

"Seek And Ye Shall Find."

"All the world abounds in love!"  
If ye seek it as you may  
Ye shall find that from above  
Earth is flooded every day—  
Not mid'nt, mean desires,  
Not in lust that leads to crime;  
These exhale from British fires:  
Cursing man till end of time—  
But amid the pure and true  
Souls may find undying streams,  
Brimming full, where to the view  
God's great love in glory gleams.  
Seek ye there and ye shall find  
Comfort for a wearied soul,  
Health and healing for the mind,  
While the years do ceaseless roll

Love is fraught with joy and peace,  
When the heart of self is void;  
Love can bring a sweet success  
From great grief or rest destroyed.  
Love instills a blessed hope  
Of immortal life at last;  
Woes of earth may never cope  
With success 'gainst powers so vast.  
Traveler to that distant bourne  
From which none may come this way,  
Listed and a precept learn:  
God is love, love God to-day!  
And that land where all is love  
Thy blest home in joy shall be,  
There God's face, o'er all above,  
Radiates Eternity.  
—Oscar B. Smith, in N. Y. Observer.



**Thousands of Them.**  
"Have you any Married Women's clubs in this village?" asked Mrs. Strongmind, strolling leisurely up and down the sidewalk at the railway station in the little town where the train was making a stop of 20 minutes for dinner.  
"Yes'm," replied the sad-eyed native who was sitting on a nail keg and whittling a stick. "Lots of 'em. That big brick buildin' over there on the left is a broom handle factory, ma'am."—Chicago Tribune.

**A Suspicious Circumstance.**  
Mrs. Hokorn (sympathetically)—Why, what in the world's the matter, Samantha?  
Mrs. Hayrake (sobbingly)—Oh, dear! Hiram's driftin' away from me, an'—boo-hoo—I'm sure there's another woman in the case.  
Mrs. Hokorn—Why, what put such a silly idea in your head?  
Mrs. Hayrake—He went to a barber's yesterday teg git his hair cut, instead uv lettin' me cut it, as he always done before.—Puck.

**Retrospect.**  
With Miss DeVine I played to-day on Brasseyway links,  
And as we played my memory sped to roller-skating rinks  
Where I went with her mother more than twenty years ago.  
Then further did the current of my reminiscence flow.  
It took me to the days when I, a happy swain, did play  
With Miss DeVine's dear grandmamma, the game of lawn croquet.  
—Brooklyn Life.

**AHEAD OF THE GAME.**  
Highwayman—Permit me to rob you of your valuable time!  
Humorist—Very good joke! But take the old thing, by all means! It only cost me a dollar, and I can sell the joke for at least three dollars to some one of the comic papers!—Der Dorfbarber.

**Caesar's Courtship.**  
A noble young Roman named Caesar  
Once called on a maid—tried to squeeze—  
But the girl, with a blush,  
Said the Latin for "Tush!  
You horrid young thing! Let me baesar!"  
—Baltimore American.

**He Popped This Question.**  
A young lawyer, as yet to fortune and to fame unknown, recently attended an informal party at which the guests were regaled with popcorn and lemonade. The popcorn suggested at once to his fertile brain the story of Joseph, who was warned in a dream to prepare during the seven years of plenty for those of famine to follow.  
"Why did Jacob's sons go down to Egypt?" inquired the lawyer.  
"Nobody could guess."  
"To buy pop corn."—N. Y. Times.

**In Silentia Salus.**  
She saw a note to her husband.  
It was in a woman's handwriting.  
Did she open it? No; not she.  
Although it looked so inviting.  
Did she worry about it? O, no!  
For one won't, while another one will:  
You see, she knew whom it was from—  
It was her dressmaker's bill.  
—Harlem Life.

**A GOOD START.**  
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**First Spinster—**And who gave the bride away?  
**Second Spinster—**Her youngest brother; just after the ceremony he was heard to say: "Wait till he finds her hair is false, her teeth are false, and she suffers from chronic indigestion."—Ally Sloper.

**No Worry.**  
Young Author—What do you think of my new play?  
Friend—Hem! You're in luck, old fellow.  
"Think so?"  
"Yes, indeed. You won't be worried to death by ticket speculators."—N. Y. Weekly.

**Only Two Classes.**  
Stenographer—Do you write "Dear Madam" at the beginning of a letter to an unmarried woman?  
Employer—Yes—at the beginning of a letter to any woman—whether she is married or just wants to be.—Somerville Journal.

**Feminine Finesse.**  
"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "do you think we shall ever be rich enough to own a yacht?"  
"I shouldn't be surprised."  
"When we can afford it, you will buy me a yacht, won't you?"  
"Certainly."  
"Well, Charley, dear, I know you are a business man, and I know you want me to be a business woman. If you will give me a new hat and a new gown and a new coat now, I won't say a word about the yacht. Isn't that a lovely discount for cash?"—Washington Star.

**Roll Call.**  
A puglist who makes his pile  
And then to congress goes  
Would be right in his glory when  
He strikes the eyes and nose.  
—Philadelphia Press.



**OBSERVANT OF THE AMENITIES.**  
Languid Leary—Lady, won't youse gimme ten cents? I hain't et anythin' for two days.  
Benevolent Old Lady—You poor man! You can't get much of a meal for ten cents.  
Languid Leary—I've got enough money for de meal, lady. I wants de dime to tip de waiter.—Brooklyn Eagle.

**Meat and Vegetables.**  
Dise increase in their cost we see.  
Ere long we will begin  
To fear that pork and beans will be  
As rare as terrapin.  
—Washington Star.

**Partially True.**  
A person of an investigating turn of mind had taken the trouble to run down one of the miraculous cures.  
"Is it true," he asked, "that you have been a sufferer from neuralgia for 17 years?"  
"Yes, sir," replied the man.  
"Is it true that you have been cured of it by taking six bottles of Dr. Rybold's celebrated Extract of Empty Gump?"  
"Well, that's partly true. I've taken the six bottles."—Chicago Tribune.

**Triplet to a Debutante.**  
Ah, you are like this book I hold.  
"Tis bound, you see, in lavish style;  
Mark how it is adorned with gold;  
Ah, you are like this book I hold:  
The story through its pages told—  
Can wait—'twill read it after while—  
Ah, you are like this book I hold.  
"Tis bound, you see, in lavish style.  
—Chicago Record-Herald.

**IT WOULD BE IMPOLITE.**  
Doctor—My old chum Bones writes me that he wants me to operate on him for appendicitis.  
Nurse—Will you?  
Doctor—Well, I'd hate to cut an old acquaintance.—Chicago Journal.

**Seems Long, Anyhow.**  
At Fate's decree I cannot smile,  
But count it grievous wrong  
That girls are wooed so short a while,  
And wedded for so long!  
—Smart Set.

**Then the Argument Ended.**  
Two young men were having a heated argument over a problem which needed a great deal of mental calculation.  
"I tell you," said one, "that you are entirely wrong."  
"But I am not," said the other.  
"Didn't I go to school, stupid?" almost roared his opponent.  
"Yes," was the calm reply, "and you came back stupid."—Tit-Bits.

**It Cost Him Just Fifty Dollars.**  
Mr. Justwed—I found this paper of tobacco in your room. What does it mean, madam?  
Mrs. Justwed—Why, I use it—  
Mr. Justwed—Oh, I do! Why didn't you tell me that before marriage, madam?  
Mrs. Justwed—Why, I didn't suppose you would care whether I used tobacco or camphor to keep the moths from my clothes.—Judge.

**A Mormon Romance.**  
Mormon Bishop—Then you refuse to become my wife?  
Mormon Maid—I must. Thirteen is such an unlucky number.  
Mormon Bishop—Oh, that's easily arranged. I'll hunt up some one who is not superstitious, and then you can be No. 14!—N. Y. Weekly.

**Just After the "Yes."**  
She—Harry, I am agreeably disappointed in you. I am the only girl you ever loved.  
He—It's true, darling, but how do you know it?  
She—You kissed me so awkwardly.  
—Chicago Tribune.

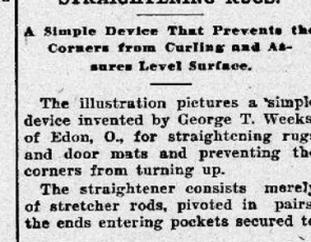


**SOUND HOME TRAINING.**

It is Necessary to Make the People of the New Century Such as the Nation Needs.

In the training of children the mother is usually the supreme power. The father is frequently absent for long hours, but the mother is nearly always at the post of duty, and her life has its sphere as well as its center there. She only can deal with the children during their most helpless years. The trust they put in her, at first through the instinct of helplessness, comes to be the habit of the after years. The wise mother will never let it go, but maintain it, by ceaseless self-devotion, and by delicate handling of mind and heart, even when the children have reached the strength of maturity.  
Yet the father should neither forget nor neglect his duty to his children. He has no right to assume that the children are the mother's care, and may be left entirely to her. His wisdom, his strength, his authority should constantly support her. He should so impress his children when with them, that even when absent his authority and influence will be present with them, controlling, guiding and inspiring. Especially to the "growing boys" the father should be a great power. In the little kingdom of the family the king and queen should not only reign but govern. At the present time many parents neither can nor dare attempt to control their children. This is utterly wrong. It means anarchy in the family, and ultimately anarchy in the state. The first element in training is government. It should be calm, kind, reasonable, intelligent, affectionate, but it should be firm. The parent cannot afford to be beaten. If he gives way to-day, it will be harder to conquer to-morrow; if he gives way often, he himself will be completely and finally conquered, and the child will henceforth go his own way and do his own will. If the people of the new century are to be such as the nation and the world need, they must be more powerfully influenced in habit and feeling by church and school, and above all must be more readily, wisely and thoroughly governed in the home.—N. Y. Weekly.

**STRAIGHTENING RUGS.**  
A Simple Device that Prevents the Corners from Curling and Assures Level Surface.  
The illustration pictures a simple device invented by George T. Weeks, of Edon, O., for straightening rugs and door mats and preventing the corners from turning up.  
The straightener consists merely of stretcher rods, pivoted in pairs, the ends entering pockets secured to



the rug or mat. The rods are stitched to the rug to hold them in place. By means of the light, extensible frame formed by each pair of stretcher rods the rug is kept flat and held in its place. Since the stretcher rods are applied to the bottom of the rug, the straightening means are not visible.

**A TOUCHING TRIBUTE.**  
Sincere Compliment from a Humble Admirer Bestowed Upon a Public Singer.  
"The most touching compliment I ever received," remarked a well-known soprano the other day, relates the Philadelphia Record, "was paid to me by a poor old woman, who must have amused those who heard her. I had sung two solos at the evening service of a fashionable church, after which I boarded a car. The old woman, whose clothes indicated great poverty, got in and sat down beside me, her face fairly shining with pleasure as she recognized me. 'Lady, I want to tell you how I likes your voice,' she exclaimed in rather broken English. 'It goes right to my heart, and makes me so happy, just as if I'd heard the angels sing. I thanks you. Of course I thanked her, but the funny part was when the conductor came for our fares. The old lady counted out ten pennies before I could pass over my nickel. 'Two! two!' she said to him, as she nodded to me. 'I wants to, lady, for I likes your voice so much; I likes your voice.' So, while I felt that perhaps the poor old soul could ill spare her extra pennies, I let her make the sacrifice because of the evident pleasure it gave her, and no compliment I ever received has touched me more deeply than her oft-repeated words: 'I likes your voice.'"

**Transparent Ice Cream.**  
On one of the transatlantic steamship lines the dessert for one dinner of the trip of each ship through the past season includes "transparent ice cream." It is always served with much ceremony, the lights of the dining-room being put out, or, if in daylight, the portholes being covered and a judicious moment of delay permitted to heighten the effect. Then the waiters march in, carrying on trays large molds of ice, cone-shaped or resembling inverted flower pots. These are in clear and also scarlet ice, and hold the candles which alone light the room. Around the base of the forms are piled the little individual molds to be served to each person. After the waiters have made a tour of the tables two trays are placed on each and the serving of the cream is begun.

**To Clear a Greasy Skin.**  
For a greasy skin nothing is better than the combination of an ounce of dried rose leaves, half a pint of white wine vinegar and half a pint of rose water. Let the vinegar stand on the rose leaves for a week, then add the rose water. Use a tablespoonful in a cup of distilled water.

HAS FOUND HIS IDEAL.

The Venerable Senator Chauncey M. Depew Will Marry Miss Palmer, a Maid of Thirty.

Senator Chauncey M. Depew, after being kept busy for several years denying rumors that he was about to take a wife, admits at last that this time it's no joke. The woman of his choice is Miss May Palmer. She is a New Yorker by birth, but is little known there. Almost from her childhood she has lived abroad and has visited this country only a very few times. Miss Palmer is the daughter of the late Henry Palmer and granddaughter of John J. Palmer, who founded the Merchants' bank. Her mother was one of the three Herman sisters, of New Orleans, who, a generation ago, were famous for their beauty the country over.  
"Yes," said Senator Depew, to a New York Sun reporter, "it's true this time



MISS MAY PALMER.

I'm engaged to be married. Naturally I'm elated, but for six weeks I've kept the fact a perfect secret. I've been around everywhere without anyone guessing it.  
"When I went abroad last summer one of those periodical rumors that I was engaged to some one had just cropped out, and I denied it. I wasn't engaged then, and I said so. I told you reporters that I wasn't going to get married over on the other side, and that was true, too. But when I returned in September I brought a secret which I smuggled past customs inspectors and reporters without their getting a whiff of it, so I feel proud.  
"I met Miss Palmer nine years ago during a trip abroad. It was at Vevey in Switzerland. Miss Palmer is an intimate friend of my cousin, Countess de Seres, and it was through my cousin that I was fortunate enough to meet her. Since then I have seen her every time I have been abroad. I always stay two or three weeks with my cousin, and Miss Palmer and her mother are neighbors of hers when they are in Paris. Last summer I spent three weeks there and before my return we had become engaged. The wedding will take place some time this winter in Paris. The date has not been set yet.

"Miss Palmer has lived practically all her life abroad, but she was born here in the family house on Fifth avenue. Yes, she more than fills the ideals that I set for a wife in an interview I gave last summer," and the senator laughed.  
In the interview the senator referred to he said he wanted for a wife a woman who could reach the men that he couldn't reach, and he cited Mrs. John A. Logan as an example. He also said that she must be a woman who would be content to sit at home in the evenings, must be handsome and attractive and be between the ages of 25 and 75, adding that youth was not always the most necessary requisite in a bride. Miss Palmer is said to be about 30. Senator Depew is 67.

Miss Palmer will be Senator Depew's second wife. His first wife was Miss Elsie Hegeman, whom he married in 1871, and who died in 1893. He has one son, Chauncey Depew, Jr., who is now 21 years old. For some years Mr. Depew's niece, Miss Paulding, has made her home with him.  
Miss Palmer as Mrs. Depew will be the hostess of the Corcoran mansion at Washington. This was built by William Corcoran, the banker and philanthropist, and is now owned by his heirs, members of the Eustis family, including Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, Jr. It has been the scene of many of the most brilliant entertainments at the capital, both during the day of its original owner and of the late Senator and Mrs. Calvin S. Brice, who, while they occupied it, enlarged and beautified it greatly.

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When the "Rag Row" Closed

By D. H. TALMADGE.

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LET it be distinctly understood that no man conforms precisely to the estimate put upon him by the world. He is human, and consequently too deep in places for human comprehension.

Duggles is considered to be a very wicked young man—a man of menace to the better social interests, who obtains his living in a manner prohibited by the statutes and thereby assists the police reporters of the daily press to obtain their honestly, which fact has a bearing upon some problem or other in moral philosophy. He is not a bad-looking young fellow. When he appears in police court after a comfortable night's sleep, and it is noted on these occasions that a young woman with big brown eyes, which seem to melt and run down her face when she looks at the prisoner, invariably occupies a seat near the door. This young woman has come to be as much a feature of interest to the court habitués as Duggles himself, and the police department even goes so far as to suspect her of complicity in certain crimes, which is as great a compliment as the police department is capable of paying to any person outside of itself. But it never does more than suspect, because the only thing against her is her friendship for Duggles, and friendship for a criminal does not constitute a crime in this country, nor will it so long as men of different moral standards are compelled by motives of political policy to associate with one another. Some state legislature will make such a law perhaps after awhile. Anything may be expected from state legislatures, which as a rule are composed of conscientious men who labor under the frightful delusion that if they fail to make laws they are falling in their duty to the commonwealth, and who, poor creatures, are woefully pushed at times to obtain raw material. This, however, has nothing to do with Duggles in particular.

Duggles appeared one night at the Three Corners, a locality frowned upon by those good people who believe that vice should be cloaked respectably, and crooked his finger at a certain window. The window drapery fluttered responsively, and a moment later the girl of the brown eyes appeared in the "family entrance" of the beer saloon known to many shuddering readers of the daily prints as "Bud's Place." "Bud" was the girl's father. Also he was a warm friend to Duggles.  
"Evenin'," said Duggles. He gently grasped the hand that the girl extended towards him and held it. They seated themselves upon the doorstep. "Didn't look for me to-night, did you?" He smiled.  
"No," replied the girl; "but that makes me all the gladder to see you."  
"Naw!" He was greatly pleased. "Warm, ain't it?"  
"Awful."  
"Twas warmer where I was last night."  
"Was it?"  
"I bet you!" He rubbed the stubble of his chin with his disengaged hand and chuckled. Then he pressed a bit closer to her. "Molly, what would you say to buyin' a house and movin' into it, you and me?"  
"What you givin' me?"  
"Straight goods, me girl. See here: There was a select little stag party up on Avenue B last night, and I was to it; dropped in without bein' bid about two o'clock. No matter how I got in; 'twasn't by the door; and what I got wasn't what I went after. I didn't touch a thing, and when I left I covered every track."  
"You heard somethin'?"  
"Gee, but you're clever, Molly! How did you tumble so easy?"  
He contemplated the girl in frank admiration.

"Stop guysin'. What did you hear?" He closed one eye cunningly. "You'll have to let me whisper it into your ear, and you'll have to take chances of gettin' kissed while I'm whisperin' it."  
"Don't you dare, Bill Duggles!" The girl scowled fiercely, then rested her head upon his shoulder. "Ain't it nice they didn't put an arc on this side the buildin'?" she murmured.  
"M-m-m-m," he agreed.  
A policeman passed, twirling his night stick. A bevy of girls, chatting and laughing shrilly, paused, nudging

one another. A child, carrying a tin pail, appeared and stood waiting until Duggles arose and made way for her to enter the saloon.

"There was only two men in the party," he went on, "and one of 'em was old Drimmer, chief squirt of the Rag Row bank, and the other was Bowd, the cashier. I come within an inch of breakin' right in on 'em. My hand was on the doorknob, and—"  
"Cut the trimmin's," the girl interrupted impatiently. "What did you hear?"

His reply caused her to start. "Go in to close—Friday—the Rag Row bank—aw, say, now!"  
"It's straight, I tell you. They went over the whole thing, figures and all. There's a shortage of 16,000 plunkers and some cents on the bank books, and they're goin' to sneak with what they can get their claws on before the thing comes out. They don't want to do it. Old Drimmer sniveled like a kid, but Bowd didn't; he cussed 'em both for speculatin' with other people's spuds; said they might as well make a clean job of it now. As near as he could tell there was \$15,000 apiece for 'em, all cash."

"Well?" said the girl, after an interval.

"Well, it's up to me to do somethin'. This is Tuesday. What'll I do?"

"I don't know. Dad keeps his money in that bank."  
"Yes, and the Mulltons do and the Tolands and the Riggleses and all our folks; but they'll pay nothin' to the one that saves the stuff for 'em—not a pistareen. There's the makin' in it, Molly, of a nice little front room with plate glass fixtures and a nice little back room with easy-chairs and a velvet sofa. All I've got to do is to ask for \$5,000 and I'll get it."

"Ask who?"  
"Old Drimmer."  
"He'd laugh at you; he'd say no one would believe you."  
"He wouldn't laugh when I worked the shortage gag on him; that's where I'd have him dead to rights. I know a newspaper guy that'll give me a hundred in cold cash, and maybe more, for the steer the minute the thing's proved; and he'll see that it's proved devilish quick, too, and won't ask unpleasant questions."

They were silent for a time. A cab rattled over the cobbles, and fragments of "The Wearing of the Green," played on an accordion, wafted from a near-by alley.  
"Bill," the girl spoke first.  
"Yes?"  
"T'wouldn't be honest; 't'wouldn't be square."  
"Maybe not, me girl. You think I'd better put the coppers on, and let the chance go?"  
She did not reply at once. Softly he stroked her hair, waiting. Five minutes passed. Ten minutes. A quarter-hour. Then, very slowly:  
"Yes, Bill, you'd better let the chance go. We'd never feel just right about it. Let it go."  
Duggles hesitated. His forehead was wet with sweat, and he ground his teeth. The hand in which he held that of the girl contracted with such vigor that she gave utterance to an exclamation of pain. But the tone of his voice was cheerful.  
"All right, Molly."  
Impulsively the girl put her arms about his neck. "I'll marry you, Bill, any time you say," she whispered.  
"You're awful good."  
He gasped. "You said you wouldn't till I was fixed to buy a place. You ain't guffin' me, are you, Molly?"  
"Nit," she replied. "I've changed my mind. I'd rather have you poor but honest than to have you rich with the spuds stole from our own people by swell thieves. Our people trusted 'em, Bill, and they've proved false. I'm surprised that you'd think of takin' the—"

"I didn't want the stuff, Molly," he interrupted; "on the dead I didn't; I wanted—you. I can graft enough from them that can afford to lose it to keep us goin', dear."  
"If you can't," she said, and the note in her voice was one of high purpose according to her lights, "we'll starve, old man."  
"You know it!" said Duggles.  
And the next day two miserable men were transferred from homes wherein the Three Corners district was never thought of except with horror to that place where the state confines the violators of its laws until they shall be tried.

**The Rough End of It.**  
Harriet—I consider football entirely too boisterous a game.  
Harry—Oh, goodness, Harriet, you just ought to be around where the men who lose money on it talk over their bets.—Detroit Free Press.

**The Anglomaniacs Again.**  
"Did you notice, dear boy, that they say King Edward is steadily growing fatter?"  
"Is he, old chappie? I weally must eat more myself."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



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