MICHAEL

HE had just returned from the at all certain that you would come crowded concert hall, where she now." had enjoyed a veritable triumph. Her face was ..ushed and smiling, and remembered. "I beg your pardon," she she still held in her hands the great said humbly; you are quite right. It bouquet of resember favorite flower- is I who am to blame-I who am in the in the low chair and laid her head on his which had been given her as she left wrong. But-but," her voice growing the platform. She was recalled to her husky, "I did not know he wanted me surrout days by the voice of her maid, so badly. I was so young when I went Fanch n.

up; it was addressed to "Mrs. Fielden," which was unusual. She was known "M...... She opened it sharply. It was brief and to the point:

"I think it is right to let you know that the boy is seriously ill .- Michael."

Unconsciously she crushed the messwastes, which she had grown to loathe, almost to fear; all the grayness and barroundings, the signs of taste and money everywhere, and turning to the maid, she cried:

bag. I am going into the country." "Shall I attend, madame?"

French maid in the bare manorhouse you were free to go your own way." with old Hannah for company.

"I wonder if he is really very ill?" she pondered, as she sat in the train. "I think Michael would scarcely have sent for me unless he were. The meet- here together; her husband, her child. watching her intently. Denise thought or less don't make any difference, and ing will be as awkward and uncomfort- For six years she had nearly forgotten of how she was going to make the deso- that's as night alike as ye can expect it. She must remember that work is able for him as for me. Poon little Mich- them both; not quite, though she had late home more desolate, and the tears t' pick 'em up, fur apart's them was." ael-what a name to give a child!-I | tried to do so. The man and the child | rushed to her eyes. wonder what he is like now? He was had been growing old together-withnot a pretty or interesting child. I re- out love or happiness-while she had member he was always crying."

she arrived, but that she did not expect, form she held in her arms. though the village fly had been sent to the station on the chance of her com-

membered the old coat-of-arms cut in the stonework, though she could not see it now, with the motto, "I live! I die:" Yes, that was all the Fieldens had been doing for generations. It was a decaying race, and they had not had the en- ence. ergy, or perhaps the power, to stop the ruin that was creeping on them, and the man who lived there now had grown sour and bitter with his balked life.

"Master is upstairs," old Hannah said distantly, in reply to Denise's greeting. little laugh. "Do you think I am very "He hoped you would excuse him coming down, but the child is very restless to-night, and can't well be left. If you will please to sit down and take something I will tell him you are here." And she opened the door of a room where a frugal meal was laid.

"I don't want anything, thank you," Denise said, hastily. "I will go up at once if I may," and before Hannah could raise any objection she was half way up the stairs.

She heard a murmur from the oak bedroom, where the head of the house was always born and where most of them had died, and tapping lightly on the door she went in. No one had heard her, and for an instant she stood as though arrested on the threshold. What a great room it was! And how solitary those two figures looked in it!

"I am sorry to trouble you," the man said, getting up as she moved. "I am afraid you have had a long, tiring journey; but I thought you ought to know."

"You did quite right," she said, thickly. What a pitiful, little shrunken form It was, looking almost lost in the vast oak bedstead, of which it was a tradition that each successive Fielden should carve a panel, so that it had always seemed to Denise a welrd resting-place, belonging to the dead rather than the living. She had woke up more than once on a moonlight night fancying ghostly fingers had come back to finish what here and there had been left incomplete.

"Oh, you poor little soul!" she cried a sob in her voice, and the next mo ment her arms were over the bed, and the little figure was gathered to her breast, where she crooned over it, calling her baby, her little Michael, whom she had treated so badly, repreaching herself and showering soft kisses on the wan face in the same breath.

"He is very weak; you must not excite him," a warning voice said. She had forgotten that any one was there, and the calm, measured tones were like a rebuff. The old feeling of restraint and fear held her for a moment, but the mother love, which had woke up for the first time at sight of the forlorn. suffering child, rose stronger than anything else.

"I shall not hurt him," she said, holding the boy close to her breast. "See, he is already more content." The little face certainly looked less tired and troubled, and one wasted arm had gone up around her neck, while he made himself at home as a matter of course in

those unknown arms. asked. "You ought to have told me

b. fore." mea ber." he answered coldly. "He des not take after my family; he pines for wanteth and sunshine, as you did. ing it over and it seems best for the give. the reason to think you took any door. paracturer interest in him. I was not "Of course there would be no thought any form, we wonder how it happened.

"Not come!" she exclaimed. Then she to her. "There is a telegram for madame on did not understand many things. Perthe table," she said. Denise picked it haps if you had reasoned with me-if you had pointed out-"

"Do you think I wanted a captive into the Lan on warld and her friends as stend of a wife?" he asked harshly. "I saw how you fretted and pined like a caged creature; I saw the hunted look in your eyes; I knew you would wear your life out in a little if it went on."

"It was so dull-so dreary," she murage in her hand, and her thoughts flew mured. "and nobody wanted me, not How lovely!" springing up in bed with piece. That nigh one, he come off old to the Lincolnshire village where it had even you, I think, after a little while. shining eyes. "And is father coming, man Tolles' place, up Goshen way been written. She saw again the flat I interrupted your studies; I was restfen-land, the long stretches of empty less and disturbed your routine, so when my legacy came it seemed to open a ling." The childish face grew grave. way of escape. I thought it was betrenness which were so antagonistic to ter for us to go our own road before her gay, beauty-loving nature. Then the we learned to hate each other. I had scent of the roses smote her sharply, a gift, only one, but it would not let she saw the luxury of her own sur- me rest until I had tried what it was worth. I ought not to have married."

"No doubt it was a mistake, but in justice I must say that that was more "Bring me an 'A. B. C.' and pack a my fault than yours. I was years older, and I took advantage of your youth and ignorance to fasten a bond on you "No, I don't know how long I shall be of which you did not understand the away. I will write." Her lips twitched import. No doubt you knew yourself as she thought of the fashionable best. You have the life that suits you;

"As you yours." "As I mine." Something in the voice made Denise move uneasily. For six years the man and the child had lived laughed and sung. There was nothing There was no one to meet her when young in the house-not even the little

A week had passed, and little Michael, thinks (as the doctor plainly said) to his mother's devoted nursing and the in-After a drive of nearly an hour she terest she created in the child's mind, recognized a familiar gateway; she re- was picking up his frail life again. He was never tired of looking at her, or admiring all the pretty things that gathhe had never seen so many flowers, so much dainty luxury in his brief exist-

> "You use these every day?" he asked in an awed voice, as he amused himself with the silver pots and bottles on her dressing table.

"Yes, every day," she said with a gay extravagant?"

"Father hasn't anything pretty in his room, I like to be here best," he said, lying back luxuriously among the bright cushions which his mother had ordered from the neighboring town. She opened her lips to speak, but closed them again without a word.

Denise was sitting alone one evening in the faded drawing-room when her husband came in. As a rule she saw very little of him; they seemed to avoid each other by tactic consent.

"There is something I wish to say to you when you are at leisure," he began. She thought how worn and gray he looked, though he was a man in the prime of life, as he shood before her, the hard light from the setting sun showing up the lines on his cold, stern face, as it showed up the patches of damp on the wall paper and the unloveliness

their present circumstances. "I am quite at your service," she answered. "Little Michael is in bed and asleep, and I have nothing to do."

said, as he sat down. "He is almost well again now."

quickly. "He needs a great deal of care she asked herself with a thrill of fear.

"As you say, he needs a great dead of needs more comfort and different surroundings to what I can give him. I him with you when you go?"

ask me?"

"No, perhaps not. I have thought that you seemed attached to him."

"Attached?" she repeated again with a laugh. "I love him with all my heart. I couldn't bear to be parted from him now. But don't you mind?" looking at him with inward resentment at his indifference. "Won't you be very lonely without him?"

"It will be best for the child to be with you for a time at least, I think, as you are willing to have him. As you say, he is not strong enough to stand any shock, and he would miss you. I suppose your engagements will necessitate your returning to town soon?"

"Yes, I ought to have gone before," flushing at his evidently anxienty to get "Has he been long like this?" she rid of her. "We will go as soon as the doctor says he can travel." Then as he was leaving the room, "I-I should like "He was never strong, as you may re- to thank you very much for trusting me -for letting me have him."

"There is no need. I have been thinkmind you that you have never boy," he answered, as he closed the

of me in it," she said to herself bitterly. "I wonder why he hates me so much now? Once upon a time," the rose color in her cheeks growing deeper, "I am sure he cared for me more than a little in his curious restrained way."

It was still early when she went upstairs to bed, but she was tired of her own company. As she lit the candles the boy opened his eyes-he slept in a little bed in her room now-and called

"I'm not a bit sleepy. Come and talk to me, mother," he said. She sat down pillow as he liked to have her.

"I've got something to tell you, sweetheart," she said, tucking one of his away-I am not very old now-and I hands under her cheek. "What do you think has happened? You are to come with me to mother's home. How will you like that?"

> A wise and more prudent mother would have hesitated to excite the child at that hour, but Denise was a creature of impulse.

"Go away with you and see all the beautiful things you have told me about? Do you really mean it, mother? too?"

"Father does not want to come, dar-"It will be dull for father all alone here," he said, seriously. "You ask him to come, mother; he'll come for you."

"Not for me, for me perhaps least of all," she murmured, forgetting that she was talking to a child; but little Michael was wiser than his years.

"Try. Wait, I'll tell you a secret; it can't be wrong to tell you. Father keeps eye there wa'n't an ounce difference a picture of you locked up, I saw him in their hefts, so I made a dicker looking at it one night, and—and," in get 'em both. Glad ye all like 'em." an awed whisper, "he kissed it before he put it away. People must love a person very much to kiss their picture, mustn't they, mother?" Kisses had Swede taxed ye more'n Tolles did, if been rare luxuries in his life.

"Kissed my picture? Are you sure, "I didn't consider that any defect," little Michael?" The child nodded, replied Abram, gayly. "A star more

sake" she cried, and she went from the room. Her heart was beating fast with fear and excitement as she hurried little finer, but what of it?" demanded the country as well as in the town. down the stairs before her courage failed her. What if he should be angry; what if he should repulse her? She

shivered at the thought. She softly opened the library door, where he was in the habit of sitting at night. A lamp was burning dimly on the table in the center of the room, and ered about her as a matter of course: its light fell on the bowed head of a man; some books and papers had been overturned as he threw out his arms, and mutely emphasized that aspect of despair. Denise forgot her fears.

"Michael!" she cried in a sobbing voice, her arm round his neck, her cheek to his-"Michael; I've been a bad wife, but I want to be a better one. Will you take me back?"

He looked up, and she saw that his eyes were wet.

"Is that you?" he said, heavily. What

is it?—what has happened?" "Nothing," softly, "except that I have found out that I want you. We both want you, little Michael and I. You won't send us away-or you will come,

"Want me-you?" he said in a husky whisper. "Is it really true, Denise?" He held her in his arms as one holds something very precious that one is half afraid to touch. "I had almost given up praying and hoping." - Black and White.

WOMAN' PRINCIPLES.

Most Suitable and Satisfactory Thing She Can Acquire.

After all that has been done for American women by legislators and of the beautifully designed room. He educators, and college builders and reand it both seemed thrown away under | formers, it still remains true that the mest valuable possessions a normal woman can acquire is a suitable and satisfactory man. Nothing else is quite so serviceable in promoting the fulfill-"It is about him I wish to speak," he ment of her destiny and her comfort while it is in the process of fulfillment. Nothing else if she is normal-and "He is very delicate still," she said here are very few women who are not considerably normal-quite takes a -he could not stand much." Could he man's place with her, says Harper's mean that they wanted her no longer? Weekly. One of her most valuable privileges is that of selecting her man, of picking and choosing and taking care," he answered slowly. "He also her time about it, and possibly even of changing her mind after she had begun to think she knew it. It is obhave wondered. I have wondered," he served that women who are good, and repeated, "if you would like to take have the luck to be charming also. have great advantages in carrying this "Like to take him?" she echoed, her important process of selection to a face lighting up with joy. "Need you successful issue. More men are available for such girls to choose from, and once the choice is made the resulting contentment is more apt to endure and to wax, instead of diminishing. The most that legislatures can do for married women is to protect them from bad husbands. Choosing good ones is a matter of personal enterprise which laws can do little to promote. But, of course, a woman who has few rights and is in complete possession of a satisfactory and com- track in the country lies in the yards petent husband is better off than if at St. Louis. The Iron Mountain and she had more rights and no satisfac- the Missouri Pacific are Gould propertory means of realizing her destiny. If ties, but at only one point are they the American girl ever has to choose connected, and that is by a stretch of between her rights and her privileges track less than two miles long. When -including the privilege of being Jay Gould died he willed this little charming, and this invaluable privi- track to his daughter Helen, and she lege of selecting a man that suits her owns every rail and spike in it. The she will undoubtedly do well, as Miss transfer charges between the two Daskam advises, to held on to her roads over this track pay her \$25,000 privileges and let her rights go. But a year. Miss Gould does not have to she will hardly have to make such a keep up the track, furnish cars, men choice. She will retain her privileges, or anything else. All that is done by

When a man doesn't-use tobacco in track in the world.

make up her mind to want, besides.

ABRAM'S STEERS.

Good Animals, but He Had Not Stated What They Cost Him.

They were all gathered around the stove in the deacon's store when Abram Howland entered, and was greeted with inquisitive nods and glances. Abram was a man of affairs, and in his cattle-buying expeditions sometimes traveled far. This brushng up against the world, says a writer in the Boston Herald, gave him an air of shrewd ability, and his neighbors were evidently anxious to hear of his latest purchase.

"That was a fine pair of steers I saw ye toting up the road t'-day, Ab'm." suggested the deacon.

"Fine a pair as I ever picked up." Abram Howland replied, easily, "Well matched, I s'pose ye noticed?" he continued.

"Should say's much," replied the deacon, admiringly. "How much did they set ye back, I wonder?"

This was what everybody wanted to know, and the audience turned interestedly for Abram's reply.

"Oh, I got 'em back here quite He's a pretty good match but not ou t so good's t'other one. He come from-"

"What did ye pay fur 'em?" repeated the deacon, raising his voice slightly Abram kept on in his established monotone. Apparently he had not heard the deacon's question.

"You know that Swede, the one that took up the old Haskins farm, all run "Go, now, mother," he said, coaxingly, down to wreck and up to brush Well, he had t'other one. I see by my

"Yes, but how much did they tax ye fur 'em?" shouted the deacon. And 'Bije Stiles added, "Bet ye, now, the truth was known."

The deacon got down to Abram's ear "I'll try, my sonny-I'll try for your and shouted, "Abram, I asked ye what ye paid for the pair?" "Well, the Swede's hair may be

> Abram. "I never see him deaf like this be fore," apologized the deacon. "Abram what-did-ye-pay-for-the steers?" "Oh, they are yearlings all right. got their pedigree down fine. And cal'late that if I don't dispose of 'em

losing anything." By a simultaneous movement the gathering forced Abram's attention from the high joint of stovepipe where his eye had been fixed, and shouted

so high we Eastern fellers can work

at him in desperate unison: "What did them steers cost ye?". "Did I hear ye ask what they cost?" queried Abram, with a twinkle in his eye. "Now I can't ricollect just this minute whether I told anybody yet what they cost. No, I don't think I have. But I'll think it over, and if I remember telling anybody I'll come back an' let ye know who it was. And so saying, Abram struggled to his feet and stalked out.

The Happy Microbe.

I'd like to be a microbe, And with the microbes play, Without a task to fret me Through all the livelong day.

I'd like to give up striving To make ends meet, and fare Wherever fancy led me, Without a worldly care.

I'd like the independence To freely come and go, As does the happy microbe, With none to say me no.

The microbe serves no master, He never has to sigh O'er chances that escaped him Or joys he let go by.

His loving wife ne'er dopes him Because his feet get wet; He needn't go in springtime To look for homes "To Let."

At night his mate ne'er greets him By running out to say: "I hope you've had your dinner, For Hannah quit to-day."

His baby never tumbles Out of its little bed, Or crawls beneath the table To bump its little head.

House cleaning has no terrors That he must ever face; He never is besmirched by A relative's disgrace.

Oh, happy, happy microbe, Without a task or care. I wonder if you envy Some smaller mite somewhere? -Chicago Record-Herald.

Valuable Railroad Track

The most valuable piece of railroad anyway, and all the rights she can the roads using the track, and they must also keep the-track in repair. It is said to be the best piece of paying



The Women on the Farm. ly happy life if she will make use of fessor in Independent. the advantages within her reach. But therein lies the trouble. The average farmer's wife does not accept the chances for increasing her happiness. One by one she lets them slip past, tainly has to work very hard, doing very often tasks which are beyond her In lonely lands; that I should miss the strength; and in doing them, too, in such an uncomplaining way that seldom is her labor appreciated at its real worth. In this way she makes For she was my best friend! The words the mistake of thinking that for her life means simply long periods for In prayer each night beside my trundle work and shorter ones for rest. Day after day brings the same monotonous routine, and gradually life narrows down to a circle of never-ending duties, with little pleasure or recreation, not a pleasant prospect, and yet a true one in many cases.

But all this can be changed by means of common sense and determination. Life was never intended to be spent by anyone wholly in toiling. Happiness can be had for the seeking; and very necessary is it for the not the only duty. There are others equally important requiring her atten- To those upon the flood; I miss it so enjoyment of as many pleasures as she can obtain; and they can be found in There are various ways by which the woman on the farm can make her life more joyous. One is by taking good care of her health and saving herself as much as possible. This is her first duty to her husband and children, and in accomplishing it she needs all the for driving, I can fat 'em up good for help she can get. There is no reason market. Now Western beef's getting why there should not be in many farmhouses, where circumstances alin a fat critter once in a while without low it, modern inventions and laborsaving devices which would materially lighten the housework. The practical farmer prides himself on keeping up with the times in the implements he uses. Then why should not his wife do the same, and thus lengthen her life by years? Let her see to it, then, that attention is persistently called to this matter, until the desired results are se-

> Lastly, there is the virtue of hospitality, which can be practiced on the farm in winter as well as in summer. Why not plan an occasional social gathering, invite a few of the neighboring women over to tea, and have a pleasant time together? Only extra work, perhaps, you think, and what good would it do? Ah, much; try the experiment yourself and see.

Like everyone else, however, the woman on the farm must early decide for herself what things in life are really worth living for. She must choose between the trivial and the important, and aim at beautiful simplicity in everything. Many pressing duties may be near at hand, but, taking them in the best way, she will soon realize that they are not the main ends to keep in view, but are only steps in making a happy, cheerful home. For, after all, it is not so much the place where we live, be it town or Mrs. Catlin at the head. The race was country; not so much how large or a close one, but Judge J. J. Hauphauff how small the income may be, as it is was re-elected Mayor for the third the cultivation of a sunny disposi- time. No woman ever ran for Mayor tion, a hopeful spirit, which seeks and in Wyoming before. Mrs. Catlin is finds joy everywhere. And in these the wife of Dr. George S. Catlin, a and in many other blessings the wom- prominent mining man, well known an on the farm may freely and con- throughout Wyoming and Colorado. stantly share, if she will but make an effort to gain and give the best rewards of life-joy and happiness .-Farmers' Advocate.

Why They Don't Marry. Will it be too much for human credulty if I assert that the woman professor does have love affairs? Although not a statement which can be proved by statistics, I am prepared to stake much upon the universality of its truth. I would add that some of the peculiar features of her social position and of her usual views of life tend to complicate the matrimonial problem as it is presented to her to solve. * * * More than one suitor and I have split upon such rocks as whether in furnishing our home his income (it always seems to be "his") would more properly be expended upon the purchase of a piano or a sewing machine. To descend from metaphor, * * * I have not found that ready masculine comprehension which I could have wished of my very deepseated, and as I think legitimate, feeling that it would be an unspeakable sacrifice to exchange the work to which my best efforts and dearest ambitions have been given for a life of pure domesticity merely for the considerably overestimated boon of being supported, no matter how well. * * * To those gentlemen who are at preshaps the foregoing may offer a hint. with soap.

May it not be because when her rela-Womankind may be divided into two tions with all men are so agreeable classes; those who live in towns or she hesitates to exchange them for cities, and those who live in the coun- the highly problematical delights of try. Each class has its own peculiar a relation with one? Being the superadvantages, though at first sight it ficial sex, we naturally value more may seem as though the former pos- highly the bird in hand of congenial sess the greater number. A closer interests than the two of a conjugal thought, however, will show that the felicity which is very much in the woman on the farm can lead an equal- bush.-Confessions of a Woman Pro-

> When Mother Died. They told me in the night that she was

And then I knew from out my life had intent on her many duties. She cer- All beauty; that thenceforth my pathway

Of woodland roses and the morning's

she said

still recall; the pillow then she spread With such a touch that I no more can know!

She sought the smoothest ways for me to go. And her sweet faith brought all the mountains low! The seeds of kindness that she planted

Are blooming now unharmed by frost or By crystal dews from heaven nightly

And when I dwell upon the long ago Her smile to me is bright as was the

tion, and among them comes first the Now when the winds unbridled wildly

And rain descended on my defenseless head!

An Accomplished Girl. A girl's education is most incomplete unless she has learned:

To sew.

To cook. To mend.

To dress neatly. To keep a secret.

To avoid idleness. To be self reliant.

To darn stockings. To respect old age.

To make good bread. To keep a house tidy.

To be above gossiping.

To make home happy.

To control her temper.

To take core of the sick. To take care of the baby.

To sweep down cobwebs. To marry a man for his worth.

To take plenty of active exercise.

To be a helpmate to her husband.

To keep clear of trashy literature.

To be light-hearted and fleet-footed. To be a womanly woman under all

Woman Candidate Defeated. Mrs. Nettie Catlin, who ran for Mayor of Hartville, Wyo., stands as a novel figure in politics. Although she was



pleased with the city government, held a caucus and named an indepen-MRS. CATLIN. dent ticket, with

defeated the cam-

paign doubtless

will be a precedent

that will be follow-

ed in other Wyom-

ing cities. The

women of Hart-

ville, not being

Beer's Thirst and Baby's Veil. Give the baby water six times a day. I cannot dwell upon this command with too much earnestness. Babies saffer with a thirst that nothing but water can effectually satisfy, and those who have them in their care should see to it that this important

fact is never forgotten. And do not smother the helpless inant in heavy knit face covering. This is a barbaric custom. Make its veil of silk or chiffon selected especially for this purpose, edged with a delicate lace heading, through which baby ribbon is drawn and finished in resettes on each side. These are held he place over the cap with baby pins.

Marriage in Turkey. The dowry of a Turkish bride is fixed by custom at about \$1.70, which amount, for politic reasons, is seldom departed from, even by the rich. The

wedding day is invariably Thursday, and the customary wedding festivities begin on Monday and last four days. They are carried on by men and womon separately, and each day is distinguished by a different ceremeny. No spoons or forks or wines are used at the wedding feast

Inkstained Fingers. Dip your fingers into a lemon from which much of the juice has been ent disquieting themselves over the squeezed, and the ink stains will specimomentous question why the higher ily disappear. It is always best to reeducated woman will not marry, per- move stains before washing the hands