

WHAT I LIKE

I like the gentle spring time That comes with buds so fair, When hyacinths and snowdrops Breathe their fragrance on the air; When birds their nests are building Among the budding sprays Of lilac sweet and jessamine- Oh, that I like always.

TAKING A BOARDER.

Shrewd Husband's Method of Managing His Wife.

NE day my wife who, by the way, is a capital homemaker, visited our friend, Mrs. Hopkins.

Now that estimable lady, being enterprising and thrifty to a remarkable degree, couldn't rest contented with her husband's liberal allowance of pin money, but must keep a few boarders, or "company" as she called them, in order to have a private income for her own to spend as she liked.

Consequently, when my better half earned nothing must do but that she should go into the boarder business and make money on her own hook.

My wife had finished a second liberal plateful when I saw him quietly unloosen his vest. He had already emptied the bread plate, eaten half the butter and sugar, besides playing havoc with the vegetables, etc.

My wife, growing nervous, in spite of her efforts to see nothing unusual, gave me despairing glances which I, of course, failed to catch, and finally, when the larder was exhausted, Mr. Stuffer laid down his knife and fork, and, after asking what time we had breakfast, withdrew with me to the smoking-room where, when the door was shut, we laughed wickedly at the apparent success of our plot.

It turned out as I expected. Before the week was half gone my wife came to me with tears in her sweet eyes and said the weekly allowance was used up and I must let the boarder go, for she plainly saw there was no profit in the business.

I argued against it. I would systematize the work so it would be easier, etc., etc.

sight so necessary for a husband to possess.

I also wanted to gain time in hopes that something might turn up to prevent the rash act. I even prayed that the wonderful Mrs. Hopkins would make an assignment, or that her hungry boarders would go on a strike before we got out.

At the same time I had too much matrimonial experience to come out flat footed in opposition to the wild scheme and say decidedly "No!" for "when a woman will, she will you may depend on't, and when she won't, she won't and that's the end on't." No, indeed, I knew better how to manage a wife as the sequel will show.

After much cogitation I finally hit on a plan of action, and when all was ready I gave, to my wife's delight, a willing consent to try one boarder at first, making the provision, however, that no extra bills should be incurred in the stores and that the regular household allowance, with the board money added, only was to be used.

The look of joy and the kiss I got for being so good (?) almost made me sorry I had not consented before, though the cheerfulness and ardor my dear, little, unsuspecting wife displayed in preparing for the boarder made me feel mean when I thought of the deception I was about to play on her.

I had been to see an old college chum of mine who was a merry bachelor and right properly named Jack Stuffer.

In college he had been famous for stuffing—not his head but his stomach—and his reputation in that line had increased a hundredfold since. He was always hungry. A whole turkey to him was no more than a quail on toast to ordinary mortals.

"Jack," I said, "I want you to help me. My wife is filled with the idea of taking boarders and making money out of 'em. I'm down on the arrangement, but I aren't oppose any longer. She don't know you. Now, you come and spend a week at my house—pretend you're a boarder, you know—and just clean the table at every meal; show her there's no money in the business, and—I'll ever be grateful. The cooking, especially her pies, I guarantee to be a No. 1."

On the next Monday morning Jack's three trunks, two of them filled with bricks, came, and in the afternoon I introduced Mr. Stuffer as our new boarder, and we went into dinner.

If the minister had been there the table couldn't have held more, neither



JACK CLEANED OFF THE TABLE.

could my rosy cheeked, smiling wife have been more gracious.

Jack was beaming, and in spite of his huge size looked handsome as he entertained our little tot, Daisy, who sat opposite him at the table.

As for me I had to bite my lips in order to keep on a straight face for I knew Mr. Stuffer had purposely gone without his noon-day lunch to do justice to the occasion.

We had roast turkey, and I did the carving. Jack had finished a second liberal plateful when I saw him quietly unloosen his vest. He had already emptied the bread plate, eaten half the butter and sugar, besides playing havoc with the vegetables, etc.

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I wanted to put myself on record when the grand smash came, I could "Didn't I tell you so?" and get the credit of superior wisdom and fore-

THE "LOYAL" PARTY.

A Striking Comparison for the Consideration of the People.

Events so press upon one another in American politics that comparisons, obviously just, often fail to be effectuated because the people are so engrossed with the affairs of the hour.

The teacher is very jealous of his big pupil, but he tries to maintain his authority over him by excessive discipline. He makes him toe the truck in the floor, go to his seat on a chalk line, sit up straight and fold his arms.

Replicationism and the cause of honest elections go hand in hand," says a New York contemporary, which needs to refresh its memory by a careful perusal of the Dudley letter.—St. Louis Republic.

Benjamin Harrison, who is swinging around the circle in pursuit of a renomination to the presidency, will probably find it upon his return just where he left it—in the inside pocket of Hon. James G. Blaine.—Chicago Times.

The misfortune of Mr. Edmunds' retirement from the senate is made peculiarly sad by the fact that it places Mr. Hoar first in the line of succession to the chairmanship of the judiciary committee of that body.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat (rep.).

"Shall the republican party disband, or shall it go to the country?" asks one of our leading republican exchanges. By all means let it do both. It's usefulness is over, and, perhaps, breathing pure country air would invigorate the best of its members enough to make them democrats.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The republicans will not dare defend the McKinley bill in the next presidential campaign. They will play the same old game of promising to correct their mistakes, but they will find that there was a great deal of wisdom in President Lincoln's observation: "You can fool all of the people some-times and you can fool some of the people all the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all the time."—Chicago Globe.

Republicans are making a great fuss about a democratic gerrymander in Wisconsin. Under the old republican gerrymander the main thing was to divide up the state by drawing boundary lines north and south so as to leave the big democratic vote of the lake counties in two narrow districts.

Senator Quay is going to Europe and editors are guessing the purpose of his trip. It must be remembered that Quay was made over anew in Florida, and the chances are that he is going abroad to test his new vocal organ far from the hearing of his countrymen before giving a public exhibition at home.

A republican organ made indignant by the statement that Ben Harrison's trip is a junket provided by railroad corporations declares "that Mr. Harrison refused to accept a free trip across the country, and is paying for it like a man."

How They Divided. "Where did all that billion dollars go?" is a common question regarding the appropriations of the billion-dollar congress.

A good deal of it went in appropriations to promote the reelection of the republican leaders of congress. The New York World drags a few of these little grabs to light. Mr. Cannon obtained \$100,000 for a post office in his own little town of Danville.

These little sums will not account for a billion dollars by a good deal, but they are enough to show that the spirit of grab was rampant and that the republican statesmen were in it for all they could get.

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FASHION LETTER.

Beautiful and Elegant Spring and Summer Toilets.

Among the beautiful things exhibited for the spring and summer are a choice and elegant variety of silk finished French cashmeres, very fine soft English serges, camel's hair goods in beautiful neutral dyes, and Corduroy cloths and Henriettes, every tint of which is attractive.

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POINTS AND OPINIONS.

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PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

Rudyard Kipling was twenty-five years old last December. He has been writing since he was seventeen, and is a hard worker, frequently putting in fourteen hours at his desk.

Edward Everett Hale, who is lecturing on the Pacific slope, told a reporter who asked for his photograph that "There was one published in a well-known magazine a few years ago; that is, it was supposed to be a picture of me. My friends called it the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan."

Austin Bally, a rich farmer, residing near Humbolt, Tenn., asserts that he spent only twenty-five cents in three years, when he began to get a "start" in the world, and that fifteen cents of that was spent for a pocket comb.

The Queen of Italy is extremely fond of lectures, and was recently much interested in a lecture on the singular subject of "Reformation of the Italian Alphabet," by Sig. Frisoni, and also Herr Halbig's lecture on "Etrurian Art and Civilization."

Despite their subjugation to British rule the Princes of India are still able to indulge in royal whims and extravagances. One of them recently had made a bed at Paris worth twenty-five thousand dollars.

A Russian writer who is now in New York says that American books are better known in Russia than Russian books in America. He says that the works of the American poet Longfellow, which resemble those of the Russian poet Jookovsky, have been translated into Russian by Michailovsky, Veinberg and Minaeff, and that other American poets are known through translations.

Arabi Pasha and his associate exiles in Ceylon have prayed the British government to be restored to Egypt on the ground that the Singapore climate is prejudicial to their health.

The tremendous variation in prices for valuable books is illustrated by the figures for the Valdarfer "Boecaccio." In 1812 the only perfect copy in existence was sold at the dispersal of the duke of Roxburgh's library for two thousand two hundred and sixty pounds.

Mrs. Elizabeth Custer, widow of Gen. Custer, is a hard-working literary woman. She has lately gone to Atlantic City, in order to rest and gain strength for writing a series of talks about "Life on the Plains," which she will deliver before women's clubs and school boys and girls, who are generally her devoted admirers and fast friends.

The crushed strawberry color that was so fashionable for a time has been succeeded by a shade called spilled molasses.—Texas Siftings.

First Farmer—"I suppose you heard about the cyclone over here?" Second Farmer—"Yes, we got wind of it."—Washington Post.

Lender—"Say, why is it that you do not live up to your promises?" Lender—"Why, if I lived up to my promises, I would live beyond my salary."—Light.

Probably Satisfactory.—Sharpnose—"Phlatz, what makes your nose so red?" Phlatz—"It glows with pride because it never pokes itself into other people's business."

"Papa, what does fee simple mean?" asked the lawyer's boy. "It means taking a fee of five dollars for an opinion when you can just as well get twenty-five dollars for it."—West Shore.

Force of Habit.—"And how many years is it since Rome was founded?" "Two thousand six hundred and forty-four years." Grandmother (sitting by)—"Goodness, how quickly time does go."—Flegende Blatter.

Fancy Farmer—"Well, Patrick, I hear that you had a little encounter with my new Devonshire bull this morning." Patrick—"Yis, yer honor." Fancy Farmer—"Well, which came out ahead?" Patrick—"Shure, your honor, it was a toss up."—Boston Courier.

Faithful to Instructions.—In the Zoological garden a stranger looking down into the bear-pit loses his hold and falls over. Policeman (hurrying up and seeing the bear about to seize him)—"Sir, don't you know that it is forbidden to feed the animals?"—Flegende Blatter.

A Joy-Providing Exit.—Mr. Brown—"There was one passage in Mr. Longwind's discourse this morning which pleased me very much." Mrs. B.—"And which one was that, dear?" Mr. B.—"Why the passage from the pulpit to the vestry, of course."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Mr. Boldarm's attentions to my daughter is no light affair," tartly replied the hostess to the caller who had jestingly mentioned the matter. "I am sure not," was the insinuating reply. "I do not think your gas bills will be greatly increased by his calls."—Spirit.

ACTRESSES OF ABILITY.

Mrs. JAMES BROWN POTTER is the youngest Cleopatra on the stage; Mrs. Bernhardt, who is forty-six, is the oldest.

Miss JULIA MARLOWE is said to have the most wonderful faculty of memorizing of any woman on the stage and she finds that this faculty has been intensified by her recent illness.

FANNY DAVENPORT has a charming summer home at "Hillside," in an old house that lies at the foot of the mountains in Pennsylvania. The house is a model of domestic comfort, and is surrounded by trees nearly a century old.



China silk waists to wear with skirts of various kinds, are made with "coat skirts" which are applied to the edge of a round waist under a belt with ribbon streamers. Twelve-inch lace flouncings are also finely plaited or scantily gathered, and used in like manner.

Imported dresses of fancy zepplyr gingham batiste and flowered muslin are made with elaborate bodices and simple skirts, fashioned like those of silk or fine wool.

These are very dressy, and are not intended to be laundered, as they have whale-boned linings, and are mounted on light silk foundations of surah or taffetas.

Some of these have very full sleeves and yokes of corded silk. Many of the pretty percales, gingham and organdies are made with French bodices without darts, and shirred or plaited at the waist over a closely-fitted waist lining.

Three flouncings appear upon some of the skirts added to these waists. Foulard and India silks are simply made with bodice and sheath skirt, with frills of silk at the skirt-hem, and a touch of rich lace on the waist and sleeves.

French designers are making the prettiest of lace-trimmed capes, berthas and Marie Antoinette fichus, to be worn on suits with the most charming of Gretchen, Amy Robsart and Maud Muller round hats, and the daintiest of flowered silk muslin or sheer wool toilets.

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