

M-M-M:

Oh, don't I love my lady?
M-m-m-m! You ought to see
How she comes out to meet me
And goes wandering off with me
With her cheeks so like a blossom
And her neck so like the snows—
Oh, don't I love my little girl?
M-m-m!—Nobody knows!

THE VOICE OF GOD.

In the cold of a winter's
night, beneath the yellow
glare of a city lamp,
a tall man stood with a
little weary child.
A cruel wind blew the
rain around them. It
dashed it into the man's
face, so that it trickled
down his chin and fell
on the brown head trying
to cuddle against his
coat.
A feeble cry broke
every now and then from
the little fellow—a cry of protestation
and alarm. "Daddy—Daddy—cruel
Daddy. Take me home—take me
home!"
A shudder shook the man from head
to foot. A sob rose in his throat—he
could not speak. His arms went more
closely round the little body leaning
against him, and he began to move on
slowly and to mix with the crowd.
"Daddy, daddy, take me home!"
"Ah, Christ!"
"It was not an oath, but the pitiful,
appealing cry of a broken spirit. The
man in him was crushed and tortured;
his heart was bleeding itself to death.
Love for his wife and child had given
this man a soul. Evil passions had
burnt themselves out before the fire of
that pure devotion; a mighty tenderness
had sprung up with the light in his
baby's eyes.
Wonderful future schemes for the
happiness of mother and child had
filled his leisure moments and made
the music of his life. He had worked
bravely and cheerfully, he had been
tender and true and patient, and his
love had taught him to pray.
He had been at peace—and happy.
And now his heart was broken.
The cruel wind blew the rain round
them and dashed it coldly into their
faces; but other drops that were not
rain fell on the curly head of the child.
When a brave man weeps there are
tears of blood that well up from his
heart and blind his eyes; and no power
on earth can heal the wound below.
The fretful wail of a little voice, the
frightened clutch of chubby fingers
only made the agony more intense.
There is no peace to be found in any-
thing when despair first rushes with all
its force into a human soul.
"I want my mother!"
"Baby—haven't I told you—you've no
mother?"
The noise and the glare are left be-
hind at last. There is a long, silent
street and a narrow bridge, and dark
water creeping beneath. Here there is
quiet to think in at last.
By the edge of the wall is a seat cut
in the stone. The man sits down in
one corner of it, and after looking care-
fully to make sure that the boy sleeps
turns round so that he can watch the
deep water below.
"It will be mortal cold," he tells him-
self, "and awful just at first. But then
it will soon be over, and better and
easier than years of pain. God would
punish him of course, but only him. He
would understand how sorely he had
been tempted, and he would not make
the punishment too hard. He would
let him be with his boy at last. Hadn't
they only got each other?"
The child moved uneasily, and the
man bent over him carelessly, anx-
iously even at such a moment that noth-
ing might be the matter. He peered
at the closed lids and pushed some hair
back very tenderly from the high, moist
forehead.
"God bless him," he thinks. Then,
"he sent him this sleep, he didn't mean
him to know. It will be just like going
to bed for him, but with a beautiful
morning at the end."
In a minute it should be done.
It was terribly cold. Like stabbing
ice, and being drawn down into a great
crack. But after the rush and horror
of it the stillness came, and then dark-
ness, and space, and solitude.
It was lonely in this Valley of Shad-
ow. But when it was past there was
a new light everywhere.
The spirit of this man watched and
waited. He had lost his child in the
valley, but did not doubt he made one
of the many radiant beings gliding
quickly past him with their heavenly
guides.
At the end of a long time he reached
the shining gates, and through the bars
he heard sweet music and caught
glimpses of an eternal paradise.
Such rejoicing he had dreamed of
sometimes when on earth, but it
brought him no peace or comfort now.
He stood motionless, waiting and fear-
ing he knew not what, when his eyes
lighted on a child angel standing near
the gate, and in that pure and lovely
countenance he recognized his son.
But the joy that leaped into his face
faded as suddenly as it came. There
was a great and terrible reproach in
the eyes that met his own—the sadness
there could have made him weep.
"Where is my mother?"
"I know not—how could I know? I
left her long ago upon the earth."
"Where is she?"
"Where is she?"

"Alas, I cannot tell. We parted long ago."
"But to thee was given her soul to bring to the throne of God. What hast thou to say?"
"I have nothing to say."
"The love of all the world dwelleth beyond these gates. Hast thou love to plead thy cause?"
"I left the earth because the earth was full of sorrow. My trouble was greater than I could bear."
"You fled from pain—but God did not call thee here. God had appointed thee a precious task. To those alone who pass through the furnace of living pain can the crown of peace be given. Would I might help thee, but none can save thee now. As thou forsook thy trust, so has thy God forsaken thee."
Then he knew his worst forebodings were fulfilled. He stretched out his arms and would have cried for mercy, but heaven grew dim and far away, and with it the sad face of the speaker vanished forever from his sight. Then a cold, bitter blast rushed down upon him and he was cast shuddering upon his face.
"Daddy, daddy, wake!"
With a start the sleeper opened his eyes and looked up. On the seat where he had been lying his little boy had climbed and was now tugging with all his small might at his father's coat and peering down horror-stricken into his face.
"O, daddy, daddy! I've finished all my prayers—but you wouldn't wake—I couldn't make you wake!"
"Never mind, my little darling—never mind it now. We're going home—we're going home—we're to go back home—after all. O, Sammy, Sammy!"
Still later, but on the same night, a man footsore and weary, sat by a window, watching.
In the same room, on a chair, and rolled round with a blanket, was a little boy sleeping heavily. Close to the fire was an empty porridge bowl, and over the back of a chair some clothes had been spread out to dry.
The night crept on and the gray dawn came, but the watcher had not moved, and the blind was not drawn down.
But what he was waiting for came at last.
A shadow crossed the window, a low but certain cry of pain disturbed the silence of the street outside.
Then the man rose, and, moving slowly to the door, opened it very wide. At his feet on the step a woman crouched and moaned. When he spoke she lifted up a hard, despairing face.
"Neil!"
"Neil going—I'm going at once. I never meant to come, but something—the child—"
"Has he left you?"
"Yes, I'm glad of it, though."
"Where are you going to do?"
"To live, you mean? O, there are ways—it don't matter—I'm past fretting for, you know." Then, "Rob! you've been good to me always—you'll be good to the child, now that—"
"It's cold out here—you're shivering, too, lass—there's a fire inside."
But the woman staid on her knees, clinging weakly to the hands put out to help her up.
"Rob!—Rob! You don't mean it—you're dreaming Rob! Why, I've broke your heart—I know I've broken it. I can't never come back here. I wish I was dead!"
But the man was strong and he had raised her in his arms.
"Neil—it'll be hard—mighty hard, for both of us—but we'll try, God helping us! An' Neil—there's a little chap inside waiting to be put to bed. He's rolled in a blanket—we couldn't find his shirt. * * *



FOR WOMEN AND HOME

TO HAVE A CLUBHOUSE.
THE Ladies' Literary Club of Salt Lake City is the first feminine organization in the West to project a clubhouse of their own. These enterprising women recently purchased a desirable downtown lot and have just accepted plans for a modern structure of gray stone and cream-colored brick. Contrary to the devices of fair financiers in the East who have built numerous clubhouses by forming a stock



UTAH WOMAN'S CLUBHOUSE.

company, these women will erect a home partly from club dues and partly from subscriptions within the club. The clubhouse is to be commodious throughout, from the colonial veranda in front to the great auditorium on the second floor. There will also be reception-rooms, library, committee-rooms, lounging-room, dining-room and kitchen. That there should be a sewing-room for the Ladies' Literary Club is unique, but some of its members take their fancy work to meetings and industriously stitch away in the calm intervals between parliamentary debates and animated discussion of papers. It is intended to add another story to the building by and by.

The Young Wife's Social Duties.
To simply live alone, with no provision for the gratification of the social instincts, is apt to prove too severe a strain upon the reserve forces of even the happiest marriage. There is some excuse to be made for the man who seeks society outside of the home, wherein no thought is given to social pleasure, while the wife is apt to grow petty and personal, and so less attractive as she shuts herself away from intercourse with others. This dropping out is very easy, but even when prosperity comes and large social functions are possible it is too late to gain that most valuable possession, friendship, which is entirely independent of financial success. To have and to hold a place in the social life of the world is not only the right, but the duty of the young wife who desires to have a home in its truest and best sense.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Shower Bath for Baby.
The grown-ups and club men are not the only ones in this world who enjoy a shower bath, but baby who is bathed in his own little tub cannot use an ordinary rose, and in such cases the portable shower of English design, here shown, comes in handy.
In England, where the stationary wash-tub is not so ubiquitous as in America, this device is of great convenience alike for young and old. When filled with water of the proper temper-



PNEUMATIC PORTABLE SHOWER.

ature a finger is held over an aperture in the handle, and when released the water falls in a fine spray and with considerable force.
Bustles in Favor Again.
Bustles are being universally worn again. All the newest gowns have a small bustle made in them, and where a woman's figure warrants it also hip pads. Some of the new bustles are long, some short, some fuller than others, and many round up the hips with small pads. All are made of fine quality haircloth, light in weight, and are small, neat and graceful. There was a time when there was absolutely no individuality in bustles. Fat and lean women, women with conspicuous hips, those with a conspicuous absence of hips, bought and wore the bustle which looked as if it would last the longest and give them the most

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

NUMEROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

By His Cigars.
Yeast—A man's judged by the company he keeps, I believe?
Crimsonbeak—Certainly.
"And also by the cigars he keeps, I presume?"
"Oh, no; by the cigars he gives away."—Yonkers Statesman.



Philosophy.

Well, it's better than swelled head, anyhow.—London Sketch.

Refined Repartee.
"Your face," said the seasoned sourette, "is my fortune."
"You don't say so?" retorted the funny comedian. "I thought it stood for what you owed."

Keeps a Tollgate.
Mrs. Minerva T. Hering has kept a tollgate for a longer continuous period than any other person in Kentucky. For almost thirty-eight years she has lived at the same tollhouse on the Keene and Troy pike, near Nicholasville, and collected toll. Mrs. Hering and her husband were installed there as gatekeepers when the road was first completed in the year 1860. Her husband died twenty years ago, but she has remained in charge of the gate, although the ownership of the road has changed hands on numerous occasions.

Keene and Troy pike have made Mrs. Hering a present of the tollhouse in which she has lived so long, as an evidence of their appreciation of her honesty and long labors.

Women Wanted Beards.
Nowadays, when in every ladies paper one sees perpetual instructions how to get rid of superfluous hairs, it seems almost incredible that women ever should have desired to have beards. Yet this really was the case among certain of the ladies of ancient Rome, whose morbid ambition made them so crave for these inappropriate appendages that they used to shave their faces and smear them with unguents in order to cause the hair to grow. Cicero relates that to such an extent did the beard mania among women grow that it was found advisable to pass a law against the "adornment."

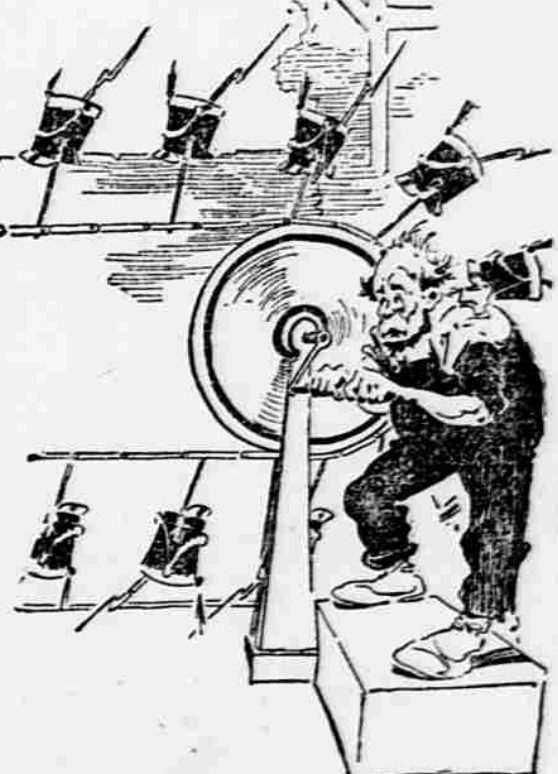
Russian Wedding.
A Russian bride is not submitted to the trying ordeal of appearing in white satin and lace in cold, broad daylight. The wedding takes place by candle-light in the drawing-room of the bride's mother. There is a banquet after, followed by a ball, and after that supper, and this in many houses is an occasion for quaint old customs to be observed. Here, as in America, a satin slipper (supposed to be the bride's figure, but in a different way. A new white satin slipper is filled with wine and passed around to the bridegroom's friends, who use it as a goblet and drink the health of the bride.

Prefer Women Clerks.
In Germany, and also in Holland, girls are chosen in preference to young men in all employments in which they can be advantageously employed. At Munich many of the clerks at the banks and hotels are girls, and as cashiers and bookkeepers at restaurants and other houses of business they are well in evidence. Many women are also employed at railway stations as booking office clerks.

New Guinea Girls Can't Elope.
Girls in New Guinea have small chance of eloping. Every night they are put in a little house at the top of a tall tree. The ladder used to reach it is then removed, and the parents' slumber is all the sounder for the fact that their daughters are unable to take their walks abroad until they see fit to allow them to do so.



1—Farewell, Pauline, may the good angel watch o'er you. I go to join the passing regiment. Farewell, farewell.



2—(This shows how the passing regiment was worked by the scene shifter.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Novel Way of Novel Reading.
Mrs. Jabberwock tells me she can read ten novels in a week.
"Yes, she always begins at the last chapter and reads back until they become uninteresting."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Disappointed.
"Did your friend who went to Klondike make his expected strike?"
"No; he writes me that he was frozen out."—Philadelphia North American.

An Elocutionist.
Wallace—Hear about that young woman elocutionist who ran away from home because her home was so unhappy?
Ferry—A young woman elocutionist? You can just bet her home was unhappy.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

In His Wife's Eyes.
Tommy—Paw, what is an enemy to society?
Mr. Figg—Any sensible married man is an enemy to "society," as his wife understands the word.—Indianapolis Journal.

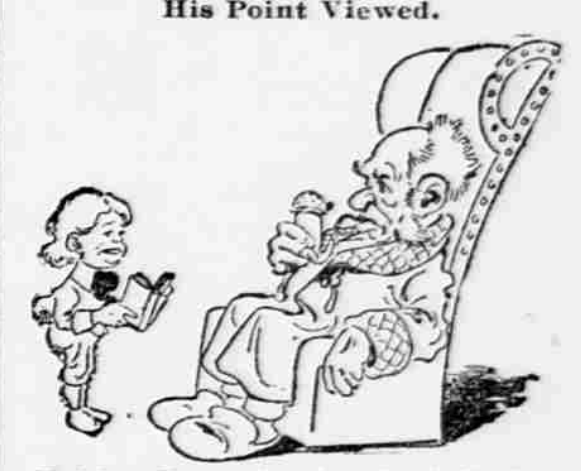
Her Dearest Friend.
Mrs. Dashleigh—How well Mrs. Richley preserves her youth.
Mrs. Dallowton—Oh, I don't regard it as at all remarkable. Paint, you know, will keep almost anything from going to decay.—Cleveland Leader.

A Melancholy Fact.
"Are you aware, colonel," asked the young person, "that the human body is more than four-fifths water?"
"Humanity," said the colonel, more to himself than to the insignificant youth, "humanity is far from perfect."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Only Fit.
Customer—You guaranteed a fit, didn't you?
Tailor—I did.
Customer—Well, the only fit about these clothes was the one my wife had when she saw 'em.—Melbourne West-ly Times.

So Sweet of Her.
Clara—Did you have any trouble in getting him to propose?
Maude—No, I suggested that you were after him.—Detroit Free Press.

A Dangerous Blunder.
"No man can know everything," said the high-minded youth.
"Between you and me," replied Senator Sorghum, "that's a fact. But there's no excuse for a man's making the mistake of owning up to it."—Washington Star.



His Point Viewed.
Bobby—Pop, what is a bachelor?
Henpeck—A very lucky, and much to be envied man, Bobby.—Detroit Free Press.

Sensible Young Man.
Hamlet—Did you ever appear before the footlights?
Levering—Never. When I call on my best girl I always listen for her father's approach and manage to disappear before his foot lights.

Maybe She Didn't Mean the Dinner.
Mr. Growells—Madam, this is the second time this week that I have come home and found my dinner cold. If it occurs again I'm going to raise a row.
Mrs. Growells—Well, if you do, I'll make it hot for you.

Didn't Like to Take Chances.
"Have you any children?" asked the janitor of a man who was looking at a flat in a north side apartment house.
"Only one little boy," replied the prospective tenant, "but he is very sickly and would not cause any annoyance."

Little Georgie's Artless Prattle.
"Does it overhang the river, Mr. Windsor, like they do in Collyrado?"
"What do you mean, Georgie?"
"Why, sister said you was working the biggest bluff in the country."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Unnecessary.
Bacon—It's all very well for you to talk, but why should he say I was a confounded hog?
Hamm—Come to think of it, it was an entirely unnecessary remark.—Boston Transcript.

Beats a Burglar Alarm.
Smith—My wife has quit going through my pockets when I'm asleep.
Jones—Is that so? How did it happen?
Smith—I bought one of those mechanical mice the other day and put it in my pocket, and ever since then she has lost all interest in the financial question.

Not in the Retail Business.
Tom—Clare, darling, won't you give me just one little kiss before I go?
Clarre—No, indeed! I wouldn't pucker my lips for just one; nothing less than a dozen goes.

No Wonder.
The Boy—I've got you on a string at last.
The Kite—Yes; that's what makes me soar.

Not Far.
She felt his breath upon her cheek.
"Sir," she protested, "you are going too far!" That was what his breath indicated; but according to the cyclistometer their tandem had covered but a paltry 451 miles since they started.—Detroit Journal.

Genuine Grief.
Funeral Director (to gentleman)—Are you one of the mourners?
Gentleman—Yes; he owed me \$500.—New York Tribune.