

TO-DAY'S POSSIBILITIES.

It may not, when the sun goes down
Have added to my store
Of worldly goods, or gained renown
Through gallantry or lore.

It may not, while I strive to-day,
Move onward to the goal—
The gleaming goal so far away—
On which I've set my soul.

But I can show a kindness to
Some one who stands open and
And I can praise some toiler who
Is tolling on in doubt.

And when the sun goes down, I still
May be a better man—
No matter what the Fates may will—
Than when I first began.

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times Herald.

An Impetuous Greeting

Along a deserted country road one dark night in May a solitary wayfarer was leading a disabled bicycle. He came to a place where two roads crossed, and paused undecided. He glanced about in the gloom and found that he was near a house. "I'll ask there," he said, and walking up to the door knocked boldly.

Hardly had his knuckles left the panel, when the door burst open and a young person in a dark skirt and light waist hurried herself upon him. The force of the blow caused him to stagger backward. Involuntarily he clasped her close in her arms while he regained his equilibrium, then he released her.

"Oh, oh!" she gasped. "I thought it was a May-busket." Then, she suddenly as she had come, she darted into the house and the door went to with a bang behind her.

The man picked up his bicycle from the ground where he had laid it and went back to the corners. Here he stood meditating. He looked in all four directions, then glanced at the house and shook his head. "I guess I'll take my chances on the road," he said, and started down the southern one.

As he went along, the clinking of the chain as it passed over the sprocket teeth sounding plainly in the stillness, he cogitated thus:

"I have just made a most interesting discovery. How by accident we sometimes stumble on those scientific facts. Now, if I had not punctured my tire just as dark was coming on, and then lost my way, I never should have known that during the month of May the houses in country places are so many catapulas. You have merely to knock on the door and a beautiful young lady will be shot into your arms, instead of into a net, as they do it at the circus."

Mrs. Jameson's was considered a very pleasant place to board, and vacancies were awaited for eagerly by those who knew of the quiet and homelikeness of her peaceful dwelling. She never would have more than four boarders at a time, so it did not seem like a regular boarding house.

"I can't take care of more than that number," she often said. "If I had more I'd be obliged to keep a girl and that won't do. I got along very well with what help Jamie can give me about dishes and on wash days."

This habit of calling her husband "Jamie" led to the boarders calling her "Mrs. Jamie."

It was a day in September, and the newest boarder sat looking across Mrs. Jamie's table at the oldest boarder. She was the new school teacher—her predecessor in both school and boarding house had been married the previous summer—and she was a young bachelor whose work was in a down town law office. She thought that he had a good face, and she thought there was something strangely familiar about her voice, though at the same time she was sure that he had never heard those tones before.

As the weeks and months went by, a friendly liking grew between these two. Each felt free to call on the other for any little help that was needed, and many and long were the discussions indulged in by them.

During the short Christmas and spring vacations the oldest boarder missed the newest one, and when school days began again there was a noticeable rise in his spirits.

One evening in May these two and Mrs. Jamie were in the sitting room, Mrs. Jamie sewing patchwork, Mr. Sayward looking at the evening paper and Miss Stewart resting in a big chair, her hands lying idly on its arms.

There came a ring at the door-bell and Mrs. Jamie went to answer it. In an instant she appeared again carrying something in her hand. "It's a May basket for you, Miss Stewart," she cried excitedly. Sayward sprang to his feet and rushed from the room, Miss Stewart following after.

It was a very dark night and the children who had hung the basket really did not wish to be caught, so after a vain search and a fruitless chase the two came back unsuccessful.

"What a beautiful basket!" cried Miss Stewart, and Mrs. Jamie brought a vase of water for the flowers and a glass dish for the fruit and candies.

Miss Stewart was at length restored, and Mr. Sayward returned to his paper, Mrs. Jamie to her patchwork and Miss Stewart to her restful attitude. Suddenly she laughed softly.

"Wasn't I thinking of something that happened several years ago," she exclaimed, and Mrs. Jamie looked at her curiously. "It was, when I was in Normal school, and before I went to Normal school I had never even so many as a dozen friends, and I took my pride in their right name before. Spuds, I said, and anybody but a born idiot knows what spuds is!"—Washington Post.

his May basket knock. I rushed to the door, opened it and dashed out right into a strange man's arms. I almost knocked him over and I was so confused that I ran back into the house without asking him what he wanted. It was probably some one who had lost his way, or else perhaps a tramp. At any rate he did not knock again, and I can't wonder at it.

Mr. Sayward's paper did not move, but behind its shelter he was smiling and there was a sparkle in his eyes.

The warm spring days grew into warm summer ones and the last day of school had come. Sayward was helping Miss Stewart decorate the schoolroom.

"Doesn't it make you feel bad," he asked, "this last day, or are you glad to get away from the noisy little wretches?"

"This is my first year," she answered, "and I am not used to it yet, so I am afraid I shall cry a little this afternoon."

"I shall not feel so bad till tomorrow," he said with meaning, but she went on without noticing.

"I shall be glad to get home again, of course. My home is in a lovely place in the country. Perhaps you have been by it on your wheel. It is out in South Wytham on the turnpike. I would like to have you call out and see me sometime. It would be a pleasant ride, and any one can tell you where Jared Stewart lives."

"I'd like to come first rate," he said, "and I will on one condition."

"What is that?" she asked, looking up at him where he stood on the top of the step ladder.

He came down hastily and his face grew suddenly serious.

"Alice," he said earnestly, "I love you. Do you suppose you could marry me?"

"Of course it was very sudden, but Alice was one who knew her own mind, so after a moment's reflection she told him that she supposed she could.

The next day he went with her to the station, and as they waited for her train she said to him shyly, "And you think you will come out on your wheel and see me?"

"I rather think so," he said.

"By the way, I forgot to ask—what was that condition you spoke of?"

"Condition? Oh, yes, I know. That you would let me greet you as I did the last time I was there."

"The last time?"

"Yes. Don't you remember?—one night in May, and you said, Oh, oh, oh, I thought it was a May-busket!"

She looked at him with wide eyes. "Was that you?" she cried joyously. "I'm so glad it wasn't any one else!"—Susan Brown Robbins in Portland Transcript.

Advertisements Queer and Peculiar.

From a collection of queer advertisements made by a Washington man these are selected.

By a colored couple in Georgia: "Your presents is required to a swell wedding at the home of the bride. Come one, come all. Gentlemen, 25 cents, ladies, 15 cents."

By a St. Louis man: "Wanted—A respectable gentleman, widower preferred to marry the housekeeper of an aged gentleman who has been an invalid for years, and who respects her as a good and true servant, whom he would like to see in the happy state of matrimony before he dies. She has had three husbands, but is willing for a fourth."

By a North Dakota Justice of the Peace: "I am reliably informed that some of our local clergy are cutting prices and thereby demoralizing business. I will not reduce prices to perform the marriage ceremony, but will give time if necessary, or will take meat, potatoes, grain, and will agree not to kiss the bride unless perfectly satisfactory."

By an English country gentleman: "Wanted—For a sober family, a man of light weight, who fears the Lord and can drive a pair of horses. He must occasionally walk at table, join the household prayer, look after the horses and read a chapter in the Bible. He must, God willing, arise at 7 o'clock in the morning, and obey his master and mistress in all lawful commands. If he can dress hair, sing psalms and play at cribbage, the more agreeable."

By a West Virginia merchant: "Bibles, blackboards, butter, Testament, Tar, Treacle, Godly books and Glimlets, For Sale Here."

By a dog fancier: "35 Reward—Strayed from the premises of the subscriber, in Centerville, on the 1st of October, a small dog near the color of an opossum, with yellow legs and head and tail cut off."

By a Philadelphia girl: "Wanted—A young unmarried woman without children wants a position as cook or housekeeper."

By a presiding elder: "Advent Meetings—Elder D. M. Cantright, of Boston, and Elder D. M. Farnsworth, President of the Iowa Conference, will preach in the Baptist Church from Friday evening, April 5, till Monday evening."

By the Common Council, Jackson, Mich.: "Resolved, That the pound-master be instructed not to receive into the public pound any cows that any person may drive to the same pound under the age of twenty-one years."

A red-faced and by no means soft-voiced woman came into our grocer's shop the other morning and by the gleam in her eye one could see that she had a bone to pick with the grocer.

"Why don't you send me what I sent after?" she demanded. "Here I sent my boy over here for five pounds of spuds and you sent back word you didn't keep them."

"We don't," said the clerk.

"You do, too," contradicted the irate lady. "What's them if they ain't spuds?"

"Potatoes," said the clerk, mildly.

"Didn't I send for spuds? Law me, ain't you ever heard potatoes called by their right name before? Spuds, I said, and anybody but a born idiot knows what spuds is!"—Washington Post.

OUR FASHION LETTER

SILK WAISTS AND SOME ETCETERAS CONSIDERED.

Evening Gowns Freshened Readily—The Metal Ends on Ribbon—Embroidery in Many Forms—The Newest Silks—List of the Season.



In an eager search for novelty we are going back to silks of early times. It is probable that historical costumes will be in vogue soon. Modistes have devised every conceivable fabric with all possible combinations, and these in a measure have satisfied the longing of the fashionable woman. But, in order to be amused, women must have novelty, and each is determined to outdo her sister.

Fleeting fancy was exhibited at the opera recently, when diamonds were discarded for pearls. Tiaras had no showing at all, and young Mrs. Astor, who always has worn a small coronet or aigrette of precious stones, replaced it by daintiest, prettiest ones of pink satin ribbon perched on either side of her pompadour. There were many others who possess remarkable head-gear of brilliants who wore chaplets of small flowers, some of which were like the wreaths of 1820. The gariture of pearls which Mrs. George Gould wore, to the exclusion of all other gems, was marked.



A Neat Waist.

Brilliant brocade stuffs, with silver and pearl embroideries, are much in evidence. New gowns of velvet are embellished so richly with jet silks and all arts in needlework as almost to obliterate the fact of velvet having been used as a foundation. Plain velvets have draping of silk muslin which hangs in angel sleeves. Richly embroidered vests of cloth of gold or silver gem studded and fastened up to the high stock collar with large gold buttons, these encrusted with precious stones, are immensely popular. With these are belts and bags of gold, which hang low on the side.

The beautiful mauve and silver gown which Melba wore in "Le Cid" is copied for a house gown in other shades, and has been a great success. Accordion-plated Holland skirts are having a great run in France, and recently have been seen in London. Laces, too, have all their original beauty often spoiled by a network of gold threads. Sometimes heavy silk threads, too, are employed. Valuable gulleure, point de Venise, Irish and Mechlin laces all lose their exquisite beauty in this way.

A gown of silk chiffon over satin of a lighter shade has an overdress of lace, the figures of which are outlined in gold, and a network of gold is drawn into the spaces.

Another gown of ciel blue cloth has a Marie Antoinette bertha of point d'esprit, edged with softest tulle (lace, through which are webs of light blue silk, lightened by a silver cord.

Evening gowns are freshened most readily at this season by knots of flowers tied with choux and long ends of chiffon in some color or colors contrasting with the costume. A white frock which has passed its youth of course, is not beautified by the application of white roses at the corsage, secured with knots and ends of white chiffon. The contrast is unfavorable to the frock. Rather try flowers and flowing fabric of strong pink or blue. The experiment of scarlet poppies with black chiffon against a white corsage has been tried successfully, though there are few women whose personality admits the wearing successfully of three pronounced colors together.

Four yards, in length, of the chiffon may be used. The width should not be more than ten inches, and the ends are finished only with a hem. There are certain shops in London and in Paris where flowers and thin silk materials for the trimming or freshening of dresses are combined in jaunty ways by the attendants who sell them. This serves well for the woman who lacks confidence in her own ingenuity. The new century, however, finds fewer and fewer women who are inclined to admit their limitations in the way of designing fetching fashions.

The metal ends which we use on our ribbons have quite passed the novelty stage, and are desirable only when one finds them in an odd design in gold or silver, or in rather expensive

enamel. The chief merit of these metal etceteras is their weight, which is just what a pendant ribbon needs to give it proper body. Another advantage is the tidy appearance which it lends. The best of ribbons fray. Capped by metal tips raveling is impossible. So it is to be hoped that these pretty trinkets will be long-lived. The interest which artist jewelers take in them probably will insure their permanent place in the feminine wardrobe. A recent good model shows a base of rich dark blue enamel with misty flowers and leaves in gold.

A fresh variation of the metal-tip idea shows a bronze velvet neck ribbon decorated at the sides with old silver fleurs de lis. Small metal flowers are placed at wide intervals along the bronze velvet neck finish, which is worn with a burnt orange satin-cloth blouse that has many minute turks. A curved belt, dipping at the front, is made from bronze velvet. The buckle with which it fastens is in fleur de lis design and, of course, from silver, which appears to be antique.

The use of embroidery in many forms continues on English blouses. Strips of Oriental handwork of every sort are employed as finishing touches. Lamentable results follow where the maker has not the proper appreciation of fabric for combination. When it is understood that the material used for the bodice must at least suggest the weave which would be employed in combination in the country from which comes the embroidery, the effect is felicitous. A happy arrangement of two strips of Persian embroidery in old red, old blue, dull gold and silver calls for a blouse of old gray satin, with borplait tucks. The sleeves are close until they approach the wrists, where they flare as the mode desires. The embroidery is applied for close cuffs, and has two lengths down the waist front to inclose a vest of white chiffon. Tiny dulgold buttons are used to fasten the little "ladder" straps of gray satin across the white waist.

A new bodice, from white ray de satin is a combination of the modes of many periods, having the long mitten sleeves from elbows to thumb, the loose front of recent fashion and an empire trimming of applique white lace quite across the back, close under the arms. More of the lace is used for the chemise and the bow at the corsage that ends in white beaded tips. The "tip" idea is appearing in London modes in every possible prettiness. And chateelaines appeal to the hearts of Englishwomen, who, however, rarely go to the extreme of wearing the American "catch-all" of leather or velvet at the belt.

The newest silk waists show admirable self-control in the matter of gold applications. The charm of this decoration is acknowledged, and those who have the interests of beauty at heart have really made an effort to keep the enthusiasm in check, that the fashion may be long lived. Stitches of gold coarse thread and even buttons stand for the mode on a collarless waist of old pink, touched up with black velvet. A waist of Liberty, copper-colored velvet has stitchings of dull silver and old buttons from it.

It is bargains in lace which make the English mid-winter sales uniquely worth experiencing. Fancy getting a really attractive hand made Renaissance lace collar for less than two shillings! And the collar in good size, too. Why no American woman would do the work on it for twice the price. London women are lace-wearing, they quite appreciate their advantages in this respect. Lace collars abound in their bureau drawers as linen do in the American woman's. And that reminds me of the impossibility of buying a linen collar here which is made with



House Gowns.

any particular reference to the human neck. The stock reply to your objections to poor cut is: "They always have been made in this way."

In respect of linen collars, as in nearly everything else that England does by hand, she will have to learn sooner or later from America. Except the lace collar. When England is up to American prices in labor she may not make them at all.

The most popular of the Renaissance lace collars is made with deep "sailor" back, and long shaped ends for revers. A prettier effect, and something which an Englishwoman probably never would think of, comes from turning the collar topey—turvy, and wearing the broad part in front as a corsage frill. The revers then curl around either arm, forming a quaint finish.

Do not let your cook take too thick a rind off in paring potatoes. The best part of the potato is near the skin.

On the other hand, turnips should have a thick rind pared off. The turnip has an outer part that destroys the flavor of the whole if not thoroughly removed.

Onions should not be added to a stew, or put in to cook with anything else until they have first been boiled for about ten minutes, and the water thrown away.

MAUDE AND THE JUDGE.

The ex-judge sat in his rustic chair, Dreaming of days when prospects were fair;

When he was a clerk in a grocery store, Reading law at night for an hour or more.

Then politics gave him a playful nudge And set him up on the bench as a judge.

While on his vacation one summer's day He met Maude Muller at work in the hay.

Now, Maude was as shy as a turtle dove, So the judge fell heels over head in love.

"Maude, dear," said he, "for pity's sake Come, be my bride, and give up that rake!"

But Maude answered and said, "Oh, no, The chap for me is the man with the hoe."

Pulling off his coat, the judge said, "See, For your sake, Maude, I'll a farmer be."

So the lovesick judge gave up his job And became a granger—alas! poor slob!

They married and bought a farm on time And settled down to a life sublime.

For eighteen hours they toiled each day, Trying the mortgage on the farm to pay.

This happened some forty-odd years ago, But still the ex-judge wields the hoe.

He is getting stiff in elbow and knee, For he isn't as young as he used to be.

But he often dreams of what might have been, For the mortgage is bigger now than then.

—Chicago News.

Nevil's Uncle Jerry.

As the Junior partner of the old-established firm of solicitors, Gale, Tempest & Hopkinson, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, I was brought up in closest touch with the office staff.

One old clerk, who had started as office boy to the firm named, was called S. Nevil, but his baptismal patronymic was generally shortened by his confreres into Saivel, a name which described his temperament to a fine point. How he had been kept on so long was a mystery to many, but it was mainly through my instrumentality. The fact is that Nevil fell ill with influenza, and during his absence his daughter called for some wages due him. I saw and was greatly impressed by her. Her manners were those of a woman of gentle birth and breeding but her face, which was more than beautiful, had those lines of patient suffering which plainly told her story. There was no need to ask her if, for it was plainly enough written, I really guessed that by domestic tyranny he found an outlet for his petty nature which his own sex would not allow him to exercise on them.

After seeing his daughter I resolved that Nevil's place in our office was to be permanent so long as I could use my influence in his behalf, and at Christmas I—but that is outside the story.

One morning as Nevil came into my office with some letters for signature I was struck with his woful appearance, and, as I have fore shadowed my interest in his family affairs, it was natural that I should ask what was the matter with him.

"A dreadful and shameful 'oaks has been played on me, Mr. 'Opkinson, sir," he said. Nevil was always erratic with his his when "put out."

"Sit down, my man, and tell me all about it," I said, for much as I disliked the man, I could not help feeling sorry for him, so distressed did he seem.

"You know," he continued, "that I have always looked forward to Uncle Jerry leaving some of his wealth to us when the end came."

"Well, Nevil," I interrupted, "has he died?"

"No, sir; worse than that. I am afraid I would not be so cut up about that, but he has played a dirty trick on me and mine that I am as much disgusted as disappointed."

As I saw he was bursting to tell me his sorrow I told him to proceed with the story of his wrongs.

"You must know that Uncle Jerry last Christmas, as was his usual custom, invited all his poor relations to dine with him.

"The night passed smoothly, excepting that two cousins got excited in a political argument. These evenings wound up with a speech from our host, and then, after singing 'Auld Lang Syne,' we would separate. The speech last Christmas was a memorable one, and I remember each word burnt itself into my memory as it fell from Uncle Jerry's lips.

"My dear relatives," he commenced, "you will be sorry to learn, as I am to announce it, that this gathering, which it has been my pleasure as well as my duty to hold at this season of goodwill toward all men, is to be the last."

"Yes, the last, I grieve to repeat. You are all, I think, aware of the sudden collapse of the company which promised to be one of the greatest and most successful undertakings of modern time. I will be brief, as the subject is to me a painful one. In that

company I was foolish enough to invest my money, not so much for my self as for the benefits I could bestow upon my kith and kin. That dream has ended as dreams do—suddenly. My riches have taken to themselves wings. I remember with pleasure the many professions of affection from you all—yes, all—without a single exception. Those presents which you see on the seaboard—here every one mentally totted up what his own contribution had cost.

"Those presents are, as you know souvenirs of your affectionate regard and remembrances on my birthdays. I will treasure them as they deserve to be treasured. I am about to try the experiment, a painful one at my age, of existing on £70 per annum, instead of nearly as many hundreds. But I feel confident that such affection as you have always shown me, and such solicitude for my health, was not prompted by mercenary motives. My declining days will be solaced, even under my grievously altered circumstances, by my relatives, who will, I am sure, entertain me, instead of their being entertained."

The assembled relations gasped with astonishment at the first few sentences, but before Uncle Jerry concluded his speech, and he was in no hurry, I assure you they had recovered themselves sufficiently to applaud in the right places and to utter plaudits at the end.

"As to myself," continued Nevil, "I was as mad as any of them, but as my daughter and I were walking along our street I was suddenly struck with the notion that it might be a 'plant.' You see, sir, I am a great reader, and in novels and those short stories which some readers in the evening papers rich old uncles have a habit of springing these surprises on their poor relations at such festive gatherings in order to test the genuineness of their professed affection."

"Well, sir, I stopped and danced on to pavement until my daughter caught hold of my arm and said: 'You'll have a crowd 'round us in a minute, father.' 'Next morning I called to see Bab-becombe of the Northern Shires Bank, where Uncle Jerry has his account, and told him my suspicions. Babbeecombe is under an obligation to me which I need not specify, and, although this made him inclined to answer my questions, the fear of the bank act prevented his going into details. At last after a lot of consideration, he said 'Nevil, you place me in an awkward predicament, you know as well as I do that your questions are irregular. But as I wish to do you a turn, I will tell you that I think there is every probability of your being right in your surmises.'

"I could not get anything more definite from him than that, although I tried hard enough. The upshot was that I farmed Uncle Jerry for all I was worth, and more. For I had to borrow money to cover increased expenditures. I first had him to stay with us at Britton, and then took him as part of the family to Margate, when we went for our holiday, paying all his expenses and keeping him supplied with tobacco, and he smokes no small amount.

"Under proper circumstances, that is, according to novelists and story writers, I should have been rewarded with a handsome check, and ultimately been his sole heir when he died, but no such luck for me.

"Suddenly, one morning, about a month ago, Uncle Jerry said he was going to town, where he intended to take cheap lodgings and look out for some work. From that day to this I have never seen him, much as I have tried.

"To-day the final blow has been dealt to me. I read in this morning's paper of the marriage of Jeremiah Joskins to Susan Hobbs. No cards. No cake. No presents. Susan Hobbs is a buxom wench about twenty-five or thirty, and is certain to have a squad of children."

Poor Nevil! I could not help laughing at him, for all he looked such a picture of misery. I proposed to the beautiful daughter the next day.

At the Holy Ghost.

The old blackened weather beaten church among the pines stood on the summit of the hill. It was during the semi-annual revival. The preacher had been at the business of calling sinners to repentance for many a year and was acquainted with all the little arts known to the profession in catching them both ways, going and coming. But his plan for the spring was the greatest he had ever practiced and was the talk of the neighborhood.

For nights he had worked it, with the aid of a very young member of the church, the son of one of his deacons and a very sturdy, reliable young fellow. To mystify and rouse his hearers to a frenzy of religious emotion he had thought of the novel plan of having the Holy Ghost descend in the form of a white dove every night.

His co-workers manipulated the Holy Ghost, which was a white pigeon, from the old loft of the church. Before dark John, with the Holy Ghost for company, crept up in the loft and waited patiently for the congregation to assemble. At a certain time in the sermon, John let fly the white pigeon, and the preacher dwelt dramatically upon the Holy Ghost descending upon the people. That always moved his hearers to violent demonstrations and brought many to the foot of the cross.

But one fateful night John had forgotten and left the pigeon in the loft, where it was devoured by a lank, hungry cat. The misfortune was not discovered until too late for John to warn the preacher about bringing in act the third and last.

When the thrilling and intense moment arrived and the preacher cried with a loud voice, saying "And the Holy Ghost descended on the people," he held out his hands and closed his eyes, as if waiting for the "Peace that passeth all understanding" to rest on his devoted head.

At that trying time the hearers were aroused from their keen expectancy by the agonized whisper of John from a crack in the loft directly over the waiting preacher's head: "Uncle Joe! Uncle Joe! De cat's done eat up de Holy Ghost! Must I let down de cat?'