

AN IMMORTAL SONG.

A poet labored patiently and long,
On (as he trusted) an immortal song.
His little girl disturbed him with her play,
And angrily he sent the child away.

The poem was completed and forgot—
Even by the poet's friends remembered not.
But the hard words the tender-hearted maid
Bore in her breast till she in dust was laid.

—American Agriculturist.

Out of the Judge's Hands

"To my mind," spoke the judge soberly, "incompatibility is, in itself, no grounds for divorce, notwithstanding the fact that the desire of both husband and wife is to sever the marriage bonds."

He was speaking to William Sprigsbee, a tall, handsome man of 35. Sprigsbee had attained fame and fortune as an inventor.

The scene was the divorce court, and there were but four other persons in the room. One was a woman, plainly though neatly dressed. Her pale face at times was lighted by a ray of sweetness as she smiled upon the two little boys who nestled closely to her as if in fear of the strange solemnity of their surroundings. Each of the tots took turns putting a chubby fist to his mouth, yawning, and then looking up at the woman with a pretty smile. An attorney—the woman's attorney—occupied a seat near her.

When the judge ceased speaking, Sprigsbee sank back into his seat with a sigh of disappointment. It was not as he had expected. A silence followed, broken only by the regular "tick! tock!" of the big clock over the stained glass window.

The judge continued: "In nature there are a few things incompatible. This so-called incompatibility in the domestic life of man and woman is more often the inconsistency or the incongruity of one or the other, or mayhap, both. It is easily remedied, though not in the divorce court. In truth, the thing, the very thing, that makes man and woman incompatible is the divorce court itself. You come here seeking a divorce—what grounds have I for granting such a decree for untying the sacred bonds and aiding you in breaking the vow you swore before God to keep? None, absolutely none! Incompatibility, you say? But why that? Has not this woman, the mother of your children, been a good and loving wife, fulfilling her duties as wife and mother? No, on the strength, or rather the weakness, of your argument, sir, I could not grant a divorce!" And Sprigsbee sank deeper into his seat, his head bowed.

Again there was silence, and the attorney arose. "If your honor please," said he quietly, as if anything but softly spoken words would again disturb the lion that slumbered in the old judge's breast, "I wish to present a few words in behalf of my client. You said a moment ago that this woman had been a loving wife and a devoted mother; that is true. But has the man whom she promised to cherish and love reciprocated with equal affection? Has he been a loving husband and a devoted father? I dare say, if you questioned him, he would tell you there have been weeks and months that he has not spoken a kind word to this patient, forbearing woman.

"When these two were married seven years ago they were neighbors, and had grown up together. They attended the same school, and studied from the same books. The first months, the first years of their married life, were one delightful harmony, for they were yet, as they had been in childhood, on the same level; they understood each other perfectly. Then a change came. Success and fortune smiled on the husband. His name became a household word the nation over. The press were loud in their praises of him; he was lauded and adored, and everywhere he went he was received with pomp and ceremony. He was no longer the loving husband he had been a short time before. The fine ladies, the talented ladies, the women who bestowed their praises upon him in the world occupied a higher social level than the simple, plain little woman who had walked with him to the marriage altar. He grew to loathe her, to avoid her, to despise her. He could no longer care and love her as of old. Her very presence is now obnoxious to him, and the woman, though ever patient, loving and devoted, must live her life in misery. You say, your honor, there is no incompatibility in the domestic life? Why, if you please, this is the very extreme of incompatibility. Not two substances, no two things in the universe could react with greater force, could be more repellent, more disagreeable one to the other than this one case of the world-renowned, ambitious, though conceited husband, and the plain, simple, loving and devoted wife and mother. To keep them joined as man and

wife is like condemning each to a life of torturing servitude. There is but one remedy; that is to grant a decree of divorce; and to this end my client asks that she be allowed the custody and care of the children. This agreement is mutual between the two."

The attorney went back to his seat. The two little boys yawned in unison, and each gazed apologetically into the pale face of the mother. This time she did not smile at them. Her mind was busy with other things, and she with difficulty suppressed a sob.

The judge removed his glasses and carefully wiped them with the corner of his big silk kerchief. It was evident he was wavering between two convictions.

During the long silence none in the court room saw a thin column of smoke creep, as noiselessly as a reptile, up the stairway and enter the corridor. It kept close to the floor, and glided up the aisles between the rows of empty benches. When it crept beneath the bench where the woman and the boys sat a little pugish nose gave a curious sniff, and the ominous silence was broken by the childish remark:

"Mamma, I smell smoke."
"Fire! Fire!" came a loud, startling cry up the stairway.

The judge closed his book with a start, thrust his glasses into his vest pocket, and looked about him dazed, horrified. "The building is on fire," said he in alarm; "we had best make our escape to the lower floor." As he scurried toward the door he unconsciously picked up one of the boys. The attorney snatched up the other, and in a moment they were down the stairway.

Mr. and Mrs. Sprigsbee sat mute, as



"THERE IS BUT ONE REMEDY."

if not yet awake to their peril. Then Sprigsbee ran for the door and was confronted by a stifling column of black smoke. The court room was on the third floor, and he gained the first landing in safety. As he turned to the lower stairs he suddenly thought of Mrs. Sprigsbee, his wife—ah, yes, his wife; the thought brought a smile to his hardened face. But the smile passed quickly, and in its stead a look of horror, of fear, of anxiety came, not for himself, but for the woman he had thoughtlessly, cowardly left in the court room.

He whirled on his heel and dashed back up the stairway, three steps at a bound. Mrs. Sprigsbee was running about the court room frantically, aimlessly when her husband entered. "Oh, where are my children, where are my boys?" she wailed in agony.

"They are down. They are safe," Sprigsbee cried and took her by the hand. "Here, come with me. We must get down instantly."

The woman was faint and weak from long suffering—suffering that he himself had brought upon her, and now, as he gripped the delicate fingers in his own, Sprigsbee realized it all. She could but slowly descend the stairs, in spite of his efforts to hurry her. The smoke rolled up in murky, choking gusts, and the sharp, incessant crackling of flames came from below.

"We must go faster," Sprigsbee cried desperately.

The woman tried to increase her pace, but could not. The raging smoke blinded her, stifled her, and before the first landing was reached, she fell in a swoon.

Sprigsbee caught her in his arms. He was surprised to find how light and frail she was. With his burden pressed close to him, he dashed down the

lower flight. The hot breath of the flames scorched his face, and from below he could hear the shouts and yells of the firemen.

"You'll never make it this way!" he heard someone cry. "Go back to the other stairs!" But he was deaf to the warning cry. He wrapped the woman's cape about her face, pressed her closer and rushed on. For a time, an age it seemed to him, he was wading through a furnace of fire. He closed his eyes, leaped, and fell headlong into the arms of two big firemen. A moment more and he was in the refreshing air, safe, with his burden still pressed close to him.

He lay her down on the cool grass and fanned her white face with his hat. He believed he had never seen a sweeter, prettier face than this. He raised her head on his arm, and she opened her large blue eyes.

"Where are little Tom and Harry?" she asked feebly.

"Here we are, mamma." And four youthful arms clasped her neck.

"And you, Will, you won't leave me for a while, will you? I feel so weak and faint."

"No, my dear, I shall never leave you."

"Bless you for those words, Will, my love."

Their lips met in a long, quivering kiss. The incompatible had become compatible.—The Housewife.

JONES'S RECITATION.

He Had a Wonderful Memory and Brought Down the House.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began; "I'm going to give you a recitation. It's—it's called 'The Schooner Horntius.' No, I mean 'The Village Rock.' No, that isn't it. It's 'How the Blacksmith Kept the Bridge.' I mean it's—it's a thing by Longfellow, you know; that is, I think it was Tennyson!"

"The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck," whispered Blake, loud enough for him to hear.

"Yes, that's it," went on Jones. Then he fixed his eyes on a point in the roof and blurted out in jerks and starts, as the odd lines came before him, the following effusion:

The boy stood on the burning deck,
He—he stood upon his head,
Because his arms and legs were off,
So he waved his arms and said—
My name is Norval. On the Grampian Hills

The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man, was—was wrecked,
On the pitiless Goodwin Sands.

And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine;
Teh doctors had given him up, sir,
The darling of our crew!
And—the cheek of Argyll grew dead—
ly pale,
And we rushed for the signal rockets.
"Let's fire them quick," we cried,
And the good Abbot of Aberbrothock
plunged headlong into the tide.

Then who will stand on either hand and
keep the bridge with me?
On board the schooner Hesperus that
sails the wintry sea,
I, with two more to help me, will hold
the foe in play.
For I am to be Queen of the May,
mother; I'm to be Queen of the May.

When it was all over, and the roars of laughter had subsided, Jones rushed off the stage and hid himself for the rest of the evening. And the memory of his famous recitation is still an ever-green one in the annals of the school.—Tit-Bits.

Buttons Out of Fruit Seeds.

In Central America there is a fruit-producing palm which has quite metamorphosed the button business and formed the nucleus of one of the most important industries. The seed of this fruit contains a milk that is sweet to the taste and is relished by the natives. The milk, when allowed to remain in the nut long enough, becomes hardened, and turns into a substance as hard as the ivory from an elephant's tusks. The plant which produces these nuts is called the ivory plant. Most of the buttons used in the United States, whether called ivory, pearl, bone, horn, or rubber, come from this source. The ivory plant is one of the wonders of the age, and is rewarding its growers with vast fortunes. The nuts are exported by the shipload to big button factories, from which they issue forth in every conceivable design, color, grade, and classification of button.

Healthful Optimism.

A certain lady had met with a serious accident, which necessitated a very painful surgical operation and many months' confinement to her bed. When the physician had finished his work and was about taking his leave, the patient asked, "Doctor, how long shall I have to lie here helpless?" "Oh, only one day at a time," was the cheery answer; and the poor sufferer was not only comforted for the moment, but many times during the succeeding weary weeks did the thought, "Only a day at a time," come back with its quieting influence. We think it was Rev. Sidney Smith who recommended taking "short views" as a good safeguard against needless worry; and one far wiser than he said: "Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

Women's Doings.

The Duties of a Wife.

There was a clever magazine story told, some years ago, of a prospective bride who devoted her year before marriage to qualifying herself for the duties of a wife and the mistress of a house. Her friends supposed her to be absent upon a foreign tour, but in reality she spent the twelve months in domestic service, as cook, housemaid and nurse, thus attaining practical knowledge how to serve her husband and herself satisfactorily later on. "Tis true 'tis pity and pity 'tis tis true" that many American girls marry in ignorance, more or less total, of the things which every mistress of a family ought to understand. Even those who take a course in cooking, as a rule, imbibe but little practical knowledge for future application.

All this is wrong. No one who does not know how to do a thing is competent to direct others as to how it should be done. In other countries, where women are frankly trained as wives and mothers, housewifery, in all its branches, forms an important part of every girl's education, and the higher her rank the more stringent this rule. In French convent schools no pupil is given a diploma unless she bakes a loaf of bread and makes a man's dress shirt by hand so well as to be worthy of exhibition upon commencement day. The Empress of Germany excels in the making of fruit jams and jellies and every German woman is expected to be a good cook. The English princesses, one and all, are thorough housewives, and Louise of Argyll is said to have paid for a fresh cup of tea once in a Canadian farmhouse by ironing a shirt for the farmer of the house. Queen Alexandra is an accomplished buttermaker. In old Norway every bride, from princess to peasant, was obliged to cook her wedding dinner, and upon that dinner wedded her future reputation as a housekeeper.

It is a mortifying confession to make that marital happiness may depend upon the culinary skill of the wife, yet none the less it is a fact which cannot be gainsaid. That the straightest way to a man's heart lies down his throat is an old and oft-quoted proverb, while we are told even by poets that it is easier for civilized man to live without love than without cooks. A man may have the patience of Job, yet it is not wise to try him too often with indigestive food. It is the bounden duty of every wife to care for her husband's comfort, and in these days of inefficient and uncertain domestic service to do this requires a fair degree of culinary skill. The Scripture doctrine that "faith without works is dead" applies, and with equal force, to other things as well as religion. True love is forever glad to spend and be spent in the service of the beloved. Equally, no matter what other admirable qualities a husband may possess, if he fails to provide for his own household he fails miserably, and makes home life a hollow mockery.

When two people marry, let each promise little and perform all which is possible, each making the happiness of the other the first object of life. Thus shall love, like God's loving kindness, be new every morning and peace and contentment dwell within their home.



Only a saucer remains of the porcelain set presented in 1873 to Martha Washington. This is carefully preserved in the Smithsonian institution at Washington.

Lady Rachel Dudley, of the Vice Regal Lodge of Dublin, Ireland, has founded the Lady Dudley fund for district nurses for service in the poorest parts of Ireland.

Mrs. Rachel Jackson Lawrence, who has charge of the Tennessee building at the St. Louis Exposition, is a daughter of Andrew Jackson's adopted son and was a baby in the white house, though born at the Hermitage, in 1832.

Amanda Foley, a colored woman, aged 57, residing in Indianapolis, has just begun going to school and avows her determination to obtain an education so that she may appear to better advantage in society than she has heretofore.

Eighty-six women, of Araguay, Brazil, petitioned for the franchise, but the official addressed replied that the constitution did not provide for conferring political rights on women, and that the family was the place for women.

A fashion adopted in Paris and London and now finding favor here with

women is having portraits taken of the back of the figure as well as the face. The two photographs are then placed in a revolving frame so that a more complete picture may be obtained.

What Girls Can Do.

"I am only a girl. What can I do?" is the exclamation one frequently hears when some fair young creature is urged to bestir herself and accomplish some good for those about her. It is such girls as these who fail to realize that it is the girl who does things in this world who is attractive, both to men and to her own sex, which last counts a little, too, in the long run. You may not be able to do great things, to paint great pictures or to sing in grand opera, but you can learn to make bright little things for yourself and your friends, and perhaps to play the light, "catchy" airs of the day so that your friends will enjoy them, and if you can't do anything else cultivate the art of talking brightly and of being sympathetic.

Every girl can do one thing well if she will only take the trouble to find out what that thing is. The difficulty is that she often looks in the opposite direction; she wants to do something great and showy or nothing at all. But there are other talents within reach if she will only look, and these talents may be such a comfort to her in her dark hours that they will make life better and happier both for her and those about her.

How the world likes a cheerful, plucky girl who makes a brave fight and hides her skeleton in a closet instead of folding her hands and whining because things don't come her way; the girl who puts her own grief as much as possible aside—who takes a wholesome interest in life.—Selected.



Don't stuff the baby until nature rebels by an emesis.

Don't forget that it wants cool water to drink occasionally.

Don't be afraid to use common sense in the care of your baby.

Don't expect the baby to be perfectly well unless you feed it on nature's food—mother's milk.

Don't forget that regularity in meal-time is just as necessary for your little one as for yourself.

At night, be sure the room is well ventilated. It's susceptibility to sickness is in inverse ratio to the amount of good, pure air you provide for its lungs.

Don't keep the baby in the house one minute that it is possible to have it out of doors. A baby kept out in the air and sunshine will not be cross and irritable.

Don't put too many clothes on the baby, and, above all, don't inflict it with long clothes. Least of all should this be done during its first few months of life, when it is weaker than at any other time.

Rights of Women.

Chief Justice Mason, of the Superior Court of Massachusetts, lately handed down a decision of more than usual interest, because of its being on the rights of women. The case was a suit for divorce, brought by a Russian, who asked separation from his wife on the ground of desertion. It came out during the trial that the couple were married in Russia some years ago. Later the husband came to America. He tried to persuade his wife to come with him, and afterward sent her money and tickets, but she refused. "The husband's right to determine the place of abode of the family," said the judge, "is not an absolute right, but one which must be exercised reasonably. The wife's refusal to leave her kindred and the protection of the laws under which she has lived, and emigrate to a foreign country, the language of which was an unknown tongue to her, was not unreasonable and did not constitute desertion."

Reliable Way of Testing Poultry.

When buying a turkey, chicken or any other poultry prick the leg with an ordinary pin. If tough it will drag the skin. If tender and young, it will come out quite easily. This is really reliable and worth knowing.

A Help in Spring Cleaning.

Knit or crochet loosely, in coarse, unbleached knitting cotton, a bag large enough to cover the head of a long handled sweeping brush. Use this in sweeping down the walls of rooms.