

REINCARNATION.

Her lustrous eyes, with their southern heat, Look indifference into mine...

An icy chill in her sphinxlike glance Seals forever my hopeless woe...

In some other world, in an age outgrown— Say a million of years ago—

AN AFTERNOON CALL.

My mother's illness had kept us home for months, but she was better and beginning again to take interest in magazines and newspapers.

"Go over and call," said my mother; "perhaps she will give you a whiff of the ocean."

Before I could demur she had rung for George to bring around the cart and ordered me out of the house.

I chose a short cut to Ross hill, a country road bordered breast high with blackberry and elder bushes.

Crossing a bridge and looking down through the tree tops to the creek far below I could see the cattle drinking—

The gates barred entrance to the driveway; otherwise the place was not inclosed by wall or hedge—the great green hill stretched away in its beauty for every one to see.

"There was one man at our hotel, when I say a man I mean one who takes your breath away."

"Do not tell me," I would beg. "I do not care to hear her private affairs."

"Neither do I," he would laugh. "I think you might share the burden of woe which she thrusts upon me."

"After I came perhaps he neglected her or broke some of the tendrils she had fastened upon him."

"When I arrived he was dancing a good natured attendance on a young woman unapparently married and exceedingly pretty, infantile type, theatrical tendency to pose."

"Oh, but my mother is better, and besides I am always glad to see you."

"I am so tired of myself that I feel as if every one else must be tired of me too."

"We were sitting in the hammock, which vibrated slowly, encouraged by an occasional touch of her white slippered foot on the turf."

"What do you get that?" I asked. "Oh, he gave it to me," smiling.

"So you are engaged. Please tell me what he is like?"

"You shall see for yourself. He said he would come on this winter."

"Then there will be another wedding at Rose Hill?"

"What do you mean?" with arching brows and surprised eyes. "I do not expect him—he said so; that was all."

"You mean that you do not care for him to come?"

To this she would make no reply, only looked at me in a mocking way, and I rose to go.

"All that talk about Father Time is a mistake. They ought to say Mother Time. I always knew Time was a woman because—time—will—tell."

"She picked up her skirts with one hand, threw me a kiss with the other and ran into the house."

"Didn't Lincoln wade or fish or something in the Sangamon?"

"Yes, he did. I believe Maud is happier than I am; at least I am sure there is something lacking in me now that she is married."

"After one has owned a sister so long it is hard to have some man with no claim at all come and carry her off."

"Now," said Marian, "there is an instance of how serious Maud is. It would break her heart to know that she had half the associations attached to the wrong ferns, but it only makes me laugh when she hangs the California story on a fern I know we brought from the Virginia mountains, or when she tells how she dug that one in an old churchyard in Murristown, N. J., near Washington's headquarters, when Aunt Letty herself identified it as one she sent us from Illinois, from the banks of the Sangamon."

"I don't know what you are talking about," she said, "but I believe Maud is happier than I am; at least I am sure there is something lacking in me now that she is married."

"After one has owned a sister so long it is hard to have some man with no claim at all come and carry her off."

"I just fastened a smile on my face and kept it there till all was over. When I took it off, after they were gone papa said I looked like a ghost in my own house. He offered to take me somewhere, but I know pleasure resorts are places of martyrdom to him. His

idea of recreation is to go fishing with a lot of men and dress like an aborigine.

"When we left we were absolutely lifeless—she with overwork, I with ennui. We went south to the gulf. We were quite too listless to think. If some one would plan out a day, even an hour, for us, we were happy. One of us would say to the other:

"What are you going to do?" "I haven't decided. What will you do?"

"I haven't made up my mind." "I believe I'll walk on the pier and wait for an idea."

"Oh, then, so will I." "There were men about too. One—perhaps forty years old—took a fancy to you. They teased me about him, and I hadn't even ambition to retaliate—just let them tease. At first I had a mild intention of transferring him to Miss Brown (they would have made a nice match), but it proved too much trouble. He would do anything for me and nothing for her, and we needed some man to devise amusement and do the talking for us. He tried to make us promise to return some time, although we hadn't spoken of going. He persisted in trying to make us promise, and we were too inert to oppose him. So one day when he was out in a boat we stepped on board a steambot and went up to North Carolina."

"Beautiful country! Oh, the flowers on the North Carolina hills! I began to appreciate the scenery, and Miss Brown became so sprightly she alarmed me. I told her if she couldn't help growing younger so fast I should have to send home for an older chaperon. Then we drifted about to other places—Sparkling Springs last and longest. We staid at a private hotel—fine old southern house in perfect preservation—magnolias and cape jasmine and pickaninnies. While I think of it let me warn you if you ever go south be careful. You will think every man you meet is in love with you—they are all so devoted."

"There was one man at our hotel, when I say a man I mean one who takes your breath away. There were plenty of apologies for men and several women worth looking at. There was a young widow with a pensive air and a repository of touching allusions to her dear husband, which were very fetching. She had more men about her than any woman in the house; in fact, she could command all of them except the one I spoke of."

"When I arrived he was dancing a good natured attendance on a young woman unapparently married and exceedingly pretty, infantile type, theatrical tendency to pose. She had wrapped herself about him like a vine and gave him daily bulletins of her troubles. Just think of it! How can a woman? And what did that man do but come and repeat all her confidences to me!"

"Do not tell me," I would beg. "I do not care to hear her private affairs."

"Neither do I," he would laugh. "I think you might share the burden of woe which she thrusts upon me."

"After I came perhaps he neglected her or broke some of the tendrils she had fastened upon him. It was only natural that he should show me about a little, all the other men being occupied with the widow. He was merely trying to keep me from stagnation, I'm sure. It was absurd for her to grow jealous, but she did, and she a married woman! Visibly jealous! Perfectly preposterous, especially when there was nothing between us. Were only amusing each other; only passing away the time—the days were so long and delightful."

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FOOD, COOKS AND EATING.

Dumas attributed Eve's sin to a love of eating.

Napoleon's favorite dainty was blood pudding.

The Danes were accustomed to eat six times a day.

In 1500 the French made five kinds of wheat bread.

Oliver Cromwell loved veal seasoned with oranges.

The peacock and swan were famous old German dainties.

In Iceland codfish beaten to a powder are used as bread.

Salmon was formerly believed to promote drunkenness.

The fashion of serving the fish before meats began in 1562.

The Greeks excelled in sweetmeats and fruits, the Romans in solid dishes.

Bread, salt fish, pork and beer were the common breakfast of Henry VIII.

A favorite dainty in Naples in 1600 was a goose plucked and roasted alive.

The interior of a Roman roast pig contained thrushes, ortolans and small fish.

Brillat-Savarin said a dessert without cheese was like a woman without an eye.

In 1697 the English had potatoes, tulip roots, radishes, pumpkins, artichokes, colewort, cabbage, cucumbers, carrots, parsnips, turnips, beets, asparagus, onions, lettuce and cress.

A pie served to Charles II was made of sparrows, potatoes, ergot, lettuce, chestnuts, oysters, citron, artichokes, eggs, lemons, barberries, pepper, nutmeg, cloves, mace, currants, sugar and wine.

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

WHISPERS ABOUT WOMEN.

Mrs. Robert Winthrop, of New York, is worth over \$10,000,000.

Huldah Friedrichs has the honor of being the first lady taken on the regular staff of a London paper.

Miss Bertie O. Barn, of Auburndale, Mass., who saved two girls from drowning last summer, has been presented with a medal.

Mrs. Orme Wilson, of New York, is nothing if not English. All her entertainments are modeled after those of our British cousins.

Mrs. Stevenson, mother of the vice president elect, is eighty-three years of age and one of the best authorities on the early history of Kentucky.

Dr. Kate Campbell Hurd is medical director of the Bryn Mawr school, near Philadelphia. She is the daughter of a physician, and has studied extensively abroad.

Miss Pauline Whitney, of New York, one of the debutantes of this season, is certain to be a belle. That she is a great heiress goes without saying, for she is not only the daughter but the granddaughter of a millionaire.

Mrs. Choate, president of the New York Woman's exchange, is a tall, graceful woman, with gray blue eyes and hair slightly tinged with gray. She is always kind and sympathetic, and listens patiently to many a tale of woe.

Miss Gertrude I. Barrett, daughter of Rev. B. F. Barrett, of Philadelphia, has been made general manager of the Swedenborg Publishing association since the decease of her father, who was for many years president of the association.

On Collecting Autographs.

The most elementary form of the stranger's letter is of course the application for an autograph.

Such requests altogether, as being much more serious consumers of time.—T. W. Higginson in Harper's Bazar.

Aunt Scinda's Four Hundred.

"An old negro woman has established a new theology at Grenada, Miss.," said J. H. B. Miller, of Coffeyville.

Her name is Scinda, and her followers are called "Scinda Band." They number about 400. Scinda is their queen, and rules her flock with an iron rod.

They use no Bibles at their meetings, for each member is supposed to know it by heart. If Scinda asks them a Biblical question they are supposed to have an answer at once. They have their meetings every Sunday evening and they are interesting to observe. The congregation—men and women—are decked out in costly ribbons and beads. Their chants are as weird as the sobs and sighs of graveyard trees. They dance to the music of the banjo and tambourine until they are nearly exhausted, and then they go home.—St. Louis Republic.

The Rag Doll.

The rag doll, dearer to the heart of childhood than any other sort of doll, is quite the fashionably doll par excellence at the present moment.

Unlike the one our grandmothers made for their little ones, the one cherished by the little folks of today is of flesh colored silk jersey cloth or of cotton balbriggan of the same color. Its body is filled with cotton, and its hair is in many rings of yellow single zephyr stitched on in loops. The face is painted, and when it is necessary to clean it this face can be repainted after the rest has been washed, as it can be without injury.—Detroit Free Press.

An Important Appeal.

Advertisements, especially of the personal kind, will frequently reward the searcher for unexpected anti-climaxes.

The following appeared in a New York paper not long ago: "Willie, return to your distracted wife and frantic children! Do you want to hear of your old mother's suicide? You will if you do not let us know where you are at once. Anyway, send back your father's colored meerschaum!"—New York Tribune.

Indian Blood is Prominent.

People of Indian blood predominate in Para, Brazil, and are found in all classes, from servants and peddlers to capitalists and high government officials.

There are very few Portuguese or Africans, and the descendants of both these races show a large admixture of Indian blood.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Wonderful Insect Illuminations.

The secretary of the Smithsonian institution, Professor Langley, has been experimenting with Cuban fireflies with a view to discovering the manner in which the illumination they emit is generated.

He says that the light they give is the "cheapest" in the world—produced, that is to say, with the least heat and the smallest expenditure of energy—and he believes that a successful imitation of it would prove a most profitable substitute for gas or electricity.

The insects are beetles two inches long and the smallest expenditure of energy—and he believes that a successful imitation of it would prove a most profitable substitute for gas or electricity.

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GEMS IN VERSE.

Two Men.

When all the world to him is bright And he's from trouble free,

In everything he takes delight; An optimist is he.

But let a cloud bedim his sky And thorns beset his way,

The ready tear comes to his eye; To woe he is a prey.