

WINTER NIGHTFALL.

The rose has faded from the western sky
Behind the lazy mill,
The snow's wind carved drifts in beauty lie
Where all is gray and still.
Now dim and faint the distant steeple grows,
While night's drear shadows creep
Across the land and dull the weird repose
Of ashen wood and steep.
Above the fields a great enameled star
Is sparkling cold and white;
The deep dark curtains of the east afar
Shine with a sudden light.
And in a moment, with a silver flood
The full moon rises chill
Behind the tangle of the somber wood
That crowns the distant hill.
—R. K. Munkittrick in Harper's Weekly.

HOW THEY MANAGED.

"Pack your things as soon as you please, my dear," said Mr. Chesney. "We're going to move Saturday."
"Mr. and Mrs. Chesney were a matrimonial firm—there was no question about that. Mrs. Chesney had always been a silent partner in the same.
"If ever I got married," said Elma, a bright-eyed girl of 17, "I won't be put upon as mamma is!"
"Where, my dear?" asked Mrs. Chesney with a little start.
"Into the country," said the family autocar. "I'm tired of this city business. It costs a great deal more than it comes to. I'm told you can live at half the expense in the country."
"But," gasped the wife, "what is to become of the children's education?"
"There's a very good district school in the neighborhood, not more than a mile distant," explained her husband, "and exercise will do them good."
"And what are we to do for society?"
"Pshaw!" said Chesney. "I would not give a rap for people who can't be society for themselves. There'll be the housework to do, you know—nobody keeps a girl in the country—and plenty of chores about the place for Will and Spencer. I shall keep a horse if I can get one cheap, for the station is half a mile from the place, and I've bargained for a couple of cows and some pigs."

Meanwhile Mr. Chesney explained to his wife the various advantages which were to accrue from the promised move.
"It's unfortunate," said he, "that Elma and Rosie aren't boys. Such a lot of women folks are enough to swamp any family. Men now can always earn their bread. But we must try to make everybody useful in some way or other. It's so healthy, you know," added he. "And the rent won't be half of what we pay here."
"Are there any modern conveniences about the place?" timidly inquired Mrs. Chesney.
"There's a spring of excellent water about a hundred yards from the house," said her husband.
"Mrs. Chesney grew pale.
"Have I got to walk a hundred yards for every drop of water I want?" said she.
"And a large rainwater hoghead under the eaves of the house," added Mr. Chesney. "And I've already got a bargain in kerosene lamps. As for candles, I am given to understand that good housekeepers make 'em themselves in tin molds. There's nothing like economy. Now I do beg to know, Abigail," he added irritably, "what you are looking so lachrymose about? Do you expect to sit still and fold your hands while I do all the work? Give me a woman for sheer natural laziness!"

The first sight of Mullenstark farm was dispiriting in the extreme. Between rock and swamp there was scarcely pasture for the two lean cows that Mr. Chesney had bought at a bargain, and the hollow backed horse which stalked about the premises like some phantom Bucephalus.
The apple trees in the orchard were three-quarters dead, and leaned sorrowfully away from the east winds, until their boughs touched the very ground, fences had all gone to ruin and the front gate was tied up with a hemp string.
"Is this home?" said Elma, with an indescribable intonation in her voice.
"We'll get things all straightened up after awhile," said Mr. Chesney, bustling to drive away the pigs, which had broken out of their pen and were squealing dismally under the window.
Mrs. Chesney cried herself to sleep that night and awakened the next morning with every bone instinct with shooting pains.
"And no wonder," said Spencer; "there's a foot of water in the cellar."
"We must have it drained," said Mr. Chesney, with an uneasy look; "but there's plenty of things to do first."

And now began a reign of the strictest economy. Mr. Chesney himself paid for everything with checks, and not an article came into the house or went out of it without his cognizance. New dresses were frowned upon; spring bonnets were strictly interdicted; orders were issued that old carpets should be reversed, and broken dishes repaired with cement and quicklime.
"Save, save, save! that is the chief thing," he kept repeating briskly. "Women folks can't earn; they should try their best to save."
"Boys," fluttered Rosie, "I've an idea. Mary Penn, who lives on the next farm, you know, came over to see Elma and me yesterday. Papa is earning his living; we'll earn something too."
"I should like to know how," muttered Spencer. "I might hire out somewhere if it wasn't for that wretched old horse, and the pigs, and the wood chopping, and—"
"Oh, but there is something that won't interfere with the chores, nor with school," said cheerful little Rosie. "Just listen—all I ask of you is to listen."

And the weeks grow into months, and the red leaves eddied down into little swirls from the maple trees, and "pig killing time" came, and with the aid of a lame, one-eyed man Mr. Chesney laid down his own stock of pork and sausages, with the sense of being triumphantly economical.
The family had left off complaining now. Apparently they were resigned to their doom. But there were some things that Mr. Chesney could not explain at all. A new rug brightened up the dismal

hues of the parlor carpet; Rosie had a crimson merino dress, trimmed with black velvet bars; Elma's fall jacket was edged with substantial black fur, and—grand climax of extravagance—Mrs. Chesney had a new shawl in place of the old garment which had been her mother's before her.
He looked at the housekeeping books with renewed vigilance. He consulted the stubs of his checkbook with a notice that nothing could escape.
"I don't know—how—they manage it," said he, scratching his nose with a lead pencil that he always carried. "I hate mysteries, and I mean to be at the bottom of this before I am an hour older."
"Abigail," said he, "how is this? I've given you no money; you've long left off asking for money. How have you managed to smarten yourself and the children up so? I won't be cheated by my own wife."
Elma sat down the pitcher which she was wiping and came and stood before her father with glittering eyes and cheeks stained with crimson, like a flag of battle.
"Papa," she said, "you must not speak to mamma so. Mamma would not cheat you nor nobody else. It's money we've earned ourselves."
Mr. Chesney stared at the girl with incredulous eyes.
"And if you don't believe it come and see how," said Elma, flinging down her towel. "Mary Penn showed us. She told us everything and gave us the first swarm of bees. There are 14 swarms down there under the south wall. Spencer sold the honey for us. And we planted all the nice flowers that grow down in the meadow that you said was too stony and barren for the sheep to pasture upon, and Will dug and hoed around them after all the chores were done, and we sent boxes and bouquets of lilies and verbenas to the city every day by Mr. Penn's wagon. And we gathered wild strawberries before the sun was up and got cherries out of the old lane. And the money is ours—every cent of it."

"Honey, eh?" said Mr. Chesney, staring at the row of hives, for Elma had dragged him out into the November moonlight to the scene of action. "Well, I've seen these many a time, but I always s'posed they belonged to Squire Penn's folks. And flowers and wild berries! Didn't think there was so much money in 'em. Guess I'll try the business myself next year. Queer that the women folks should have got the start of me."
After that he regarded his family with more respect. The mere fact that they could earn money had elevated them immensely in his sight.
But when spring came he lost his able auditor. Miss Elma incidentally announced to him one day that she was going to be married to Walter Penn the next week.
"And mamma is coming to live with us," added Elma. "She can't stand the damp house and this hard work any longer."
But Mrs. Chesney did not go to the Penn farm. Mr. Chesney hired a stout serving maid and laid drain pipes under the kitchen stoop. If his wife really understood her business so well, it was worth while to keep her well and active, he considered.
"I couldn't leave papa, you know," said Mrs. Chesney to Elma. "Ho means well, and now that Rebecca Beckel is coming here and the kitchen is dry we shall get along nicely. I wouldn't go back to the city for anything now."
"Nor I either," said Elma. "And, oh, mamma, I shall always love those beehives under the hollyhocks, for it was there that Walter asked me to be his wife."
Mrs. Chesney tearfully kissed her daughter. She, too, had been happy once and had her dreams. It was to be hoped that Walter Penn was made of different metal from George Chesney.—Woman's Magazine.

A Child's Opinion of Adam.
A quaint little maid who has very decided and clearly defined notions of her own, whose home is on the North Side, close by the Lake Shore Drive, and whose mamma is a communicant of St. James', recently very urgently requested that she be provided with one of "those big print Bibles that have covers that double back." She explained that she wanted to read the Bible all through, as her new Sunday school teacher had done—she had just been promoted from the infant room to the Sunday school proper—before she was 10 years old. Of course her mamma was not only willing but anxious to encourage so pious a purpose, and she got the sort of a Bible little Sue wanted. Each day for an hour or more she read with careful attention in her new Bible.
When she came to that chapter which relates how God called Adam and Eve to account for their disobedience, she went to her mother, and bringing her soft covered Bible together with a bang exclaimed with scornful indignation: "Do you know, mamma, that I think Adam was just as mean as he could be. He wasn't fit to speak to, and if I had been in Eve's place I never would have spoken to him again. Just think of his going and telling God on Eve after he had eaten the apple too. I don't see what made God listen to such a tattler anyway."—Chicago Herald.

Getting Money to Go Shopping.
A well known artist, whose studio is in New York, but whose home is in a pleasant village an hour's ride from the metropolis, promised faithfully one morning that he would do some shopping for his wife. On arriving at his studio he found that he had money enough in his pocket for his lunch and no more. What to do about the shopping? Suddenly he bethought himself of an order for an illustration that he had received from a magazine. He set to work, and in less than two hours had finished the drawing, collected \$60 for it at the publisher's office and had started on the more exhaustive labor of shopping.—New York Sun.

An Art Note.
"I hear Palette had a picture in the exhibition."
"Yes, but he didn't have it there long. The jury returned it immediately."—Vogue.

Very Extreme.
"I quite agree with you that in the matter of dress we should conform to the usages of society, Cynthia," said Colonel Calliper to his wife as they sat at dinner, "but in this, as in other matters, we should be guided by reason."
"I knew a young man who was so punctilious in this regard that once at a watering place where he was staying, the tide happening to serve after 6 o'clock, he went clammimg in a swallowtail coat."
"Now, that, I should consider, is carrying the thing to extremes."—New York Sun.

What He Wanted.
"We can't permit anybody to dictate rates to us, sir," said the clerk at the advertising counter loftily. "I can give you all the space you want, but you will have to come to my figures."
"You can give me all the space I want, can you, young man?"
"I can, sir."
"In that case," said the man on the outside of the counter blandly, "will you please give me the regular rates for the orbit of Neptune?"—Chicago Tribune.

Sympathy.
Housekeeper—This is the twentieth time today that I've had to come to the door to tell peddlars that I did not want anything.
Peddler—Very sorry, mum!
Housekeeper—It's some comfort to know that you are sorry, anyhow.
Peddler—Yes, mum, I'm very sorry you don't want anything, mum.—New York Weekly.

Heartfelt.
Sammy Snags (at the dinner table)—I wish I was twins!
Mr. Snags—Why, Sammy?
Sammy—So I could get two pieces of pie.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

A Great Debt.
Kitty—Isn't it wonderful how well Jack gets along on a small salary.
Tom (guardedly)—Ah, well, you see, he owes a great deal to his friends.—Brooklyn Life.

An Experiment.
The Mother—Why, Mary! What are you doing to that child?
Mary—Well, ma'am, she's awful wakeful tonight, and I've often heard as bein in the wind makes one sleepy. I just thought I'd try it on her.—Harper's Bazar.

Secrecy of Game.
City Sportsman—Have you seen anything worth shooting at around here?
Farmer—Well, no; not till you came along, b'gosh!—Somerville Journal.

HUMOR

HIS LITTLE ROMANCE.

How It Was Crushed by the Words She Spoke to Him.
The De Blair ball is midway over. Bright eyes outshine diamonds in webby laces. Soft gleaming silks mirror rose colored lamps. Lights twinkle, maids whisper. Half gay, half stinks melt on the ear. A blue eyed girl, dreamy, slim and tremulous lipped, is floating in the arms of young Arlington. He whispers to her now and again, and she answers with a smile or a glance.
There were the social tea, cream bars, chocolate bars, orange bonbon, ginger-snaps, graham wafers, butter wafers, ginger flakes, salted snowflakes and fruit crackers. These seemed to taste the better out of the pretty baskets, which were more novel than trays. As a relish there were plates of thin slices of ham and tongue, olives and cream cheese. Coffee and chocolate were both served, and the men in particular declared the spread was the success of the season.—Brooklyn Eagle.

An Ancient German Tradition.
According to ancient German traditions, the forgetmenot is supposed to bring good luck to any one who finds it without looking for it, and in support of this many pretty fairy stories are told. According to one legend, a German youth found a forgetmenot and placed it in his hat. Immediately the earth opened, and he saw before him untold wealth in gold and precious stones. He proceeded to fill his pockets, and as he stooped his hat fell off. The flower was separated from the hat and flew out, "Forgetmenot," in his bewilderment the youth did not hear the appeal. Just as he was about to depart the earth closed and killed him.
Thus did the flower obtain its name and at the same time give rise to the belief that the forgetmenot accidentally found brings good luck as long as the finder retains it in possession. It would be interesting to know how many people at the present day believe that the forgetmenot still retains that virtue, and that it is shared by the 4-leaved clover.—New York Telegram.

The Death of a Business Woman.
Miss Mary F. Seymour died of pneumonia at her home in New York city on Tuesday. Her father, who is dead, was a lawyer. She was one of the first young women to earn her own living by stenography in a business office. She studied law, became a notary public, established a school of stenography and typewriting, and finally, six years ago, founded The Business Women's Journal, now called The American Women's Journal, which has a wide circulation among women who are in business. She was the first woman ever appointed commissioner of deeds for New Jersey, and to enable the governor to appoint her to this office the legislature passed a law authorizing the appointment of women. As an expert stenographer she had charge of the law reporting of many important cases.

True to Her Dead Love for 75 Years.
Miss Nancy Marvin, who died recently at Monrovia, was 103 years of age, and had a romance in early life that ever kept her single in devotion to her betrothed. She was born in London, Oct. 25, 1789. When she was 3 years old her parents sailed for America. From New York they went to Philadelphia, and thence to Baltimore.
The romance of Miss Marvin's life occurred at Baltimore in 1818. She was engaged to be married to Nicholas Hayes. The wedding day was set for Oct. 9, but on Oct. 4 her betrothed took ill and died in a few hours. The tears would course down her wrinkled face when talking in late years of her old lover, to whom she had always been true.—Indianapolis Journal.

A Novel Baby Exhibit.
One of the favorite arguments against the higher education of women is that the race will degenerate if woman to a great extent abandons maternity as her prime vocation in life. In practical refutation of this argument one of the novel exhibits at the fair will be a set of photographic likenesses of babies whose mothers are remarkable for intellectual achievement and ability. It has been suggested that these scientific cherubs be christened "Political Economy," "Greek Literature," "Higher Mathematics," etc., in accordance with whatever branch of learning their erudite mothers have been most distinguished.

When Mrs. Cleveland Drives Out.
Mrs. Cleveland has been driving about town for the past few days in the most stylish turnout which ever belonged to the White House stables. She handled the ribbons over a pair of handsome, clean limbed, dock tailed bay horses drawing a low phaeton or victoria, with a rumble behind, in which sits bolt upright a very black tiger in very white livery. Mrs. Cleveland sits on a driver's cushion, and when she has a gentleman with her, which is generally the case, he is compelled to look up to the handsome woman by his side, who holds the whip and reins like a true jockey.—Washington Letter.

Prize Money Well Spent.
When the wealthy and talented Mrs. Sears of Boston won the \$500 prize with her "Romola" at the water color exhibition, there was much quoting of the Biblical "To him that hath more shall be given." But the gracious prize winner has bestowed the entire amount, together with no inconsiderable sum from her own purse, upon a teacher in Boston, who has not had a vacation for 15 years, to enable her to make a trip to Europe.

An Actress' Name.
The name of Elenora Duse is just now taxing the ingenuity of the average theater goer. It may not be amiss to say that Dou-say is the correct pronunciation of the Italian actress' name, the emphasis falling on the first syllable.—Critic.

A Dainty Luncheon.

There is hardly any kind of entertainment this year at which refreshments are not served. To vary these is often a difficult problem for the hostess. One of the rules of a card club, which meets every two weeks at homes of the members, forbids anything very elaborate, so that the hostess often racks her brains to provide a tasty spread which shall not be like the last. The novelty of the season was the cracker lunch at the last meeting given by a member just home from Philadelphia, where she got the idea. Dainty baskets tied with green ribbons were filled with every variety of fancy crackers to be found.
There were the social tea, cream bars, chocolate bars, orange bonbon, ginger-snaps, graham wafers, butter wafers, ginger flakes, salted snowflakes and fruit crackers. These seemed to taste the better out of the pretty baskets, which were more novel than trays. As a relish there were plates of thin slices of ham and tongue, olives and cream cheese. Coffee and chocolate were both served, and the men in particular declared the spread was the success of the season.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Philosopher.
Zack Bumstead used to flosserize about the ocean on the skies.
An gab and gas from morn till noon
About the other side the moon,
An' 'bout the nature of the place
An' 'bout the end of the space,
Ten miles beyond the end of space,
An' if his wife sh'd ask the crank
If he wouldn't kinder try to yank
Himself outdoors an' get some wood
To make her kinder see the good,
So she'd bake her beans an' pies,
He'd say, "I've gotter flosserize."
An' then he'd set and flosserize
About the natur' an' the size
Of angels' wings, an' think an' gawp
An' wonder how they made 'em flap.
He wondered ef yer loved a hawk,
Right through the yerm 'n' pole to pole,
An' then sh'd trip an' stumble through,
The best thing you had oughter to do,
He'd exclaim, "I've gotter flosserize."
"I would take to move the sun, he'd do,
An' if the skid wuz strong an' prime,
It couldn't be moved to supper time.
Ef his wife sh'd ask the lout
Ef he wouldn't kinder walk to town
An' take a rag an' shoe the flies,
He'd say, "I've gotter flosserize."
An' so he'd set and flosserize
About the yerth an' sea an' skies,
An' scratch his head an' ask the cause
Ef what there wuz before time wuz,
An' w'at the universe 'ud do
Bimeby w'en time had all got through;
An' jest how far w'd he've to climb
Ef he sh'd travel out er time,
An' ef he'd need w'en he got there
To keep our watches in repair.
Then, ef his wife sh'd ask the gawk
Ef he wouldn't kinder try to walk
To where she had the table spread
An' kinder git his stomach fed,
He'd leap for that an' kitchen door
An' say, "W'y didn't you speak afore?"
An' w'en he'd set an' supper et,
He'd set an' set an' set an' et,
An' fold his arms an' slit his eyes,
An' set an' set an' flosserize."—S. W. Foss.

When Jim Was Dead.
When Jim was dead,
"Hit saved him right," the neighbors sed,
An' bused him right for the life he'd led,
An' him a-lyin' thar at rest
With not a rose upon his breast!
Ah! mummy cruel wuz they sed
When Jim was dead.
"Jest killed himself," "Too mean ter live,"
They'd tell it w'en the word ter give
Ef comfort as they hovered near,
An' gazed on Jim a-lyin' thar!
"Thar ain't no use to talk," they sed,
"He's better dead!"
But suddenly the room grooved still,
While God's white sunshine seemed ter fill
The dark place with a gleam of life,
An' o'er the dead she bent—Jim's wife!
An' with her lips close, close to his,
As though he knew an' felt the kiss,
She solled—a touch in sight ter see—
"Ah, Jim was always good ter me!"
I tell you when that cum to me!
It kinder set the dead man right,
An' round the weepin woman they
Threw "ndly arms of love that day,
An' mingled with her own they shed
The tenderest tears—what Jim was dead.
—Frank L. Stanton.

A Gift Divine.
This gift is given,
This gift from heaven,
Unda few—
Through veins with human frailty filled
A glow divine is found distilled.
There's music rare
Played in the air
To such a one,
And measured by its mystic flow
His breathing and his movements go.
As through the sky
The meteor fly,
So darts his glance,
Or it would seem as though soft hands
Had waded before his face like fans.
By man and beast
From great to least
He will be loved.
A child will sit upon his knees
And seek his face confidingly.
He cannot rest
Without the best
The world can give.
Our truest thought to him we bring;
Our sweetest song to him we sing.
And if we find,
Like all mankind,
He, too, can sin,
We feel, although we sigh or weep,
His part divine is but asleep.
—Eleanor B. Caldwell.

Drawing the Cider.
To draw the cider we were sent—
Two on a mirth an' mischief bent—
She bore the candle during light,
The old blue figured pitcher, I.
What shadows o'er the cellar wall
Tossed, hige and shapless, dim and tall!
What eerie sounds from rack and bin,
And casks that pent real spirits in!
The spigot turned, both heads bent low
To watch the amber current flow;
The candle light danced strangely dim—
The pitcher must not overrin.
So close, so close our faces drew,
Our lips had touched before we knew,
And ere they parted—rogues disgraced—
Six quarts of cider went to waste!
—Frank Leslie's Weekly.

Love Is Not Free.
Love is not free to take, like sun and air,
Nor give away for naught to any one.
It is no common right for men to share.
Like all things precious, it is sought and won.
So if another is more loved than you
Say not, "It is unjust," but say, "If she
Has earned more love than I it is her due;
When I deserve more I will come to me."
But if your longing be for love indeed
I'll teach you how to win it—a sure way.
Love and be lovely—that is all you need,
And what you wish for will be yours some day.
—Susan Coolidge.

From too much love of living.
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods there be,
That no life lives forever,
That dead men rise up never,
That even the wisest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.
—Swinnburn.

GEMS IN VERSE.

The Fortune Teller.
She stood in the weird first twilight
By the fire of the gipsy camp,
Surrounded by shadows, half starved
By the crackle of bonny's tramp;
New England, blue eyes and slender,
And Italy, jagged and fell;
The past had been spoken—the future
Those ominous lips should foretell.
"My husband," she blushed; "shall I see him
Ere the maples turn to gold?"
"Your husband," she pondered, "your husband
Ere olives are picked you behold;
His face is handsome and manly;
His hand has the grasp of a king;
Ask not beyond this for the harvest;
Know only how fair is the spring."
"In palace or cottage or castle,
In city or town shall we live?"
"Ah, daughter, you ask of the future
More than you wish I should give.
If the hand that guards and protect you
Has love in its press, ne'er complain;
Your home shall be sweeter for dreaming,
Though your castle's—a castle in Spain."
—Charles Knowles Bolton.

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New York City.
Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

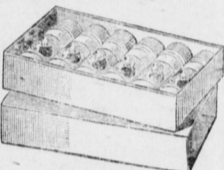
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