

IN THE GLOAMING.

How you in the gloaming... I saw you in the gloaming...

MONEY WELL SPENT.

How we are not only out of debt, but we have got \$100 ahead, and the question is, How are we going to invest it?

Hiram Graham, sitting just outside of the open door to enjoy the grateful coolness of the summer evening...

"Come," he said, "let me have your opinion. I'll bet you've made up your mind what to do with it long ago. You know the saying, 'A man save money and a woman to spend'; and he laughed good-naturedly.

"I have thought we could paint the house some pretty color, such as silver-gray, and have shutters put up at the windows the right shade of green to harmonize with the color of the house, the same as the green leaves of the popular harmonize with the soft gray of its trunk, and—

"Why, Jennie," exclaimed Mr. Graham, "there is a good coat of paint on the house now, and there is no color so durable as red lead in my estimation."

"And," continued his wife, "I would have the yard closed in with a neat picket fence—"

"Please don't interrupt me, Hiram. I would repair the rooms, get a new Ingrain carpet for the parlor, and muslin curtains for the windows."

"Thunder! What is the sense of having curtains if you have shutters? Besides, these paper curtains answer every purpose, as far as I can see. The paper on the walls is perfectly whole. It is true that you have patched it considerably, but that don't show much. And as for the carpet—why, haven't you got a new rag carpet in the room now?"

"Yes; but that would be for the sitting-room. And I would have a bay-window made on the south side of the sitting-room for plants."

"It would run us right in debt again," said Mrs. Graham. "Well, suppose it did. We have swung this time easy enough and can swing again. You must remember that this land was badly run down when I first got hold of it, but the farm is in good condition now."

"Easy enough!" Mrs. Graham did not repeat the words aloud. Her husband did not know of the little sacrifices and acts of self-denial it had cost her. He never could know it; and therein lies the pathos of many a sacrifice.

The next morning Mrs. Graham was up betimes and busy as usual amid her household cares, but her heart had lost its lightness. She could think of nothing but the great barn-like house, painted a glaring red, with its large, shutterless windows, like lidless eyes staring out upon the dusty highway. Inside it was equally barren of grace or beauty; the walls were dingy and unadorned by pictures of any kind; the furniture was guileless of paint or varnish; with no works of literature worthy of mention, besides the weekly paper, the Bible and an almanac. In this atmosphere she must live; here she must henceforth work on, while mind and soul starved. Here, too, she must rear her children, to see worth and beauty in nothing that cannot be represented by gold. What wonder, then, if her eyes and thoughts wandered, over the waving grain to where a stately stone house stood on an eminence. She knew there was beauty there; the breezes stole into large airy rooms, through lace curtains; there were rich carpets and costly furniture, and a library that was almost an intellectual feast to look at. Outside there were pleasant walks and drives, and a flower garden filled with the rarest floral treasures; and then she sighed softly as she thought to herself:

"But love would not have been there, and life would have been worth little to me without that." "Jennie! Jennie! Oh, here you are," and Mr. Graham came out through the kitchen door and seated himself upon the edge of a huge log that had been hewn out and did duty for a wash-trough and cistern.

It was not unusual for him to seek her; he always did when he came in and did not find her in the house. It was not a bad habit in the man. His life seemed bound up in her; and although he had the reputation among his neighbors of being "close" in his business transactions, he was kindhearted and generous, too, in his way. This morning he had something of importance to communicate.

"I didn't tell you last evening," he said, "that I had already had some talk with Southwell about that land. He wouldn't listen to a cent under two thousand then, and I wouldn't offer more than fifteen hundred. He came over to see me this morning, and offered to split the difference. Ain't that a bargain though? A little better than spending money for paint and paper, Jennie! Oh," rising to go, "I came near forgetting to tell you. Powers is here. He wants to hire out during harvest. I have hands enough, but I suppose the more help I have the better I shall get along, so I told him to go right to work. I don't suppose he has been to breakfast yet, his folks are so slack, so you might send out a bit for him to eat. Try and have the lunch ready at half-past 9; you can blow the horn, and I will send one of the men down for it."

Poor Jennie! It was like the last straw that broke the camel's back. She struggled hard, but the tears would come. Mr. Graham turned back and came instantly to her side when he saw that she was in trouble.

"What is the matter, dear?" he asked, compassionately, while his large, kind hand glided down her hair with a soft, caressing touch. "If you are not feeling well I will slip down and see Miranda Powers to help you. I guess I had better anyway, hadn't I?" Mrs. Graham mastered her emotion with an effort.

"Oh no," she said. "There isn't anything the matter." Mr. Graham hesitated. He was not satisfied with the explanation.

"There," she said, "now do go along to your work, or I shall be foolish enough to cry again!" and she looked very much as if she might.

that he had done so reluctantly, and against his better judgment! And during the afternoon he thought the matter over and over.

"Powers," he called out, as that individual was leaving the field at night, "if the folks at home can spare Miranda, let her come up in the morning and help my wife."

"All right; she will be glad to come," was the answer.

Harvest was over, and Mrs. Graham spoke of discharging the girl. "You had better keep her to help you," advised her husband.

"No," said Mrs. Graham; "when there is none but my own family I can do the work easy enough alone. I believe I like to work," she added, smiling. "At least, I am happiest when I am busy."

"How long has it been since you have been home to your father's on a visit?" he asked, abruptly.

Five years ago last June, when Ellen was married.

How prompt was the answer! Perhaps she had counted the time.

"How would you like to go out and see the folks this fall?"

What a glad light came into her face, and then faded, as she said, hesitatingly:

WOMAN AND HER WORK.

INTERESTING GOSSIP FOR FEMINE MINDS.

Some New Spring Novelties of the Dressmakers art Briefly Continued—Fair Play for Girls in Stores—The Welcome Guest.

Spring Fashion Pointers. The walking gown sketched in the first illustration is of porcelain blue summer silk, with flounce and puff of paler blue and black at the bottom.

Between flounce and puff runs a black velvet revers held by big pearl buttons. There are more revers in front to give it a sufficiently distinguished and Directorie air, and from the neck comes a fall of lace deep enough and full enough to drown one's self in. The black velvet Gainsborough hat has blue plumes and blue bachelors' buttons for trimmings. It's a picturesque outfit, but one hardly conducive to strong, sensible or

wholesome thinking. The cape of silver gray ladies' cloth that is drawn with a smart French coat beside it, is a fluted cape of blue velvet and must another one's fresh notions of life, as celery is smothered when you bleach it, or make all one's ideas high shouldered.

The coat with it's supposed to be of cream cloth shot with gray; it has a half-adjusted front, fastened with pearl buttons to a long, straight cream-colored plastron. The sleeves are frilled into cuffs and there are grey and steel trimmings.

This plaid calling dress pictured is of cream-colored and brown camel's hair. The skirt has a brown velvet border and is slashed on each side and held by silver buttons. The double-breasted bodice has gathered basques and a wide belt of velvet. The full sleeves are gathered into deep cuffs and the heavy velvet hat is trimmed with rosy cream plumes.

The dark blue Henrietta, that is the plaid's companion is even more demure in tone, with its sheath skirt faced with darker silk, its silk ribbon at the waist and its simple sleeve, cuff and bodice drappings.

The fancy for all things Russian has brought about the gayest trimmings of the season in Russian embroidery, which is old-fashioned cross stitch done in medieval coloring of red with blue or with cream-color, red, and

"I do believe," Jennie said, turning toward her husband, with a glad, bright look on her face, "I do believe I am just the happiest woman in the world!"

He drew her gently to him. "Jennie," he said, "what were you thinking about that morning I found you churning under the locust tree, and looking so intently at that old building on the hill?"

skirt of bias crepon lined with red silk has a foot border of a band of the-gay embroidery with a blue moss tuche on each side.

Sleeveless blouses of crepon, with horizontal bands of gay Russian embroidery across the front, are imported to be worn with coat waists that have open jacket fronts. These are shown in gray, ecru, white and black grounds.

Those who are tired of plain skirts may like the jabot skirt, which is made on a bell-shaped lining. The outer material is not sloped away at the top of the back seam, but is arranged to fall in a jabot down the bias seam of the lining. There are also Watteau skirts made with a broad triple pleat in the back, flaring widely at the foot, and extending longer than the skirt at the top; this upper part gradually narrows to a point and is carried half way up the back of the corsege, and attached there under a bow of ribbon or a passementerie, ornament. Wider trimmings are being used on bell skirts, and new models have greater fullness at the top.

Fair Play for Girls in Stores. In New York city there is a society—the "Consumers' League"—which declares its object to be to ameliorate the condition of the women and children employed in the retail mercantile houses of that city, by patronizing as far as practicable only such houses as approach in their conditions to the "standard of a fair house," as adopted by the league.

The league send out papers stating their object, with a list of officers and conditions of membership. The members are not bound never to buy at any other shops than those prescribed, but, of course, are expected to keep their eyes open and shun those houses where the abuses they object to are perpetrated. The league publishes a "white list," which they feel convinced pay fair wages, close at reasonable hours, or if open, pay their employees for over time.

The Welcome Guest. The welcome guest is the girl who, knowing the hour for breakfast, appears at the table at the proper time, does not keep others waiting and does not get in the way of being down half an hour before the hostess appears.

The welcome guest is the girl who, if there are not many servants in the house, has sufficient energy to take care of her own room while she is visiting, and if there are people whose duty it is, she makes that duty as light as possible for them by putting away her own belongings and so necessitating no extra work. She is the one who knows now to be pleasant to every member of the family, and who yet has tact enough to retire from a room when some special family matter is under discussion.

She is the child that does not find children disagreeable or the various pets of the house hold things to be dreaded. She is the one who, when her hostess is busy, can entertain herself with a book, a bit of sewing or the writing of a letter. She is the one who, when her friends come to see her, does not disarrange the household in which she is staying that she may entertain them. She is the one who, having broke the bread and eaten the salt of her friend, has set before her lips a seal of silence, so that, when she goes from the house, she repeats nothing but the agreeable things she has seen. This is the welcome guest—the one to whom we call out welcome with the lips and from the heart.—New York Fashion Bazar.

Mending Woolen Gowns. Woolen gowns require frequent attention; the braid should be replaced as soon as it becomes worn, for nothing is more untidy than a frayed and shabby dress binding. The present foolish fashion of long dresses for all times and occasions entails much extra work, and is, it is to be hoped, a transient one; for while long dresses are graceful in the house, they are, to say the least, slovenly on the streets; certainly so, if allowed to trail in the dust and become scavengers. Waterproof and rubber facings save the edges in a measure, but soon require removal; and constant brushing, is yet another penalty of this freak of fashion, which probably has not been set by any "grande dame," but rather by one of the demimonde, and yet which is followed by otherwise refined and fastidious women.—Good House-keeping.

Colored stockings, as well as other dark goods, should have suds especially made for them, and should not follow white clothes in the same suds, which would leave them liny and dull. For this purpose a pure white soap is best, and the water should be simply warm—never boiling or even scalding. Use plenty of water for rinsing, and it will be better if a little salt is added, or in the case of black stockings a spoonful of black pepper, to brighten and retain the color.—Good Housekeeping.

THE GREAT NORTHWEST

An Undeveloped Country, Vast in Extent and Rich in Soil.

British Columbia is of immense size. It is as extensive as the combination of New England, the Middle states and Maryland, the Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia, leaving Delaware out. It is larger than Texas, Colorado, Massachusetts and New Hampshire joined together. Yet it has been all but overlooked by man, and may be said to be an empire with only one wagon road, and that is but a blind artery halting in the middle of the country. But whoever follows this necessarily incomplete survey of what man has found that region to be, and of what his yet puny hands have drawn from it, will dismiss the popular and natural suspicion that it is a wilderness worthy of its present fate. Until the whole globe is banded with steel rails and yields to the plow, we will continue to regard whatever region lies beyond our doors as wasteland, and to fancy that every line of latitude has its own varying climatic characteristics. There is an opulent civilization in what we once were taught was 'the Great American Desert,' and far up at Edmonton, on the Peace river, farming flourishes despite the fact that it is where our school books located a zone of perpetual snow. Farther along we shall study a country crossed by the same parallels of latitude that dissect inhospitable Labrador, and we shall discover that as great a difference exists between the two shores of the continent on that zone as that which distinguishes California from Massachusetts. Upon the coast of this neglected corner of the world we shall see that a climate like that of England is produced, as England's is, by a warm current in the sea; in the southern half of the interior we shall discover valleys as inviting as those in our New England; and far north, at Fort Simpson, just below the down-reaching claw of our Alaska, we shall find such a climate as Halifax enjoys.

British Columbia has a length of eight hundred miles, writes Julian Ralph in Harper's Magazine, and averages four hundred miles in width. To whoever crosses the country it seems the scene of a vast earth disturbance, over which mountains are scattered without system. In fact, however, the Cordillera belt is there divided into four ranges, the Rockies forming the eastern boundary, then the Gold range, then the Coast range, and, last of all, that partially submerged chain whose upraised parts form Vancouver and the other mountainous islands near the mainland in the Pacific. A vast valley flanks the southwestern side of the Rocky mountains, accompanying them from where they leave our Northwestern states in a wide straight furrow for a distance of seven hundred miles.

MERCENARY MOTIVES. A Young Gentleman Who Did Not Care to Invest in Injust Concerns.

"Two or three days ago," remarked Dr. T. Hamilton Burch in the course of a conversation with a New York Advertiser representative, "I received a hurried call to a particularly swell Madison avenue mansion. The messenger assured me that it was a matter of life and death, and that my immediate presence was needed to avoid the latter, so jumping into a cab, I flew to the aid of the unknown sufferer. Arriving at the house I was rushed up to a room, which contained half a dozen people gathered about a couch, on which lay a small boy with protruding eyes and a purplish countenance. I was informed that the young gentleman had accidentally swallowed a penny, which obstinately insisted upon sticking squarely in his throat. I hastily unpacked the necessary instruments and started in to recapture the coin.

"While everyone present exhibited the most intense interest in the operation, the solicitude of the victim's younger brother was affecting to a degree. With an expression of serious apprehension and in a voice trembling with grief, he plied me with questions upon the possible outcome of the accident. I answered him with words of encouragement, and finally, amid a general sigh of relief, drew forth the obnoxious coin.

"There," I exclaimed, patting the younger brother on the shoulder, 'we've got it at last.' "I'm so glad," he responded with a smile. 'It was my cent.'"

He Saw Her. Mr. Sliptongue—I have not met your wife. Is she here this evening? Mr. Hansome—Yes, but just at this moment she is engaged—over there at the piano.

Mr. Sliptongue (with affected enthusiasm)—Ah, I see. She is the goddess-like beauty who is playing an accompaniment for that mountain of flesh who is singing.

Mr. Hansome (stiffly)—My wife does not play. She sings.—N. Y. Weekly.

Economy. Mrs. Trotter—I hear that all three of Mrs. Barlow's children have the measles. Mrs. Foster—Yes, so I understand. They're so poor that they have to economize or the doctor by all getting sick at once.—Judge.



A SPRING PROMENADE.



TWO SPRING WRAPS.



TOILETS FOR APRIL.