

WAITING.
I have a fleet of ships at sea
That sail and sail away,
All freighted down with hopes that I
Look out for day by day.
My ships are swept to East and West
Before the gales that blow
And many a hope is lost for aye
That I had long ago.
I wonder if, despite the storms,
It shall be mine to see
One ship with one high hope at last
Sail safely home to me?
—Chicago Record-Herald.

JOE.

BY L. BROWN.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago I taught a school in Southern Nebraska, which was only thinly settled in those days. But the few settlers were hardy men and women, living honest lives and going on slowly but steadily to prosperity, and I had a pleasant time among them.

My schoolhouse was a very primitive affair indeed. It was small, unplastered and unplastered, but had a good floor and fairly comfortable seats; and my pupils, of whom there were twenty-two, were mostly hearty, wholesome boys and girls.

One warm day in spring I opened the windows and doors to let in the genial sunshine and was busy with my classes, when in walked a strange boy, whom I had never seen in the neighborhood.

He was thickly freckled, had red hair, and was poorly dressed, but was very clean. He came directly to my desk.

"May I come to school, teacher?" he asked, looking at me earnestly.

"Where do you live, my boy?" I questioned.

"Just back here by the edge of the woods," he replied.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Joe Morton," said he; adding, "we just moved here."

"Well, Joseph," said I, "you may come to school. Come this afternoon and bring all your books."

A bright look came into his face as I said this, but he made no reply, and went out as unceremoniously as he came.

He made a queer picture as he went down the aisle. His clothing was patched, his coat was too big for him, and he carried a large, ragged hat in his hand. But he held up his head in a self-respecting way, and I felt sure that Joe Morton was good and manly, and I resolved to help him all I could.

I was afraid he might not have a very pleasant time with a certain few of the boys; for, although they really were not bad boys at heart, they were much given to making fun of any newcomer, and sometimes made it very unpleasant for a boy who seemed odd or strange to them.

The leader of this set was Tom Atherton, a bright boy, but one who had very little kindly feeling for any one in school, excepting his little sister Pearl.

Pearl Atherton was about seven years old and the most beautiful child I have ever seen. Tom loved her with a love that was almost worship; but to the rest of the pupils he was something of a tease and a torment, always teasing and making fun of some one, and sometimes in a most thoughtless, unkind way.

I had many serious talks with him on the subject, but as soon as he was out of the schoolroom, he seemed to forget, and went back to his old ways.

As Joe went down the aisle I glanced at Tom, and saw that his eyes were twinkling mischievously, which I was sure boded no good for Joe, but thought he would be able to defend himself.

In the afternoon Joe came, and, after I had assigned his lessons, took his seat quietly.

At recess I heard Tom's voice singing out:

"I know a boy whose name is Joe,
With boots all out at the toe, toe, toe."

I heard no answer from Joe, and soon Tom said mockingly:

"What am I offered for the hat? Bid quick! The only one left that came out of the ark. How much am I offered? Who'll make it one dollar?"

And so it went from day to day. Tom saying unkind, jeering things as soon as he supposed himself out of sight, and Joe taking it quietly. Sometimes a quick flush would pass over his face, and his lips would quiver, but no word escaped him.

I thought best to appear not to know what was going on between them, thinking it would soon wear itself out, and perhaps Joe would feel better to think I did not know, but I kept him with me as much as I could and grew to like him very much.

He made rapid progress in his studies, and his everyday life showed strength of character.

I could always depend on him to tell the truth on every occasion, and looking into his earnest face, I would forget the baggy clothes, the fiery red hair and the ragged hat.

Not far from the schoolhouse was a wide, deep stream of water, which ran dank and turbid in the spring. It was crossed by a footbridge with a railing on both sides. Nearly half the children crossed the bridge to get to school.

On pleasant days we often sat on the bank to eat our dinner, which were brought with us.

One lovely day in early June we were seated there, after eating our dinner. I was reading a book, and the children were amusing themselves in various ways.

Pearl Atherton strolled alone across the bridge, to look for violets, which sometimes grew on the opposite side.

In coming back, she stopped in the middle of the bridge, threw some leaves into the water, and leaned

against the railing, watching them as they floated away.

The railing was old and in some manner had become so loosened that it gave way with her weight, and, with a piercing cry, she went down and out of sight.

Tom stood upon the bank, white and speechless, with a look of agony I shall never forget. He could not swim, and so could never reach her.

But at the first cry Joe had stripped off his coat, and in a minute plunged in and swam steadily toward the spot where the little golden head went down.

He grasped her as she rose to the surface the second time, raised her head out of the water, and slowly swam with her to the bank.

When I took her from his arms, and laid her upon the grass, the beautiful face was white and still, but she had been in the water such a short time that a vigorous rubbing soon made her open her eyes and speak to us, and she was soon talking in her usual manner.

We wrapped her up as well as we could, and sent her home with a neighbor who was passing in a wagon. Joe ran home, changed his clothes, and came back none the worse for his wetting.

After the bell rang I missed Joe and Tom from their seats. The back door was ajar and I looked out. There stood Tom with tears in his eyes, holding both Joe's hands.

"Can you ever forgive me?" he was saying. "I have been too hateful for anything, but I'm awfully sorry, Joe. If you'll forgive me I'll be a better fellow after this. If Pearl had been drowned I don't know what I would have done. Oh, Joe! I thought I would die when I saw her go under the water. I can't ever thank you enough."

"I don't want any thanks," said Joe, putting his hand on Tom's shoulder. "It is all right. I was glad to do it. Don't say anything more about it, please."

They talked a few minutes longer, but I did not hear what they were saying. Then they remembered that the bell had rung, and they came into the schoolhouse.

From that day Tom was a different boy. He was quiet and kind with the other pupils, and he and Joe were fast friends. He grew earnest and manly from seeing Joe's honest, upright life.

When the term closed, I came to my Eastern home, and after a few years entirely lost track of my pupils. I did not know whether they had drifted, or what they were doing, though I often wondered.

In the fall of 1890 I took a trip along the Pacific coast, and one Sunday morning, in company with a friend, went to one of the finest churches I had seen in that locality. As the minister began to speak, I thought I saw something familiar in his face and manner, but could not place him. He gave one of the most earnest, eloquent sermons to which I ever listened.

I sat and wondered where I could have seen that man before. Suddenly it came to me—it was the look and manner of my pupil of years ago, Joe Morton.

I waited to speak to him, and was invited to call at his home next day. And there I found him the same Joe in heart, nobly, tenderly caring for his feeble, white-haired mother and invalid father.

He has made for himself a name not soon to be forgotten in the State in which he lives; he is a strength and inspiration to his friends; he has written several books that stand high in the literature of our country, and once he was only a ragged, barefooted boy. What may you not accomplish if you stand for the right and "try, try again?"—Waverley Magazine.

The Novels of To-Morrow.

Justin McCarthy, writing in the London Daily Mail, sees no indication of real decay in the fiction of the present generation, and is confident that the time will never come when the work done by fiction shall cease to be a necessary element in the conditions of human life. As to the forms of fiction, Mr. McCarthy predicts a great change, though he admits that "the love story can never cease to be a needful and welcome form of fiction." Aside from this, however, Mr. McCarthy thinks that "mere realism has done its best work, and that imagination is going to have its turn once again. But I see no sign in our recent English fiction of any desire to seek after such unwholesome stimulants. The general impression which I have formed of our present fiction is that it shows a healthy resolve to depart from the mere traditions and conventionalities, the unities and limitations of preceding schools, and at the same time to study character rather than problem, and not to assume that realism can ever supply the place of imagination. The fiction of the present day is in a state of transition, and only waits the coming of some great leader under whose inspiration it may undertake the new field of conquest."

Feeling in the Right Place.

When Mrs. Julia Dent Grant was living in Philadelphia, in the house at No. 2009 Chestnut street, that her husband surrendered to his creditors at the time of the Grant & Ward failure, it is recorded of her that she was visited one afternoon by a rich but parsimonious old woman.

The old woman narrated to Mrs. Grant the misfortunes that had lately attended a ward of hers, a young woman who had married a drunkard and who had just been deserted, thought she was penniless and had two little children.

"I couldn't help but feel for her this morning when she told me about her trouble," said the old woman.

"It was well that you felt for her," said Mrs. Grant. "But did you feel in the right place? Did you feel in your pocket?"—New York Tribune.

Fashions



of Today

New York City.—Waists made with tucking that gives a yoke effect yet allows fullness over the bust always are becoming to young girls. This attracting-



MISSIE'S WAIST.

Ive and stylish May Manton bodice combines that feature with a collar and V-shaped portion of lace that is outlined by the fashionable strap. The sleeves are among the latest and add to the effect. The original is made of chiffon cologne, in pastel rose, and is stitched with corticelli silk and combined with cream-colored point de Venise, the strap and belt being of velvet in a darker shade than the waist. All waist and dress materials are, however, equally suitable; wool crepe albatross, cashmere, simple silks, veiling all being in style and desirable.

The waist consists of a fitted lining that closes at the centre back, the front, backs and under-arm gores of the waist proper. The backs are tucked for their

women of taste to wear as a negligee a silk skirt and dressing sacques to match, in the place of the robe or gown. Many of these skirts and sacques are made of pale blue, pink, lavender or old gold China silk, with a deep flounce; the skirt, as well as the sacque, trimmed elaborately with bands and "insets" of white, cream or butter colored laces. Those made of white China silk, with butter colored lace and black velvet ribbon, are extremely dainty and stylish.

Lace Novelties.

Most of the entire lace skirts are ornamented with ovals in ivory painted velvet. Pretty well everything we have is trimmed with lace, even leather slippers and card cases. Chamois tinted moire mingles with Irish point. The time was when we only introduced Chantilly or white lace into the fronts of silk stockings; now they figure on Lisle thread and find great approval.

Woman's Blouse or Shirt Waist.

Shirt waists made with slot seam and broad box pleats are among the novelties of the season. This very smart model includes them both with the fashionable straps at the shoulders and centre back. The slot seams at the back are peculiarly desirable, as they are laid to form a V and give a tapering effect to the figure.

As shown the waist is of pale blue albatross with bands piped with black liberty satin and stitched with black corticelli silk, and is closed by means of large gold studs, but all waisting materials are appropriate. Cheviot, madras and all washable fabrics are admirable unlined, while the many light



BLOUSE OR SHIRT WAIST.

entire length and fit smoothly without fullness, but the front is tucked to yoke depth only and is gathered at the waist line to blouse becomingly at the belt. The V is faced onto the lining and the trimming is applied over the waist. The sleeves are arranged over fitted linings and consist of the caps, the tucked puffs and cuffs.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (fourteen years) is three yards twenty-one inches wide, two and a half yards twenty-seven inches wide, or one and three-quarter yards forty-four inches wide, with three-quarter yards all-over lace and three-eighth yards of velvet to trim as illustrated.

Woman's Blouse Waist.

Blouse waists that include wide vertical tucks and are made with Hungarian sleeves are much in vogue and are very generally becoming as well as fashionable. The stylish May Manton example shown in the large drawing is made of pale pink peau de cygne, stitched with black corticelli silk and trimmed with applique of black silk and fancy buttons, but all soft, pliable waist and gown materials are equally suitable and the design suits both the old waist and the entire costume. The pointed straps make a feature and a novel one, and both stock and cuffs are new and desirable.

The waist is made over a smoothly fitted lining that closes at the centre front and itself consists of fronts and back. The back is tucked to the form of a V to give the fashionable tapering effect to the figure. The fronts also are tucked and are closed invisibly beneath the innermost tuck at the left side. The back is without fullness, but the fronts blouse slightly and stylishly. The sleeves are made over fitted linings and consist of the tucked upper portion, full puffs and the pointed cuffs. The stock is finished separately and closes at the centre back.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is six yards twenty-one inches wide, four and a half yards twenty-seven inches wide or two and a half yards forty-four inches wide.

Dainty Negligee.

It is quite the vogue with many

weight wools and silks give every satisfaction over the fitted foundation.

The waist consists of a smoothly fitted lining, which is closed at the centre front, but separately from the outside, the fronts and back of the waist proper and the bishop sleeves. The back is without fullness, but the fronts are gathered at the waist line and blouse becomingly over the belt. The slot seams are laid in at the shoulders and extend for the entire length of the waist and the fullness at the front is arranged in small pleats at the neck. The trimming straps are applied and stitched to position. The sleeves are in bishop style with pointed cuffs that are held by studs which catch those at the front. At the neck is worn a stock of black liberty finished with a bow tie.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four and a half yards twenty-one inches wide, four and



BLOUSE WAIST.

a quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide, four yards thirty-two inches wide or two and a half yards forty-four inches wide.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.



MAKE SENSE OF THIS.
A lily had resolved one day
To have a sholly joot,
And so he took his gather's fun,
And bartridges to coot.

Across the fields he waily went,
And garched about for same;
Alas! the birds were seery varoo-
The bleather was to wame.
But presently he hied a spare
Inside a grunch of bass;
Here was a chance to bake a mag-
He couldn't pet it lass!

He hanced along the glarrels, and
Troth bigger then he drew-
My! but a whang! Indeed, it would
Have staddy bartled you!

The cloke smeared off, and it was seen
That ratters were not night;
The boy was bowen upon his dack,
The hare was sot in night.

His kun had gicked and flaid him lat,
But do not top a drear;
The bruse wet goll-the lucky lare
Lill stives, one's had to gear!

—Chicago Record-Herald.

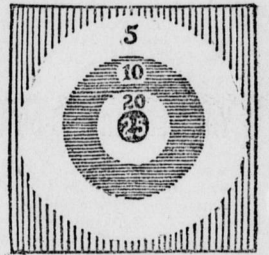
HOW TO MAKE A VOLCANO.

If one could only stand off and admire the grand spectacle made by a volcano in eruption, without being in danger from it and without anybody else's being in danger, there isn't one of us who would not look on the privilege as a rare treat. But as real volcanoes have a way of making themselves terrible to the spectators, and of killing people and laying the country waste, a miniature one, one that will make a pretty little spectacle, and not do any harm at all, is greatly to be preferred.

Here is the way to prepare it: Get a large flat glass dish, and in the middle of it stand a small vial filled with claret wine and stoppered with a cork through which a small hole has been bored with a red hot wire.

Now, get some clay or common earth

an inch thick. Draw four circles, the first two inches in diameter, the second five inches in diameter, the third eight inches in diameter and the fourth eleven inches in diameter. Paint the space between each circle a different



color and also that outside the circles. Brads three-quarters of an inch long are to be driven from the back inside of the eleven-inch circle, covering every part about one-half an inch apart. Be very careful not to split the board. Balls about one inch in diameter, are to be whittled from candles and thrown at the target. When they strike they will stick to the nail points. Each player has three throws. The target should be numbered like the illustration, and the player making the highest score wins.—Washington Star.

MUSIC IN ROAST BEEF.

A roast of beef hardly seems promising in a musical way, and yet the roast, though it does look so sober and quiet, can help you to secure an instrument of music. Save the lightest two of the long, flat bones (see illustration) and, after cleaning and drying them, hold both in your right hand,

MISSING BROTHERS' PUZZLE.

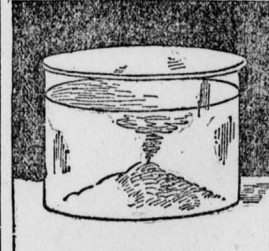


Find the two brothers of this little boy.

and build a miniature mountain around the vial. Build it high enough to conceal the vial entirely, but leave a small hole in the top of the mountain clear down to the cork in the vial. Thus the miniature volcano will be all ready to be set off.

Strange to say, not fire, but water, will be needed for this purpose. A real volcano has both, for the explosion is caused by the contact of water with red hot melted rocks down in the earth and the enormous pressure of the steam thus generated breaks open the earth and throws out the melted rocks as lava. But this little volcano can be started into action simply by pouring water into the glass vessel until it comes two or three inches above the top of the little mountain. Then give the water a rotary motion and watch for a few moments and you will see red streaks coming up through the water and gradually spreading out into a red cloud. The volcano is erupting!

But what makes the red wave rise through the water in that way? It rises because it is lighter than water. It would have remained in the vial, of course, if we had not poured the water into the vessel, but when the two liquids have come in contact, the lighter rises to the top. Your teacher



would tell you that wine has less specific gravity than water, but we are not using scientific terms.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A SHOOTING GALLERY.

To make this get a piece of close-grained wood one foot square and half

one bone between the first and second finger, the other between the second and third, so that the convex or outward curved sides lie next each other and the top ends of the bones extend slightly beyond the knuckles. Then double up your hand, holding the first bone securely, the other loosely, and in this position give your hand a quick twist and jerking motion, causing the loose ends of the bones to come together with a click, click, clickety, click. The bones should not be cooked, as too much heat will crack them. In case the bones are too large to



handle with ease ask the butcher to bring you two smaller, lighter ones.—The Delinquent.

TWENTY-TWO CENTURIES OLD.

Most boys and some girls have played in their time the game of dibs, or knucklebones, but few of them know that the game has existed since the third century B. C., and is probably still older. How it was played in ancient days no one can tell, but the ankle-joint bones of the sheep, ox, deer and pig were used, and the game was called "astragai," from the Latin word for the ankle-joint. In Scotland pebbles are often employed, whence the name, "chuckles." Even precious stones and gold and bronze "stones" have been used, and in some countries the bones were marked with numbers and colored to represent kings, queens, knaves and pawns.

That natural sleep is due to the drug effect of accumulated carbonic acid in the body is the view taken by a French physiologist, Dr. Raphael Du-