Love's Larceny.

As Cupid on a summer's day,
In idle sport was flitting
From place to place, he chanced to stray
Near where my love was sitting.

"Now here's a time," he said aside,
"To shake my filial duty,
For Mother Venus founds her pride
On far inferior beauty;

"I'll paint a picture, ere I go,
Of those enchanting features,
And thus admiring gods shall know
The loviliest of their creatures!"

From out his quiver then he drew
His palette and his brushes;
Then from a rose leaf stole the hue
To paint my lady's blushes;

To catch the color of her eyes
He hesitated whether
To rob the violet of the skies,
Or blend their tints together.

The problem solved another vexed
His mind, and set them racking
His feather-brains for sore perplexed,
He found his canvas lacking.

Impatient to display his art
(His subject well excused it),
The roguish boy purloined my heart
And as a canvas used it.

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Lovemaking in Japan.

Sada Yacco Tells of Social Conditions in His Native Land—Why Japanese Women are so Faithful.

I am very glad to tell the American women all I can about love in Japan. I cannot express myself as well as I could wish, but I will tell you as well as I can.

There is a difference between the manner of lovemaking in America and in Japan.

In this country men and women love each other; it is a free custom.

In my country—Japan—no girl is ever allowed to declare her love as frankly as it is done in the western countries. On account of this custom Japanese women hide their love and become love-sick.

Often they will die of love-sickness rather than confess their love.

This must seem very curious for Americans to hear, but the difference comes from the fact that whereas in your country intercourse between men and women is allowed entire freedom, in our country it is not so.

In America men and women are on such an equal footing that there is hardly any more difference than in the intercourse between man and man.

In Japan there are many strictly established maxims governing the conduct of men and women to each other, one of which forbids a man or a woman to sit in each other's presence.

After a girl and a boy are seven years old they must observe this custom rigidly.

Thus it is that men and women in Japan have no freedom in their relations.

This marked difference in the relationship of men and women in your country and in mine makes more silent tragedy and a serious people.

I could not tell which principles are the best, yours or ours, but I can say that there is a fair distinction in the purpose of yours and ours.

The moral laws of Japan for our women are different from the laws that govern yours.

Of course, I am not very well acquainted with the social conditions of your country and therefore cannot discuss the manner in which love reigns among American women. On the whole, however, I think love in Japan is very noble, sublime and sacred.

When two people fall in love with each other in Japan millions of dollars could not influence their affection. Moreover, even a sharp sword hung threateningly over their heads would not alter their love vows.

If a Japanese girl once takes a husband in Japan, she will help him loyally all his life, even in the face of great disaster.

Sometimes it happens that she saves her husband's life at the sacrifice of her own.

Why is this?

It is because of the fixed moral law in Japan which forbids a chaste woman to look upon two husbands.

Japanese girls have their heads and their hearts full of these moral laws, and that is why they are so loyal to their husbands and lovers.

Takoa, a famous and beautiful geisha girl of Tokio, was killed by Candaika, one of the richest feudal lords in Japan, for jealousy.

Inasmurasaki, also a beautiful geisha girl, rejected a proposal of marriage from the wealthiest officer of highest rank in Japan and married the man she loved, an officer of the lowest rank in Japan.

(Note—An officer of the lowest rank in Japan is a policeman.)

Love among the Japanese women comes from true hearts.

Our people are not fickle and they do not love for wealth or rank.

I hope you will understand that if once a Japanese girl falls in love with a man, power of force or power of money could not influence her loyalty of heart. Any American who has traveled in Japan knows this.

To speak faithfully, although the Japanese women are the most amiable and tender in times of peace, in times of war or danger they are always ready to sacrifice their lives for their sovereign, their country and their husbands.

Frequently the Japanese women work so hard that men doing the same labor would be overcome.

These are the charactristics of love in Japan.—Sada Yacco, in Brooklyn Citizen.

Her Specialty.

The servant question, now that the Porto Rican tariff question is out of the way, may be taken up again with renewed interest. A few days ago a well-known Washington lady, being unexpectedly bereft of her kitchen assistance, advertised for a colored woman capable of performing general housework.

The first caller in response to the advertisement was a mulatto damsel, bedecked with ribbon and finery. From her airs and graces she might have been a graduate of a seminary. She announced that she had noticed the advertisement and was desirous of securing employment.

"Are you a good cook?" inquired the lady of the house.

"No, indeed, I don't cook," was the reply.

"Are you a good washer and ironer?" was the next query.

"I wouldn't do washing and ironing; it's too hard on the hands," declared the caller.

"Can you sweep?" the housewife then wanted to know.

"No," was the answer, and it was a positive one, "I'm not strong enough for that."

"Well, in the name of goodness, what can you do?" said the lady of the house, exasperated. The placid reply was:

"I dusts."—Washington Star.

Health First, Then Talent.

"What is a year of study or the loss of standing in the class compared to sound health?" asks a physician, writing in the May Woman's Home Companion of "The Handicap of Ill-Health," and further declares that "during the period of the child's growth the parents' authority should be supreme, and the child's health should outweigh all other matters. When the child begins its studies a new factor is introduced into its little life. Nature takes on an additional burden. The mind is awakened, and the nerves begin an activity that must be kept within certain well-defined limits. Let the child show the first symptoms of nervous disorder or overstudy, and the duty of the parent suddenly overtops that of the instructor. There is only one safe course to pursue. The child should be taken from the school until the physical balance has been recovered. It is better to let him grow up without a systematic education than to continue in his sickly course acquiring all the accumulated wisdom of ages. Let the child reach maturity without a break-down and with but few days of sickness scored against him, and he will attack the problem of life with a zest and earnestness that will half win the battle. Rear him in sickness and indifferent health, and he will stand fearfully handicapped in the race."

Hoodoo Removed.

"This won't do," exclaimed Mrs. Box excitedly, "there's 13 at table."

'Never mind, ma," shouted little Johnnie, "I kin eat fur two."—Stray Stories.

Bubbles.

I.

I stood on the brink in childhood,
And watched the bubbles go
From the rock-fretted, sunny ripple
To the smoother tide below.

And over the white creek bottom,
Under them every one,
Went golden stars in the water,
All luminous with the sun.

But the bubbles broke on the surface,
And under the stars of gold
Broke, and the hurrying waters
Flowed onward, swift and cold.

II.

I stood on the brink in manhood,
And it came to my weary brain,
And my heart so dull and heavy
After the years of pain—

That every hollowest bubble
Which over my life had passed
Still in its deeper current
Some heavenly gleam had cast;

That, however I mocked it gayly,
And guessed at its hollowness,
Still shone with each bursting bubble,
One star in my soul the less.

—William Dean Howells.

Queen Wilhelmina's Bath.

The youngest queen is, at the same time, probably the greatest individual consumer of cologne water.

Wilhelmina, of the Netherlands, uses an entire champagne bottle of this aromantic essence every morning, and so intent is the little Majesty on getting her fill of her favorite toilet vinegar that she has the bottle opened in her very presence, sniffs it,aspires herself to its high quality by a test over a lamp and then pours the contents into the bath with her own hand. Of course, this is not the regulation tub, but a large marble affair, built into the floor and reached by five steps, so that the room beneath is only half a story high. If there wasn't an unusual volume of water to offset the plethora of cologne, Wilhelmina would rise with a "big head," for cologne is made of the purest and, therefore, the strongest alcohol obtainable—in fact, its formula prescribes 88 to 90 per cent. alcohol mixed with etherial oils.

Her Majesty remains seven minutes in the both, using a certain English soap, little scented. Then she draws a waterproof cap over her hair and steps under a "shower," where the finest bay rum takes the place of water. After that she is rubbed down by her old, round and big-armed nurse, and no more scents, perfumery, pomade, vinegars or the like for the next twenty-four hours.—Exchange.

A Queer Marriage.

In a Leeds (Scotland) journal appears the following description of a Mohammedan marriage lately celebrated, the bride being an Englishwoman and the bridegroom a Mohammedan barrister, practicing in Hyderabad. The Moulvile who married them was a perfect picture, in a long robe of beautiful red silk, very much embroidered, and girdled with gold. His turban was of white silk. There were two bridesmands. The bride's responses were in English and the bridegrom's in English and Arabic. The marriage vows were said to be very eloquent, but translations could be obtained of but one or two sentences spoken by the bride in Arabic: "I will stand here in the presence of God and all who are assembled here, to unite my heart to your heart, my destiny to your destiny and to be called by your name. Your sorrow shall be my sorrow, your happiness shall be my happiness." Then the bridegroom made his impressive promises, and after the Moulvie had delivered an address to the happy pair, quoting, of course, the example of Mohammed and Khadija, the bridegroom placed the ring on the finger of the bride, and the ceremony ended much as English marriages do, with registration and the singing of names.

Force of Habit.

The young woman who had called on the Rev. Dr. Fourthly in his study was in some distress of mind.

"I know this is not a confessional, doctor," she said, "but I want to tell you of one of my troubles. I am a stenographer and typewriter, and when I attend service in your church I always find myself unconsciously taking down your prayers in shorthand. That, it seems to me, shows a shocking lack of devotional spirit, but I don't seem to be able to help it. Does it appear to you to be sinful, and if so what ought I to do to break myself of it?"

"My dear young friend," said the good pastor, "so long as there is nothing intentional in your apparent irreverence, if you are really striving to fix your mind upon the service, I should say—what are you doing, if I may ask?"

"I beg your pardon, doctor, I was taking down your remarks in shorthand without knowing it."—Chicago Tribune.

Little Dandelion.

Gay little Dandelion
Lights up the meads,
Swings on her slender foot,
Telleth her beads,
Lists to the robin's note
Poured from above;
Wise little Dandelion
Asks not for love.

Cold lie the daisy banks,
Clothed but in green,
Where, in the days agone,
Bright hues were seen.
Wild pinks are slumbering,
Violets delay;
True little Dandelion
Greeteth the May.

Brave little Dandelion!
Fasts falls the snow,
Bending the daffodils'
Haughty heads low.
Under that fleecy tent,
Careless of cold,
Blithe little Dandelion
Counteth her gold.

Meek little Dandelion
Groweth more fair,
Till dies the amber dew
Out from her hair.
High rides the thirsty sun,
Fiercely and high;
Faint little Dandelion
Closeth her eye.

Pale little Dandelion,
In her white shroud,
Heareth the angel breeze
Call from the cloud!
Tiny plumes fluttering
Make no delay;
Little winged Dandelion
Soareth away!

—Whittier's Child Life.

Passee the First Stage

She Thanked Him for Running Her Down, and the Rest May Come True.

He was cutting out a terrific pace over the Woodward Avenue asphalt, for he was late for dinner. When the wheel struck her it was a glancing blow,but sent her sprawling to the other side of the street-car lines. He sailed gracefully through the air, and turned a final flip-flop into a baby buggy, then untenanted, now no more.

Tender hands carried her into a drugstore, and he favored all kinds of tender spots as he limped after. She laughed merrily, and sympathetic onlookers said it was the brain—knocked silly. But she got her breath, and her eyes danced as she thanked the wilted athlete.

"I'm awfully, awfully sorry," he groaned.

"And I'm awfully, awfully glad, if you're not much hurt. No, don't protest. I know just what I'm saying, and mean it. Come back here away from this crowd. Sit down. Take some brandy. That's it. I can never thank you enough."

He looked hopelessly at the druggist.

"Don't be foolish. I haven't a bruise or a pain, and my head's as clear as a bell, if I do seem foolish. It's this way. I went to a palmist last month, just for a lark, you know. 'What's this?' he exclaimed, as he looked at my hand. 'It's an accident, and a bicycle accident, too. Don't laugh; it'll come, sure. Ah! this is better. You're going to marry a man worth $50,000. It's fate. It's written there as plain as day.' Well, I've been knocked over with the bicycle."

"Funny," he mused that night, "$50,000 is just what was left me, and I haven't touched a cent of it. Deuced queer coincidence. All rot, of course."

But he is increasing the number of evenings a week for calling on her just as rapidly as she and her parents will permit.—Detroit Free Press.

Bought a Few Stocks, Too.

Loving Wife Showed Her Husband t he Error of His Ways.

He was a business man making a nice little sum every year for nest egg purposes, besides extending his business and slowly but surely moving along toward Easy Street. Yet he was not content, and in the hope of forcing the hand of Fortune was doing some trading in the stock market. His wife said it was gambling, pleaded with him to stop. He insisted that it was perfectly legitimate and regular, and she finally admitted that he was right, and gave up the contest.

His wife gave him no further trouble until one Sunday morning she appeared ready for church in a handsome new cloak. He wanted to know where she got it, and she told him that he would learn by and by. He went to church with her feeling uncomfortable. He kept his peace, however, and said no more until the next Sunday, when she appeared in a rich black silk gown. He asked questions, but got no answers that were satisfying. All that week he worried so over that cloak and the silk that he lost his grip on the market and fell short seriously. Sunday came again, and this time she had a pair of diamonds in her ears that fairly dazzled his eyes.

He hadn't a spark of jealousy in his nature and he believed implicitly in his wife, but this was really too much.

She calmly took from her desk a lot of blanks with which he was quite familiar, and handed them to him.

"They are the records of my transactions in stocks recently," she said, with an air of triumph. "I borrowed $50 on the diamond ring you gave me when we were married, and handed it over to brother Charlie to invest for me. I told him you said it was all right, and he did as I told him to do. I didn't know a thing in the world about it, of course, but I was lucky and I have made $1,500, and if the luck doesn't go against me I'll make another thousand next week. It is too easy for anything, and you know, dear, you showed me so clearly that there was nothing wrong in it. I have paid our share of the preacher's salary, too, for the next year, and I'm thinking of organizing a Daughters of the Stock Market in the church. Won't it be lovely?"

"Mary, my dear," he said, solemnly, "if you'll quit I will," and Mary, after the manner of women, began to cry, she was so glad that it turned out just as it did.—Detroit Free Press.

One Cause of Unhappy Marriages.

"There is one piece of advice which I would like to give to every married couple," said a woman of experience, "which, if followed, would save much conjugal unhappiness. It is to form a business alliance, so to speak, as well as a matrimonial one. From the beginning they should have no reserve toward each other in regard to resources and expenditures. The old saying that 'love flies out the window when poverty enters the door' is true, inasmuch as the causes which beget poverty and the trials to temper and health which it engenders are to the majority of temperaments fatal to love and happiness.

"This is a condition of affairs which might, in nine cases out of ten, have been avoided by cutting the garment according to the cloth, or, in other words, regulating expenses according to one's means. Men are naturally inclined to be reserved about their business affairs, and unless a wife in the beginning puts matters on a confidential footing the husband will become more and more disinclined to discuss his affairs with her, and will tell her practically nothing, so that she never knows just how much she is warranted in expending on the running of her household.

"'I never bring business home,' is a common saying among men of affairs, and they feel a certain pride in such reserve, not considering how many results of their business worries they do take with them, such as unreliable tempers, unjust criticsims of expenditures and consequent want of sympathy in the family pleasures and pursuits.

"I know of a sad case which might give emphasis to my little sermon. No two young people could have been more in love or happier in their little menage than the M's when they began their married life—but he was reticent and she was inclined to be extravagant. 'I never knew how much I had to spend in those days,' said Margaret M. to me tearfully after the crash came, and her husband had succumbed to his misfortunes and become a confirmed inabriate. 'Jack never told me anything about his business or his downtown worries—and the money always seemed to be forthcoming. If he had only trusted me I would have so willingly helped him, not only by reducing our home expenses, but by making him feel that success in business was not so vital a thing as he imagined it.'

"If men could only realize how sensibly most women would meet misfortunes, they would not dread it so much, and in many cases it might be averted."—N. Y. Tribune.

The Wife's Share.

To the home woman who, in these days of feminine activity, feels that she would be happier if she were earning money must come consolation in the recent statement of Dr. Jennie Lozier that every woman who conducts her home in a practical manner, giving her own personal supervision to its details, earns in direct proportion to her husband's income. If his income is moderate—say, for example, fifteen hundred dollars, which the wife distributes so skilfully as to supply the family wants, she, by her effort, earns another fifteen hundred, thus making an equivalent of three thousand a year. In other words, if he or she were to work alone, it would require the latter sum to achieve the same result, and even then unsatisfactorily, that is attained with his earning half that sum combined with her interest and effort in its disbursement. The home woman who doubts the truth of this has but to step into the ranks of the workers on the outside to prove it to her own satisfaction. And this reminds me of a New Jersey woman who made out a bill for services, and presented it to her husband. He was a rude man, and after a disagreement he suggested that she go home to her father. She is said to have told him calmly that she would not charge him for her faded youth, but she would like to be reimbursed for the 1,040 weeks of household service during their married life of twenty years. Valuing her services as cook at four dollars per week, as house-maid and waitress at three dollars per week, as nurse at three dollars per week, as seamstress at three dollar, and as overseeing housekeeper at five dollars per week, all of which offices she had filled faithully during that time, she felt entitled to a business settlement. The amount, according to primary arithmatic, is $18,720. Then he thought it over, and with a practical, business appreciation of her value, he told her she need not go.—Harper's Bazar.

Parental Relations.

One of the teachers in the Sunday-school of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Germantown, was endeavoring to instill into the little girls of her class recently a due appreciation of parental affection. She spoke of the mother's love for her children and of the respect which the children should show to the mother. For some reason she rather omitted to lay as much stress upon the father. Finally one of the little girls remarked that she thought children should love their mothers much more than their fathers. "Why do you think that" asked the teacher. "Oh, well," said the little tot, "your fathers are only related to you by marriage, but your mothers are related to you by bornation!"—Philadelphia Record.

A Hopeful View.

"Professor Summer says that only 10 per cent. of the marriages are happy ones."

"Well," replied the sweet young thing, "even in that case let us remember that the odds on marital happiness are about 10 per cent. better than those on a happy spinsterhood."—Chicago Post.

Staving Off Trouble.

Mistress—The master found fault with your cooking to-day, Jane.

Cook—I don't take any notice of 'im, mum. It's his blessed nature to find fault. Ain't he always findin' fault with you?—Tit-Bits.

MAYPOLE QUEENS.

His Handicap.

He woed her when they both were poor
'twas then he won her, too;
She cheered him when the days were
drear and toiled to help him through;
She taught him things from books that
he had failed to learn in youth,
She got him to avoid the use of words
that were uncouth;
She took her jewel in the rough, she polished day by day.
And with a woman's patience, ground
the worthless parts away.

She turned him from a stupid clown to
one whose mein was proud.
She planted in his heart the wish to rise
above the crowd;
She planned the things he undertook, she
urged him on to try,
She gave him confidence to look for splendid things and high;
She bore the children that he loved and
toiled for them and him,
And often knelt beside her bed with aching eyes and dim.

She cheered him when the days were dark
and when the skies were bright
She saw him arise above the crowd and
reach a noble height;
Her brow is marred by many a line; she's
bent and wan and old,
He has a bearing that is fine, a form of
noble mould;
And people say: "Poor man, alas! He's
grown beyond his wife;
How sad that such a load should be attached to him for life!"

—Chicago Times-Heard.

Origin of Visiting Cards

Were First Used to Guard Against Mistakes of Careless Servants.

"The use of visiting-cards dates back to quite an antiquity," explains Mrs. Van Koert Schuyler, in the May Ladies' Home Journal, "Formerly the porter at the lodge or door of great houses kept a visitors' book, in which he scrawled his idea of the names of those who called upon the master and his family, and to whose inspection it was submitted from time to time. One fine gentleman, a scion of the nobility from the Faubourg St. Germain, was shocked to find that his porter kept so poor a register of the names of those who had called upon him. The names, badly written with spluttering pen and pale or muddy ink, suggested to him the idea of writing his own name upon slips of paper or bits of cardboard in advance of calling upon his neighbors, lest his name should fare as badly at the hands of their porters. This custom soon became generally established."

Her Peculiar Way of Looking.

"And you feel sure that my daughter looks with favor upon your 'suit?'" inquired the aged parent.

"Well," replied the youth with engaging frankness, "I don't want to be too sure about it. Of coruse, you are aware that your daughter squints."—Cleveland "Plain Dealer."

Ten Uses of Lemons.

Lemon juice removes stains from the hands.

A dash of lemon in plain water is an excellent tooth-wash. It not only removes tartar, but sweetens the breath.

Two or three slices of lemon in a cup of strong tea will cure a nervous headache.

Lemon juice (outward application) will allay the iritation caused by the bites of gnats or flies.

No family should be without lemons. Their uses are almost too many to enumeration.

A teaspoonful of the juice in a small cup of black coffee will certainly relieve aa bilious headache.

Lemon peel (and also orange) should be all saved and dried. They are a capital substitute for kindling wood. A handful will revive a dying fire.

The juice of a lemon, taken in hot water on wakening in the morning, is an excellent liver corrective, and for stout women is better than any anti-fat medicine ever invented.

Glycerine and lemon juice, half and half, on a bit of absorbent cotton, is the best thing in the world wherewith to moisten the lips and tongue of a fever-parched patient.

The finest of manicure acids is made by putting a teaspoonful of lemon juice in a cupful of warm water. This removes most stains from the fingers and nails, and loosens the cuticle more satisfactorily than can be done by the use of a sharp instrument.

Lemon juice and salt will remove rust stains from linen without injury to the fabric. Wet the stains with the mixture and put the article in the sun. Two or three applications may be necessary if the stain is of long standing, but the remedy never fails.

A Patriotic Pudding.

A Famous Recipe Handed Down by the Mothers of the Republic.

The following pudding was a great favorite with the housekeepers of the early days of the Republic, and was always served at very elegant 'Independence Day' dinners," writes Sallie Joy White in the May Woman's Home Companion. "It should be made exactly by the old-fashioned rule, disregarding all extracts or flavoring compounds. Tie up closely in a thin muslin bag a vanilla-bean cut in pieces, and a broken stick of cinnamon. Put this bag, with half a pint of rich milk, into the double boiler and boil it until it is highly flavored. Then take out the bag, and set the milk, closely covered, where it will keep warm, but not cook any more. Cut a pound of sponge-cake into thin slices and lay it in a deep dish; mix the vanilla-flavored milk with a quart of rich cream, and pour this over the cake, leaving it to dissolve. Blanch two ounces of bitter almonds, and pound them to a smooth paste in a mortar, pouring on each almond a few drops of rose-water to prevent their oiling. When the almonds are all done set them away in a cold place until wanted. Beat eight eggs until very light, and having stirred together hard the dissolved cake and cream, add the eggs gradually to the mixture in turn with the almonds and half a pound of fine granulated sugar, a little at a time of each. Butter a deep dish and put in the mixture. Set the pudding into a brisk oven and bake it well. Have ready a star nicely cut out of a large piece of candied citron, thirteen small stars, and several pieces of citron to represent rays; these should be wide at the bottom and run to a point at the top. As soon as the pudding comes out of the oven arrange these decorations. Put the large star in the center, then the rays so that they will diverge from it, widening off toward the edges of the pudding. Around the edge put the thirteen stars in a circle at an equal distance apart. That is as near to a genuinely patriotic pudding as you can very well get."

Holland's Famous Tulip Craze.

Twelve Acres of City Property Were Refused for a Single Bulb of Rare Variety.

"In the year 1634 the tulip craze in Holland," writes Clifford Howard, in the May Ladies' Home Journal, "became so great that the ordinary industries were neglected. No one wanted to do anything but raise tulips. A rare specimen offered for sale called forth exciting bidding. Every one was on the lookout for special varieties. It was rumored at one time that there were but two bulbs of the Semper Augustus in existence in Holland. One of them was owned by a florist in Harlem, and the other by a dealer in Amsterdam. This rumor was sufficient to arouse the liveliest commotion in tulip circles, and dealers and fanciers hurried forward with offers to purchase—each one endeavoring to outbid the other. The competition became so eager that finally one man offered twelve acres of city property for the Harlem bulb; but the owner refused to sell. The bulb in Amsterdam was knocked down to the highest bidder for nineteen hundred dollars in cash, two horses, a carriage and set of harness—a total of about three thousand dollars, which in those days was a fabulous sum."

Not That Kind.

Clerk—What do you wish, ma'am?

Mrs. O'Toole—Oi want to see some mirrors.

Clerk—Hand mirrors?

Mrs. O'Toole—No; some that ye kin see yer face in.—Chicago News.

Some Knowledge of Him.

"It is to be merely a little garden party," exclaimed the prospective hostess. "We dine al fresco, of course."

"I have heard of the gentleman," said Mrs. Gaswell, with well-bred indifference, "but I think I never met him."—Chicago Tribune.

Miss Inna Cent—"What a cruel hit!"
Mr. Worldly Wise—"What's that?"
Miss Inna Cent—"They say that one player just nailed another at first base."