

MARGARITE SORORI.

A late lark twitters from the quiet skies,
And from the west,
Where the sun, his day's work ended,

The smoke ascends
In a rosy and golden haze. The spires
Shine and are changed. In the valley
Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun,

I was the leading man. We had been
"barnstorming" through the provinces
for some months, and the season was
drawing to a close. So, too, was the
time for a certain note I had drawn when

Three nights before we closed my benefit
was to come off. I had put up "Hamlet"
and "The King to Ruin." My announcing
the former of these much annoyed the
manager, who had not sufficient confidence

Well, every billboard bore the announcement
in bills half a yard in length:
"Hamlet, prince of Denmark, by Mr. Arthur
Stanley; Ophelia, by Miss Amy St. John;

The old church clock tolling the important
hour of 6 warned me to hurry from my lodgings
to that temple of fame in which I fondly
hoped I had secured a niche for myself.

"This is indeed renowned," I muttered.
"What matters it that my salary is small
when my fame is becoming so great?"

"That is my name," I replied, trying to
hurry on.
"Excuse me, sir, then," returned the man,

"This is most unfortunate," I said.
"Had it been but one night later I should
not have minded."

"On the contrary, I should have been
able to have discharged the amount. I
suppose you couldn't put off the arrest
till after business this evening?"

"Let us go," I said. "For tonight was
appointed for my benefit. But no flatter.
Denmark's a prison—goodly one, in
which there are many confines, wards and
dungeons." Lead on. As I turned to

"Oh, Mr. Stanley," the man said. "I
am sent to tell you that we've no ghost;
Figgins has just come in awfully drunk."

"I was about to answer him, when my
captur interrupted me, asking me if I had
put up "Hamlet." Upon my replying in
the affirmative, he said he thought he
could help me. He had been a member

"Up went the curtain to a house crowded
with every promise of success, my reception
was most flattering and the applause
which greeted my points almost made
me forget the presence of my captian,

As the words "Adieu, adieu! Hamlet,
remember me," were uttered generous
applause rewarded the exertions of the
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earth and the other place when, turning,
I saw my father's spirit still upon the
stage.
"Leave the stage," I whispered, supposing
that my friend had forgotten his exit.

The drop down, I showered expostulations
upon my persecuting father's head,
but he turned a deaf ear to them all.

In a few minutes the tale was in every
dressing room, and the company choking
with laughter, but as it was not an affair
of theirs they did not offer any objection

I despair made me desperate. I called a
scene shifter, and while I pointed to one
of the fly pieces, as if it was that I was
speaking, I whispered words of very different
import in his ear.

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"If you still persist in being at my elbow,"
I said to my ghost, "I must trouble
you to shift your quarters, as I enter
at the back of the scene."

He accompanied me as requested, followed
by the scene shifter, and as we
stopped I heard the cue given for my
entrance. I turned to my ally, who stamped
sharply on the stage, and a knock underneath
replying to his signal, he seized the
ghost as the trap upon which they stood
opened, and in a moment they were
both hidden from my sight.

"The increase in business was immediate.
During the first month the gain was
nearly ten per cent, and at the end of a year
five times as much business as the
preceeding proprietor had ever known was
coming to these two enterprising young
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THEIR NOVEL FIELD.

TWO YOUNG WOMEN WON WHERE A
MAN MET FAILURE.

A Railroad Restaurant on New and
Successful Lines—Proprietors Prosperous
and Happy and Patrons Pleased.

Two women who had to support themselves
felt that the task would be easier
if they could work together. As they
were not fitted to be teachers in these
days of exciting higher education and
had no adaptability for military and
dressmaking beyond the ability to wear
their own clothes well after they had selected
them with taste, the occupation of
making clothes and hats for their friends
was impossible.

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A Woman Journalist.

Here is how Dorothy Dix, otherwise
Mrs. Elizabeth M. Gilmer, of the New
Orleans Picayune in a letter explains
how she became a journalist: "I am a
newspaper woman for the sheer love of it
and hankering after it, and I cannot remember
when I did not try my pen on the
hand. ** I was born and reared on a
big stock farm in middle Tennessee,
where I grew up with thoroughbred colts
and little negroes, the two subjects that
I really understand best and that I can
never get away from writing about."

Her only signed articles are the Sunday
"Dorothy Dix Talks," which the paper
features. Mrs. Gilmer's recipe for these
quite famous talks is as follows: "I try
to make a kind of salad with a dash of
the vinegar of satire, plenty of oil of
human kindness, a pinch of the salt of
wit and sugar enough to make it sweet
for the world." Her critics say that she
appeals with singular force to the illiterate.
This is a high compliment, for it is
far more difficult to win and hold the attention
of the uncultivated than of the
cultivated reader.

The Third Time Charmed.
Women have the reputation of being
severe judges of their own sex, and not
without cause, it must be confessed. A
peculiar costume, a disagreeable tone in
the voice, an abruptness of manner
which is quite as likely to be caused by
shyness as indifference, and one woman
conceives an immediate prejudice against
another. There is such a thing as an
instinctive dislike which a sensitive nature
feels when it comes in contact with
insincerity, slowness or vulgarity. But
more often we judge another harshly and
unjustly because he or she is a little
peculiar or because the person in question
has not sufficiently appreciated us. This
sort of dislike is frequently outgrown and
regretted with shame. A friend of the late
Lady Salisbury made this confession:
"The first time I met her she severely
looked at me, and I went away and
disliked her for seven years more. The
third time I found her alone, had a two
hours' talk with her and loved her forever
after."

Rest the Tired Head.
A Frenchman said recently, "Let every
woman have two hours a day of serious
mental occupation, during which the
fatigue of her mind will be relieved, and
all her powers will be systematized,
her tired head will be rested and her
good sense and judgment will regain
their empire, and peace will dwell in
her agitated heart." Every housekeeper
knows the truth of his words. The care
of the home may be a delightful occupation,
but it ought not to exclude every
other interest. There can be no happiness
for a woman with brain and imagination
in a life that limits her to mere
domestic drudgery. Every housekeeper
should study herself and learn her
"own talent," for she surely has one, and
turn to its development as a relief. By
so doing she brings added happiness to
her family as well as to herself. The least
companionable wife is the one wholly
occupied by household cares, as all men
know in their souls.

Women Smugglers.
"No; in my experience in the service I
have found few women smugglers," said
a custom house officer to an inquisitive
woman who was awaiting the arrival of
a European steamship on one of the
piers. "That old idea that every woman
believes in a high tariff and yet smuggles
every chance she gets is all nonsense."

Do Your Eyebrows Meet?
It is sometimes said that if one's
eyebrows meet it indicates deceit. Charles
Kingsley indorses this belief, but Tenney
has other ideas and poetically speaks
of "married brows." In Turkey meeting
eyebrows are greatly admired, and the
women use artificial means to bring the
brows to this condition.
The Greeks admired brows which
almost met, and the fashionable inhabitants
of Rome resorted to paint to make up the
lack which sometimes existed. Some proverb
state that the person whose eyebrows
meet will always have good luck, while
others state exactly the reverse. Some
of the earth's greatest and noblest men
and women have these meeting eyebrows.
Some beauties are so proud of theirs
that they would not have them removed
or "improved" for anything.

The Khedive's Wife.
The wife of the khedive of Egypt
enjoys a somewhat novel position among
eastern women as the cherished wife of
a devoted husband. It was while the
slave of the valid (dowager) khedivah
that the present khedivah, Ibbal Hanem,
won the admiration of the khedive. She
is of the Circassian race and possessed,
it is said, of unusual beauty.
Her management of her household resembles
much the European customs. European
servants perform the duties, and European
governesses instruct her three daughters.
She avoids the paints and waders so
much in vogue among Egyptian women
and in the matter of dress prefers
European clothing. Her progressive ideas
have led her to share the education
of her children and keep pace with
their studies.

Outstanding Ears.
The disfigurement of outstanding ears
should be checked in early childhood;
otherwise it is apt to be an obstinate
matter to overcome. Various simple
expedients may be resorted to in order
to accomplish the end aimed at. For
instance, a broad elastic strap or webbing
band passed from the lower part of the
back of the head obliquely across the
ears to the top of the brow will help
conquer the disfigurement. This band
can be worn at night or for an hour
or two during the day, or as an alternative
it is the special ear cap, which has
been invented with the object of encouraging
the ears to lie close against the
head. The muslin caps which years ago
babies used to wear acted in a great
measure as preventives against protruding
ears.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.
A Mischievous Monkey.
A lady once had a monkey who was
very fond of mischief. Mabel, her little
daughter, had a very large wax doll.
One day she left the doll on the wash-
stand and ran out to play. When she
came back, she saw the monkey with
the doll in his arms washing its face
very solemnly with a towel dipped in hot
water and soap. The girl cried all day
for the poor doll's face had been entirely
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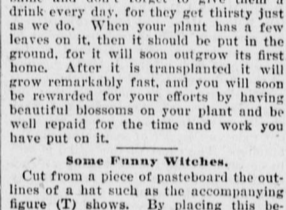


IN A BONNET.

mother came into the room she saw her
new hat walking about the room. She
hurried to its rescue, thinking it was be-
witched, and found the cunning little
monkey had tried to put it on and had
failed to walk in it correctly. One day
he was found sitting before the wash-
stand, with the mirror in one hand and
toothbrush in the other, ready to clean
his teeth.—Martha Ruben in New York
Herald.

Eggshell Flowerpots.
Some morning when you have boiled
eggs for breakfast, if you will use care
in breaking the shells and saving them, you
can put them to very good use and afford
yourself a good deal of pleasure. Break
the shells well toward the small end of
the egg and put a hole in the bottom of
it. If you live near a florist's, procure a
small amount of rich, black earth from
him—or, better still, if you are fond of
going in the woods, get some dirt that is
mixed with rotted leaves—and fill your
little shells or flowerpots with it. Then
purchase some seeds and plant them, and
you will be surprised to see how soon
two little leaves will come poking through
the earth, providing you take good care
of your plants. Put the shells in a win-
dow where they can have plenty of sun-
shine and don't forget to give them a
drink every day, for they get thirsty just
as we do. When your plant has a few
leaves on it, then it should be put in the
ground, for it will soon outgrow its first
home. After it is transplanted it will
grow remarkably fast, and you will soon
be rewarded for your efforts by having
beautiful blossoms on your plant and be
well repaid for the time and work you
have put on it.

Some Funny Witches.
Cut from a piece of pasteboard the out-
lines of a hat such as the accompanying
figure (T) shows. By placing this be-



between the thumb and the forefinger there
may be produced different shadows, mir-
ring or cross looking, with noses, chin and
lips short or long, as the performer may
choose.—Chicago Record.

The Valiant Rabbit.
A funny once made up his mind
He'd be a robber rabbit,
And everything that he could find
He'd run around and grab it.

He dug, deep in the darkness woods,
A cave which was a wonder,
Wherein to hide his stolen goods,
His booty and his plunder.

He bought him then a coat of mail,
A sword and spear and rifle;
He vowed to make the bravest quail
With fears they could not wifle.

He set out on his wild career,
But ere he'd fairly started,
Seized with a sudden sickening fear,
Back to his home he darted.

For he had seen an awful sight,
With dread his heart was quaking,
And with a frantic, fearful fright
His armored form was shaking.

An awful looking specter had
Attacked him with great vigor;
'Twas, like himself, in armor clad,
But three or four times bigger.

Our hero struck out like a man;
The foe would but elude him;
As fast Sir Bunny turned and ran;
The villain still pursued him.

But when he safely reached his cave,
After this scene exciting,
He said: "Although I'm very brave,
I've had enough of fighting."
" 'Till I doff my arms and armor too;
Life should be gay and glad, oh!"
And that brave bunny never knew
He'd fought with his own shadow!
—Sally Farrington in Paritan.

The Ostrich a Good Fighter.
Although the ostrich has powerful legs
and can kick like a mule, his limbs are
very brittle and are easily broken. He
has two toes on each foot, one being arm-
ed with a horny nail, which he uses as his
principal weapon of warfare. When an
unarmed man is attacked by one of these
birds, the chances are very much against
the man unless he can climb a tree or
jump a five foot wall.

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