

AS YE WOULD.

If I should see
A brother languishing in sore distress.
And I should turn and leave him comfortless
When I might be
A messenger of hope and happiness.

A STROKE OF LUCK.

DEACON WADE was hoeing in the garden, close by the road, on the morning when the idea came to him that it would be a good plan for him to get married again.

The way in which the idea came to him was this: Just as he reached the end of the row nearest the road, some one said: "Good morning, Deacon Wade."

"Good morning, good morning," responded the deacon, delightedly. "Beautiful morning, isn't it?" "Charming," answered Rhoda. "How's Mrs. Wheelock? Well, I suppose?"

"She's gone over to her son's again," answered the deacon. "She went yesterday—some of the children sick, I believe—so Bob and I are keeping house alone."

splendidly. She's the most sensible girl I ever saw. I wonder how much farther I better go now? Maybe I'd better wait, just as I'd made up my mind to, and give her time to talk it over with her mother before I come right out with the question.

The deacon might have staid until Mrs. Mason's return, but a young girl friend of Rhoda's came, and that put an end to his visit.

"You can talk with your mother and see what she thinks about what I've been saying," he said, as he took his departure. "Let me know the first chance you have."

The next Wednesday evening Robert Wade was away from home. About 1 o'clock his father heard him come in. "I wouldn't wonder if Rob's got an idea of sparking somebody," thought the deacon.

"I've got a message for you," he said, by-and-by, when the housekeeper had left the room. "I was over to the Mason place, and when I came away Rhoda told me to tell you that if you wanted to know what her mother thought about your housekeeping idea you'd better come over and talk with her about it."

"I begin to understand it," he told himself, by-and-by. "I've come dreadfully near making a fool of myself. I guess I did make a fool of myself, all right enough; but what I mean is, I came dreadfully near getting caught at it. But, by the greatest stroke of luck that ever happened to me, I have

not been caught. I see how it is. Rob's going to marry Rhoda, and he's been sparking her all along, and the girl thought I knew it, and she thinks it was her mother I had in view for a housekeeper. And, as luck would have it, I didn't say anything that'll give me away, if—if I carry out the deception and marry Rhoda's mother. If I don't they'll mistrust something. It seems as if fate had something to do with it. I never thought of such a thing, but I'm forced right into it, so to speak. I can't help myself. And, come to think of it, it's the proper thing to do. It would have been a foolish thing for an old man like me to marry a young girl like Rhoda. Ain't it lucky, now, that I didn't say any more that day? I stopped just at the right time and place. It seems she's told her mother what I said, and—I'm to come over and talk with her about it. I will."

When Deacon Wade made up his mind to anything he was prompt to act. Saturday afternoon saw him setting out for the Mason homestead with another basket of strawberries. The widow was at home this time, and welcomed him with a blush that made her look almost as pretty as her daughter.

"That's about the way I look at it," said Robert, giving the blushing Mrs. Mason a rousing kiss. Just then Rhoda appeared on the scene to announce that tea was waiting, and the deacon stepped up to her and kissed her in a most fatherly manner, and then put her hand in Robert's, and said: "Bless you, my children," in most approved stage fashion.

"But wasn't I lucky, though, to get off so easy," he said to himself, more than once after that, as he thought over his narrow escape. "It makes me shiver to think how near I came to being found out for an old fool. But, by the greatest stroke of luck I ever had, I come out of the scrape all right, and got just the kind of a wife that I ought to have. I shall always believe in luck after this."—New York Ledger.

A Use for English Sparrows.

The crusade against the killing of our song-birds cannot but receive the indorsement of every right-minded woman. We are all ready to join Audubon societies, and to help in every way to keep our forests peopled with beauty and tuneful with song. But there is a little rowdy fellow beyond the pale of our sympathies—that wicked little fighter, the English sparrow. Individually he is harmless enough, but collectively he is capable of the greatest mischiefs. The extermination of our song-birds is apparently the chief aim of his existence. We can never forgive him, but our wrath against him should be mollified because of his one redeeming point—he is good in pie.

The History of Tailoring.

At a dinner of the Tailor's Society in London Mr. Skinner, of Glasgow, graphically traced the development of the tailor's art from primeval times, when they stitched fig leaves together, until the present day, when the anxiety of so many is "where-withal shall I be clothed."



HE LOOKED UP AND SAW RHODA MASON SMILING AT HIM.

From this small beginning progress was made, until in 1830 B. Thimouler patented a sewing machine in Paris. In 1841 there were eighty of these machines in use for sewing the clothing of the French army. But a mob of furious operatives destroyed these machines, just as similar mobs had before that day destroyed the Jacquard loom and Hargreaves spinning Jenny. During the revolution of 1848 Thimouler was again at work with other machines, capable of making 200 stitches a minute. But once again the mob got at them and destroyed them, and poor Thimouler died in the direst poverty in the year 1857. Before that date, however, Elias Howe, of Massachusetts, had perfected the sewing machine, but, meeting with no encouragement in the United States, he came to England, and in 1846 sold his machine to a merchant of Cheapside for £250. From that time onward the history of the sartorial art is largely a history of the sewing machine.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Claim Long Pedigrees.

In a genealogical way the funniest thing on record is that Menelik, Negus of Abyssinia, insists on his descent in a straight line from Solomon and the renowned Queen of Sheba. If this should be questioned the august Negus would have your head cut off, or if you hinted that there was a bar sinister somewhere you might be impaled. There is, however, a noble family in France, the Counts of Noe, who show on their blazon the Ark and the most adventurous voyager, Noah, and they claim that veteran seaman as really their remote ancestor.

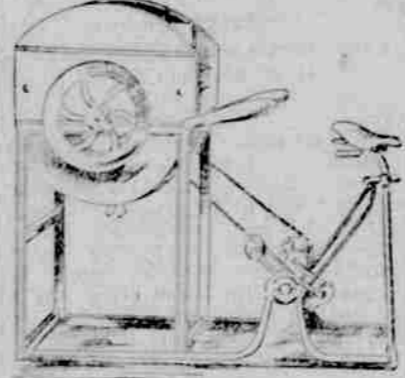


Cements.

Cements of various kinds should be kept in readiness for accidents. The following cannot be excelled. For a china cement take the curd of milk, dried and powdered, 10 ounces; quick lime, 1 ounce; camphor, 2 drams. Mix and keep in a closely stopped bottle. For use mix a little with water into a paste and apply quickly. A strong solution of common isinglass with a little diluted alcohol added makes an excellent cement for leather. For glass-ware, mix five parts gelatine with one part of a solution of acid citrate of lime. Cover the broken edges, join together and expose to the sunlight. Will withstand boiling water. For mending china, glass or wood, take 1/2 pound best white glue, 1/2 pound dry white lead, pint soft water, 1/2 pint alcohol. Put first into a dish, and the dish into boiling water; let boil until dissolved, then add the alcohol and boil again until well mixed and add a little camphor. Makes articles as strong as new.

This Cleans Knives.

In the kitchen of the large restaurant the labor-saving devices are every day becoming more common. One of the most recent patterns of knife and fork cleaning machines is shown here. The rollers, which are revolved by hand, are made of a special composition rubber and are said to put the finish upon a silver-plated knife without scratching it in the least.



QUICK AND CERTAIN.

collers, which are revolved by hand, are made of a special composition rubber and are said to put the finish upon a silver-plated knife without scratching it in the least. The attachment at the end with the grooves in it is for the purpose of readily cleaning locks and operates in the same manner.

Graham Muffins.

One and one-half cupsful of coarse graham flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, one egg, one teaspoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of melted butter, sufficient milk to make a drop batter. Mix together to the flour, salt and sugar. Beat the egg, white and yolk, together, until very light, and one-quarter of a cupful of milk and stir into the dry mixture. Add the melted butter and sufficient milk to make a medium thick drop batter, and beat until air bubbles appear over the surface. Stir in the baking powder, pour into well greased muffin pans, and bake in a hot oven about twenty minutes.

Starting Plants Early.

Make little boxes of writing paper, fill with rich earth and set in a shallow box or on an old-fashioned tray in a sunny window. Sow your seeds in these little boxes, and keep just moist enough not to rot or tear the paper of which the box is constructed, when the plants are large enough and the weather permits of setting them in the garden, bury box and plant to the right depth for setting. Your plant will not know if it has been moved if you have hardened it by setting the tray outdoors on fine days. Fasten the corners of your paper boxes with needle and thread if necessary.

Vinegar Cookies.

Cream together one cupful of butter and two cupfuls of sugar, add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, three eggs well beaten, one half of a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one tablespoonful of warm water and one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt. Stir in sufficient sifted flour to make a soft dough, roll out on a small floured board, cut into any desired shape and bake in a moderate oven.

Hints.

Clothes turned right side out, carefully folded and sprinkled, are half ironed. Onions are great absorbents. They should not be left out for any length of time and then used. A soft corn can be cured by placing a tuft of cotton wool, saturated with olive oil, between the toes and renewing it every day. The corn will very soon disappear.

If a small hook is screwed on the under side of the dining table at each corner and loops sewed on the corners of the felt undercloth, it will be found a convenient means of adjusting its length when the table needs to be made smaller.

Did you ever suffer torment from a shoe tight in one spot? Here is a remedy for it. Apply sweet oil to the stockings where the rub comes. It is better than applying it to the boot, because it softens the inside of the boot, where it is needed, instead of the outside.

Brushes and brooms would last longer and do better work if they had an occasional bath. Four tablespoonfuls of household ammonia in two quarts of lukewarm water are the proportions for a good bath. Let the bristles or straws stand in the water half an hour, then rinse thoroughly, and do not hang them by the head, but put in a cool place to dry.

TRULY A COMPOSITE.

RIG OF THE AMERICAN GIRL THIS SPRING.

New License in Tailor Millinery—Hats Are Now Very Elaborately Trimmed—Three Tailor Dresses Gotten Up in Varying Shades of Brown.

Surprises of the Spring. New York correspondence:



Once dainty and saucy, in the same breath tailor-made and frivolous, English, French and American all at once and in one rig—that is what the fashionable dresser is accomplishing this season. The severe fit of the strictly tailor-made style has returned for the street cloth dress. The figure is blocked out in a square fashion that gives value to every curve, and yet seems to deny corsets and squeezing. The skirt falls so close and smooth that femininity is not a bit insisted on in suggestion, though it is not likely to be forgotten in effect. Then the severity of fit and simplicity of outline are relieved by a little dash (as if all of a sudden the demurest pair of eyes twinkled with a little wink in one of them) of braiding more or less elaborately applied to bodice and skirt. The petticoat underneath is a dazzle

is, a tried product; for how welcome usually are specifications as to the latest styles. For the original of the initial picture these were more colored cloth, glove fit and trimming of fancy steel passementerie. In the two jackets of the second sketch are two distinct types of cut. The blazer was dark red cheviot trimmed with bias folds of black cloth, and was worn over an immaculate waistcoat of white broadcloth. The other was the newest box front shape, in bluet cloth, trimmed with black soutache that was hardly larger than coarse thread.

The question of hats for such rigs is a serious one. Of these two models, the left hand one was a black straw shepherdess trimmed with cerise silk and a fine bunch of white hydrangeas. The other was turquoise blue straw, trimmed with blue and white gauze, cock's feathers and a most assertively fanciful buckle. Tallornades have changed toward severity, but what is lost in dainty suggestion by tabooring highly wrought trimming, is more than made up by the new license in tailor millinery. Very early this season one of our best known men's hatters accompanied his women followers by displaying a window full of sakers trimmed out of all severity, and of walking hats as gay as a Turk's turban, with winding scarfs, up-rising aigrettes and flashes of jewels and buckles. As a last flirting kick at severity, behold! a tilt is given to the brim of the walking hat that is even more startling than the gaiety of its composition. The artistic effect of this contrast between hat and gown is excelled by new fancies. It is one of those few complete changes that captivate the observer from the start, rather than filling her with doubts as to whether it can ever be accepted. One of the best of the latest color ad-



THE LATEST BLAZER AND BOX FRONT.

und splash of brilliant color, and a haze of audacious frills. The hair—there again is the flip of contrast. It is a riot of half-bald waves and curls. Time was, you remember, when the tailor-made dress implied hair austere as smooth, wound in tight and shiny flat braids in the English fashion, and any other coiffure would be disapproved as "training the effect" of the tailor gown. It is not a bit so now. Now the effect of the gown is heightened, and the face set between the strictly mannish collar and the romping girlishness of crinkly hair is simply irresistible. Yet she does not stop there. On top of the American hair and saucy, Yankee-tilted chin and you-can't-catch-me eyes, she sets a French hat or something of



THREE TAILOR RIGS WITH A SURPRISE TO EACH.

American make so suggestive of the French milliner's taste and skill as to prove that there is no longer excuse for buying headgear in Paris. Dress after the manner of the women pictured here, and few of you will have an excuse to blame Nature very much for her outfitting. Let from the girl dressed, to the details of her dress, is a decent. That fact alone speaks volumes for the glory of the finished—that