

THE SEASONS.

When comes spring?
When blithest the robins sing,
And the violet has her hour?
Not till the heart's in flower
Is it spring.

When comes June?
At the time of the thrush's tune,
Of all beauties below and above?
When reddens the rose of love,
Then comes June.

Autumn's when?
When grasses rasp in the fen,
And the face of the field is wan?
When joys are faded, gone,
Autumn's then.

Winter hoar,
Comes he with the storm-wind's roar,
And all join Nature's ruth?
Tis winter when love and youth
Are no more,
—John Vance Cheney, in the Century.

THE TELLTALE COLLAR BUTTON

By WILLIAM COMSTOCK.

SOME years ago, while on a journey in the South, I put up at a boarding house in Chestnut street, Philadelphia. As it was the time of anniversaries, the house was full, and among the guests were two or three individuals who have since risen to distinction.

It was early in the winter, and the weather was quite cold. Accordingly we formed a half circle before the blazing wood fire in the evening, and passed the time in such desultory conversation as generally occurs where people are but slightly acquainted with each other—all save two lawyers, who retired to their rooms upstairs to improve the time in study.

At the evenings were long, conversation would have dropped but for a young girl in her seventeenth year, the niece of our host, who introduced conundrums. Therefore, under her auspices, we spent an hour or two every evening in guessing at enigmas and solving puzzles.

Among the company was a Scotchman, some thirty years of age, of a saturnine complexion, who had boarded at the house several weeks, but who seldom joined in the conversation that was going on around him. He generally sat with his thumbs in the armpits of his vest, legs extended, head down and staring from under his black eyebrows into the fire, so that one seldom saw anything of his eyes except two glittering sparks, which shone between his half-closed eyelids as if they reflected the fire on the hearth.

If some seem to try to attract attention by engrossing the conversation, this gentleman appeared to aim at the same object by maintaining a somber silence, as if in deep thought.

I could not perceive, however, that this manœuvre served his purpose, if such it was, until young Anna L., ventured, in her girlish innocence, to startle him from his dreams by calling him by name and giving him a conundrum to solve.

He scarcely looked up, shook his head and grumbled out that he never amused himself in that manner.

"But why? I hope you don't think there's any harm in it!" returned the young girl, respectfully.

"There might be no harm if there was nothing better," answered the Scotchman, shifting his legs, and staring more intently into the fire than ever.

It was evident that the gentleman had found "something better," he was watching the fire; and when it burned through and fell apart, he, of all men in the house, would be the first to take note of that interesting event.

Anna L. was a young lady of very attractive appearance. It was something more than ordinary beauty that caused the eyes of intelligent people to linger upon her countenance. Her manner, her voice, and every motion which was fraught with occult meaning, which may be explained in higher states of being, but which is beyond the reach of human intelligence. The power of her presence could be felt, and the only explanation at hand is that she held us all in some magnetic thrall which lies outside of philosophical research. All, did I say? What, the ascetic Scotchman, too? Yes, him most of all.

We were shocked at his rudeness; and yet, the story soon got about that McFarlane was pious. He was rigidly so, and frowned upon all amusements, however innocent they might be regarded by the children of this world. His incivility was excused on the score of his religion! One would have thought that he might have spoken gently, and refused the young lady with a smile; but no; it was necessary to be crusty, to show that he was offended by this attempt to drag him from his safe moorings.

Therefore it was that he spoke roughly, almost savagely, to the young girl, and, resolutely folding his arms, stared into the fire with concentrated vigor and unswerving determination.

Such was the view taken of the affair by nearly everyone present; therefore they respected his religious prejudices; but, being at the same time annoyed by his incivility, but little notice was taken of him from that time forward, until a strange whisper went around—a report that McFarlane and the witching Anna L. were under a marriage engagement.

Now, if the silent gentleman was under a marriage engagement to the daughter of our hostess—to the peerless Anna L., the conclusion was jumped at that there must be some rich ore beneath the top soil of this unprepossessing individual. Also, his harsh replies to Anna seemed to be explained—he did not care to see her 'showing off' before other men. It was thought that jealousy should excuse his bluntness. No doubt that Anna understood him.

This reasoning was not substantially

founded on facts. At this time Anna scarcely realized that she was McFarlane's betrothed. It had been almost wholly an affair between the gentleman and Anna's parents. They had discovered that McFarlane was a man of cultivated mind, and religious to the verge of fanaticism; therefore they gave full credence to his stories of real estate in Scotland, unencumbered lands and flawless title deeds. Yes, Mr. and Mrs. L. believed that the stranger would be able to make their daughter happy in spite of his habitual gloom and somewhat savage zeal for morality and religion. Of course there would be no play books, no comic annuals, no music or dancing in his house. But what of that? Anna was a good girl, and she would esteem the substantial realities of life above all trifles. So judged Anna's parents, who thought themselves capable of deciding what was best for her. And, in fact, Anna yielded to her parents, and certainly she tried to love the egotistical Scotchman. He believed that she was enchanted with him, and all the boarders now watched his lips closely for the pearls that should drop from them whenever they opened. But they did not open—nor his eyes either. He continued, evening after evening, to peer into the fire with half-shut eyes, his whole stock in trade appearing to be deep reflection—"thoughts to big for utterance."

Yet no one felt disposed to laugh; there was something singular about the man. He was evidently unhappy, and the presence of Anna appeared to add to his melancholy. How anyone could be miserable when about to become the possessor of that bewitching young creature was a mystery.

Some imagined they had found a clew to McFarlane's sadness in the fact that an aged uncle of the young lady, who lived in the house, but who generally remained in his room above stairs, and who was reported wealthy, had never yet deigned to speak to the Scotchman, though he sometimes met him in the hall or on the stairs. On this account it is supposed the old gentleman was not favorable to the approaching union. If so, it might be deemed an unfortunate circumstance, as he had declared his intention of making Anna his heir.

It was about three weeks after we had made the discovery of Anna's betrothal, that we were gathered around the fire as usual, on a cold, blustering night, when a Mr. Edwards, who was telling us about some of his experiences in Europe, suddenly clapped his hand upon a bald spot on the top of his head. Not much notice was taken of that, until he took his hand from his scalp, looked at it, suddenly ceased speaking, and betrayed considerable agitation. In a moment he put up his hand again, and became very pale.

"Are you ill, Mr. Edwards?" demanded Anna, in tones of sympathy that thrilled and enchanted every listener.

"I, really, I can't say," answered Mr. Edwards; "can I have burst a blood vessel?"

Anna rose instantly and left the room, but soon returned with a doctor, who lived opposite. The doctor examined the head of the patient, and immediately looked up at the ceiling. As he did so a drop of blood fell upon his hand.

"Who is above there?" asked the doctor.

"My uncle occupies the room above," answered Anna, trembling as she spoke.

The doctor shook his head. Anna ran upstairs, saying, as she went, "I'll go and see if uncle is well."

In a moment we heard a loud scream overhead, and the fall of a heavy body on the floor.

"She has fainted!" cried the doctor, leaving the room with hasty strides, followed by all the company.

On entering the uncle's chamber, we saw the old man lying upon his bed with his throat cut from ear to ear, while the beautiful Anna L. lay senseless on a rug by the side of the bed, her dress soaked in the blood of her uncle, which, indeed, covered a great part of the floor. It was this blood that had leaked through the ceiling and fallen, drop by drop, upon the head of Mr. Edwards, who, little suspecting the truth, imagined that it came from one of his own veins.

"Oh! who has done this?" burst from every tongue except that of the doctor, who gave orders that every door in the house should be locked and the windows watched.

"There must be a general search of the house," cried he, "as the assassin may not yet have escaped."

McFarlane now exhibited unusual activity, and talked loud and fast, proposing first one thing and then another, but ending with an expression of sympathy for Anna, whose inanimate form he took in his arms, heedless of the blood with which her dress was saturated.

No trace—nothing even to guess at—

was discovered of the perpetrator of this atrocious murder. The investigation of the coroner was thorough, but it amounted in the result to no more than a multitude of answers to fruitless questions that threw no light whatever upon the subject of the murder, though they exposed to public view the most private affairs of the whole neighborhood.

The body of the old gentleman was consigned to the grave; the will was opened and read, and Anna found herself the heiress to about a hundred thousand dollars.

McFarlane delivered her a solemn lecture; he hoped his fortune would not make her proud or incline her heart to earthly vanities. As he turned away from his patient listener, his eyes met those of a tall, stern man, in a long brown ulster, who had entered the room softly while he was speaking.

"Is your name Alexander McFarlane?" demanded the stranger, fixing his hard, stony gaze upon the countenance of the moralist.

"Well—yes—it is," was the answer.

"Then you must go with me," added the stranger.

"You're an officer."

"I am."

"What is it? I don't owe a cent in the world!" cried the Scotchman.

The officer hurried McFarlane away, and put him in a prison cell.

The maid, who was accustomed to set the long table in the sitting room, had more than once observed a collar button of peculiar appearance fastening the collar of McFarlane. It was very small, and the head had been so much stained as to have become entirely yellow. In cleaning out the room of Anna's uncle, after the murder, she found that collar button on the floor, near the head of the bed; and, since the murder, she had never seen it on the collar of McFarlane. She had carried it to Mr. L., and given her history of it. This led the latter to watch the Scotchman by stealth, and to apply to a Scotch firm in Philadelphia, who happened to have heard of the man. They said that he had the reputation of being a very sober, well-disposed man, and a strict Christian; but that, to their knowledge, he owned no property in Scotland or elsewhere. This and some other circumstances led to McFarlane's arrest.

The prisoner's conduct was as singular as ever. Finding that he was suspected of the murder, he immediately gave up all for lost. He confessed that he was poor, and said that poverty had been his constant trouble. He knew that Anna's parents were not rich, and he was constantly harrowed by the thought that she would suffer from want after he married her. This had wrought so powerfully upon his mind that, at length, he entered the room of the wealthy uncle, and, finding him asleep, he drew a knife across the old man's throat. He added that he would have been immediately discovered, as there was blood on his shirt bosom and other parts of his dress, had not Anna fallen into the pool of blood. By clasping her form and carrying it downstairs, he besmeared his dress, and thus was able to account for the blood on his person.

Thus the man who was too scrupulous to guess a conundrum was led by all-engrossing love and anxiety for the well-being of her whom he passionately adored, to imbrue his hands in human blood.

He was executed in due course. His last words on the scaffold were: "Misery was mine from infancy, and misery followed me still; but, in ruining my soul forever, I have brought fortune and happiness to Anna. That is enough. I am content."—New York Weekly.

Smoking Cars in England.

Accommodation for smokers in railway trains, which is now being discussed, dates back only to 1868, and on October 1 it will be thirty-seven years since travelers were first entitled to smoke by rail. The question was raised as an amendment to a bill of trade bill regulating the railway system, and providing, among other things, for means of communication between the passengers at the guard, and also imposing a penalty of £500 on any speculators to a prize-fight. A clause enjoining smoking carriages was proposed by Mr. Sheridan, M. P. for Dudley, and carried by a majority of sixteen, after a debate in which John Stuart Mill made his last speech in the House, earnestly supporting the reform, and recommending with remorseless logic that the last carriage in the train should be reserved for smokers.—London Chronicle.

How He Knew.

In a Kansas City, Kan., court recently a negro on the witness stand was being questioned about a sick horse by a lawyer.

"What was the matter with the horse?" asked the lawyer.

"He was ailing," replied the witness.

"Yes, I know," said the questioner, "but what was the matter?"

"He was ailing," replied the witness.

"But what was wrong? With what disease was he suffering?"

"He was ailing," persisted the negro.

The lawyer was quiet a moment. Then he had a bright idea. He would try to get at the horse's symptoms.

"Well, how do you know he was ailing?"

"Cause he died," replied the witness.—Kansas City Times.

Growth of Auto Industry.

In 1899 there were only fifty motor cars in the United States. It is estimated that there are now more than 60,000, says the World's Work, and all the other leading countries of the world are turning them out with remarkable rapidity. France last year exported more than \$14,000,000 worth, Germany more than \$3,000,000 and the United States nearly \$500,000 worth.



THE CHIP HAT.

Every woman knows what a chip hat is, but probably few know why it is called by that name.

The reason is simply because it is made, not exactly of chips, but of wood shavings, which are dyed in dainty colors, curled and crimped almost beyond recognition.

FLATTERY IN VENICE.

In Venice, says the Ladies' Realm, the women of the lower classes accept tributes to their beauty from perfect strangers as a matter of course. It is considered not only proper, but polite, to compliment a passing maiden on the charm of her beautiful eyes or complexion. If one treads on the skirt of a pretty woman, one has only to say, "Pardon, beautiful girl," to receive the most dazzling smile and bow in return for the awkwardness. At cafes frequented by the people it is the custom for waiters to say, when placing a chair for one of the women, "Take this seat, beautiful blonde," or, "Sit here, lovely brunette," as the case may be.

HOME ANNIVERSARIES.

The happiest households are those that do not let die out the sentiment connected with various anniversaries. Although gift giving or recognition of such events in a suitable way may be out of the question owing to the straitened circumstances of those "within the gates," there can yet be a little air of festivity when mother's or father's birthday comes round or some wedding anniversary is to be celebrated. An extra dish, a little bunch of flowers or some special music prepared for the occasion will show the kindly spirit and the loving remembrance that count far more than the money value of any gift. As the children grow up if these festivals are encouraged they will have much to look forward to and much more to remember in the years to come when they go out to battle with the world and find that sentiment is crushed under foot and affection is regarded only as a side issue.—Utica Observer.

THE HORNETS' NEST WOMAN.

She wonders why her women friends don't flock about her, court her and call her "dear."

It is because she never goes anywhere without a hornets' nest.

She has it with her and is always giving it little shakes. Everybody knows how a hornet's nest acts when some one shakes it.

She makes unkind remarks about every one and criticizes her best friend when her back is turned.

She tells one friend all the ill-natured things that another has said about her.

She calls attention to people's freckles and wrinkles.

She never forgets any disgrace in a family history.

If a woman's dress fits well she never mentions it, but she is always suggesting how the sleeves might be changed to make them in fashion.

She tells mothers the bad things that she hears about their sons and she tells wives the bad things she hears about their husbands.

She waves the hornets' nest above her head as if it were a flag of honor and wonders that the women run at the sight of it.

She puts on an innocent face and pretends that she believes that she is being honest, truthful, helpful.

She is, in fact, being hateful, spiteful and disagreeable.

We could get on very nicely without Miss Truthful and her nest of hornets.—Brooklyn Citizen.

MRS. ROOSEVELT A LACE MAKER.

Lace making is to be a diversion of fashionable women in Washington this winter. Mrs. Roosevelt may be called the pioneer of this movement, though the wife of the French Ambassador, Mme. Jusserand, and several other women in the diplomatic corps have added to its popularity. When Mrs. Roosevelt receives the women of the Cabinet circle for the weekly boudoir conference she works on a piece of filmy lace while important affairs of the next social season are discussed. Whenever the President's wife receives an intimate friend in the sunny western alcove on the second corridor of the White House, which is her special preserve, she makes her lace, chats, stops long enough to take a cup of tea and begins at her lace again. She is engaged just now on an ambitious design of Irish point, intended ultimately to adorn the graduating gown of Miss Ethel Roosevelt, now almost fifteen years old. Several winters ago, Mrs. Roosevelt wore a house gown of pale blue crepe, adorned with a wide collar and cuffs of deep yellow Renaissance lace. Everybody believed the lace was an heirloom; instead, it was the work of Mrs. Roosevelt's own fingers. Lady Durand, wife of the British Ambassador, can turn out as neat a piece of lace as one may buy in Brussels.

HOW FASHION IS GUARDED.

A little flutter of excitement has swept through west end dressmaking circles at the discovery that the man arrested in Paris on a charge of bribing an accomplice to steal the latest models of gloves was the representative of a London establishment.

"We suspect that the practice prevails to a considerable extent within

the area bounded by Regent street and Bond street," remarked the manager of a famous firm of courtiers in the latter thoroughfare.

"What we do with our latest models is to show them to only the select few well known to us. Even from them we hide all models except those which will appeal to their personal requirements.

"The latest design is as carefully guarded as a new play in the early stages of rehearsal. But frequently the owner or creator of a model is anticipated by some rival.

"Last spring, for example, the proprietor of an establishment in Regent street saw two ladies in the park who were wearing dresses built on a model which he had treasured almost in secret for a month. The slightest alteration had been made in order to remove possible difficulties, as the design was registered.

"Searching inquiries by the proprietor revealed the fact that one of his regular customers dressed herself at the expense of a Vienna firm whom she supplied with designs carefully drawn from memory after inspecting the latest creations in his show-room. When the lady next called—the autumn styles were then due—she was courteously informed that her patronage was no longer required.

"The only way to even partially protect a design is to give it a name and register it."—London Daily Mail.

FOR THE BABY.

If economy has to be studied in the home of the new baby an ordinary clothes basket, costing twenty-five cents, may be transformed into a most charming and comfortable nest for the little stranger, where most of the time for the first six months of life may be spent.

First cover the basket with pink, blue or white cambric; make a pad of curled hair for the bottom; cover this with oiled silk. Then take white dotted Swiss and cover the cambric; make a deep ruffle around the top, which may be plain or edged with ribbon or lace; wind the handles with ribbon, tying a big bow at the side. A tiny pillow may be added for the drowsy head, but most nurses disapprove of pillows of any size.

Now for the chest upon which the basket can rest. A wooden box thirty inches long and twenty-two inches high is the foundation of one recently seen. It came from the store filled with small parcels and was about to be consigned to the basement or kindling wood, when "the matron" rescued it and announced that from it the baby's hamper and basket were to be evolved.

The man of the house smoothed the rough edges, made a lid, and then a tray of very light wood was fitted in the top, just like a trunk tray. The entire chest was lined with blue cambric; the tray was covered with blue, then with white point d'esprit; pin cushions, pockets and powder box were all put in this tray; it was made exactly like the time honored baby basket.

The top of the chest cover had a piece of blue silk elastic fastened diagonally across, which held the brush, comb and other small articles. Under the tray was plenty of room for the tiny clothes. The outside of the chest was covered with tapestry, but cretonne or the art tickings are all appropriate.



One of the rich models designed for an afternoon dress is done in raspberry and chiffon broadcloth.

For any full dress occasion of a tremendous character there's a lovely cream white silk lace with big, soft figures in it that look like rich Japanese embroidery.

Blues are not to be overlooked in the scheme of color for fall, and being of a more or less indistinct type they, too, will be used in combination with enlivening tones.

Though not all of the so-called heavy effects are very heavy looking, yet they tend that way, as compared with the delicate sorts, and all, in a general way, are adapted to the rooms described as heavy.

The three-quarter length coat of satin or taffeta silk faced with shirred chiffon or lingerie, opening over a vest of fine English embroidery or lace, and with the deep cuffs to match, is an excellent design for a cloth or velvet coat for the winter.

"Among the details of a modern fashionable outfit," says Harper's Bazar, "are the negligee jackets of most graceful lines, and although relegated by etiquette to only the privacy of the bedroom, are attractive enough to serve as models for more elaborate garments.

One daring Parisian creator sends a hat to the New York openings which sets the old superstition at defiance. The hat is a deep blue beaver with a broad straight brim and a low crown. It is raised in the back where ribbons of the shade of the hat cover the cachepeigne. All around the brim are set little pompons of peacock breast feathers, while long tail feathers sweep backward over the crown.

HOW OTTO WON

A Football Story With an Unhappy Ending.

"Every time I read of a football game," said George Mong, of the Coates House, "it reminds me of the days when I used to play the game back in Canal Dover, O. One year we had a team there that we thought could not be beaten. It was really a very strong eleven for a country town. After we had defeated all the small town teams in the vicinity of Canal Dover we decided we'd like to try bigger game; so we secured a contest with a Cleveland high school eleven which had quite a reputation. The Cleveland boys arrived in Canal Dover on Friday night to play us on Saturday. On Saturday morning, much to our dismay, we learned that one of our best men was ill. We wanted to beat that high school team the worst kind, and the illness of our man was a blow to us. Strange as it may seem, we didn't have a substitute good enough to play in this game. We had a couple, but they weren't strong enough. I was captain of the team, and I was up a stump. Sandy Walker, our quarterback, came to me just before noon on Saturday with a bright idea.

"Say, Pie," he said (they used to call me Pieface then), "I'll tell you what to do. Let's get Otto Klein, the butcher boy, to play with us."

"He doesn't know a single thing about the game," I replied.

"What of it? He weighs 200 pounds, and is strong as a bull. We can show him enough in half an hour. He'll play for \$5," argued Sandy.

"It was the only way out. We saw Klein and he agreed to play. I showed him a few of the tricks and taught him the signals. 'Just keep them from reaching that goal of ours,' I said.

"All right," said Otto. I decided to play him at fullback. The game started with Otto away back in the rear playing full. We didn't give him the ball in the first half and not a Cleveland man got away from our line, so we hadn't anything to do but to push the bunch now and then. The half ended 0 to 0. In the second half it was the same story until the last five minutes of the play. Then, through a trick, a Cleveland player got by us with the ball and started for the goal.

"Otto," I yelled, "Don't let him reach that goal! Now, do your work!"

"Otto heard me. He did the work, all right, but not in the way we wanted it done. Turning, he raced madly to the goal and jerked up the slender posts. Then, taking hold of the cross piece, he ran away from the field with all his might. The Cleveland man simply crossed the line and scored a touchdown. Otto came back proud and smiling.

"I did it, didn't I, Pieface," he yelled to me. "He never did get to dot goal, did he?"

"The game ended with a score of 5 to 0 in Cleveland's favor. I lit out at the sound of the final whistle and took a short vacation on my uncle's farm. Everybody was looking for me to tell me what a 'find' I had in Otto and I was too modest to listen to their praise."—Kansas City Times.

The New England Cook.

The typical cook of the average New England town lives, moves and has her being entrenched behind one axiom of precedent; the thing which, in her experience, has been done, can be done again. After this, the deluge.

It may be, for instance, that the domestic goddess in question served her first apprenticeship in a family of ten. For the consumption of such a family she was in the habit of preparing twenty potatoes in one or another form. When, during her subsequent peregrinations, she condescends to minister to my modest home circle of three persons, I sometimes assure myself that if to a knowledge of elementary arithmetic she could add a thorough understanding of higher algebra, geometry and trigonometry, and then superadd some slight acquaintance with differential and integral calculus, she might in time be able to discover that if ten persons require twenty potatoes, by the same ratio of allotment three persons might be satisfied with six.

I suggest six potatoes, a modest and satisfying half dozen. The arbiter of fate replies, "You see, ma'am, I've always been accustomed to cookin' twenty"—and twenty it is!—Martha Baker Dunn, in the Atlantic.

Serenaders Failed.

A Leavenworth bridegroom knew he was slated for a chivari, so he prepared for it. When the crowd came to raise the disturbance he stepped to the door and told the members that they would find a "keg" on the back porch. They went around and got it, borrowed some glasses of a joint-keeper and repaired to a small park near by to consume the liquid. When they tapped the keg they found it contained "air."—Kansas City Journal.

A Sign of Prosperity.

"One of the surest signs of the prosperity we hear so much about," said Howell Jones, of Topeka, Kan., at the Raleigh, "is the tremendous passenger business that is being done by all the railroads. On the Santa Fe, which I happen to know about especially, there was never such a passenger traffic before, and it is the same with the other Western lines."—Washington Post.

His Appetite.

A Kansas City boy, while dining at the house of a friend with his mother, managed to put away a large piece of cake with his pie. The hostess asked him if he could not eat another piece of plum cake. Little Johnny looked slyly out of the corner of his eye at his mother, then, disregarding her warning frown, turned to the hostess and said: "Perhaps I could, if I stood up."