

THE WIFE.

The little Dreams of Maidenhood—
I put them all away
As tenderly as mothers would
The boys of yesterday,
When little children grow to men
Too serious for play.

The little dreams I put aside—
I loved them, every one,
And yet, since moonblown buds must hide
Before the noonday sun,
I close them wistfully away,
And give the key to none.

Little Dreams of Maidenhood—
Lie quietly, nor care
If some day in an idle mood
I searching unaware
Through some closed corner of my heart,
Should laugh to find you there.
—Theodosia Garrison, in Harper's Bazar.

HIS FIRST IMPRESSION

By C. S. COLLINS.

Traxon, advertising agent for the Driscoll Paint Company, sitting on a baggage truck and kicking his heels disconsolately against the wheels, glanced savagely at the gaudily painted cars which filled the better part of the yard of the small station and from there across the fields to where the tents of the Triple-Plate Allied Shows and Hippodrome reared their white tops. It was early in the season, and the canvas was still white, fresh and billowy.

He was so comfortably occupied in mentally explaining to himself how little he liked circuses that he failed to note a smart pony rig drawing up at the station platform. From this descended an alert young man with a clean shaven face that betrayed the humorous upcurve of the lips, to match the laugh wrinkles about the clear eyes. It was not until the glance of those kindly eyes espied him that Traxon was roused from his reverie and turned to look into Jim Trennant's face. Old friends were these two.

"A penny for your thoughts," cried Trennant, manager of the Triple-Plate Allied Shows and Hippodrome. "Produce!" Traxon held out his hand and Trennant dropped a copper coin therein.

"I was thinking what an infernal nuisance you and your show are," explained Traxon. "Want your money back?"

"Honesty is worth a penny, even if it is uncomplimentary," said Trennant, with a laugh. "What's the matter with the Triple-Plate, Charlie?"

"Just this," explained Charlie Traxon. "I land in this usually peaceful burg to find that your show is here. I want to get over to Midvale, and I can't get a rig, livery or private, until after you pull up stakes and permit the town to return to its normal solemnity."

"If you can't get to Midvale, come and see the show," invited Trennant, hospitably. "It's bigger and better than ever, and—"

"I've seen the small bills for further particulars," interrupted Traxon laughingly. "I don't think I can take the show in because it's on very particular business that I want to get over to Midvale. Anne is over there."

Trennant nodded understandingly. "How do you prosper?" he asked.

He knew of Traxon's love for Mrs. Blaine. As Anne Caswell she had been engaged to Traxon until a lover's quarrel had separated the pair, and then she had married Blaine only to find out when it was too late that wounded pride and not love had urged her to accept the new suitor.

"Things are not going well," said Traxon, dolefully. "When poor Blaine died I thought there was a chance to win Anne back, but she is afraid of what the children will think. They are just of an age when they are beginning to understand things, and she is afraid of the effect a stepfather will have on them."

"I have never seen them; there's a boy and a girl, but I'm to make a visit on approval, and if the children take to me—well, you may have an opportunity to dream on a bit of bride cake, Jim."

"The trouble is that I'm deathly afraid of the children and I'm certain I can't make a bit, particularly as I've got to walk over there while this whole town is circus mad, and there's not a conveyance to be had. I'd not make a very good impression after a ten-mile walk."

Trennant cast a glance at the trim "uptown wagon" used by the circus people for errands about town. The ponies could never make the ten miles there and back. Then he grinned as he glanced at his watch.

"I can help you out," began Trennant. "If you don't mind the vehicle being a trifle—er—gaudy."

"I'll go over in a lion's den or as one of the happy family," declared Traxon. "It's Hobson's choice."

"It's not as bad as that," assured Trennant. "We are short of live stock just now, and we use every bit of horseflesh in the Wild West act. But there is an automobile band chariot we use in the parade. If you'll come over to the lot, I'll have you taken out to Midvale as soon as the auto is out of the entree."

A warm grip was Traxon's only answer, but Trennant led the way to the telegraph office, and, after sending a couple of dispatches, he made for the little pony cart.

He came upon the lot from the rear, thus avoiding the crowds gradually reduced to the comparative few who, lacking the price of admission, were hanging about the grounds. From within the tent came the blare of brass and the hum of the cheering crowds, as Trennant led the way into the dressing tent.

Just as he entered the green curtains were drawn aside and the procession began to file out of the hippodrome track. In the van was a huge band chariot resplendent in vermilion and gilt, with bits of looking glass and polished brass to one side to permit the musicians to scramble out and hurry toward the band stand and then, as it lumbered on, Trennant jumped on to the running board, followed by Traxon.

Once they had cleared the tent Trennant explained to the driver what was wanted, and with a final handshake he dropped lightly to the ground while the chariot sped toward the street.

Once on the country roads, with a village boy for pilot, the huge machine made splendid time, and in less than an hour the tiny cluster of houses that constituted Midvale came into sight.

The boy pilot located the place where Mrs. Blaine lived. With a fine flourish the chariot sped up the drive and came to a stop before the broad piazza, on which a girl and boy were playing.

Traxon swung himself down, after slipping a gratuity to the driver, and approached the awestruck children.

"Mamma at home, little man?" he asked the boy. For a moment the child stared, then he toddled into the broad hall.

"Mamma," he called, in his shrill, childish treble. "Tum down, kwick. I dess Dod's tum."

Traxon sprang forward to greet the woman who descended the stairs and he read his answer in the happy light of her eyes.

"Everything depends upon first impressions," said Anne laughingly, as she placed her cool, firm hands in his own. "I think your first impression will carry the day, Charlie."

"May Jim Trennant have the good fortune that is his due," said Traxon, as he drew her within his encircling arms.—New York Evening Journal.

Fooled Them Both.

By CHARLTON LAWRENCE EDHOLM.

Mr. Nuwed, returning from his day's work, found his bride in tears. "O-oh, hubby!" she sobbed, "I'm so discouraged. I don't think I'll ever learn to cook well enough to keep your love for always!"

"Why, what's happened now, darling? Did you salt the coffee, or put red pepper into the cinnamon sauce again, or did you try to make omelet out of eggplant this time?"

"No-o; but you remember those biscuits I made this morning?"

"Oh, yes; I remember them all right!"

"And you said they would be just fine if they were only cooked a little browner and were not so pale and sickly. Well, I gave those that were left to the old speckled hen."

"Dear me! Did the hen eat any of them?"

"No-o; but she's—she's setting on them now."

"Oh, well, what can you expect of a stupid hen?"

"But—but that isn't all. Mrs. Nixdorf looked over the fence and said, 'Funny how that old creature will sit on door knobs and things!' And I'm afraid she wasn't meaning to be sarcastic!"—Judge.

A Little-Known Nursery Rime.
In the interesting "History of the Catnach Press"—a literary venture that lasted in London from 1769 to 1841—there is, among its ballads and horrors and carols and trials, an account of "The Tragical Death of an Apple-Pie." Most persons know the first part; many were brought up on "A was an Apple-Pie, B bit it, C cut it," and so on down to "XYZ and &, who all longed for a piece in hand." But how many know the "Curious Discourse that passed between the twenty-five letters at dinner time?"

Says A, Give me a good large slice.
Says B, A little bit, but nice.
Says C, Cut me a piece of Crust.
Take it, says D, 'tis Dry as Dust.
Says E, I'll Eat it fast, who will?
Says F, I vow I'll have my Fill.
Says G, Give it me both Good and Great.
Says H, A little bit I Hate.
Says I, I love the juice the best.
And K, The very same Confess'd.
Says L, There's nothing more I Love.
Says M, It Makes your teeth to Move.
N Noticed what the others said.
O Others' plates with grief survey'd.
P Praised the cook up to the lice.
Q Quarrelled because he had a bad knife.
Says R, It Runs short, I'm afraid.
S Silent Sat and nothing Said.
T Thought that Talking might lose Time.
U Understood it at all meals a crime.
W Wished there had been a quince in.
Says X, Those cooks there's no convincing.
Says Y, I'll eat, let others wish.
Z sat as mute as any fish,
While & he licked the dish.

Talking Postcards.
Talking postcards have been spoken of for some time past. They have now become an accomplished fact in Europe, though they are hardly likely to come within reach of the million just yet. Happily they have not reached such perfection that on coming down in the morning one's correspondence will hail one in various voices. It is ghastly to think of everybody's postcards shouting around the table. So far the phonographic message card can only be made to "speak" by taking it to a postal centre, where it is placed in a machine which sets it in motion.—Lady's Pictorial.

Progress Retarded by Caste.
Upon India, at once the wealthiest and poorest of nations, hangs the mill-stone of caste, a damper to all progress, a dead weight to all advancement or reward. The Brahmin and the warrior and the prince remain superior by birth and law. But with both classes, each forbidden to assist the other, there is a desire for gain and the boarding of gain.



DAIRYMAID EDUCATED.

The dear little dairymaid of fact and fiction is to be educated? That's a proposal before the Legislature, and the State is asked to appropriate \$10,000 to teach her how to milk the cow and make butter, with a view to greater profits. According to the ideas of Representative E. E. Jones, of Susquehanna, the State would provide traveling dairy instructors to visit the farm, where the rosy-cheeked dairymaid is at home, and to visit creameries and cheese factories.

Their duties include "giving such assistance as is possible in improving the quality of dairy products and the methods of work." Further, the measure vaguely refers to "information as to improved and economical methods of advancing and promoting the dairy interests of the State." Aside from its relation to the dairymaid, the bill is regarded as a good measure for advancing the State's dairy interests, second only to those of New York. — Philadelphia North American.

WOMAN A WORLD POWER.

Woman is still in the ring, and holding her own. Who is the man who holds the key to the political situation in Europe? London and Paris papers say it is his royal highness, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, heir apparent to the throne of Austria-Hungary, who has subdued to his will not only the old emperor, Francis Joseph, but Emperor William himself. All diplomatic issues affecting Europe—declare the London Standard and the Paris Figaro—must be referred to the archduke, and no great decision is passed upon without his sanction. Well, this mighty potentate, it is well known, is controlled by his wife—that homely Sophie Chotek, whom he married (morgan-

not in silver, while to quiet weddings written notes often take the place of printed.

The form of the invitation is as follows: "Mr. and Mrs. A—request the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. B—'s company at the marriage of their daughter Blanche with Mr. Cecil C— at St. Mary's Church, Heathfield, on Wednesday, February 17, at 2.30 o'clock, and afterward at the Cedars, R. S. V. P."

When a bride is a stepdaughter of Mr. A— she is referred to in the invitation as Mrs. A—'s daughter, Miss Blanche Blank, but if she is a stepdaughter of Mrs. A— the words "their daughter Blanche" are usually allowed to stand.

If the reception is given by the uncle and aunt of the bride, "their niece, Miss Blanche Blank," is substituted for the words "their daughter," and, again, if the reception is given by the married sister of the bride and her husband, the words "their sister" are substituted for "their daughter," and in every case the invitations are issued in the names of husband and wife and the answers should be directed to the mother or other relative of the bride.

Occasionally guests are merely asked to witness the ceremony at the church in the event of a quiet wedding being intended. In which case "no reception" is put upon the invitations, which means that friends and acquaintances are only expected to attend at the church. But relatives will meet at house subsequently.

We have been frequently asked, says the Queen, whether a choral service should be held at this style of wedding, and whether floral decorations in the church are in good taste under the circumstances. The answer to both these questions is in the affirmative, always supposing that the wedding does not follow close upon a bereavement, in which case flowers

Our Cut-out Recipe Paste in Your Scrap-Book.

Beaten Biscuit.—Sift together two quarts flour, one teaspoonful salt and one level teaspoonful baking powder. Now, with the tips of the fingers, work into the sifted flour a quarter cup butter or lard until the flour feels like cornmeal. Then add from a cup and a half to two cups ice cold water or milk and mix to a dough. Roll through a biscuit machine for half an hour or beat 100 strokes on a wooden block with a heavy pestle. Cut into small rounds and bake about thirty minutes in a moderate oven.

atically) in defiance of the emperor's mandate, and who marvelously transformed the broken-down rone—"the wildest profligate in Europe"—into a model husband, and a strong, healthy man.

In China—the coming world power—Prince Chun, regent over the nearly four hundred millions of Celestials, is said to be controlled in all public movements by his rather delicate Manchou wife and his own three half-sisters. So much for the woman behind the throne. In our country, there are a number of men high in office who ask their wives' opinions upon state matters, and often act upon their suggestions.—Mary E. Bryan, in Uncle Remus's Magazine.

BOILING EGGS BY MELODY.

Aunt Peggy was something over fifty-five. Her skin was like ebony, shining with pristine purity, and her lips were large and full. Her eyes were frank and intelligent, and had then such a motherly look and so respectful, and her courtesy would have done credit to a duchess. Her neat cotton dress and turban, her kerchief, and her large, friendly looking apron, were suggestive of scrupulous neatness. I soon learned that Aunt Peggy was an autocrat in her way, a perfect queen of the kitchen. She would allow no disorder around her, no loud talking and certainly no interference.

She had her own way of reckoning time, too, for I found soon after she came that she was unable to read the time on the clocks. She devised a system of notches on the window sill which was as accurate as any time-piece in the house, and moreover, they never ran down. I gave her a sand glass to tell how long an egg should boil for those who liked them soft, and she was to reverse the glass when the eggs were to be boiled a little harder. She thanked me for the contrivance, but I found later that she never used it. She had her own ingenious method. To get the time for a soft boiled egg she would sing several verses of an old negro melody, and twice as many for an egg to be boiled about three minutes. She could keep a perfect reckoning of the number of lines she would sing, and I seldom remember an egg that was either over or under done when boiled to this time.—From "Aunt Peggy," by Pamela Robertson Butt, in Uncle Remus's, The Home Magazine.

WEDDING INVITATIONS.

In the matter of wedding invitations the notice given varies somewhat, according to the importance of the function—that is to say, whether it is to be a smart wedding or quiet. In the first instance, the regulation notice is from three weeks to a fortnight; in the second, a fortnight or even less is not unusual.

The invitations to smart weddings are issued in notes printed in ink,

and music would be rather out of place.

Some brides wear white on these occasions, but it is white cloth or some similar material, and not what is known as bridal attire with its accompanying court train. Whether the bride wears white or gray a toque takes the place of a veil, and she invariably carries a sheaf of lilies in lieu of a bouquet, while sometimes she carries a prayer book and not the flowers. It is very rarely that bridal attire is worn by a bride when no reception is to follow the ceremony. There are, of course, exceptions to this, but the received rule is not to do so.



Capes in military effects are seen for young girls' evening wear.

Fine silk-and-wool cashmere is forging steadily ahead as a favorite in dress goods.

Buckles of fine, highly polished wood are one of the latest conceits of Paris.

The old-fashioned toe slipper with big square gold or silver or bronze buckle is modish.

Three yards is considered good size for the bottom of the gored skirt of a smartly tailored suit.

White trimmings, such as braid and buttons, will be used freely on colored gowns and coats.

All-over soutached net yokes and guimpes are an exceedingly popular finish to the one-piece dress.

Little princess tunics are being worn, mostly with side opening, and buttoning nearly to the hem.

A new idea in hair ornaments is an adaptation of the old-fashioned back comb worn by children.

The trepe de chines are as good as ever, ranging from the simplest to the richest, mostly satiny weaves.

Like coats of mail are some of the bodices of the princess dresses, so covered are they with soutache braiding.

Dainty evening dresses are made of silk Brussels net dyed in the evening colors and trimmed with satin to match.

Black braid and horsehair hats look pretty trimmed with jet, and very handsome cabuchons, banding and cut ornaments are used on many.

The fashionable coat is long, form revealing, but not tight fitting, hipless in effect, with small sleeves and some touch in the form of buttons or revers to suggest the Directoire.

A reaction is already setting in against the much-trimmed tailored suit. The cut is still in the hipless effect, but trimmings are omitted, the collar is mannish and the sleeves suggestive of those of a man's coat.

Fashions

New York City.—While the blouse that closes at the back continues all its favor, there is a growing demand

Shadow Applique.

Those who have become fond of the dainty shadow embroidery will wish to try shadow applique, which is a novelty in embroidery that deserves to become popular. Shadow applique differs from the original shadow embroidery in that the design is applied in heavier material to the wrong side of the work, and is held in place by stitching on the right side.

Velvet Neckband.

The black velvet neckband, that for a short time was little seen, is now again being effectively used to give the desired piquant touch of black to the gumpes of the one-piece frock. The velvet is very narrow, from half an inch to a little more in width, and is usually placed at the base of the lace stock; the ends are then crossed in the front, and a small brooch or buckle holds them in place.

New Handkerchief Pattern.

One of the newest handkerchief patterns is a crossbar hemstitched lawn, showing an embroidered poppy in one corner. Another is a sheer, plain hemstitched lawn with a butterfly alighting on a tiny spray of flowers worked in embroidery in one corner, while a third is a fine, plain handkerchief hemstitched and bordered in diamond dots with a wide border all around.



among many women for the convenient one that can be closed at the



front, yet which is a little more dressy than the plain shirt waist. This model can be made in either way, and is adapted to all lingerie materials, both those that are used for the entire gown and those that are suited to the odd waist. In the illustration Persian lawn is embroidered by hand, but handkerchief linen is a great favorite and marquisette and chiffon lawns are popular and dainty in the extreme, while the embroidered muslins and fancy materials are numberless. The blouse includes the new one-piece sleeves, which are so cut as to insure the prettiest possible lines for the tucks and the embroidery, and it is altogether an exceptionally attractive one.

The waist can be made with front and backs and closed at the centre back, as in this instance, or with the back cut in one and two fronts as preferred. When made in this latter way the front edges are finished, one with a box pleat, one with an underlap, and the closing can be made with buttons and buttonholes at the centre of the pleat or invisibly by means of buttonholes in a fly as preferred. The tucks are just wide enough to mean becoming fullness, and the sleeves fit the arms exceptionally well. If shorter length is desired they can be cut off at the upper edge of the first group of tucks above each wrist.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four and a half yards twenty-one or twenty-four, three and a half yards thirty-two or two and a quarter yards forty-four inches wide.

This fancy linen depends largely upon the button hole and eyelet finish for novelty. It's a trimming that



will be used a great deal this season. A distinctive feature in the accompanying sketch is the plain over skirt lashed together with ribbon, showing flat pleats underneath.