

ELENORA DUSE.

Madonna, of the deepest source of tears, The charm is thine; 'e'en in thy mirth doth dwell...

THE ART STUDENT.

I've had some interesting experiences, I can tell you. It's not a bad life, on the whole, but at first it used to be very annoying in some ways.

There was a little student who came to draw here, a little bit of a thing, with a sallow face and a slight limp.

Some time ago a young man came here pretty frequently for several months. He's a fine, handsome fellow, very straight in front of you.

Next day she came early and worked assiduously. The boy was there too. He did not notice her, he was so busy.

Well, they chatted a bit after that and compared notes till the ice was fairly broken, so the time flew and the little gray student found she had forgotten all about that tiresome foot of the Hermes which wouldn't come right.

Some days she was there alone, and then she would look wistfully from time to time toward the door.

When the two got tired of work they would sit and talk to her by the window. Sometimes it was art, sometimes it was poetry or scraps of news and often odds and ends.

Hard on Johnny. Mamma—No, Johnny; one piece of pie is quite enough for you.

and wailed, "Oh, dear, kind God, make me good, and make me patient, and clever, and wise—clever and wise."

One morning I heard a soft laugh behind me, and then the boy's voice. He passed me with a tall, fair girl. They passed in front of a bust of Socrates.

There was a tremulous silence for a few minutes. Only Venus and I heard the deep, quick breaths coming from the huddled little figure concealed behind a pillar.

No, I don't blame the boy. It wasn't anybody's fault in particular. He was kind to her because he couldn't help it; he was as sympathetic as the tenderest woman, and much too good and simple souled to play with her feelings.

Dr. Wynter Blyth, the medical officer of health for Marylebone, is the sworn enemy of high game, on the perfectly consistent ground that no valid distinction can be drawn between decomposition in the rabbit and the same process in the hare.

Common experience seems to show that the products of ordinary decomposition, at any rate in its earlier stage, are destroyed or rendered inert by cooking; otherwise the mortality among the disciples of Lucullus in the upper classes would be phenomenal.

The other day, says a correspondent from Alsace, while I was on my way from M. to Z., I found myself in company with four gentlemen, each of whom was smoking.

Upper Broadway and Fifth avenue in New York swarm with men whose attire indicates that they are in Ollie Teal's "4,000."

Science is pressing relentlessly into the heels of the microbe. The latest method of coping with this minute but potent source of disease is to literally cast it out of the abiding place in which it is installed itself.

Johnny—It's funny. You say you are anxious that I should learn to dance properly, and yet you won't give me a chance to practice.—Texas Siftings.

THREE COTTAGES THREE FAMILIES AND ONE TENNIS COURT

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An Inaugural Ode. He went to the Capital City. In the midst of the bustle and din, To see how a great and grand federal state Doth usher a new ruler in.

And he gazed on the backs of the people, And he heard the loud trumpet's merry And his feet marked time to the blare chime Of the good old church bells there.

And he paid \$10 a minute For the fun of a knocking about, For the fun of a mauling and hauling, For the fun of a deafening shout.

But he saw not the man elected, He heard not the great man's speech, He saw no parade, though for seats he had paid, For the crowd kept them out of his reach.

And when he returned to his homestead His clothing was tattered and torn, And down in his soul was a surplus of dole Mixed in with a leaven of scorn.

And he said with a sigh that was tearful, And a face that was dreadful to see, "Despite the hard seats and the acrobat's feats, Despite the bad jokes and the commonplace folks, Despite the mad freak and the lemonade weak, The circus of old suits me!" —Harper's Bazar.

One of Africa's Latest Marvels. Only five years ago a magnificent harbor was discovered at the mouth of the Pungwe river, about 115 miles below the Zambesi delta.

In speaking of marriage, Mrs. Kendal says: "All my experience in life teaches me that two of a trade always agree in the married state. I would have a tailor marry a dressmaker, a painter marry a sculptress, and so on.

An American Wife in London. An American girl, who has become an English woman by marriage and who knows both sides of the Atlantic, says "that the right thing to do in order to insure the greatest happiness on earth and experience the greatest privileges is to be born in the states and marry abroad, because here the girls get all the attention from the men, while in London the society girl is nowhere, and the young wives are the attraction.

The Pipe Craze in the East. Upper Broadway and Fifth avenue in New York swarm with men whose attire indicates that they are in Ollie Teal's "4,000."

A Long Felt Want to Be Filled. A long felt want is about to be filled in English society. It is stated that a number of ladies of limited means but unlimited position are about to form themselves into a chaperon society, and act as duennas to those young ladies who may be intrusted to their charge.

An Interesting Use of Photography. A French photographer lately invented a process by which a bit of ordinary paper—the leaf of a book, for example—can be made sensitive to the light without affecting the rest of the page.

Wyming Family Politics. A Wyoming man was asked, "Do married women vote with their husbands?" He answered: "Usually, but on the same principle that men closely associated vote alike. Politics is table talk, but it has not been known to wreck a family.

THE STAGE AS A PROFESSION.

Mrs. Kendal Talks About Advantages and Some of its Disadvantages. When recently some one questioned Mrs. Kendal what she thought of the stage as a career for women, she said: "This is of all questions the most difficult to answer and especially difficult to an actress who is supposed by the public to have been exceptionally successful.

"A good governess is treated as an equal, for surely no woman would put her children with a governess she could not respect and trust. If she is ill, she is taken care of, and if need be may take a holiday.

When Earth's last picture is painted; when the tubes are twisted and dried, When the oldest colors have vanished, and the youngest critic has died, We shall rest and, faith, we shall need it, lie down for an hour or two, Till the Master of all good workmen shall set us to work again.

The End of the Whole Matter. When Earth's last picture is painted; when the tubes are twisted and dried, When the oldest colors have vanished, and the youngest critic has died, We shall rest and, faith, we shall need it, lie down for an hour or two, Till the Master of all good workmen shall set us to work again.

The Little Garden of Children. There is a little garden on the earth Wherein I wander gladly day and night; There could I never cease to be, For 'tis 'erefrom with angel beauties bright, There gaze the eyes, undimmed with sorrow's flood, From bowers terrone to cloudless skies and blue, While chattering on each fairy finger green There is distilled a crystal drop of dew.

There smile the sun's approving radiant beams, A brighter twinkle has each merry star; Joy and delight and bliss are ever near, While sadness, care and grief groan from afar.

Oh, do not seek that garden on the earth; It is an ever-silent to be near. We need like children only to become, And, lo, we have that kindergarten here! —From the German.

Some puddle their canoes along upon life's troubled sea, In a happy, careless, don't-care way, with voices full of glee, With many a splash and many a dash they row themselves along, But their boats don't make much headway, for their strokes are never strong.

There are others still who row along the course from day to day Who never splash and never dash and haven't much to say, You never hear them coming, but they win the race because They save their wind for business and pull with muffled oars. —Frank Marion.

The Life Beyond. The star is not extinguished when its sets Upon the dull horizon; it but goes To shine in other skies, then reappear In ours as fresh as when it first arose.

The river is not lost when o'er the rock It pours its flood into the abyss below; Its scattered foam reuniting from the shock, It hastens onward with yet fuller flow.

Thus nothing dies, or only dies to live; Star, stream, sun, flower, the dewdrop and the gold, Each goodly thing instinct with buoyant hope, Hastens to put in its purer, finer mold.

Thus in the quiet joy of kindly trust We bid each parting saint a brief farewell; Weeping, yet smiling, we commit their dust To the safe keeping of the silent cell. —Horatius Bonar.

GEMS IN VERSE.

Hero Worship. "Is it not what you think?" O judges wise, Can we not have Valhalla for our own Within our hearts, where all the souls we prize?

Back, justice, to your work of weighing, slow, The dead ye dedicate to Fame's courts above! But leave us free to worship here below With faith and hope the living whom we love. —Constance Fenimore Woolson.

About Husbands. Johnson was right, I don't agree to all The solemn dogmas of the rough old stager, But very much approve what one may call The minor morals of the "Gent Major."

Young lady—deep in love with Tom or Harry— This is to tell you such a tale as this, But here's the moral of it—do not marry, Or, marrying, take your lover as he is!

A very man—not one of nature's clods— With human feelings, whether saint or sinner, Endowed perhaps with genius from the gods, But apt to take his temper from his dinner. —John G. Saxe.

And those that are good shall be happy; they shall sit in a golden chair And splash at a ten league canvas with brushes of camel's hair; They shall have real saints to draw from, Silas and Peter and Paul; They shall work for a year at a sitting and never get tired at all.

And only Rembrandt shall teach us, and only Van Dyke shall blame, And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame, But all for the sake of working, and each in his separate art, Shall paint the Thing as he sees it for the God of Things as they are. —Rudyard Kipling.

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