THE SAINT AND THE SINNER.

Heart-weary and weary the woman sat,
Her baby sleeping across her knee,
And the work her fingers were toiling at
Seemed a painful task for such as she—
Mending shoes for the little feet
That pattered over the cabin floor,
While the bells of the Sabbath day rang sweet,
And the neighbors passed by the open door.

The children played, and the baby slept,
And the busy needle went and came;
When, lo, on the threshold stone there stept
A priestly figure and named her name:
"What shall it be this for the Sabbath day,
When bells are calling, and far and near
The people gather to praise and pray?
Woman, why are you toiling here?"

Like one in a dream she answered low:
"Father, my days are workdays all;
I know no Sabbath. I dare not go
Where the beautiful bells ring out and call,
For who would look to the meat and drink
And tend the children and keep the place?
I pray in silence and try to think,
For God's love can listen and give me grace."

The years passed on, and with fast and prayer
The good priest climbed to the gate of rest,
And a tired woman stood waiting there,
Her work-worn hands to her bosom pressed:
"Oh, saint, thrice blessed, mount thou on high!"
He heard the welcoming angels say,
And meekly, gently, she passed him by,
Who had mended shoes on the Sabbath day.
—M. S. Briggs in Ladies' Home Journal.

A TEST OF LOVE.

"I hate her," cried Maysie, "yes, I do!" John laughed as the little fist clinched until the palm was pink, and the brown eyes flashed fire, and as he laughed Maysie's anger grew.

"I hate her so I can't sleep at night, and all because she is making a fool of you, John Stratton, the—the white faced witch." Now, that was a different matter to what he had looked on as only a pretty ebullition of jealousy on the part of Maysie Bruce most gratifying to his vanity, but to be told that another woman was simply making a fool of him was hurtful to that same vanity, and it was now his turn to feel the blood rush to his sunburnt cheek.

"Miss Lawrence is a refined and cultured woman whose society I enjoy, and who is good enough to seem to enjoy mine," was his stiff reply to poor Maysie, who felt singularly rustic and ignorant as he said it and fell to stirring up the snow with her pretty foot. A moment before she had been so pleased to meet John, for it had been a long week since he had come to see her, and she had heard from 20 busy tongues like so many pin pricks of his visits to the big white house on the hill, where the beautiful Miss Lawrence, the belle of Youngtown, was staying with Mrs. Ross, the judge's wife. But Maysie was loyal and put aside the pain in her heart to smile at him when he had overtaken her on the way from the village, hoping to wile him back to his allegiance by the winsome ways that had bound him before.

She had been a gay enough little coquette until now, but all the joyous caprice and fascination was gone with the coming of this sorrowful conviction that John was growing away from her. At his sharp words now the tears rose to her eyes, and she grew intent on her task of stirring up the powdery snow, but John paid no attention to the small, well booted foot which he had praised in happier times, nor, what was worse, to the tears, but turned back perturbedly with a short goodby, leaving Maysie to go on her way home alone, while he walked hastily up the hill to where his enchantress waited in the warm scented drawing room, beside a glowing fire of coals, and who welcomed the stalwart young fellow with a languid smile that yet had in it something of appreciation of his handsome face and well built figure.

Miss Lawrence had grown blase in the several years that lay between her and her school days, and had struck most of the chords in men's hearts, but even her jaded fancy was taken by John Stratton's admiring blue eyes and his gentle deference to her as a creature too fair and dainty for everyday life, and she exerted herself with an anxiety that surprised her more than any one else to keep him by her side. She had heard of Maysie, and with all the cruelty that lurks in the feminine breast had found new zest in the affair in consequence.

While John sat and talked and admired in that warm parlor beside Miss Lawrence, poor Maysie walked slowly home, finding the world a sad, sad place, and feeling for the first time in her short, bright life that death was not a terrible thing after all. With a pathetic honesty she acknowledged that the woman that had stolen her lover was very fair and did not doubt her many charms to hold him by her side, and as she thought of the pale golden locks of that rival and the violet eyes she felt that she hated her own soft, brown hair and her eyes, that John had once said were like wood-land pools. As she choked up at this remembrance a voice hailed her: "Why, Maysie, going to walk right over a fellow? On your way home? Well, I think I had better go with you or you will be getting lost if you are so oblivious of a 6-footer like me."

Maysie started guiltily with a cry. The speaker was Trueman Ellis, who worshiped her ever since her babyhood, through tyranny and discouragement on the part of his ladylove. She had accepted his devotion as she had either of the good things of life, without a thought of what it cost, and today, with a petulancy foreign to her sweet nature, she tore her arm from the one in which he had placed it and cried:

"Oh, how you startled me! No, I don't want company, thank you." Then as she saw his face fall her tender heart prompted her to add: "I—I am not very well, I think, and I would be poor company for you, Trueman. Goodby." The young man stood still in the path where she left him, his own heart sore for the little creature who had been so bright and gay, for he, too, had seen how often John Stratton had gone to the judge's of late, and he knew why poor Maysie was "not very well, and would be poor company" for the first time in her life. But what could he do? So with a sigh he stood and watched the little figure in the brown cloak walk wearily on to the old farmhouse by the river, where she was the petted darling of the elderly father and mother, who had only her left of the world of little ones that had once made bright the low, wide rooms and old fashioned garden.

That night the judge's house was brilliant with many lights, for Miss Lawrence had organized amateur theatricals to enliven her time in Cloverdale, and the elite of the place was to assist in them. To John Stratton had been given a part with the beauty herself, and he was full of pride and pleasure with never a thought of the pathetic face that had looked into his that sunny evening. In the old farmhouse Maysie sat disconsolate, with her daughter far away at that bright scene in which she had no share, picturing Miss Lawrence more beautiful than ever, and in John's blue eyes that look of devotion that had stolen her own heart away. The old people nodded before the fire, and at last Maysie could stand it no longer, but throwing on her long brown cloak with its close hood made her way to the hill on which stood the judge's mansion.

Her only thought was to see for herself what John was doing and to pierce her heart with the sight of her rival's charms. So she never saw the figure that followed her, amazed to see her out in the cold night. On she went, and reaching the house took her place close to one of the long windows opening on to the snow covered lawn, there to press her small, pale face close to the glass and peer in at the busy figures who, the theatricals over, were dancing to the music of the band, the notes of which Maysie never will forget to the end of her life. Once she came near being detected, for Miss Lawrence, leaning on John Stratton's arm, opened the window by which she crouched, saying aloud that the air of the room was oppressive for all it was so cold outside. But, hiding under a rose tree that gripped her with its thorns, Maysie was unseen in the brief moment it pleased the capricious belle to stand in the icy air.

They went away after that, and the poor girl saw John, who did not dance, leaning against the wall looking after Miss Lawrence, waltzing with another man, with his heart in his eyes. But all at once the unseen watcher saw the lady clasp her hand suddenly about her throat, with the gesture of one who had missed something, and then the dance came to an end, while every one joined in the search for the lost object. Miss Lawrence went hastily to the window, and throwing it open said in her high, clear voice, "I must have dropped it when I stood here." And then before Maysie could spring away—a movement all the company saw—she was seized by the arm, her rival's fingers closing on the tender flesh with a strength that held her fast.

"You have my diamond cross, girl, and are now trying to run away with it," and dragged the terror stricken child into the midst of the gayly dressed assembly.

"Give it to me at once, and you can go free for all I care," said Miss Lawrence, pitying in spite of herself the white faced little creature whom she had often seen gazing after her with such wistful eyes that could not, however, touch her into leaving her lover. Maysie turned her face to John, who stood amazed and bewildered, looking from one to the other, for he thought that Miss Lawrence must have some grounds for her accusation, but never darting to Maysie's side, as she half expected him to do. The poor girl turned sick and blind and would have fallen to the floor, but at that moment an indignant voice behind caused her and all the company to give their attention to Trueman Ellis.

"How dare you accuse that young lady of theft! Do you not know who this is? This is Miss Maysie Bruce, who is as incapable of the act as an angel in heaven. And look. Is not that your cross caught in the lace of your bosom?"

Miss Lawrence looked down and flushing all over her face disengaged the jewel from the torn place in the lace, then stammered out an apology to fainting Maysie, but Trueman Ellis paid no heed, but passing his arm about his poor little love led her from the room. John Stratton followed and would have taken her from him with tender words of contrition, for in that moment he had found out that he loved Maysie and that the glamour thrown over him by Miss Lawrence was but for an hour, but Trueman sternly put him aside, and Maysie, burying her face in her true lover's breast, would not look at him, but, clinging to Trueman, let him lead her home.

Miss Lawrence found to her chagrin that she had lost her whilom lover and went home in a few days carrying a memory with her that did not fade soon. John sought Maysie the next day and pleaded with her to give him back the love he had slighted, but though she forgave him readily enough, for her nature was too sweet to bear resentment, the recollection of his averted face in her hour of need was too fresh for her to ever restore him to his old place in her heart, and in the spring she married Trueman Ellis, who had won her that dreadful night.—Willis Lloyd Jackson in Philadelphia Times.

Why New York Women Feel Weary.

When an old lady like the English queen takes up the study of Hindoostanee and masters it sufficiently to converse with the reserved high caste princesses of the east, who object to the presence of the male interpreter during audience with their sovereign, and a heartbroken, middle aged woman like the empress of Austria acquires ancient and modern Greek to the extent of talking and writing it fluently, it makes a New York woman a little weary to think she can't keep up her school French or find time to read the magazines.—New York Sun.

Juvenile Ambition.

Envious Boy (on foot)—I know why that there thing is called a safety.

Proud Boy (on bicycle)—Why?

Envious Boy—Cause any fool kin ride it without fallin off.—Good News.

A Superlative.

Professor in Female Seminary—Define spontaneous.

Smart Miss Prosy—I—I—I believe it is a superlative kind of quince.—Buffalo Express.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

VULGAR CURIOSITY OF SOME WOMEN IN NEW YORK CITY.

Mothers For the Year—Her Paris Gowns. Danger In Seeking Stage Fame—Miss Willard In England—Women Suffrage In Massachusetts.

The band of female marauders in whose exploits at the funeral of Mrs. Whitney public attention has been called is not new. It gathers at every special and semi-public occasion to which the entrance is free. It is not organized, yet moved by the same impulse of unnatural curiosity, acts with involuntary concerted effort whenever this is opposed. These women were in silks, velvets and diamonds as well as cheaper clothes. They have no household cares. They have no social life. They are part of the vast numbers of people who come to a city for commercial reasons of one sort or another. Their husbands are frequently traveling men, and they are left at long intervals alone.

They live in boarding and lodging houses. They have nothing more important to do than sit and look out the windows on the street, or at their neighbors in the rear, or amuse themselves in the shops. Their money they spend mostly in dress. They economize in books and papers. They are not matinee women. Many are good women, who think the theatres are wicked, but who make a point of being present at all church functions. After they have scanned the advertisements in the morning papers to see if there are any bargains they look out for a church wedding or a prominent funeral and sally forth alone, in couples or in groups, to attend.

At the wedding of Mrs. Marshall Roberts at Calvary church a mob of well dressed women filled the aisles. They browbeat Mr. Lispenard Stewart when he ventured a timid remonstrance; they befiled Johnson. The scramble and the language befitted a market place. Many of these women do not realize the enormity of their offense. They are good wives, careful mothers and would provide hot water bottles or wring out flannels for a neighbor in distress. They would ransack the flowers at Mrs. Whitney's funeral to send away in a letter as a souvenir to some country cousin and fancy they were doing a graceful thing.

They have no conception that they are vulgar, curious persons under the glamour of city life and suffering greatly from a lack of daily housework and home duties.—New York Evening Sun.

Mothers For the Year.

Ever since the year began the girls have been passing around the question, "What's your motto?" Some of them refuse to tell, but as a rule they are so pleased with their selection that they like a chance to make it known. They use it as a superscription on the first page of all their letters. They entreat old friends and new, far friends and near, to remind them whenever they fail to act according to their mottoes, and a few of them are even going far enough to ask all their acquaintances to tell them of their faults in general throughout the coming year.

All of which is only the result of the annual spasm of good resolutions which every mortal of us experiences, more or less, in looking upon the "fair, white page" of another new year.

Although this is right and natural enough, it does seem as though things were mixed this year. Nearly every girl has chosen the motto that belonged by rights to some one else, while the one she ought to have has been carried off by a girl who does not seem to need it in the least.

For instance, in a certain bowerlike room within this city dwells a sweet, pure maiden with a heart as honest and open as the light of day. Upon the white tiling of the mantel, close beside her desk, she has inscribed in golden letters the prayer, "Cleanse thou me from secret faults." That is her motto for 1893, but there are a dozen girls of her acquaintance carrying about a load of secret faults such as she never dreams of, who instead of choosing words like these are resolving "to be more regular in church attendance," "to take a class in Sunday school," or in some other way to try and please on outside the improvement they need first of all within.—Chicago News-Record.

Her Paris Gowns.

"America is good enough for me," said a young woman who recently returned from Europe. "We stopped in Paris for a fortnight's shopping, and I really found nothing at all that I cared to buy. Everything that was desirable was so exceedingly dear, and at the cheaper places I found, as I say, nothing at all that suited me. So I just gave up the idea of clothes entirely and spent a delightful time in visiting all the queer places that I had never seen before and picking up some bits of bric-a-brac for my room at home.

"Meanwhile I looked at my friend's clothes, got 'pointers' on the best modes from the best places, made up my mind as to what would become me, and on my arrival home went straight to a clever little dressmaker, who has made my clothes for years and is devoted to me, and ordered a couple of gowns from her at once.

"I never saw any one so delighted as she was. To think that I had brought nothing from Paris and I had come back to her pleased and flattered her tremendously. But the fun of it was when I first appeared at ——'s coming out tea all the girls flocked around me exclaiming what a lovely French gown I had on, and how nice it was for me to have been able to get all my winter outfit in Paris."—New York Tribune.

Danger In Seeking Stage Fame.

The favorite ambition of the ordinary American girl is to go on the stage; to become an actress; to be flattered and petted with bouquets. The young lady who dreams such dreams never for a moment considers what the cost of such fame may be, if indeed, after heavy struggles and much pain, she should ever happen to possess it. In the first place, there is an organized crusade which, under the guise of "dramatic bureaus," are annually entrapping thousands of young girls into the big cities with the plan of getting them positions on the stage.

These persons trade upon the eagerness of ambitious young women, who have been fascinated by the glare of the stage and the footlights. There are cases every day of bright, clever young women who are found singing in dance halls and rough dives who were inveigled into going to a large city under the supposition that they would be accepted in some legitimate company and given a proper position, but who have been deceived and disgraced, and who are too proud to ask for forgiveness from their parents and return home.

Of course there are legitimate dramatic schools where young ladies can go and fit themselves for regular work, but even after they have attained success in a school, where shall they look for a livelihood? Many don tights and thus work their way up the ladder, but there are hundreds who would starve rather than do this, and these are left to wander about from season to season, accepting an engagement here and a short term there, and the public is never made aware of their existence.—Buffalo Enquirer.

Miss Willard In England.

Not so very many years ago a brisk and breezy little girl in a western home, studying the same books, romping in the same games, fired by the same ambitions as her brother and resenting the limitations of her sphere, wondered if she ever would see anything of the world say way, and the brother, confidant and friend, reassured her with the optimistic prophecy that if she was good probably she would come out all right. A little later they braided up the little girl's tresses, lengthened her gowns despite her bitterness and rebellion and told her that she was a woman. Last week there was a great meeting in Leeds, when 2,000 people sat spellbound while this woman talked to them of temperance.

All through England she has been travelling with Lady Henry Somerset, speaking to great audiences, organizing temperance movements and meeting everywhere with most enthusiastic welcome. An English editor has called this woman the queen of America, but to us she is known through her pen and by her gifts of oratory, as well as by her work in philanthropy, as Frances E. Willard, president of the Temperance Union of the World.—London Letter.

Woman Suffrage In Massachusetts.

As far as Massachusetts is concerned, it is generally supposed outside of the commonwealth that this state is in no great haste to adopt woman suffrage, and within the recent past predictions have been made that 1893 will see only another defeat for the woman suffrage bill in the legislature.

It is a mistake to assume that a woman suffrage bill can have no chance whatsoever of success in this state. A glance at the legislative votes on that point within the past few years will show that the refusals to pass such a measure have been carried by comparatively small majorities, and it is not self evidently unreasonable to suppose that popular opinion may have changed enough within the recent past to insure a stronger legislative support for a woman suffrage bill than such measures have usually had. The friends of the cause in Massachusetts have not been idle during the past year.—Boston Advertiser.

Disease and Dress.

"Six new diseases," we are told, "have come into existence with the style of dress which requires the wearing of multitudinous and heavy skirts." Indeed! wonder that there are not 60. I wonder that women sustain, in even the wretched and disheartening fashion that they do, the strain and burden of their clothing. I wonder that any of us are left with unimpaired vitality for the pursuance of self culture, for the prosecution of our business, for the rearing, care and support of our families, for the whirling of wheels within wheels of social duties which devolve upon us, till "the whirp of the sky" has ceased to lash us into the struggle for existence. No doctrine but the doctrine of the "survival of the fittest" will touch the problem. We are of tougher stuff than our brothers, or we should have sunk in our shackles long ago.—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in "What to Wear."

Fashionable Flowers For Evening Wear.

The fad for wearing flowers is on the increase as the season advances. The scarlet fuschia, which means taste, is the especial love of Mrs. Ella Dietz Clymer. The apple geranium, which means tenderness, fulfills its duty in etruscan jars and vases in Mrs. Edward Loutterbach's pretty boudoir. The Parisian gillyflower, which transcribed is lasting beauty and loyalty, finds fitting tribute at the hands of the gay and sprightly Marie Tempest. The Peruvian heliotrope, whose hue is now frequently stolen for Worth gowns, is worn nightly by Mrs. Duncan Elliott when arrayed in ball gown. Hyacinth, which is another name for jealousy, has been the favorite posy to adorn the Vanderbilt household for some years. Only Mrs. Shepard has departed from this custom, and she chooses roses roses, which in the language of the goddess Flora mean superior merit.—New York Advertiser.

Gowns at a Dublin Wedding.

"At a recent very elegant wedding in Dublin high life," writes a lady to an American friend, "the beautiful young bridesmaids—sisters of the bride—were white corded velvet gowns trimmed with silver fox and white felt hats trimmed with ostrich plumes and golden brown velvet. These dresses were in empire style and were greatly admired. The bride's dress was of white satin and white velours en princesse, with exquisite berthe and skirt flounce of point lace. Her very rare diamond ornaments extended even to her gold bouquet holder and bridal fan. Her traveling costume was of dark blue Russian velours, with Cinnamon cloth of blue cassock lace, lined with mink and trimmed with a very deep cape collar and edgings of Russian sable."

Use For Old Sealskin Jackets.

People who have sealskin jackets quite past renovation at the furriers' hands can utilize the skirt portions to make a cape either deep or short, or to form collars, cuffs and narrow skirt borderings, revers, caps for sleeves, etc. There are many women furriers, who work very deftly and charge prices much below those of fashionable furriers, and they make fur hands that look very handsome out of most shabby sealskin garments. It requires the skill and patience of a practiced hand to cut out and join the finest pieces from the wrap which would seem to compass no stem worthy of redemption. Enough to trim a coat or winter gown can at least be reclaimed from even a most shabby coat.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Women In the Patent Office.

The fact that about 400 applications for patents were made last year by women is an indication of how thoroughly the gentler sex is entering into the practical activities of modern life. Many of these applications relate to such industries as textile manufactures and railway and electrical devices. The unselfish spirit of the fair inventors is exhibited by the fact that among the products of their genius are improved braces, buttonhole flower holders, self attaching neckties, sleeve links and trousers splash preventers. Man is no longer sole lord of creation.—New York Press.

Commercial Travelers and Suffrage.

The injustice of denying the ballot to women is becoming apparent to all classes. The commercial travelers, who are the circulating medium of political thought, perhaps next to the press the most potent, are increasingly outspoken against the senselessness of her present disqualification. The writer chanced to overhear a conversation on the cars among three of their number, strangers to each other, widely traveled and intelligent men, and was agreeably surprised to find them agreed and outspoken in favor of abolishing sex in suffrage. It is in the air.—Western Christian Advocate.

Delicate Evening Slippers.

Evening slippers made entirely of silk passementerie are new. They are at present made only in Paris and come in every delicate shade, as well as in black and white. The black ones are particularly chic, showing the entire foot, clad in its stocking of blue, pink, lilac or yellow, in a fascinating way. A ribbon passed under the foot and tied in a bow upon the instep secures these fairy slippers to the feet. They are made with high heels, and the ribbon is of the same color as the slipper.—Vogue.

Successful Though Wealthy.

It is a pleasure to hear of a woman rich, young and beautiful, who, despite all the incentives to an idle life, really accomplishes something and makes the world richer for her having dwelt in it. So the fact of the wife of the so called richest man in Boston having taken the great prize at the water color exhibition will bear mention. Mrs. Montgomery Sears has been known as an artist of no small talent. Her "Roniola" places her high among the painters.—Newport News.

Women Still Womanish.

Men needn't worry so about the passing of femininity. Women are rather womanish yet. Watch one of the sisterhood when she buys a silk lining for her gown. Does she go mainly by the quality of the silk? Not much! She likes a good, durable silk, of course, but what she must have is a rustling silk. "How else," she naively inquires, "are people to know that I have a silk lining?" Sure enough. How else?—Boston Commonwealth.

Mrs. Blaine's Clever Pen.

To be one of Mrs. James G. Blaine's correspondents is the desire of all who know her. Her letters are remarkable for their beauty of expression, cleverness and originality. Not the least of her accomplishments with the pen is her rare facility of expression through the medium of telegraph blanks. Her dispatches of condolence or congratulation are unusual examples of brevity and meaning.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Mrs. Edward Lloyd, who died in London the other day at the of 90, when a girl helped to entertain Blucher on his arrival in England after Waterloo, and was present in Westminster abbey at the coronation of George IV., William IV and Queen Victoria.

An English hospital nurse, Emma Durham, has handed over £240 received for services rendered to Lord Tennyson, as a free gift to the Junius Morgan benevolent fund in connection with the royal pension fun for nurses.

Mme. Brochard, subsuperintendent of the Lelox hospital, has received the ribbon of the Legion of Honor for faithful service during the cholera epidemic.

Miss Breckinridge, daughter of Colonel W. C. P. Breckinridge, has passed a creditable legal examination and been admitted to the practice of law.

There is a rumor that cashmere shawls will again come into fashion. It is certain that the empire style will bring scarfs in their train.

An Indian potentate, the maharaja of Bettiah, has engaged the services of an English woman physician for his women's hospital.

We are to wear silk cashmere for walking, visiting and even everyday purposes.—Women's Paper.

A Chester (Pa.) woman, 84 years old, has just completed a bedquilt containing nearly 4,000 pieces.

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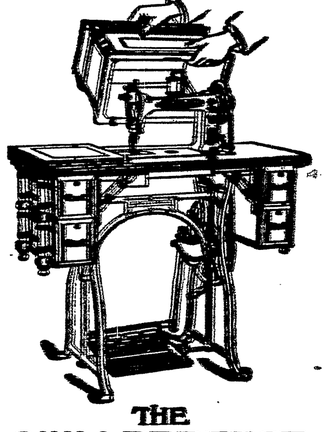

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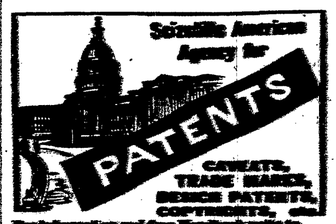

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