WHEN THE SNOWFLAKES FALL.

When the snowflakes fly, when the snowflakes fly,
Like pallid little people flutter gay and giddy by,
When the jolly sleigh bells jingle, while sleigh-belles prattle, too,
And the world in purest ermine seemeth like a world made new,
The happy days have come unto the jolly girls and boys,
Old Winter's fun makes for them all a jubilee of joys.

The coasting at a lively gait down steep and glossy hills,
The skaters darting, allow-like, o'er frozen lakes and rills,
The iceboats gliding gayly over seas of burnished glass,
The meetings and the greetings as the merry people pass,
The snowballings and battles in the forts of marbled white,
The moonlight silvering landscapes into wonderlands at night.

The fringe of icy stalactites along the glistening eaves,
The tufts of downy snow which forests wear in lieu of leaves,
The snow-crust sparkling brilliantly with countless flashing gems
Which dim and dull by contrast boasted royal diadems,
The softened light which radiates from mellowed earth and sky,
When the earth wears bridal garments and the snowflakes fly.

Huge snowdrifts mounting softly, carved and corniced at the top,
Each weed and clump of bushes like a bleached and tufted mop,
The rivers singing blithely, prattling gayly as they flow,
Sometimes 'neath glassy covers and sometimes beneath the snow,
The padded fields and fences wearing purest ermine clothes,
The posts which stand out whitely like pale ghosts in sheeted rows.

And then the cosy evenings by the crackling, ruddy fire,
Good cheer which glads all faces from the babe to his grandsire,
The wealth of health bestowed upon the jolly boys and girls
With eyes as bright as icicles and teeth like snowy pearls;
Gay spirits sparkle also and contented hearts soar high
When the earth wears spotless raiment and the snowflakes fly.

I. EDGAR JONES.

The Destiny of Dolores

By Kate M. Cleary.

(Copyright, 1901, by the Authors' Syndicate.)

IT was with a vague sense of unreality that Dolores found herself answering the questions of the clerk. She wondered if he noticed anything strange about her—if he was in the smallest degree suspicious. A glance at her reflection in the mirror over the soda water fountain reassured her. It was a calm face that looked back at her—an attractive face. The wide-apart black brows arched on the serene white brow, and the lips of firmness and sweetness gave to the face its air of dignity—of nobility. No—there was no obvious reason why he should surmise that she needed the liquid for other than disinfecting purposes. She took the bottle wrapped in glazed paper, and left the store. It was early in the afternoon, and the day was divine. The air was not sharp, although November was at hand. It was soothing—mellow, as old wine. State street looked less commercial and more poetic to the wide, clear, penetrating gaze of Dolores Burnett than she had fancied possible.

"It must be because I am seeing it for the last time," she said to herself. She stood on the doorstep and looked north and south. The sidewalks of both the fashionable east side and the workday west side of the street were crowded. The last fine Saturday of the season had tempted many out. A hustling, hurrying, colliding crowd—what a conglomerate, bewildering, pitiable, fascinating, suggestive spectacle they all made.

A man passing recognized Miss Burnett and raised his hat.

She bowed—a queer, whimsical, little smile curving the corners of her mouth when he had passed.

"He has taken three of my stories," she murmured. "And he will pay for them on publication." She glanced down at the vial in the glazed paper. "I wonder if he would pay for one of them now if he knew!"

Then she decided it did not matter—did not matter in the least. A few more written—a few more accepted—or a few less. She couldn't make enough to live on if all were paid on acceptance—every one of them.

"Five years!" she said. "Five years of poverty, of ambition, of sacrifice—and at the end, failure!" She had reached the pavement, was walking southward, mechanically avoiding contact with people while not really seeing them. She walked with the firm, assured, undeviating step of those familiar with city streets. Suddenly she paused, arrested by a flame of color—saffron, and crimson and purple.

"Asters, lady?" cried the man, standing beside his wicker basket at the curb. "Asters, dahlias—marigolds?"

She shook her head and went on. She had no money for flowers. No money for anything if it came to that—not even for carfare. But the sight of the old-fashioned blooms had brought a wave of homesickness which seemed to wrench all physical strength from her and leave her weak and trembling. How plainly she saw it—the old home! The square green farmhouse, with its clematis-covered porch, its sweep of sward, its flower beds outlined with mathematical precision. And itwas in the summer-house there—the warped old summer-house—that she had told Everett Harper she could never be his wife.

"My work is mapped out for me," she had said. "I have been scribbling all my life. I want to be a writer. I shall not be content with a little success. I must become famous. And I shall. I've been reading a great deal about the women who have succeeded. They almost all went to cities. Many worked hard for a time on newspapers. I can do it—I know I can. It's my destiny!"

"But you cannot go to the city alone, dear heart!" he cried, aghast. He did not like her sad name of Dolores, and seldom called her by it. "Besides, this whim—"

"It is no whim!" she had flared out. "It is the work I am born to do—the work I am fitted to do. Now that my mother is dead, and brother Rob and his wife are running the place, I'm only in the way. No one will miss me if I go—"

"No one!" he had said, passionately. "Oh, love—my love!" Huskiness caught him strangely. She only noticed what an ugly tie he wore.

"You won't care after awhile. Perhaps you don't care now. Perhaps you only think you care!"

"Dolores!" he said, in a tone she had never heard him use before.

She had always been her own mistress. She had lived in books. She had exaggerated ideas of the facility with which one, imaginative, although untrained might earn a living by literary work. And she did not dream that in such work experienced mediocrity counts for more than crude, unpolished talent.

"I don't mean to hurt you, Everett, but I must succeed—I must! I know what a pleasant home you have to offer the woman you marry, and how hard you have worked to gain it. I know how good you are, and if it were not that I must work out my destiny—"

"I shall wait!" declared the young farmer, grimly. "I shall wait—always. And if all should not be as you fancy—if things go wrong—"

"Nothing will go wrong!" She was sufficiently youthful and pretty in those days to be arrogant without arousing resentment. "Nothing! I will succeed."

For awhile she had almost gloried in her rebuffs—in her disappointments. Those who had won recognition had had to bear the neat and fardel of the day. Her education was better than that of many of the women she met whose work was remunerative. She had health. Enthusiasm—that most inspiring stimulant—was hers. And she worked hard.

But this was the end of it all—failure. Something she had missed—what, she did not know. Lack of hereditary taste, the privilege of "stumbling against books in babyhood," as Emerson asserted he had done, or the absence of congenial companionship during a young life of rural isolation—at all events her poems were not printed, her critical articles came back, envelopes ominously thick continued to meet her with satiric silence, and publishers made suave and insufficient excuses for the return of her laboriously written manuscripts.

She could not—she would not go home. Besides, she had the vial in the glazed red paper. Her grip tightened on it when she again recalled the asters and the marigolds in the triangular bed near the summer house. The summer house where—

"Dear heart!" cried a voice. "Is it really you!"

The intersection of Adams and State streets was crowded. She turned with a start. The bottle fell from her hand. It shivered into a hundred fragments on the sidewalk. A pungent, penetrating odor arose. Shaking, the girl looked into the kind, eager face of her old lover!

"Dolores! What a lucky chance! I have looked for you every year I came to town to sell my cattle. But you had hidden yourself too well. How thin you are—how changed. You have been sick—you are sick!"

There was a roaring in her ears. She put out her hand blindly. It was grasped in a good, tight, hard clasp—the kind of a grip that steadies heart and brain.

"My poor girl! The fight is too hard for you! Come—we must get away from this crush. What stuff was in that bottle—carbolic acid? Phew! how it smells! There—it's quieter here. Walk slowly. Lean on me. You're feeling better now?"

The protecting presence, the expression of anxious solicitude, the brooding tenderness of the familiar voice brought to her in an instant a revelation of life and love—of all that she had hitherto failed to appreciate—of all that she must never lose out of her life in all the days to be!

"Everett," she whispered, "do you want me to go home with you now? Or—or is there anyone—else?"

"There could never be anyone else, dear heart."

"Some time I shall tell you what I—I meant to do—to-day!"

"Never mind telling me." The steadfast love in his eyes thrilled her. "Only—come home. And try to care for me—if you can. You are tired out. The old place is beautiful now."

HE MET HIS MATCH.

The Backset Given a Railroad Attorney by a Wideawake Witness.

"Never cross-question an Irishman from the old sod," advises one of the foremost railroad attorneys of the age, says the Detroit Free Press. "Even if he does not think of an answer, he will stumble into some bull that will demoralize the court and jury, and whenever a witness tickles a jury his testimony gains vastly in its influence.

"Yes, I'm speaking from experience. The only witness who ever made me throw up my hands and leave the courtroom was a green Irishman. A section hand had been killed by an express train and his widow was suing for damages. I had a good case, but made the mistake of trying to turn the main witness inside out.

"In his quaint way he had given a graphic description of the fatality, occasionally shedding a tear and calling on the saints. Among other things he swore positively that the locomotive whistle was not sounded until after the whole train had passed over his departed friend. Then I thought I had him.

"'See here, McGinnis,' said I, 'you admit that the whistle blew?'

"'Yis, sor; it blewed, sor.'

"'Now, if that whistle sounded in time to give Michael warning, the fact would be in favor of the company, wouldn't it?'

"'Yis, sor; and Mike would be tistifyin' here this day.' The jury giggled.

"'Never mind that. You were Mike's friend, and you would like to help his widow out; but just tell me now what earthly purpose there could be for the engineer to blow that whistle after Mike had been struck.'

"'I preshume thot the whistle wore for the nixt man on the thrack, sor.'

"'I left and the widow got all she asked."

Simply Paralyzed.

Chief Crazy Snake refuses to talk, but perhaps he will, says the Chicago Record, when he has sobered up.

Canadian Nickel.

It is claimed that Canada furnishes over 40 per cent. of the nickel of the world.

ART IN ARCHITECTURE

Designed and Written Especially for This Paper

THIS neat, eight-room residence will cost $2,200. The size of parlor is 13 feet 6 inches; kitchen, 12x12 feet 6 inches; chambers, 13½x14 feet; 9½x14 feet, 9½x10 feet, 9x12 feet, and alcove 8x9 feet. Bathroom, 5x9 feet.

The foundation is of rubble stone. The upper structure is firmly built, with 2x4 studs, fence-floor sheathing, sloing and well protected from cold and heat by having two thicknesses of tar paper. The joists are 2x10 feet, 16 inches on centers; rafters, 2x6 inches, 18 inches on centers; wall plates, 2x10 inches; broken joists well anchored to stone wall. All floors are double, with felt paper between. The shingles for the roof are of red cedar; and windows are to have sash cord and weights. American glass, double thick, free from defects. Doors are 2 feet 8 inches by 7 feet. The front door panel has beveled plate glass. The carving needed is composition. All gutters, valleys, flashing, hips, down spouts, etc., are of heavy tin.

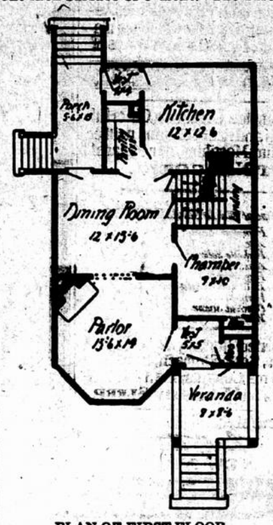
The parlor and dining-room are finished in red oak, all other finish being

MODEL MODERN RESIDENCE.

Georgia pine. All trim is finished with hard oil varnish. The exterior of the house is painted three coats, the last coat being white, with trimmings of gray. The tin pipes for furnace must be placed in position by the contractor. The roughing in pipes for the bathroom are all to be furnished and to be placed in position. The veranda floors are painted three coats. Yellow press brick is used for chimneys where they show above the roof. The capping is to be done with cement plaster.

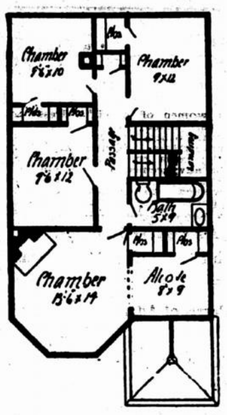
The wainscoting in bathroom and kitchen is five feet high, cement plaster. All rooms are plastered, two coats, finishing to be a putty coat, well applied. All frames must be primed at mill before being delivered at the house. Owner will select hardware, mantels, art glass and bathroom fixtures.

The basement floor is cemented with one-inch surface of cement. The base-



PLAN OF FIRST FLOOR.

ment is divided into coalroom, furnace room, fruitroom, laundry and storeroom, each closet being provided with drawers and shelves. The archways will have wood pillars. The kitchen,



PLAN OF SECOND FLOOR.

bathroom and pantry floors are of maple.

The attic is of good size, and will be found useful as a storeroom.

GEORGE A. W. KINTZ.

MIRRORS IN THE HOME.

They Are Not Only Decorative, But They Also Increase, Seemingly, the Size of a Room.

The size of a room may seem to be increased by means of mirrors used judiciously. A dining-room of small dimensions had a mirror so placed that it reflected the one window in the room. The view was charming, and with the reflection of the mirror it was doubled, seemingly, giving the room two windows instead of one. The beauty of this is that one does not realize she is looking into a mirror at first, but really believes the view is from outside.

Many delightful optical illusions may be had by means of the mirror; a stand of handsome plants, or even a few nice ones, may seem to be doubled, and the decorative effect is wonderful.

This is a scheme worth developing in small rooms, and the home decorator will do well to study the effects of mirrors used tastefully. How many times we have all looked in a mirror and thought we were approaching some one, when it was really only an illusion.

The light (if artificial) is doubled by means of a mirror so placed as to reflect it. A bit of landscape may be thrown into some corner by means of the same useful device. A mirror may cost something to start with, but it will double the furniture and give a seeming spaciousness not to be secured otherwise.

Some of the elegant rooms at the white house are almost lined with mirrors. These not only decorate the rooms, but the mirrors in all their many surfaces reflect the beauty and radiance of the scene within, whether it be on a fete day or otherwise.—Rose Seelye Miller, in American Homes.

Preventing Waste of Coal.

During the past year considerable alarm has been created in the British Isles by the prospect of a failure of the British coal supply. Electrical engineers have suggested that the use of electric current derived from waterfalls, and transmitted to factories and railroads would tend to diminish largely the present wasteful use of coal.

Arctic Transportation Line.

It is reported that Ohio capitalists have projected an electric railway to traverse the Canadian province of Alberta, thus providing a short rail and water freight line to the Klondike, and a short rail and water route to the Arctic ocean. It is proposed to start the road at Edmonton.

The Real Thing.

"Do you think her hair is all real?"

"Why, of course. A girl with her means would never buy any other kind."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Not Impressed.

"My friend over there is one of the greatest after-dinner speakers we have."

"Really; how does he manage about his other meals?"—Brooklyn Life.

RUNNING A FURNACE.

Not Much of a Trick Provided One Knows Just How to Handle Fire-Box and Fuel.

The following directions addressed to those who take care of their own hot-air furnaces are given at the end of an article on the subject by T. N. Thompson, in Science and Industry:

Keep the furnace clean outside and inside. It is part of the house. Do not let the ashes accumulate in the ash pit, or the grates will soon burn out.

Fire lightly and often if you can, and you will not use so much coal. If you must fire thick, pile it up first on one side, then on the other. This will give you fire on top all the time; otherwise the fire will be alternately dead and alive on top and the heating results will be intermittent.

Keep the fire door shut. If you want to deaden the fire do so by closing the bottom door only. If this will not shut tight enough, you had better get the furnaceman to make it fit close.

Never open the check draft at the back of the heater, otherwise this will allow furnace gases to flow through the joints of the furnace and poison the fresh air that comes up the registers; rather open the by-pass damper that is fitted to all modern furnaces to prevent ash dust from getting into the cellar when the grates are shaken. This should check the draft.

Do not use a damper in the cold-air box, but regulate your heat at the registers. This is the best safeguard against furnace gases getting into the house.

Keep the water tank filled with water, to moisten the air, for in winter the hot air is too dry.

Keep the ground around the mouth of the fresh-air box clean.

Do not sweep dirt from the floors into the registers.

Train your wife to run the furnace when you are sick.

Finally, do not jump on the furnaceman because you cannot run your own furnace.

A Gentle Hint.

Cholly—I have just completed a most touching poem. It is called "Long Overdue."

Edith—What is it about?

Cholly—A ship.

Edith (yawning)—Oh, I thought perhaps it was about a proposal of marriage.—Judge.

A Daughter of Eve.

Wife (dressed for the opera)—For goodness sake, why did you get all these flowers?

Husband—I thought it would be well for you, dear, to have something to cover you.—Philadelphia Press.

The Height of Ingenuity.

Jaggles—What do you think is the most wonderful machine ever invented?

Waggles—The one that puts the folds in time tables.—Judge.

Good Thing for Artists.

The original sculpture for the Pan-American exposition will cost about $500,000.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

One London publishing firm has sold 900,000 copies of the "Pickwick Papers."

Senator Lindsay delights in a newly discovered distinction. He laughingly greeted some of his friends the other day with the remark: "A New York paper says this morning that I'm the loudest sneezer in the senate."

The banns of marriage for three couples being published at the little village church of Acton, in Suffolk, it was discovered that every one of the six persons concerned was named Woodgate.

Knute Nelson's credentials showing his reelection to the United States senate are in the shape of a very handsome blue volume, inscribed with gold letters, each page being artistically gotten up.

Although when in this country Li Hung Chang declared he knew very little English, his present negotiations with the representatives of the United States and Great Britain develop the fact that he speaks the language perfectly, and it is now recalled that Gen. Grant had several private conversations with him without the aid of an interpreter.

Congressmen Sulloway, of New Hampshire; Patrick Henry, of Mississippi, and Berry, of Kentucky, "took something" together in the house restaurant the other day. "Mighty near 21 feet of congressmen there," said an observer, and he was right. Each of the men named stands far over six feet tall, Mr. Sulloway overtopping the others with his six feet eight inches.

It was predicted when Verdi was a boy that he would not live long, because he was of so serious a bent of mind and "thought so much." Thought usually lengthens a philosopher's or a mathematician's years, and men of science live long, but in the case of musicians the emotions interfere to shorten life. Mozart died at 35, Schubert at 31 (after he had composed 600 songs in addition to his numerous sonatas) and Chopin at 40.

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

An Extraordinary Incident He Always Remember When He Has a Wakeful Night.

"Looking one night," said the retired burglar, in the New York Sun, "from a dark hall into a dimly lighted room, whose door was ajar, I saw in a bed a woman and a child asleep. I'm no judge of children's ages and never was, but I should say from what I could see of that child's face and of its form under the bedclothes that it was two years old, maybe three. It was sleeping on the side of the bed toward the front.

"Asleep on the floor in front of the bed on a snug little mattress was another child of about the same age as the one in bed or thereabouts, brought in there temporarily apparently for some reason or other that I didn't try to figure out, that being no part of my business; but this one on the floor was so placed because there wasn't room for both children in the bed.

"As I stood there looking at them the child in the bed began to get restless, and in a minute it rolled out or twisted itself out somehow from under the bedclothes—this was in summer, and the covering over it wasn't heavy—and rolled square up to the edge of the bed. It lay still there for a minute and then rolled back a little, and I felt easier; but the next minute it rolled forward again clean to the edge, and rolled over it a little farther and hung there on the edge a minute—I believe if it had hung there a second longer I'd ha' run to stop it—and then over it went.

"And I thought sure it was going to fall slam onto the little one on the mattress on the floor and just knock the breath out of that one, but it didn't do either; it fell on the mattress alongside of that one and never woke that one up, and never woke up itself. Well, I thought that beat everything I ever saw in the way of folks falling out of bed; but there was more to come.

"The one that fell out kept right on sleeping, and it was very still for a minute or so, and then it began to get restless again and rolled over on the mattress clean off onto the floor; but even then that one didn't wake up either; it kept right on sleeping, too, on the floor, and the one that had fallen out of bed and edged this one off the mattress now stretched out on the mattress perfectly easy and settled into a quiet, gentle sleep.

"But before this the mother had woke up—I don't know how she'd missed the one in bed, but she had, somehow—and she turned up the light a little and surveyed that scene on the floor and understood it right away. And she didn't disturb the one that had fallen out, that was now sleeping peacefully on the soft mattress, but she picked up the one that had been rolled off onto the hard floor and put that one in the bed. So now the children had just changed places, and in a minute or two they were all settled down again, peaceful and quiet as before.

"I never was troubled with insomnia much myself, but whenever I do have a wakeful night I always think of those blessed children, that could go to bed and go to sleep and roll out of bed without ever waking up."

"Marrying" the Adriatic.

After having been discontinued for about a century, the ancient annual ceremony of "marrying" the Adriatic will probably be revived in full splendor next year. Designs have been drawn for reproducing an exact model of the handsome old world state gallery, which was the last used for the ceremony by the Venetian republic in 1797. The municipality is enthusiastic in supporting the project.—Chicago Chronicle.

A Friendly Suggestion.

Poet—Ah, you don't understand such things—that is, the poetic impulse! When spring comes I can't help composing poetry; nothing can prevent it—I must do it.

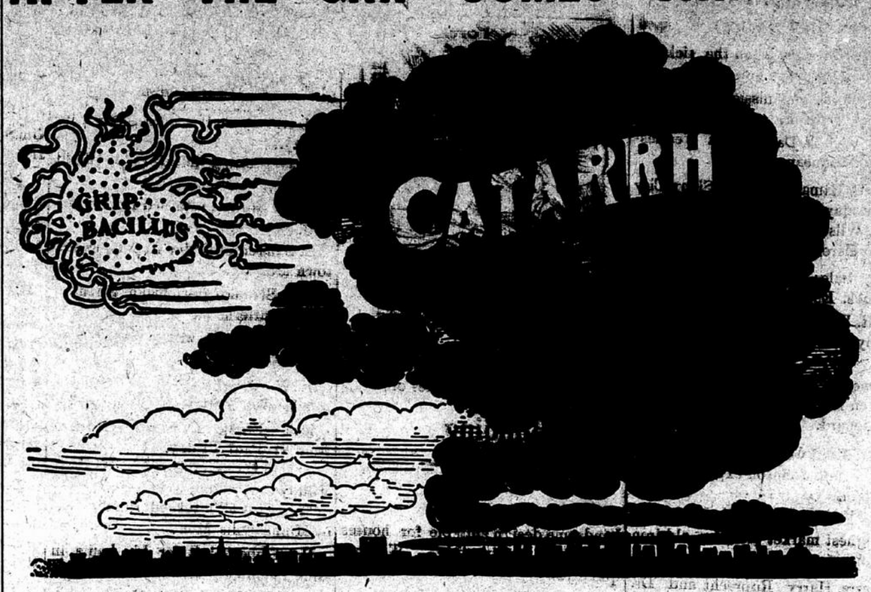
Philistine—Have you ever tried the cold water cure? That might do some good!—Heitere Welt.

Will Have Her Way.

Mrs. One—How do you manage to keep your cook so long?

Mrs. Tother—Easy enough. I discharge her every morning, and she refuses to leave.—Detroit Free Press.

AFTER THE GRIP COMES CATARRH.



LIKE A TERRIBLE CYCLONE grip bacillus has passed over our country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, leaving behind it a dark cloud of anguish and despair.

Catarrh follows grip as effect follows cause.

A multitude of catarrh victims will spring up in the trail of the awful epidemic of grip that has just passed over our fair country.

The hope to these people is Peruna.

Most people know this already.

Everyone who has had the least touch of grip, should not fail to take a course of treatment with Peruna.

Peruna eradicates every vestige of the disease and leaves the system in a normal condition.

Hon. Joseph B. Crowley, Congressman from Illinois, writes from the National Hotel, Washington, D. C., as follows:

"After giving Peruna a fair trial I can cheerfully recommend your remedy to anyone suffering with coughs, colds, la grippe and all catarrhal complaints."—J. B. Crowley.

Hon. George H. White, Congressman from North Carolina, writes:

"I am more than satisfied with Peruna, and find it to be an excellent remedy for the grip and catarrh. I have used it in my family, and they all join me in recommending it as an excellent remedy."—George H. White.

Hon. J. P. Megrew, Superintendent U. S. Capital Police Force, of Washington, D. C., says:

"Having suffered from the grip, I was advised by a friend to use your Peruna. I also used it for my catarrh, and I can now cheerfully recommend your remedy to anyone who is suffering from the grip and catarrh."—J. P. Megrew.

Miss Anna Russell, Past Worthy Counselor, Loyal Mystic Legion, 263 Endicott Building, St. Paul, Minn., writes:

"For years I have unfortunately found my system in a peculiarly receptive condition for catarrh when I was exposed in any way to inclement weather. At those times I would be severely afflicted with la grippe and its unpleasant consequences.

"Now for the past year and a half I have used Peruna in such cases and have found that it not only cures me quickly, but it also cleanses my blood and renders me less liable to catch cold. It is the finest preventive of colds that I know of and a very superior tonic."—Anna Russell.

Miss Alice Dressler, 1313 North Bryant avenue, Minneapolis, Minn., writes:

"Last spring I suffered from la grippe and was partially cured, but the bad after-effects remained through the summer, and somehow I did not get strong as I was before. In the fall I caught a cold after getting my feet wet and attending a lecture in a cold hall, and I suffered a relapse. An unpleasant catarrh of the head and throat followed, and as I was in a weak condition physically previous to this, it took but little to break me down completely.

"One of my college friends who was visiting me, asked me to try Peruna, and I did so and found it all and more than I had expected. It not only cured me of the catarrh, but restored me to perfect health, built up the entire system, and brought a happy feeling of buoyancy which I had not known for years."—Miss Alice Dressler.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

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DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box D, Atlanta, Ga.

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