ALBERT and the SANDGLASS

A regular April shower was falling The crystal drops splashed on the window and ran down like tears in little streams.

Albert's nose was pressed and flattened against the glass as he said to his mother: "Oh, I don't want to stay at home! I don't, don't want to! I want to go down to Mr. Hobson's!"

"Oh, no, Albert," his mother replied. "Just get your box of playthings and have a good time. It will clear off after awhile. Then perhaps you can go."

Still Albert stood in the chair eagerly looking down the street across the common toward the white parsonage nestled by the hill, where in winter all the village children went coasting. For Mr. Hobson, the kindly pastor of the little country church, had a warm place in his heart for children, and they loved to go to his home, where they had such good times.

Albert jumped down from the chair looking cross and unhappy.

"I don't want to do anything but go to Mr. Hobson's," he cried out.

Uncle Bob sat reading his paper by the open grate, where just a little blaze flickered. Albert thought that Uncle Bob knew most everything, and he went over to him, hoping that he would suggest something agreeable.

Uncle Bob looked up just then and said: "It seems to me I hear a little boy say 'I don't want to' very often. It's generally better to do what mother wants you to do."

Then he jumped up and dared Albert to play a game of marbles with him, and directly they were down on the carpet snapping and shooting the bright glass balls back and forth.

Just as Uncle Bob said, "There, that's the third game I've lost!" the sun peeped in and made a great bright yellow spot on the carpet, so bright that Albert started up, clapping his hands.

"Can I go now, ma? Can I go now?" he called out.

"Yes," answered his mother, "if you will put on your rubbers."

Albert was out in the entry in a moment and tugging to get his rubbers on, and his short legs were soon taking him down across the common. Presently he stood on the piazza, ringing the bell, at the parsonage.

Miss Mary, the minister's daughter, came to the door.

Albert spoke up promptly. "I've come a-visiting."

"Walk right in," said Miss Mary.

He followed her through the entry into the sitting room.

She thought she knew what Albert wanted, so she pulled out a little table from the wall and drew a chair up to it. She put a big dictionary into the chair and lifted Albert up on to the dictionary. Then she set before him two little glasses.

One was a three minute glass two little crystal bulbs of glass joined by a small connecting stem. One of these bulbs had very pretty red sand in it. The bulbs were mounted in a round wooden frame.

When the bulb that had the sand in it was turned so that it was at the top, the sand began to run slowly into the lower bulb, and it took just three minutes for it to run from one bulb to the other.

Albert was never tired of seeing the sand run back and forth. And he wanted a three minute glass of his own so much! The other glass was a multiplying glass. It looked like a small spyglass.

Miss Mary took the multiplying glass in her hand, passing it to Albert, and said, "Now, Albert, if you look through this at the three minute glass you'll see what you did the last time you were here."

Albert took the multiplying glass and looked.

"Ooh-ee!" said he. "Oh, see 'em! See 'em! One, two, four, twelve, eight! Oh, Miss Mary, there's lots of 'em!"

"Should you like one of them?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am. May I have one?"

"Yes," she said; "if you don't take ours, you may have one of those others."

Then, holding the multiplying glass close to his eye, he put one hand out, with the fingers spread out as far as he could make them reach. Carefully he groped and grasped. Now his hand was on it. Now he had it.

Putting down the multiplying glass, he looked for the other glass that he thought he had caught, and it was gone. He tried it over and over again, and every time just as he thought he had it the glass that he thought he had caught seemed to slip away.

"Where do they go to?" he said to Miss Mary.

"Sure enough!" she replied.

How patiently he tried! Finally he had to go home. But when he got down from the dictionary he began looking underneath the table.

"What are you looking for?" questioned Miss Mary.

He didn't answer for a moment, but went down on his hands and knees, pulling up the edges of the rugs and still looking.

"Why," answered Albert, "they must have got away somehow. And I know they're somewhere, but I can't find another one but yours."

"Never mind," she said. "You can come again and try to find them."

"Yes; I will," cried Albert.

Then he went home.

But he had to tell Uncle Bob all about it. And he said: "How strange! I believe I'll go in and get Miss Mary to let me see them some day."

And Uncle Bob was as good as his word. He went in to see the glasses one day. After that he had business in the city and was gone for a week.

When he came back, he said to Albert: "I know a little boy somewhere who often says 'I don't want to.' He says it to his mother and to his father so often that I think it sounds very bad. Now, I don't believe in hiring folks to be good. But I do sometimes give rewards of merit. If that little boy leaves off saying 'I don't want' to and if I don't hear him say it for seven days and if nobody else hears him in that time. I shall go down to the minister's with you and see if I can't help you catch one of those little sandglasses."

"Oh, would you, Uncle Bob?"

"Yes, I will, now, honest," said Uncle Bob, "if that little boy leaves off what I said."

"Why, that little boy is me!" shouted Albert.

"You?" replied Uncle Bob, looking astonished. "Is that little boy you? Well, well, I do declare! Then you can fix it. Do you begin today?"

"Yes, sir," answered Albert.

It was three weeks before Albert succeeded in doing what Uncle Bob proposed. The first time he tried it was two days before he said "I don't want to." Then he had to begin again.

At last he succeeded for seven days.

Then Uncle Bob went with him to see if they could catch an extra glass.

When Albert was seated at the table, Uncle Bob sat close to him on one side. "Now," said he to Albert, "shut your eyes tight. Are they real tight shut?"

"Yes, sir," answered Albert.

"Then," continued Uncle Bob, "I don't really think it makes any difference, but just for the sake of form you had better say what I tell you: 'Come, come, fairy, come. Send the glass, and I'll be dumb.'"

And Albert repeated it.

Then Uncle Bob said: "Perhaps you won't get it the first time. If you don't, shut your eyes and say: 'Uncle Bob and I are here. Send the glass, my fairy, dear.' Shut your eyes and put the multiplying glass up to one of them and put out your hand, and I'll see what I can help you to find."

HE NEVER TIRED OF SEEING THE SAND RUN BACK AND FORTH.

Albert did as Uncle Bob had said, and as he put out his hand he felt Uncle Bob's hand there, too, and Uncle Bob whispered very loudly: 'There, I'm helping you. Have you got it?"

And he looked, and, sure enough, there he had it—a glass just like the other.

"Uncle Bob, you are just the smartest man!" cried Albert. "Let's go home and show this to mamma. Oh, I'll try so hard not to say 'I don't want to!'"

And, holding the sandglass out before him, Albert started for home, dancing and prancing around Uncle Bob all the way.—Arthur Ward.

A Party Trick.

Here is a party game or trick which, while it does not rank as one especially intellectual, nevertheless offers a nice diversion for the time:

First begin the conversation with some special person present in a casual manner and then have it lead on to their strength of mind or power of resistance. When you have them most deeply interested, make the remark that you can compel them to move from their seat without touching them. Naturally they will contradict this boast. Then slip off about two feet and look them steadily in the eye, never allowing your eye to leave theirs for a second. In a few moments they will become so tired of sitting still and so uneasy under your steady gaze as to get up of their own accord and change seats or move farther down the settee. When they do this, of course you have become successful in your party trick.

"I Don't Want to" Land.

A little girl was out of sorts,
And so one day she planned
To leave mamma and go into
The "I don't want to" land.
She thought 'twould be so easy there
To live with naught to do;
She would not have to mind at all,
You see, the whole day through.

And so she went, and for awhile
'Twas bright and happy there,
But by and by the lights went out,
And chill was in the air,
And horrid noises smote her ears,
And it began to rain.
She fled from "I don't want to" land
And came back home again.
—Joe Cone.

WHICH ROAD?

If you could go back to the forks of the road—
Back the long miles you have carried the load;
Back to the place where you had to decide
By this way or that through your life to abide;
Back of the sorrow and back of the care;
Back to the place where the future was fair—
If you were there now, a decision to make
Oh, pilgrim of sorrow, which road would you take?
Then, after you'd trodden the other long track,
Suppose that again to the forks you went back,
After you found that its promises fair
Were but a delusion that led to a snare—
That the road you first travelled with sighs and unrest,
Though dreary and rough, was most graciously blest
With balm for each bruise and a charm for each ache—
Oh, pilgrim of sorrow, which road would you take?
—Nixon Waterman

How an Interview Ended.

"A lady to see you, sir."

Jeremy Grigson used very unparliamentary language, but taking into consideration the fact that his visitor might be close at hand, in compliment of her sex his anathemas were uttered in German.

"How charming!" she exclaimed coming into the room with a little rush. "I have got my first point already. You are familiar with the modern languages.

And she made a note.

"Madame," said Jeremy Grigson, with a severe bow. "I have an excellent memory, but I cannot recollect having made your acquaintance on any previous occasion."

"I am from the 'Weekly Chatterer,'" she said. "Can you let me have a photograph to go in with the interview?"

"Never had one taken in my life," said Jeremy. He was not a handsome man, yet there was something in his face better than his looks.

She wrote murmuring, "Modest and apparently unaware of his own fame," and then answered:

"Do you know that the whole town is talking of your book?"

"I don't know anything about it," he said, savagely, "except that I sold the copyright for $100 and that the $100 is spent."

She had got hold of an immense fact, but she dropped her pencil and her flippant aggressive air with it.

"What a shame!" she said: "what a wicked shame! Your publishers will make hundreds and thousands out of that book. It is creating a furor. Such a case should not be possible; and especially when a man really needs the money."

"If this interview is any object to you," Grigson said, in an awkward, shame-faced way, "I will tell you all you want to know. I am not quite such a churl as I pretended to be. Only —well, I am proud as well as poor, and I suppose there is no need to make the details of my poverty public?"

He glanced first at the meager furnishing of the room and then at his threadbare clothes.

"O!" It was actually a little cry of pain. "Do you think so badly of me as that still? I will go now. I wish I had not come."

She turned very white as she rose, and caught at her chair to steady herself.

"For heaven's sake, don't faint!" cried Jeremy desperately. He made a stride toward her, and without a word of apology he caught her by the arm and pushed her back into the chair.

"What did you do it for?" he asked with a great show of indignation. "What is the matter with you?"

"I couldn't help it," she said. "If I had gone on walking I should have been all right, but the short rest finished me I am very tired and——" she gave a little gasp and her eyelids fluttered.

Jeremy dived into a wall cupboard and came forth with a brandy bottle. There was very little in it, but enough for the purpose. He stood over her in a threatening attitude until she consented to drink a teaspoonful. He tried to insist on a second.

"I cannot, really," she said. "I dare not. It would go to my head at once, because—because—"

Jeremy Grigson knelt down beside her and took her hand.

"Is it because you have had no luncheon?" he asked.

"Yes," she said; and her color began to return.

"Do you know how it feels?"

He nodded with sympathetic gravity.

"Been there dozens of times," he said; and he did not let go her hand, neither did she withdraw it. "Possibly you have walked the whole way from the 'Chatterer' to this house?"

"I had no choice. This represents my whole fortune until such time as I am paid for the interview."

She pulled three half-pence out of her pocket and showed it to him lying on the worn palm of her little gray glove.

Quite involuntary he lifted to his lips the hand he was holding. Then she drew it away and tried to return to her former manner.

"Just tell me where you were born," she said, "and how the central idea of your book first occurred to you, and I will go."

"You will do nothing of the kind," said Jeremy firmly. "I am just going to have my tea—'high tea' because I am a homely sort of fellow. I will not tell you another word unless you stay and share it with me."

"But I have to write up the interview now at once. It must be put into type to-night."

"Very well. You can do it here while our cutlets are being cooked. You will find plenty of paper, pen and ink on my writing table, such as it is. Here are a few notes for you."

He filled half a sheet of paper quickly in a small clear hand. "Now, I shall leave you for half an hour to your work, if you will solemnly promise me not to run off while I am away."

"I don't want to run off in the very least," she said; and she looked away from him to hide the tears in her eyes. But he saw them all the same.

They took their meal together in merry, picnic fashion, like children who had known each other all their lives, and when [illegible] they exchanged [illegible] confidences. They were both alone in the world, both dependent on their pens, although in vastly different lines, and they were both young, notwithstanding the fact that Jeremy's hair had a sprinkling of gray in it. Her name was Margaret, and he told her that had been his mother's name. She was very glad, although she scarcely knew why.

"I have several literary irons in the fire, he said, presently, "and those letters look like business. May I open them? Thanks. Then, if the news is good, you will be the first to congratulate me; and if it is bad, it will be some consolation to hear you say: 'Poor dev'—I beg your pardon, I mean 'poor fellow.' I have not spoken to a lady for three years."

He opened his first letter.

"Good," he said, "The 'Tip Top Magazine' accepts Mr. Grigson's serial, the first installment of which will appear next month. The manuscript has been lying at the office of the 'Tip-Top' for six months, and I have written about it three times without being able to elicit a reply."

"Nothing succeeds like success," said Margaret. "Open the next."

He did so.

"Still better," he exclaimed. "I applied for a post just vacant on the staff of the 'Pulverizer.' It means $300 a year for a weekly column of criticism. The last man was a great swell, and he gave it up because one of his own books was smashed to atoms by mistake in another part of the paper. Well, I have got the post."

"Best of all," he cried, as he glanced through it. "Beacuse it shows human nature in an agreeable light. My publishers inclose a check for $1,000 in consideration of the phenomenal success of 'The Book,' and they will be happy to allow me to make my own terms for the next one. Margaret, I am willing to be congratulated."

He had called her by her Christian name quite unconsciously.

She sprang to her feet, blushing furiously, and began hunting for her gloves.

"I can't say half I mean about it," she stammered. "Won't you take it for granted how glad I am? I must go now; the evenings are long, but they don't last forever. I want to thank you, and I don't know how."

"When may I come to see you?" he asked, retaining her hand again.

"Oh, never! I live in such a wretched place, and you are among the great ones of the world, now, you know."

"Of course," he said, cooly, "it doesn't matter in the least whether you give me your address or not, because I am going to escort you home, and then I shall find it out myself. Are you ashamed to be seen with me? We could stop at a tailor's on the way, but there would be a certain drawback to that compromise."

"My clothes are infinitely worse than yours," she said, humbly.

"Quite a different case," he assured her. "I believe you would look well dressed in a 'gunnysack.'"

They set out together. He did not offer to take a cab. An hour earlier he would have done so, but he was, comparatively speaking, a rich man, now, and he dared not run the risk of seeming to patronize her poverty. She understood, and liked him all the better for it.

This was a day to be remembered in both their lives.

Three months later there was a much-talked-of little wedding breakfast, at which most of the guests were literary celebrities, but another interviewer "wrote it up" for the "Weekly Chatterer."

Jeremy had married Margaret.—Argosy.

Praise to the Face.

I once saw a father walk up to a map his little boy had made and pinned on the wall. He stood before it a long time in silence, and in silence walked away. The little fellow was sitting in the room, and his father knew he was there. He was watching with his eager child's eyes, waiting anxiously for a word of approval. As none came, his poor little face fell unhappily. Straight into the next room walked the father, and said, carelessly:

"Robert has drawn a very clever little map in there. Look at it when you go in."

"Did you tell him it was clever?" asked a judicial listener, following from the room where little Robert still sat.

"Why, no, I ought to have done so. I never thought to mention it."

"Well, you ought to be ashamed of yourself," was the deserved reply. "Go back now and tell him."

We ought all of us to be ashamed of ourselves a dozen times a day for like sins of omission. It costs so little to say nice things and the result in another's pleasure is out of all proportion to our trouble.

Praise to the face; open disgrace.

No such thing. The proverb is wrong. Praise to the face is one of the sweetest things on earth, and there is no disgrace in it, unless untruth enters, or unless the praise is undeserved. It is the more grateful because no one may ask for open praise and receive by asking. When it comes thus at call it is not praise; its fine flavor is quite gone, and it is but flattery.—Harper's Bazar.

Laying the Hurricane.

(Oriental Sequel to "Raising the Wind." Scene—Constantinople.)

His Majesty—"By my beard, I must have Athens, Thessaly, the Crown Prince as a slave for life, and the revenue for a hundred years!"

First Ambassador—"Impossible."

H. M.—"Then allow Athens to go. The entire Grecian population in chains will do as well. See, this is my decision. I have spoken."

Second Am.—"Impossible."

H. M.—"Then sell all the ancient monuments by auction, and let me have the proceeds. Is not this well? Have I not spoken wisely? Come, by my beard, it shall be so!"

Third Am.—"Impossible."

H. M.—"I speak but once more. I will have everything. King, capital, and the entire treasury."

All the Ambassadors—"Impossible."

H. M. (resignedly)—"Well, well! Kismet! Stay! You will not be hard with me! You will not refuse me everything! If I may not have Greece and all it contains, you will not decline to lend me the ridiculous sum of two and sixpence halfpenny?"

(Curtain drops for the request to be [illegible])

OUR FASHION NOTES

HAND EMBROIDERY FOR CHILDREN'S DRESSES

Silk Thread Lace is Considered Very Smart—Table Crystal—Meaning of Mercerized—Francesca's Gowns—Graciousness.

Hand embroidery is the latest word in fashions for children, and nowhere does it appear to more advantage than in the imported coats of white pique for the very little girls. A smart model for a belle of three is a coat of white pique made with a tiny yoke, the skirt being arranged to fall from this in a double Watteau plait at the back, the fronts hanging simply from the yoke. There is a deep circular cape of the pique with turnover collar. The entire coat—the fronts and the bottom, and cape and collar also—is finished with a scalloped edge embroidered in white in buttonhole stitch with wee sprigs of flowers above. The fullness of the tiny sleeves is gathered into a cuff similarly embroidered.

Hand embroidery embellishes with smart effect the little white pique reefers also. One of these small coats is double-breasted, closing with white pearl buttons. The edges are scalloped, being worked in white in buttonhole stitch with French knots above. There is a wide collar, circular in the back, and extending into points in the front. This is finished with the scalloped edge and French knots, in more elaborate design, interspersed with garlands of forget-me-nots.

Silk Thread Lace

Fashionable silk thread lace is for the moment considered immensely smart for triming crepe de chine, and in the soft shades of grey, lace and fabric are of the same shade. A yellow or, more correctly speaking, cream lace of this sort is used on all colors, but is most attractive in pale blue or white. Quantities of this lace are used, and of course the cost is great, but the results are most satifactory to those fortunate individuals who do not have to count the cost. It must not, however, be supposed that the fabric is only possible for the rich woman. In these days, fortunately, there is such a lot of different qualities, and at varying prices, to choose from that it is no difficult task to have a smart gown for a remarkably small outlay.

Meaning of Mercerized

With the term "mercerized" tagged onto almost every fabric, it may be of interest to the unenlightened ones to know exactly what the significance of the word may be. Mercerizing is a chemical process of rendering cotton threads lustrous. The thread is shortened and hardened, producing a silky effect. It is named after the inventor John Mercer, and is said to retain this lustrous quality until the material so treated has finished its days of usefulness.

Table Crystal

The smart hostess who would be the exponent of all that is new has to look to her table crystal, for if she would be up to date this must be touched with delicate tinting, and each of her guests must drink the sweetest nectar from the heart of a flower, as flowers are the newest water and wine glasses fashioned.

The stand and the fine long stem are of the purest white crystal, and it is only just where the blossom that forms the bowl spreads its petal at the mouth that the color begins which soon merges into the deepest blue, violet, orange or green.

In the case of the decanters, carafes and the larger glasses, the flowers and leaves of decoration trail up from the bottom, cutting their form out of the beautiful Carlsbad crystal that gives its name to this most fashionable of glassware. Ornate with gold as may be the larger vessels, the gilded ornamentation that appears on the bowls of the smaller glasses is but sparsely and daintily applied. Especially is this so with the liqueur glasses. These with their delicacy to the appearance of the crystal, have little garlands of flowers round the cup, but only tiny sparklets like dew-drops of gold are seen when this part is shaped exactly like the living flower—like the [illegible] for instance, a design utilized so [illegible]

Flower vases, bonbon trays, finger bowls, are all made en suite, and the toning of the new glass affords suggestion for the scheme of color in the further decoration of the table.

Francesca's Gowns

The dresses in "Paolo and Francesca," the latest London success, are exceptionally fine. All of her costumes suggest the [illegible]

[illegible] of a [illegible] shade [illegible] bowed with narrow [illegible] slashed with white [illegible] wears a wreath of [illegible] Her long [illegible] fleur-de-lis [illegible] appear [illegible] son gown [illegible] broidered in gold [illegible] the sides [illegible] small golden [illegible]

Graciousness.

Graciousness is a gift, neither is [illegible] ent nor an accomplishment [illegible] ed, yet it can be improved [illegible] ed by use; and, as there are few [illegible] sons absolutely without it, most [illegible] viduals—certainly, most women—[illegible] so cultivate the lurking good that [illegible] in them that they may not [illegible] to be accounted gracious.

It has nothing to do with [illegible] there are gracious [illegible] cious saints. When a really good man is not possessed of this gift, she makes her dutifulness appear [illegible] pleasant that virtue is bound to suffer

in reputation. There is a hardness about all her views, a coldness in her gaze, harsh tones in her voice, [illegible] ably [illegible] and graciousness go together [illegible] care nothing for elegant and [illegible] dress. She would never betray a [illegible] cret, yet if you trust her with [illegible] you will feel that she despises [illegible] it or you—maybe both! She could [illegible] lie, so refuses to answer any question that is inconvenient; her silence implies scorn of the innocent asker. [illegible] does generous deeds, takes [illegible] trouble to serve you, because [illegible] complaining at all or boasting of [illegible] kindness, but you must feel that it is out of no love for you or humanity in general, merely her performance of [illegible] work her own conscience imposes upon her, which she would not lower her self by neglecting.

Notes for Housewives.

A leg of mutton holder is the latest invention in the interest of the [illegible] hold and is designed to keep the [illegible] in position while the carver [illegible] his or her skill. The holder [illegible] horn handles and a steel [illegible]

Canned goods require very little cooking as a rule, as they are already cooked before being put in the tin [illegible] some of them, like corn and tomatoes, only require a thorough heating.

Never cook string beans, lima beans or peas in the liquid which comes in the can, but drain that off, then rinse the vegetables in cold water [illegible] them stand a few minutes to [illegible] Then cook a few moments in [illegible] milk or water.

A fresh paint stain on woollen goods will disappear if rubbed against other woollen goods. For instance, if [illegible] stain is on the sleeve of a coat, [illegible] that garment off and rub the [illegible] against the other sleeve. It will disappear and leave no sign. This is [illegible] than applying turpentine [illegible] as efficacious, but it must [illegible] while the paint is still wet.

Sandwiches for the 5 o'clock tea [illegible] should be very small. Other [illegible] is the apple sandwich, a [illegible] wafer-thin brown bread, [illegible] spread with mayonnaise, [illegible] good-flavored apple sliced [illegible] tiny slices [illegible] offered a bit of hot bread [illegible] of biscuits or muffins [illegible] been baked in dolls' pans [illegible] served in basket trays [illegible] hot in a folded napkin.

To clean fine lace spread it [illegible] clean cloth sewn to a board [illegible] every point so it [illegible] to the cloth. [illegible] carefully with a clean [illegible] dipped in hot borax water. [illegible] spots and soil are removed [illegible] lace again with clean water [illegible] has been added a little [illegible] Put it in the sun to dry [illegible] and when dry undo the [illegible] or drawer [illegible]

[illegible]