TEVEN-SONG.

The light is failing, and my work is one more kindly day the radiant

success with the silver stream is blending As creatide draws near with footsteps slow.

The light is failing, and the day is dying, It totters on the rim of that far west Whereon a gurgeous winding sheet is lying, To fold it round when it shall cease its

The light is failing, but my hearth is with deep content I watch the setting

Grow twilight through the door-my feet

are weary, But strength is given each day's race to

-Beth Slater Whitson, in Ainelee's.



I pointed to a gray wisp of material, soft and filmy, that lay on her

"What is that?" I questioned. She was before the looking glass solling her hair into little shining curls with deft fingers. "That," she said, "is my new

dress. Your what?" I said ungrammatic-

ally. But Daphne knows when I want to be sarcastic, and she did not answer; instead she turned and looked lovingly at the gray wisp. There 'is not much of it," I re-

marked, "so I suppose it was not expensive?"

"Mme. Esme charges more for that very reason," she said; "you see, it has got to look less than it really is."

"Logically, you are talking nonsense, dear," I said gently, "but never mind. You have got a new muff, I nee, as well, naughty child, that was very extravagant of you."

Daphne had not been taking much notice. I am merely her elder sister, and only useful in emergencies, but now she turned round quickly and regarded me with scorn.

"Muff," she said. "What do you mean?

I pointed dramatically to a large ermine blob that lay upon a chair In a nest of tissue paper. It was very large, and shaped something like a busby, or a cross between a Turkish for and a Cossack's what-you-may-CAIL

Daphne smiled charmingly; her smile is proverbial.

That's my new hat; isn't it love-377

"Hat?" I said.

"Don't be absurd, Elizabeth; of sourse, it's a hat-the newest, newestest hat from Mme. Esme's. I'm soing to wear it to-morrow at the Bassar with my gray costume. It sults me a ravir, madame says; there was only one other like it in her ahon

"Has mother seen it?" I asked. A shade passed over Daphne's face, a little shadow of trouble.

"N-no, mother hasn't exactly seen it. 1 told her I had bought a toque. for she said it was so nice of the Duchess to ask us to help her at the Baxaar; that I ought to have something nice and quiet to go in, because the Duchess is well known for her philanthropy, and is sure to dress plainly.

"But it isn't a toque, deer." I said. turke, so that is near enough; be-sides, it's sweet, and I love it," she

sion, and would probably be asked to stay at The Towers. She said that if I wore the hat I should be ruining my chances of the Duchess taking us up. Do you know, Elizabeth, I think mother is a real worldly woman."

"And what did you say?" I asked. "I'm afraid I was rather cheeky, she said, penitently. "I said I wished I had bought the fifteen guinea hat, because it was much bigger and much more elaborate than the ten guinea one, and if I had bought it I should have worn it; I said I didn't see why, because a silly old Duchess chooses to dress like a charwoman, that I. who do know how to put my clothes on, should appear in a black cape and elastic side-boots." 'Then there's nothing more to be

said," I remarked as I went out.

I knew that Daphne's naughtiness would bring on one of mother's nervous headaches. If ever we do anything she doesn't approve she always indulges in one-I say "indulges" because generally we do what she wants if we see signs of one coming on, and deep in my innermost heart I think they are used as a mild form of birch now we are grown up. But the afternoon of the Bazaar

Daphne was really very heartless. 1 was sitting beside mother's couch in the darkened drawing room bathing her aching brow with eau de cologne rags-for I could not go to the Bazaar and leave her-when the door opened and Daphne entered. She wore her gray wisp, a slender, delicate gown, which fitted her tightly, and fell in wonderful folds about her hips; her lovely face, with its sea blue eyes and crimson mouth, was just rose flushed with excitement, and on the sunshine of her fair hair the hat was poised.

"Goodby," she said, "and take great care of mummie, Elizabeth." Then the door closed softly, and

she was gone. "We are utterly ruined," groaned

mother. 'Oh, if only I had obedient daughters; Daphne is really too trying! And Mrs. Howard Jones will be there, dressed in a nurse's uniform, which is sure to appeal to the Duchess at once. Oh dear, why did-n't Daphne wear her black serge and a quiet hat!" "But Daphne is quite charming,"

I said, wringing out another rag and placing it on the burning forehead. and perhaps the Duchess will take a fancy to her.

"My dear," said mother, "do you know that Her. Grace has founded twelve cots, and is president of a Girls' Tract Society, and ever so many more things-she has two grown-up sons," she added thoughtfully.

"If they are at the Bazaar it'll be all right," I said at once.

Mother sighed despairingly "Oh. men always admire her; it wouldn't matter if she wore a sack as far as they are concerned, but the Duchess -that is quite another matter.'

It must have been several hours later when a taxi buzzed up to the door, and a soft rustle with a fragrance of white violets announced Daphne's home coming.

She flung the drawing room door open and tossed a great bouquet of pale pink roses on to a chair; then she opened her arms with a dramatic gesture and said: "It is well."

"Good havens, child, are you mad?" cried mother. "How did it go off? No-don't tell me, I'm sure it was dreadful," and she stopped up "Madame called it a Russiofer- knelt by the sofa; she took her mothher ears. Daphne ran forward and er's hands determinedly in her own soft ones. "Now listen," she said, while I preach a little sermon. Ah. how much wiser our dear, kind, silly mothers would be if they would leave everything in the hands of their worldly, designing daughters. "Oh, don't keep us in suspense, almost shrieked poor mother; "tell us the worst " "Well," said Daphne, "to begin I confessed I could not make a red flanel jacket to save my life. The Duchess said she was so glad, because she couldn't either; she said she couldn't thread needles. We talked about bridge, and the Duchess asked me who made my gown. She said I was a dear, and would you let me go and stay with her for the shooting?" Daphne grew reminis-



QUEEN'S TASTE.

reen, blue and white materials for frocks. She never allows any one else to select the tones for her. She passes hours pudging the different shades under electric lights in a small These colors make up the dress. room. gowns for court wear, and she chooses them in Paris, although she buys everything else in Holland .- New Haven Register.

ENGLISH GLOOM.

Lady Gordon writes: "If you ask any intelligent foreigner what his chief impression of England is, he will invariably reply, the cheerless ness of the English. If any proof were needed of the prevalent gloom, it would surely be found in the astonishment which the few remaining cheerful people cause and the amazing popularity they enjoy. Our sunny friends and acquaintances can be counted on our fingers; our dismal ones are all around us. A really cheerful Englishman is such a phe nomenon that everybody asks his wife if 'he is always like that,' and refuses to believe her when she answers in the affirmative."

THE "OBLONG WOMAN."

ready-to-wear suits and dresses that ing law practice and also to meet so-"the oblong woman" is to continue. cial demands. The first Suffragist and hipless dress forms will be the ball on record was held in London future wearing apparel of this class. several weeks ago and Miss Pank-Among individual makers, however, hurst was the most popular of the

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and white generally, will be more The Queen of Holland is fond of worn this coming season that ever. White cloth in a variety of makes, satin, charmeuse, the cashmere and white serbe, in an infinite variety of quality and thickness, will come in for much attention from artists in

As to the lingerie gown, its import ance in the wardrobe cannot be questioned. It is one of the most useful things to have, and whether worn outside or indoors permits so much individual taste and charm in contrast that is is quite indispensable .---New Haven Register.

HAS TIME TO DANCE.

Christobel Pankhurst, a young woman who scrubbed floors in an English prison for the Suffragist cause, is a lawyer and a favorite in London society. She is the only voman who ever submitted a British Cabinet member to a legal cross-examination, this interesting occurrence attending the trial from which she was sent to fail for a short term. Two Cabinet members were ques tioned with much skill by the fair Suffragist, who is only twenty-four years old. Miss Pankhurst goes daily about London in a placarded cart making speeches on street corners The decision has been arrived at for equal suffrage. She finds time mong certain makers of high class apart from that to attend to a grow-

> A Lemon Pie to Make Your Mouth Water .- Few cooks know how to make the perfect lemon pie. The shell should always be baked first in order that it may not soak the The filling is made in this way: Stir into a cupful juice. of boiling water one tablespoonful cornstarch dissolved in cold water. Cook until clear. Add one cupful sugar, one tablespoonful butter, the yolks of two eggs well beaten, and the grated yellow rind and fulce of one large lemon. Cook two minutes longer, and pour into the shell. Beat the whites of two eggs stiff, using a wire whip to entangle as much air as possible, add two tablespoonfuls powdered sugar and spread lightly over the pie. The next step is when so many otherwise successful cooks fail. Instead of the meringues proving to be of delicate, foam-like consistency, a tough, leathery compound is the result. trouble is in the heat of the oven. The albumen of the egg 'requires slow cooking-so slow as to resemble a drying rather than a baking. Twenty minutes in an oven with the heat turned off is the usual time. Allow the filling of the ple to cool a little before spreading the meringue on. If too hot it would todghen the meringue. Under these favoring conditions the result will be a tender, delicate meringue that will retain its original thickness .- Marion Harris Nell. in Inter-Ocean.

practically nothing but the princess 500 women present. She did not dress obtains, but it is so varied that miss a dance and the following morneach one seems to be in a class by ing was in court bright and early to Itself. defend half a dozen Suffragists

Some are so severely simple that charged with an attempt to break they really take the place of the tall- into the House of Commons. Miss ored suit. Many are "oblong," but Pankhurst has become probably the many, too, are fitted to the figure quite to the hip line. I have seen one or two which were fitted to and cut off at this line, the skirt below being added there under flat stitching. Sometimes the body portion is made with pleats, stitched flat to the hips, after which they fall free .- Harper's Bazar.

A STAR TEACHER.

Miss Letitia Summers was in charge of the last annual exhibit of



Clever Verse.

All "clubmen" may be "prominent," all "citizens" be "leading." All "citizens" be "leading." All "citizens" trenchant," and all "au-tomobiles" "speeding," and all "au-tomobiles" "speeding," and I feel somehow that never Will folks refer to any "verse" unless they term it "clever." _-New York Mail.

IMPUDENT QUERY.

"Brown has bought an automobile. "Is that so? What did he have to

mortgage?"-Detroit Free Press.

THE SUBURBAN CRIME Mrs. Knicker-"What became of

Bridget?" Mrs. Subbubs-"Cooknapped."-

New York Sun.

EFFECT.

The Robin-"When I sing men take off their flannels." The Cuckoo Clock-"When I sing

men take off their shoes."-New York Sun.

A DIRECT SLAP.

"Why are you down on that man?" "Well, I once advised him not to go into an enterprise, and the dub went into it and made money."-Louisville Courier-Journal.

WISHED HE'D BEEN FORGOTTEN. "Did your uncle remember you in his will?

"Yes; he directed his executors to collect all the loans he had made me." -Boston Transcript.

MERE MAN'S OPINION.

Knicker-"Do you think the tax on women's gloves should be increased ?' Bocker-"No, they should tax the

mitten."-New York Sun.

HE FLATTERED.

Mr. Jawback-"The biggest idiots always seem to marry the prettiest women. Mrs. Jawback-"Now you're trying

to flatter me."-Cleveland Leader.

THE EXCEPTIONS.

"Binks has a fine new apartment," "Everything stationary in it, I sub-"Absolutely everything-except his

wife and the cook."-Harper's Bazar.

THE FIRST TARIFF. Adam had just finished the apple. "I suppose," he said bitterly, "I am now qualified as a consumer." Herewith he awaited with resigna-

tion a tax on fig leaves .- New York Sun.

IN THE LAW The Client-"How much will your

opinion be worth in this case?" The Lawyer-"I'm too modest to say. But I can tell you what I'm going to charge you for it."-Cleveland Leader.

THE BETTER WAY.

"I have here a really good joke. can get \$2 for this joke." "Poor business. Get some com-

poser to write a comic opera around it and draw royalties."-Louisville Courier-Journal.

MODERN FAME.

"We have no really famous men

HIGH NEWSPAPER PRICE BOON TO ALL.

Schermerhorn, of Detroit Times, Says One Cent Publications Must Make Increase or Reduce Size

James Schermerhorn, publisher and general manager of the Detroit Times, who returned from Bermuda a few days ago with Mrs. Schermerhorn on the Prince George, of the Bermuda Atlantic Steamship Company's service, thinks that one cent newspapers must either advance their price or decrease their size.

"Newspapers give too much for the monoy," said Mr. Schermerhorn. "An economy in the use of white paper might work out a blessing. Newspapers nowadays are being printed by the pound. Their bulkiness leads not only to loose editorial methods, but is a tremendous extravagance. Publishers should get a price that comports more with the cost of the pro-duct instead of imposing on the ad-vertiser an undue proportion of the burden of newspaper making.

"In my opinion an increase in the price of one cent newspapers is inevitable, especially in the case of the more pretentious kind. The proprietors will have to look at the straightaway business phase of the matter instead of disposing of the product below the cost of producing. Owing to the heavy cost of getting out a paper, a certain amount of carelessness, or at least a lack of discrimination, has been allowed to creep into the advertising department of many newspapers which publish advertisements that are palpably fraudulent or 'fakey.' This has arisen from the necessity of carrying a large amount of such business to make up for the deficit in the circulation end of the business. Increasing the price of the newspaper would put the paper in a position to refuse undesirable advertisements, from which the public should be protected."

WISE WORDS.

faith in himself.

shoes-for others.

can work a loan.

lleved.

job.

way to beat it.

fort it will be a failure.

buy isn't worth the price.

A skeptic is a man who has lost

The chiropodist believes in tight

The loafer is willing to work-if he

And the man who does the least

Unless you have faith in your ef-

The brand of popularity you can

Dead men tell no tales-and even

Stealing time from sleep is a poor

There are two sides to every story,

The wind frequently turns an um-

The right kind of man doesn't have

When a man refuses to argue with

a woman she considers it as a sort of

acknowledgement of her mental su-periority. - From "Pointed Para-

American Royalty.

Carlsbad, Germany, tells the story,

of a gentleman to whom the servants

and the proprietor paid the most pro-

A visitor to one of the hotels at

graphs," in the Chicago News.

to spend half his time looking for a

brella, but a borrower seldom returns

-and some have four and a ceiling

their epitaphs are not always be-

talking often has the most to say.

maid, and crooned over the absurd

On the morning of the day we had en calling the "Bazaar Day" for the last week I went into Daphne's bedroom to borrow some hairpins. found her lying at full length on her ed bathed in the most heartbreaking rs, her pretty hair was all rough and untidy-at least, all I could see of it.

Whatever is the matter, Daphne? & inquired in a resigned voice.

"My hat," sobbed Daphne. I leaned over the foot of the bed

with a sigh.

"What about it?" I questioned. Mother's seen it!

"I thought so," I commented sage

"tell me about it." Only sobs came from the mass of

mir hair and crumpled white muslin and blue ribbons on the bed.

"Look here," I said, "your eyes will e awful red for the afternoon if you don't stop crying, and you'll look simply hideous." My strategy sucded. Daphne sat up at once. Her ks were very pink, and her eyes full of tears. But the lids were either red nor swollen.

"I-I took it down and showed it mother, and she asked-asked what on earth it was. I said it was a hat, and she said, 'Stuff and none! you look like-like a Carib-Inlander!"

"Daphne!" I cried, and I'm afraid langhed.

She dabbed her eyes with led luce handkerchief.

"I said I didn't care-I would go A R. I said it was smart, and pretty.

"Mme. Estne will change it," I sug-

phne's eyes opened wide with

Change it! Elizabeth-you heart al thing-how can you?"

mother will never let you What else did she say?" makine slipped from the bed and facing me defiantly.

said if I wore it the Duches think I was a third-rate but if I went neatly dress

w awful that sounds!"r pretty eyes up to the cell-"I should make a good impres-

cent. "Her son, Lord McLean, was there; he is rather a nice boy," she said musingly. "But Daphne, we thought"-

broke in; she motioned me to silence.

"The Duchess and he and I had tea together in a jolly little tent, and we laughed at all the funny philanthropic people. I told them about Mrs. Howard Jones, and the Duchess asked her to what hospital she belonged. You should have seen her face!" Daphne went off into riples of laughter.

"Explain, explain! 1 cried.

"You know that other hat at Mme. Esme's, the fifteen guinea one that I wanted?

"Yes-yes!"

Daphne's eyes were downcast and

er maner demure. "The Duchess had it on," she said -The Throne and Country.

All In After a Strenuous Job.

The Hostess-"I hope you will like this punch. My husband worked over it all this afternoon, making it with his own hands."

The Guest-"It's grand! Where is your husband? We must congratuinte him."

The Hostess-"Sorry, but he can't be seen. I just put him to bed."-Puck.

The hide of a cow weighs about thirty-five pounds, but that of a horse is about half that amount.

the School. of Housekeeping which was held recently in New York City. The star exhibit was that of a class of little girls whose teacher, Sarah Dugan is only twelve She has been a pupil of the school for some time and for the last few months has been teaching a class of her friends what she has learned. She teaches her class once a week in her mother's kitchen. Each of her pupils pays two cents a lesson, with which Sarah goes to market and buys materials for the dishes to be prepared. Mrs. Julian Heath is the president of the League of Home Economies, under the auspices of which the School of Housekeeping is conducted .- New York Tribune.

. PEEP AT WHITE HOUSE.

One day the women viettors to the White House had a treat in a "peep" into the Executive dining room. They had opportunity to observe Presidential methods of arranging the lunchcon table; instead of the old-fashioned cloth, there were many little dollies at the round table-the ladies will know just how important this fashion has become in domestic economy. The plano that adorns the East Room was discovered to be much more than a mere ornament when Mrs. Taft was heard playing upon it. The new mistress of the White House is a fine planist and an ardent lover of music and mistress of the science of home-making, whether it chanced to be in Cincinnati, or in the Philippines, or enroute, or in the White House, where she visited President Hayes and family as a girl .- National Magazine.

WHITE GOWNS POPULAR.

A growing inclination to wear white is apparent. White was once regarded as the special privilege of youth. Now, with a broader knowledge of the values of colors and a better realization of the importance of surroundings, one indulges ones natural tastes. Perhaps the influence of the period under which fashion is passing has something to do wish this, for the women who amused them-selves at Triannon used white freely and without stint. Be that as it may, white gowns

There is a rage for hair ornaments. The touch of black is made much

most prominent young woman in

England, and it is likely she will ac-

cept the invitation of Mrs. Carrie

Chapman Catt to visit this country,

-New Haven Register.

The coronet braid is again in rogue.

The pointed waistline is a novelty after the straight across effect of the empire cut.

Half of the new straws have pleated effect, and some are of the coarsest description.

Moss roses with their attendant buds and foliage are being very much used in hat trimming.

Hat styles demand that the hair be flat at the front, wide at the sides and full at the back

Not only Oriental colors but Oriental patterns are used in decorating the collars, belts, etc., of the tub frocks.

With the long sleeve has appeared the new loose chain bracelet with pendant of artistic design, which falls oosely over the sleeve.

Pongees come in many new weaves and are in great favor, especially in the twills and suiting effects in which they are now produced.

Paris dress-builders have refused to indorse the cult of the small waist. the new models being made more with a view to natural grace.

Feathers, wings, flowers and velvet cops are the trimmings most in favor, but very little of the muchtakked-of silk ribbon is used.

Atthough the main lines of this reer's models are much the same as last year, the general effect is infinitely more gracious and attractive.

Quite the newest hat bow being shown in New York City is that of bias piece-velvet placed either directly accous the front or slanting to one uide.

Arrange the hair of a young girl comingly and dress her feet nicely and she will appear well dressed even though she wear a most inexpensive frock.

Big, round Eton collars will prob ably hold their own all through the spring. They may be made of plain linen or decorated with squares of lace set in.

these days "Oh. I don't know. I doubt if any

crowd ever cheered Napoleon for an hour and forty-seven minutes."-Louisville Courler-Journal.

GIRLISH WOES.

"A girl has a hard time with her love affairs." "How now?"

"Half the time she isn't sure of herself, and half the time she isn't sure of the man."-Louisville Courler-Journal.

HANDICAPPED.

Teacher-"In this free country of ours, children, any boy may hope to be President some day."

Curly Haired Urchin (raising his hand)-"Not me, ma'am. My name's William Jennings Bryan Simpson." -Chicago Tribune.

DESCRIBED.

Nelle-"Is that fellow of yours ever going to get up the courage to propose?'

Belle-"I guess not-he's like an hour-glass

Nelle-"An hour-glass?" Belle-"Yes-the more time he gets the less sand he has."-Cleveland Leader.

A REMEDY.

"I like my house all right," said Luschman, "except for one thing. I guess you'll have to fix that." "What is it?" asked the architect.

"Several times lately I've nearly broken my neck reaching for another step at the head of the stairs, when I got home late, so I guess you'd better put another step there."-Catho-

RETORT COURTEOUS.

Two London cabbies were glaring at each other. "Aw, wot's the matter with you?" demanded one.

"Nothink's the matter with me, you bloomin idiot'!"

"You gave me a narsty look," persisted the first.

"Me! Why, you certainly 'ave a narsty look; but I didn't give it to rou, so 'elp mel".-Tit-Bits.

found attention. He was royally, rather to the rest of the guests.

Every time he came out of the hotel door a strip of green carpet would be rolled down in front of him, and the attendants would take off their caps and bow in the most deferential and obsequious manner. Neither the visitor thus so strangely honored nor the other guests could make out what this deference meant.

At last some one looked in the printed register, or "kurgast liste." There was the entry:

"James the 1st, King of Buffalo, N. Y.

It was the native printer's rendering of the American's name-James I. King, Buffalo, N. Y .--- Youth's Companlon.

Out of Order.

Champ Clark loves to tell of how in the heat of a debate Congressman Johnson, of Indiana, called an Illinois Representative a jackass. The expression was unparliamentary, and in retraction Johnson said:

While I withdraw the unfortunate word, Mr. Speaker, I must insist that the gentleman from Illinois is out of order."

"How am I out of order?" yelled the man from Illinois.

"Probably a veterinary surgeon could tell you!" and that was parliamentary enough to stay on the record .- Success Magazine.

Too Much.

The maid-of-all-work who was in the service of a Pottsville family, the numbers whereof are not on the most amicable terms, recently tendered her resignation, much to the distress of the lady of the house, who was loath to part with so excellent servant.

"So you are going to leave us?" asked the mistress, sadly. "What's the matter, Mary? Haven't we always treated you like one of the fame fly ?

"Yis, mum," said Mary, "an' I've sthood it as long as I'm going to! "-Harper's Weekly.

During every minute of the world's twenty-four hours 3,000,000 matches are struck. That's 56,000 a second.

lic Standard and Times.