

REAL HOMESPUN

YES, Nettie, it has come to this, bread and butter is a scarce commodity in our house. Here we are, three of us, and with reasonably good appetites. Herbie is too small to earn anything, and you are at present too frail to do much, my plaques and hand-painted pin-cushions don't sell, no one wants my worsted work, I'm not educated up to any of the professions, and can make no practical use of my piano playing. I am loathe to tell it, dear, but we are sadly in need of daily bread. What can we do? And Eleanor Wray went to the low couch where her invalid sister lay, and tenderly smoothed the brown hair, then bent to kiss the quivering lips.

"Is it so bad as that, Eleanor? I knew papa did not leave us much money, but had no idea—"

"That we were so poor. We have this little house and the grounds, and have no debts, and have many comforts in the house. I have thought carefully over it all and mean to lay aside fancy work, plaque painting, and the so-called genteel ways of earning a livelihood and try real work."

"Oh, Eleanor, you are not fitted for it. Don't you think that Charlie Leigh had serious intentions of—"

ventured Nettie, looking timidly toward her stronger and somewhat willful sister, not at all certain of the reception of her suggestion.

"Asking me to be his wife? No, little sister, Charlie was a pleasant escort and I think liked me, but as to serious intentions, my dear, they did not exist, save in your lively imagination. I'm not sure that I am ready for the Prince's coming, if I am all of 20 and not married and minus a lover, and now for my plans."

"I am going to open a bakery, real homespun everything shall be, and for you I'll have a mending department. Now do not discourage me, Nettie, I know the idea is neither new nor a brilliant one, that this is a country town, and all good housewives do their own baking and mending. We are going to give them a chance to get it done. My bread and cake shall be so light and sweet, that they will patronize the Real Homespun bakery in spite of old customs."

"What will you mend?"

"Lace curtains, collars, handkerchiefs, fine table linen, every valuable article that needs a few stitches, that none but a real lady and skilled fingers can give."

"I hope you will succeed, Eleanor, but—"

"Didn't I tell you that I wanted your help and counsel? I am going to begin my show window now."

Bithely, Eleanor sang at her work of resurrecting from the wood-house an old flower-stand, with broad shelves. "Just the thing," and very nicely they looked after being cleaned and stained a dark brown.

Eleanor was not used to rough work. Dr. Wray had brought up his two motherless girls tenderly, "spoiled them," so the gossips said, and when he died poor, there was a general headshaking, and "I told you so, those extravagant girls have ruined him," among the good people of Troy.

The shelves were fitted to the front window, the panes were polished crystal clear, and charmingly decorated with wheat ears, vases, feathery grasses and evergreens.

"To-morrow I'll make my sign, and then I'll bake up things. What a necessity it is, that I have always liked to bake, and was not old Kathleen a dear to teach me how to concoct so many old-fashioned things. Let me reckon up my capital, not much money, Nettie, and it remains to be seen whether I have energy or brains."

Three hours Eleanor spent upon her sign, a background of dark-green moss, "Real Homespun" lettered in German text, materials delicate grasses crystallized in alum, the effect pretty and graceful, the sign broad crescent shaped and wreathed in holly leaves and berries, made a novel and attractive "shingle," as Eleanor called it.

At any rate it will contrive to tell the public "that bread and buns are sold within, and now for my baking."

Nearly all her scanty means was invested in flour, molasses, sugar and materials needed. An afternoon's hard work, and her "stock" was ready. "This very night I'll put up my shingle and arrange my wares. Won't there be some dazzled eyes in the morning? Just think what the stately Misses Wray have come to," mimicked Eleanor as she laughed a little hysterically, or so it sounded to Nettie.

A large wooden bread tray wreathed in ground pine, filled with crisp ginger-snaps reposing upon snowy napkins, had the center and most honored place, upon each side pretty china fruit dishes of lady's fingers sat. A great blue china platter that had held for generations past the Wray's Thanksgiving turkey held the "twisters," as Eleanor called them, while squares of ginger-bread in china plates were placed promiscuously. "The buns and cream biscuit must be fresh and go in to-morrow morning. Now for my shingle," and she fastened it securely.

"It looks little and mean, and our young friends will laugh, and likely out our acquaintance, but, really, Nettie, it was the only thing I could think of."

The first customer was Lawyer Carr, a bachelor, and said to be a little near in his business. "Let me have some of that ginger-bread, please, and cream biscuits. It's decidedly more attract-

ive than those my landlady serves me."

No one came all the afternoon. Eleanor was forced to hear jests at her expense by some gay young friends, and her old escort Charlie Leigh, passed with Bessie Carr, a pretty blonde, not noted for her intellect, but she was rich or her parents were, and Charlie was one of her admirers. It was hard for the refined, high-spirited girl to sit there, a bread and cake vendor, to be laughed at and scorned by those who had in palmer days courted her society.

"Jamie" Brown's sharp eyes were taking in the town, and the new "bake shop" caught his fancy. He had not had a good dinner, "mother" had an acute attack of neuritis, and he wasn't at all sure of a good supper. When he looked in the kitchen there sat Mrs. Brown swathed in shawls, and full of twinges of pain.

"Jamie, you an' yer pap'll hev to do the best you can for supper, I've took bad again, with the pain."

"Can't I go to the new bakeshop of Miss Wray and get somethin'?"

"The bake shop, Miss Eleanor Wray do you mean?" asked Mrs. Brown, so much surprised as to almost forget the twinge.

"Yes, Miss Wray. Gimme some money an' let me get bread an' cake."

Jamie was a liberal buyer, his father like most blacksmiths possessed a good, healthy appetite, and whoever knew the small boy to not be hungry?

"Proper good bread this, but it beats my time, Miss Eleanor Wray got a bake shop," said the still dazed Mrs. Brown.

Slowly the sales increased. Real Homespun bread, cake and tarts were becoming popular, and orders were coming to the mending department, and Nettie had more than she could do, also took pupils in Kensington work. Together, the sisters carried bread and butter for themselves and Herbie, and often had jam with it, but expenses were a great deal, and the baking days were wearing Eleanor's strength away.

She procured a strong girl to assist her, which lightened the toll very much, yet 'twas hard for her.

Charlie Leigh's mother was to give a dinner party, and sighed for trained help. "Why not send for Eleanor Wray and order the dinner, at least part of it, from her. She gives excellent satisfaction in her line, and Real Homespun edibles are very popular now," said a friend.

"If it was not that old affair with Charles, I should not hesitate to ask her to do it, but a girl like Eleanor Wray—"

"Nonsense!" She advertises her wares and of course does not think of Charles now. Is he engaged to Bessie?

"Yes, and we are delighted; it's on her account we are having this dinner party. I want it especially nice. I believe I will write to Eleanor," and the note was written and dispatched.

"Will I go, Nettie? Of course I shall, and mean to decorate the table in my best style, and get up the dinner in Real Homespun style, with a little modern dash about it."

"But they say it is given in honor of Charlie's engagement to Bessie Carr. It is an insult to ask it of you," said Nettie indignantly.

"Never mind, dear, let's not think any more about it," replied Eleanor, feigning a coolness and indifference she did not feel.

Carte blanche was given her, no expense was to be spared, and for days Eleanor with her assistants were busy preparing for the Leigh dinner.

The eventful day came, and Eleanor went on with her work mechanically. In the parlor was Bessie Carr, the petted and honored guest, the silvery laugh rang out merrily. Eleanor shivered when she thought of her own position, a common servant, when only a short time since Charlie Leigh had almost made her believe (not by words) that the Leigh home was not complete without her. How soon he had forgotten her, and for Bessie Carr.

Bravely she performed her task, listened to Mrs. Leigh's praises of her skill and thanks for the "great favor," received the money due her, and went home. Bessie's laughter and the tinkling of the piano, all was painful to her and she was glad to leave it behind her.

"Here it is, my wages," said Eleanor as she tossed the crisp bills into Nettie's lap, a curious, burning sensation in her eyelids, and a feverish glow upon each cheek.

"It has been too much for you, dear," said Nettie with tender solicitude.

"No, it has not, and let me tell you about it. The dinner was a success, everybody smiling and charming. Charlie was his usual debonaire self, papa and mamma Leigh were beaming, while I, the caterer, and—"

"Eleanor, you are not well, you must rest."

"Yes, I will, Nettie. I can afford to shut up shop a few hours now," and she left Nettie alone.

"Poor Eleanor, it was hard for her. I do believe that she cared for Charlie Leigh, in spite of her light-hearted appearances."

If Eleanor had suffered through the night no traces were left next morning, she was as tender toward the frail sister and little brother, and sang almost gleefully at her work.

"The Real Homespun" bakery

boasts of a more splendid appearance now. Eleanor, a stately looking woman, yet sends out her buns and tarts. The mending department does not flourish, as Eleanor will not allow Nettie to exert her feeble strength in such work. "Herbie," a pale, intellectual, studious lad, is the pride of both hearts.

The poor little crescent "sign" gave place to a masterpiece of a needy but talented artist, while the plate glass windows display choice wedgewood ware, and willow patterned plates hold "twisters" much like those of old, and still retain the nutty flavor that made them so popular with the small boy and boys of larger growth who thought they "tasted just like those grandmothers used to make." Prosperous days have come to Eleanor, and happy ones, too. A busy life and well spent one thus far has been Eleanor Wray's.—The Housewife.

JAMES J. HILL'S TWO SONS.

They Take to Their Father's Line of Business with Ease.

The two sons of J. J. Hill, "Jim" and "Lou," have knuckled down to work since their days in Yale, and their father is proud of their records as railroad men in the ten years since he set their respective noses to the grindstone. Both have risen to responsible positions in the Great Northern system, and have shown themselves worthy of their responsibilities without what they used to call the "old man's pull."

Young "Jim" Hill made his first hit as a possible railroad magnate when he was in college. In those salad days he was not a hard student, and had several painful interviews with an unsympathetic faculty at times. It does no harm in the light of his success, to record that a warning or two were sent to the president of the Great Northern system, to the effect that more studious application was necessary on the part of the undergraduate in question or his college career might be frosted. Summer vacation was near at hand, and young "Jim" Hill did not view with enthusiasm his probable reception at home. His father had taken the question too seriously for comfort, and had threatened a disastrous embargo on the vacation budget of expenses.

A master stroke averted the crisis. A thesis was due in the Sheffield Scientific school course, and one of the list of topics offered was "The Effect of Transportation Systems on the Growth of Cities." Young "Jim" Hill announced, "Here is where I save my life." He forsook his cheerful haunts for the university library. He dug out statistics by the car load, and sought chiefly information about the great Northwest. He compiled and condensed, and clipped and copied, and sweated, until the result was a thesis that showed in at least a dozen different conclusive ways that the safety of the solar system depended on railway development, and that the Northwest, of all other parts of the inhabited globe, had been developed by railroads, and the Great Northern system in particular.

The thesis passed the faculty with flying colors, and was then carefully forwarded by registered mail, well ahead of the home-coming of the author. J. J. Hill was delighted. He saw the fatted calf and when "Young Jim" returned to New Haven in the fall he announced that he had had the summer of his life, and a chartered yacht as a token of parental esteem.

"It was the hit of my life," said he. "Dad has me figured out as the wisest material for a railroad man that ever came down the track. Transportation and the Growth of Cities," well, I guess. Couldn't have landed harder if I had studied every day since I was a freshman."

Not long ago a classmate of the Hill boys asked their father while in New York how they were getting along.

"You ought to see them," said President Hill, with a chuckle. "Why, Jim and Lou are regular little old men these days."—New York Mail and Express.

His Style of Haircut.

An elderly and rather irritable gentleman entered a barber's parlor to have his hair trimmed. All the seats were occupied. He was about to leave when a voluble operator persuasively remarked: "Ready in a minute, sir."

Reassured, the customer sat down, picked up a paper, and absently began to peruse it. Meanwhile the barber exhibited an extraordinary loquaciousness, discussing the merits of race horses, the possibilities at Saratoga, and various other subjects. Finally he invitingly offered the vacated chair to the old gentleman.

"How would you like your hair cut?" the barber inquired.

"In perfect silence, please," was the curt and ironical reply.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Deceived.

Ethel—You say Algy has been heartlessly deceived by a young woman. Did she lead him on to think that she loved him?

May—Oh, no. She led him on to believe that she didn't care a rap for him, and then when he carelessly proposed accepted him on the spot.

Really Looking for Work.

Gritty George—Lady, I hear dat yer cuckoo clock is out of order.

The Lady—What of that?

Gritty George—Well, I just want to say dat I'll sit around an' do de cuckoo in' every hour fer me board and lodgin'. I'm always willin' to work.—Philadelphia Press.

Conscientious reformers finally come to the conclusion that reform is impossible.

Help is often only another name for interference.

RUSSELL SAGE TELLS YOUNG MEN HOW TO BE SUCCESSFUL.

Russell Sage, the aged financier, in a very able article printed in New York, defines the secret of his success and tells young men how to succeed. He says:

"A young man to succeed must necessarily have a definite idea of what he wants to do, and must continually keep it before his mind. He must work as hard as he can to accomplish it, and must not be dismayed or turn from his course by discouragements. What measure of success may have been reached in my long life has been due almost entirely to these four things."

"I have been a very busy man for almost seventy years, and I am absolutely convinced that a young man who makes up his mind to succeed almost invariably will do so, if he is made of the right material and concentrates all his efforts with the one purpose in view."

"I have one sincere word of advice for any young man who desires to succeed and it is this: That under no circumstances should he yield to the temptation of gambling in stocks. Now, I do not mean by this that he should never seek success through the medium of speculation, but, rather, that he should always observe some business method in all his dealings."



RUSSELL SAGE.

When sound, good-paying stocks are low he might do well to buy them as an investment only, but not otherwise. The fever of speculation has been the ruin of thousands of young men and the wreck of many fortunes, and it will continue to cast wrecks by the wayside as long as most of us are mad to get rich quickly.

"A young man who really and earnestly desires to succeed should never waste any time in dissipation. He should, of course, allow himself the necessary amount of recreation and rest, and he should try to live a healthy, regular life. He should try to acquire regular habits—that is, sleep and eat at the same hours each day and night, so as to keep in perfect physical health. Then he should make a rule each week to put by a certain amount of his earnings and acquire the habit of saving. There are very few men who are not able to make a dollar, but the making of a dollar is not the most important thing. It is far more important to know how to save it."

"All a young man has to do is to work hard and save money. That may sound very easy, but it is the main point. It is not saving alone that counts; it is knowing how to save. No one should stint himself of anything really needful. The fault of most of our young men of to-day is that they do not stick close enough to business. The man who always tries to get off as easy as possible, and when working for others does as little as possible for the wages he receives, will never get ahead and never amount to anything in life."

"Every young man should through all his business career constantly keep in mind the parable of the faithful servant in the nineteenth chapter of St. Luke and the reward given to him: 'Because thou hast been faithful in a very little have thou authority over ten cities.'"

Mr. Sage is in good health, goes regularly to his office each day and looks after his many interests as closely as he did ten years ago.

THINGS YOU MAY NOT DO.

An Easy Thing to Break the Law and Still Mean No Evil.

Even in a free country such as this there are things that one may not own or have in his or her possession, however innocent may be the intent. Possession frequently may mean legal entanglement and State or National Government must be reckoned with.

For instance, a garden full of Canada thistles is calculated to make a deal of trouble for the owner of the ground, even though he may not know a Canada thistle from a currant bush. These thistles are persons non grata in the United States generally and a substantial fine awaits the person who allows the weed to grow upon ground under his control.

It is not a good thing for the citizen to make a collection of burglars' tools, however scientific may be his study of the criminal classes, for in the mere possession of them the law concedes that the holder has ulterior motives regarding them. At any rate it requires a good round sum to make such a collection, as frequently a single tool out of a kit may cost \$25. If some burglar should be scared out of your house, leaving his kit or any portion of it, a safe place in which to put it is the nearest police station.

The United States Government will make trouble for you if you have any portions of a brewing or distilling plant. Beer vats and distilling kettles

may not be used for any other purpose than brew and distilling, and if a person should go only so far as to make a bathtub out of one or the other of them he would be incurring the displeasure of his government.

Possession of counterfeit money is a felony. It is presumed that a man, woman or child should be able to determine whether a coin or bill is genuine, and the attempt to pass it may be followed by extreme consequences.

If you should be at a country railroad station and see a mail pouch lying on a rail, where the incoming train would cut it in two, you would better let it lie. Touching a pouch of United States mail with even a foot is a technical crime, and it is altogether owing to the disposition of the postmaster and the United States marshal of the district how much trouble may be made for you.

Altogether the postal department has some stringent regulations. If you receive a letter from a friend on which the stamp is not canceled it is against a specific statute for you to pluck off the stamp and use it again. There are several kinds of vigorous language which you cannot transmit by letter.

While one may not touch a mail pouch, it is different with a letter which a carrier has delivered at the address on the envelope. Dropping the letter at the place marked, the carrier absolves his government from any other responsibility, and if after the letter has been delivered another person takes it and opens it there is no recourse through the Postoffice Department.

Carrying concealed deadly weapons almost universally is against the provisions of both State statutes and city ordinances. In this connection there is a queer fact concerning the carrying of a revolver in some places. If a man has one in his pocket and is arrested incidentally on suspicion he was locked up and assessed the usual fine; if he chances to be carrying one and is attacked by thugs he may use the weapon, killing one or two of his assailants, and not even be arrested.

THE SPEAKERSHIP.

Some Facts About the Position Which Heed and Henderson Quit.

Among the earliest duties which will devolve upon the recently elected members of the Fifty-eighth Congress will be the choice of a speaker, and present indications make it probable that the speaker will be chosen from the West.

The speaker of the Fifty-seventh Congress, David B. Henderson, was the first to be chosen from the territory west of the Mississippi.

The first speaker was E. A. Muhlenberg of Pennsylvania. The post of speaker was held in the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Congresses by James K. Polk, afterwards President.

Speakers of the House of Representatives who have been candidates for President are numerous and include Henry Clay, John Bell and James G. Blaine. Schuyler Colfax, after having been speaker, was Vice President of the United States.

The oldest surviving speaker is Galusha A. Grow, born in 1823, and speaker from 1861 to 1863.

The last Democratic speaker, Charles F. Crisp, was a native of England. One surviving speaker, John G. Carlisle, though elected Representative in Kentucky, is now a resident of the City of New York.

There has never been a speaker from the Pacific coast, and it is a somewhat curious circumstance that Ohio though pre-eminent in nearly all other political offices, has had in the country's history but one speaker, John W. Kiefer, who served only a single term. The State of New York has had no speaker since the close of the Ninth Congress in 1827, though New York has been during the whole of that period the most populous State and the one having the largest Congressional representation.

The speaker of the Fifty-eighth Congress when chosen will preside over a larger number of members of Congress than any of his predecessors, the total membership of the next House being 396.

They Are Knowing Birds.

"The sparrow is certainly a knowing bird," said a man who is employed at the Girard Point grain elevators. "He can figure out a thing for himself in a way that is astonishing. Down around the elevators there are thousands of them who feed on the grains of wheat that fall to the ground, but recently we haven't been getting any wheat. In fact, for some time past we haven't been handling anything but corn."

"Now, a kernel of corn is rather too large for a sparrow to swallow, but just the same I watched a lot of them picking up the kernels the other day and what do you suppose they did with them? You will hardly believe me when I tell you, but it's gospel truth. Each sparrow flew over to the railroad and carefully deposited his kernel of corn on the rail. Then they all hopped around and chattered until a shifting engine came along. After it had passed the corn was ground into meal and the sparrows ate it. Don't tell me a sparrow hasn't any brains."—Philadelphia Record.

Still in It.

"So Grapher is out of politics now." "Nonsense! Who told you that?" "He did. He told me to-day that he doesn't take any stock in politics now, days."

"Exactly. Most of the stock he took proved worthless. He holds out for the long green now."—Philadelphia Press.

Many men, in looking for work, stum-

LITERARY LITTLEBITS

Dr. Lyman Abbott is now at work on a biography of Henry Ward Beecher.

Thin paper editions of standard works, bound in limp leather, are growing in favor with English publishers.

The Lothrop Publishing Company issues Irving Bacheller's third novel, "Darrel of the Blessed Isles." It deals with life in the north—before the war.

S. R. Crockett's latest story, "Strong Mac," is a tale of life on the moors of Scotland, with a later shifting of scene to Spain during the peninsula war.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have just published the new book on "Italy and the Italians," by Edward Hutton, whose "Studies in the Lives of the Saints" has already made favorable comment.

The Scribners announce a novel by Frances Powell entitled "The House on the Hudson." This maiden work of a new writer is described as "blending the characteristics of a detective story with those of a passionate and forceful drama of love."

Mary Catherine Crowley, the author of "The Heroine of the Strait," a romance of Detroit in the time of Pontiac, has written another novel with its scenes laid in that interesting section, but with the war of 1812 for the historical background.

Richard G. Badger will issue the only adequate rendering obtainable of "Tannhauser," the romance upon which Wagner's most famous opera is based, it being translated in a bold and spirited manner from the original German by Charles G. Kendall.

Miss Ottilie Liljenbrantz, the author of "The Thrill of Left the Lucky," has written another historical novel. This time she has chosen the period of the Danish conquest of Britain for her theme and has decided to call the tale "The Ward of King Canute." It will be published at an early date by A. C. McClurg & Co.

McClure, Phillips & Co. announce "The Blue Goose," by Frank I. Nason, author of "To the End of the Trail." It is a story of mines and miners in the gold regions of the Rockies. Since Bret Harte wrote of the "Forty-Niners" in California and along the transcontinental trail the mining world has completely changed.

It will probably be a surprise to many to be told that Joseph Conrad, the author of "Youth," is not writing in his native tongue when he writes in English. Mr. Conrad is, it seems, a Pole, and was born in a southern province of Poland. His father was a noted critic and poet, who edited a patriotic review at Warsaw.

"Ronald Carnaqua, a Commercial Clergyman," a novel on the press for early issue by the Macmillan Company, will find many readers. The never-failing humor and pathos of a pastor's relations with his congregation, his trustees and some of the women of his flock have been skillfully handled by the author, Bradley Gilman.

For the last twenty years hardly a spring has gone by that has not welcomed a new volume of short stories from the pen of Bret Harte. His death last May brought many expressions of regret that this annual contribution to good fiction could no longer go on. Mr. Harte's literary executors have found, however, that he left material ready for one more book, which will be published under the title of "Tren's Trust." It contains seven stories, in which some of the favorite characters have one more word to say.

Birds and Commerce.

The fact that the government of India has just decided that no more bird skins and plumage shall be exported gives satisfaction to bird-lovers everywhere. The reason given for the government's decision is that, owing to the wholesale destruction of birds, destructive insects have it all their own way, and crops in India have suffered alarmingly from this cause.

The feather trade is an important part of the commerce of London, as any one who has seen the London and India Docks warehouse during a feather sale can realize. The supply from India alone is enormous.

Picture veritable mountains of the feathers of the green parrot, which is a favorite with the plumassier on account of its adaptability. Green, shimmering bills of millions of feathers that not long ago were the proud possession of the gleaming denizens of the Indian woodlands, and through the glorious green a shimmer of scarlet, that beautiful red which, for a brilliance, is not surpassed anywhere in nature.

The effect of stopping this trade means greater prosperity for the ostrich farmers in South Africa, and possible legislative action as to the destruction of birds in the south of Europe.

The Real Catastrophe.

"My dear!" said a frightened husband in the middle of the night, shaking his wife, "where did you put that bottle of strychnine?"

"On the shelf next to the peppermint."

"Oh, Lord!" he groaned. "I've swallowed it!"

"Well, for goodness sake," whispered his wife, "keep quite or you'll wake the baby."—Philadelphia Ledger.

If a woman makes really good bread, she should keep the fact a secret, or the other women will hate her.