fourth shelf of the familiar cupboard. By the time he had accumulated these articles and found the necessary envelope and stamp, he was too annoyed to be able to write a good letter.

To calm himself, he reached for "Jacob Faithful," for he read and re-read Captain Marryat, in preference to anything more modern. But "Jacob" no longer rested face downward on top of the southeast corner of the safe.

Then Mr. Gray's eyes sought the tiger's. An exceedingly up-to-date girl returned the glance.

"I'll discharge Anderson by telephone," muttered the angry merchant, "if this is his work!"

But Anderson, fortunately for him, had no telephone.

The next morning, when Adelaide

arrived, the office looked considerably worse than it had in the beginning, for her employer had spent most of the night restoring his ancient treasures to their proper places.

"Yes, I did it all," confessed Adelaide, eyeing with consternation the chaotic office. "But I thought you'd like it."

"Do you think so now?" demanded Mr. Gray, surrounded by scattered palm leaves.

"No," returned Adelaide, remaining outside the railing. "I don't."

Come in, I guess we'd better have a clear understanding in this matter. Do you see this book? Well, when I'm vexed or puzzled I like to read it—there's something sort of slow and restful about old Captain Marryat. But I like to find him at home when I reach for him. His home's right here on top of this safe—not under sample packages of hand-shucked rice. Do you see that tiger? When I get tired of being tied down to business, I like to look at him. I've always had a fancy that I'd like to hunt tigers in tropical jungles, but I guess this is the nearest I'll ever come to it. Anyway, I'd be lonesome without that picture."

"If I'd known—"

"Do you see this desk? It was father's. So was that cupboard. This was father's penholder. I've a fancy for keeping things as nearly as possible as father left them. I'm used to them myself. You see, they've been this way for over fifty years. Now you're comparatively new—"

"I'm nineteen."

"Just so. And you've let several jobs—"

Adelaide colored painfully.

"Without knowing exactly why. Yes, I thought so. Did you, by any chance, introduce any modern improvements in the real-estate business, the bank building, the insurance office, or up in the city hall? Did you get in a little missionary work on Judge Whitney's spelling, and make a few alterations in Doctor Truscott's queer way of keeping accounts? Did you think that 'ayenne' looked finer than 'street' when you lettered Gore & Pelham's maps?"

"I'm afraid I—well, I did try to improve things a little."

"Just so," returned Mr. Gray, whose eyes were entirely kind. "It's a habit of yours, perhaps? A good habit to outgrow, possibly. You see, improving elderly, experienced persons like Judge Whitney, Mr. Newcomb, Doctor Truscott or Mr. Nichols isn't precisely what's expected of you. Why, I shouldn't wonder if you were a real nuisance to them, breaking up their lifelong habits, trying to improve their business methods, putting their belongings in different places—"

"How—how did you know?" demanded Adelaide, suspiciously.

"Just guessed it. Perhaps they had to lose you in order to be comfortable in their own offices."

"I suppose that means," quavered Adelaide, "that you'd like me to go?"

"Well," returned Mr. Gray, in the gentlest of tones, "it's this way, my girl. Your bookkeeping's all right, you're a good, clear head for figures, you're a smart, capable young person; but those wretched modern improvements of yours—"

"Suppose I promise to save them all for myself?"

"Good!" cried Thomas Gray. "In that case you'll do, provided you and Jacob and the tiger can live peacefully in the same cage."—From Youth's Companion.

Folly of Worrying.

A number of statesmen at Washington, D. C., the other day discussed the foolishness of worrying about things not likely to happen, or which, if they do happen will be so remote as to be of little consequence to the worrier.

One of the party told this story to illustrate his point:

"Reminds me of a thing that happened in my school days. We used to have a lecture every Friday afternoon, and one day the lecturer was a geological sharp, and chose 'Niagara Falls' for his topic. He told us all about the geological information of the falls, described the different periods that it is believed are traced in the gorge, and then went on to say that the falls were slowly wearing back toward Buffalo, and that in the course of some 200,000 years they would have worn back to Erie, Pa., and that town would be left high and dry. Just then one of the girls in the class began to sob wildly. 'What's the matter?' asked the teacher, in a alarm. 'Oh,' she wailed, 'I've got a sister living in Erie!'"—Buffalo Commercial.

The Craze for Labels.

Many people anxious to show their friends how far they have traveled, and at how many places they have stayed, refuse to remove the old railway labels from their bags and portmanteaus. It is a harmless vanity as far as it concerns themselves, but one which causes much bewilderment to the railway authorities. The number of comparatively fresh labels on a bag renders it very difficult for a porter to know which is positively the last, and not infrequently luggage goes astray in consequence, especially when changes of train have to be made on a journey. At holiday times this label fad is a real nuisance to the railway authorities, for if baggage is lost and cannot be traced compensation has to be paid. A small leather case, about a foot long and seven or eight inches deep and wide, was recently seen which had no fewer than forty-two labels plastered on it, many of which were new enough to puzzle the most expert porter.—London Railway Review.

NEGRO SUPERSTITION.

So... of Them Are Just Like the Ones Held by Their White Brethren.

Many of the negro superstitions in Kentucky are quite interesting. An old philosopher told me with great gravity: "If you want peppers to grow, you must get mad. My old 'oman an' me had a spat, an' I went right out an' planted my peppers, an' they came right up." Still another saying is that peppers, to prosper, must be planted by a red-headed or by a high-tempered person. The negro also says that one never sees a fallbird on Friday, for the bird visits his satanic majesty to "pack kindling" on that day. The three signs in which the negroes place implicit trust are the well-known ones of the ground hog appearing above ground on the 2d of February; that a hoe must not be carried through a house or a death will follow, and that potatoes must be planted in the dark of the moon, as well as all vegetables that ripen in the ground, and that corn must be planted in the light of the moon. Feed gunpowder to dogs and it will make them fierce. A negro will not burn the wood of a tree that has been struck by lightning, for fear that his house will burn or be struck by lightning. If a bird flies into a house it brings luck. If a crawfish or a turtle catches your toes it will hold on till it thunders. When a child is laid by a black nurse that if a bat alights on one's head it will stay there till it thunders. This was so terrifying that even now I have an unnecessary fear of being clutched by a bat. To make soap, stir it with a sassafras stick in the dark of the moon.

LIED FAR FROM HOME.

Adventurous Princes Who Fell Victims to Disease or Bullets.

The death of Prince Henri d'Orleans calls attention to the fact that princes who go roaming about the world have no protection against the common fate, and frequently die far away from the land of their birth, of diseases due to the climate, or even sometimes from a bullet. The Prince Imperial was killed in the Zulu war in South Africa; Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein died of fever in the Boer war, and Prince Henry of Battenberg died of fever in a little war on the West Coast of Africa. The Prince of Conde, a young man of great promise, and passionately fond of travel, died in Australia. Now Prince Henri d'Orleans dies in Saigon, Indo-China. Prince Henri gained much notoriety through his visit to Abyssinia and his subsequent duel with the Count of Turin. It was a genuine duel, and real blood was shed in it; but the prince died, after all his adventures, of an abscess on the liver. A relative of Prince Henri fought another celebrated duel in 1870. He was the Duke of Montpensier, and he fought with the Duke of Seville, whom he killed, greatly to his own dismay and the surprise of the spectators. They were both brothers-in-law of Queen Isabella of Spain. A Bourbon Prince who has protested recently against duelling in all its forms is the brother of Don Carlos, the pretender to the Spanish throne. This Prince, Don Alfonso, is a devout man and a good citizen, but he cannot enter Spain, for in case of the death of Don Jaime he would become his brother's heir as representative of the Carlist cause.—New York Press.

Depth of the Earth's Atmosphere.

The Belgian Royal Meteorological Observatory has recently published the various estimates of mathematicians regarding the depth of the atmosphere surrounding the earth. The calculations of these savants are certainly sufficiently curious and divers to reflect discredit upon them all. Biot estimated the depth at 40 miles; Bravais, 70 miles; Mavin, 81 miles; Callandraw, 100 miles; Schiaparelli, 125 miles; Marie Davy, 187; and Ritter, 216 miles. During the early part of the nineteenth century it was generally accepted in Great Britain as 47 miles, but the fact that meteors are incandescent at a much greater height than this seems to entirely controvert this idea. Sir Robert Ball makes the statement that meteors have been seen at an altitude of over 200 miles and since they only become scorable when they come in contact with the atmosphere, it would seem that, if Sir Robert is correct, Ritter's estimate is the nearest to the mark.—Philadelphia Times.

Sons of the Desert.

A party of Bedouin Arabs, with camels, horses and asses, which has been for some weeks encamped at the Zoological gardens in Vienna, has left for Trieste. The men appear to have made a considerable impression upon the Viennese women, as they took away with them no less than seven brides, five girls and two widows, all possessing property. About thirty rejected admirers of the Bedouins, who saw them off at the station, and wept in an affecting manner, would willingly have followed the troupe and embraced a desert life but were rejected by the Arabs because of their poverty. The women selected will be married according to Arab rites upon reaching their destination. As the train moved off the Arabs uttered a piercing, parting cry, responded to by cries and waving of handkerchiefs on the part of the rejected ones. The horses, asses and camels are left behind to be sold in Vienna.—Detroit Free Press.

His Money's Worth.

"Mary Ann," said the economical husband at the summer resort hotel, "let the mashed turnips alone and take some more of those cream potatoes. Think what they're charging us here for board!"—Chicago Tribune.



New York City.—The blouse that is simply tucked is one of the prettiest that young girls can wear and this season it is greatly in vogue

Embroidery For Gloves.

The embroidered edge to the gloves is so light and lacy looking, button-holed in scallops as a finish, that one could not help thinking what pretty work it would be to decorate plain silk gloves one's self, and save almost half the cost of those already ornamented.

Four Gored Skirt.

The skirt that is perfectly smooth over the hips while it is gracefully full at the lower portion is the one that is most in demand for walking and general wear. This one includes that essential feature and is novel at the same time, being made with wedge shaped panels that are laid under the gores and which allow of treatment of various sorts. In this case the skirt is made of mohair and is trimmed with silk braid and little buttons, but if a combination of materials was wanted the panels could be of striped, plaid or checked material, while the gores were of plain, or vice versa; or one material can be used for the skirt with another for the panels. Again, the trimming can be banding of any sort, either braid or the same in contrasting material cut into bands, or anything of a similar sort.

The skirt is made in four gores, these gores being made with exten-



made with collar and cuffs of lace as illustrated. In this case it matches the skirt and the material is dotted Swiss muslin, but the model suits the



odd waist quite as well as it does the entire frock and is adapted to every reasonable waisting.

The blouse is made with front and backs and with moderately full sleeves. The lower edges of these last are gathered into narrow cuffs for elbow length, into deep cuffs, that fit the forearms snugly after the latest fashion, for long sleeves.

The quantity of material required for the sixteen year size is three and one-eighth yards twenty-four, two and three-eighth yards thirty-two or one and three-quarter yards forty-two inches wide with three and seven-eighth yards of insertion, one yard of ruffling to trim as illustrated, seven and one-eighth yards of insertion for the deep cuffs if these are used.

For Stormy Days.

It is a great relief to know that when hot weather comes, and it is necessary to wear a raincoat, we will not have to wear those heavy silk affairs, either in white or any other color that have been worn for so long. The new raincoats are of rubberized pongee, just as waterproof as the strongest rubber, but light and cool, and fairly becoming in their soft lines.

Facing Often Matches Feathers.

Black picture hats, trimmed with long ostrich feathers chosen in pale pastel shades of blue and pink, leaf-green and lilac, are enjoying a great vogue at the moment. Sometimes feathers in two or three of these pastel colors are seen grouped together on one and the same hat, but a more surely successful result is obtained when the feathers are selected in one shade, or in several tones of the same shade.

sions to the depth of the panels. The extensions are turned under to form pleats and the latter are arranged over the panels, the edges being joined beneath the pleats.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is seven and five-eighth yards twenty-seven, five

yards forty-four or three and five-eighth yards fifty-two inches wide, eighteen and one-half yards of braid.



yards forty-four or three and five-eighth yards fifty-two inches wide, eighteen and one-half yards of braid.

Fichu Without Frills.

A fichu of satin, without frills, worn over a diaphanous frock, is a change from the usual order of things, and should be accompanied by a transparent hat trimmed with big bows or choux of the same satin, and a transparent parasol treated likewise.

Cotton Volles.

The figured cotton volles make ideal negligees.