

THE PRISONER.

MY CARL WERTER.

My head in servitude bowed down,
I grovel and groan and grind.
Imprisoned fast in the coils of Town,
In the coils of Town confined.
And my prison wall
Is a rampart tall.
A rampart reared so high
That a spot of blue
Is the only view
I have of God's great sky.

My heart cries out for the hills beyond,
For the sweep of the open field,
In vain I strain at the stubborn bond,
At the bars that never yield.
For my prison gate
Is locked by fate,
Ambition forged my chain
In the white-hot fire
Of mad desire:
And my grim, gray guard is Gain.
—Harper's Weekly.

DEFENCELESS.

They had been married five years, and love had lasted—as it generally does last if the first critical six months of matrimony can be tideed over without disaster. He, Jack Alston, was a fortunate young man who had stepped into his father's shoes shortly after being wedded to Clara Fayworthy, the girl of his choice. Prosperity and happiness had waited on them from the commencement of their married life. There were no children; but Jack did not want any to divide his wife's attention, and he scarcely noticed her deep disappointment as each succeeding year brought no change. Clara adored him, and he was one of those men who liked to be worshipped. Her negative qualities suited him exactly. He played upon her sympathies and mental susceptibilities as upon the responsive vibrations of a musical instrument. If he were glad, she must share his gladness; if things had gone wrong with him—from the loss of a collar-stud to a depression in the money market—his gloom must infect her also. If it pleased him to discourse intellectually, his wife sat at his feet, as was expected of her, and listened with proper reverence to the words of wisdom.

As for Jack, he was just the sort of man to inspire a delirious kind of idolatry in one of those simple and trusting natures that can only be found among the women. He was tall, gave unspeakable things out of a pair of limpid brown eyes, and concealed the weakness of his mouth and chin by a heavy, drooping mustache. These outward charms were considerably heightened by a leaning toward art in general. Jack sang sentimental songs in an untrained tenor voice, leaving out, with marvelous resource, only the superfluous harmonies in the accompaniment. He sketched from nature in water colors, putting in the sky with a circular movement of the forefinger, and bestowing a painful attention on unnecessary detail. He wrote obscure poetry than Browning, and was much addicted to finding meanings in unintelligible passages of minor poets that nobody else pretended to understand.

Can any person wonder that Jack's wife looked upon him as a genius, and felt every day more grateful to the fate that had linked her to the destiny of so noble a specimen of mankind?

Of Clara little need be said, except that she was pretty when he married her, and her unformed character was captivatingly feminine and mouldable. Such traits are the paradise of the selfish man, and Jack was not mistaken—from his egotistic point of view—in believing that he had secured a treasure. Everything that could make home life attractive was combined in Clara's lovable qualities and quiet domesticity. In the winter, when Jack came home cold and tired from city routine, a cheery wife was sitting waiting for him by the tea table, the kettle simmered on the hob, ready to make tea the moment she should appear, and down by the fireside a warm pair of slippers rested against the fender.

Then—I blush to write it—Jack would fling himself into the armchair that had been drawn up for him close to the blaze, while the adoring little woman went down on her knees and undid the laces of his boots. If he was in a good temper he patted her fluffy head with amiable condescension; but if he happened to be out of humor he flung his foot at her in surly silence, or growled at the world in general, and her elumination in particular, all the time that she was performing that humble office for him.

Jack belonged, in fact, to the type that men of finer material long to kick, but which, for some inexplicable reason, possesses an enduring fascination for the class of women who are least capable of defending themselves against masculine mastery.

Judging by appearances, five years of wedded bliss had not treated Clara so well as her husband. Her face had lost much of its girlish roundness, and the deep blue eyes that were her chief beauty burned feverishly, rather than brightly, within the dark rings that encircled them. Her chest had become delicate ever since the day Jack had kept her waiting in the cold outside his office for half an hour (he did not like receiving ladies within the sacred precincts) on the occasion of her keeping an appointment to meet him at a fixed time, in order that they might proceed to some social function together.

The result was a chronic cough that irritated Jack a good deal at night, and a heavy doctor's bill, at which he swore so tremendously that she screwed the money out of her housekeeping allowance, and began to pay off the debt by instalments. Later on, however, Jack found it out, and nearly frightened the poor little woman out of her wits by the wrathful manner in which he scribbled the check for the balance, and threw it at her with some ungracious remarks about her intelligence.

One evening the Alstons went to an "at home." Social obligations soon parted husband and wife in the crowded drawing room, but the latter's affectionate eyes caught many glimpses of Jack as he passed to and fro, greeting new friends and making new acquaintances.

"Who was that woman, Jack?" she asked later on, when they got a chance to exchange a few words.

"With whom you seemed to be having such an animated conversation?"

"Which woman?" was his rejoinder. "I talked to several."

"I didn't see her face," replied Clara, "as she had her back to me the whole time, but she was dressed in mauve, with pink bows, and had light, fluffy hair."

"Yes, I know whom you mean," said Jack, slowly, as if with an effort to memory. "Her name is Miss Oxford, I think. Our hostess introduced me."

"Was she nice?"

There was no jealousy on Clara's part. She was simply interested in everything connected with her husband—nothing more.

"Very, on first acquaintance," he answered. "And, by the way," he went on, "she bears a very remarkable resemblance to you."

"Does she?" exclaimed Clara, with animation. "Oh, do take me and introduce me to her, Jack! It will be so interesting to meet my double."

To this request Jack acceded willingly, and the two women became acquainted. Clara acknowledged to herself that there was a striking likeness, but she could not help see-

ing that Miss Oxford had the advantage of being younger and fresher. She was a very lively girl, and Clara thought that she flirted decidedly too much, but the objection was not so much on her husband's account as on general principles of feminine propriety.

On the way home Jack spoke very enthusiastically about Miss Oxford, and, of course, Clara, to please him, chimed in. He remarked casually that he had promised to drop in to tea one afternoon at the house of that lady's parents.

"Isn't it rather odd not to invite me, too?" suggested his wife, timidly.

"Oh, no. You see she couldn't very well do that under the circumstances," returned Jack, in an airy tone. "But I dare say Miss Oxford will call upon you when I have been there."

And the matter was dropped.

A few days later Jack did not arrive home until dinner time, and during the operation of having his boots unlaced he talked enthusiastically about Miss Oxford, on whom he had just been calling.

"She is a lovely girl," he said in tones of the warmest admiration. "Just what you were like five years ago."

It was a tactless speech, and Clara's fingers trembled as she struggled to unravel a tight knot.

"Really now, taking her feature by feature," he went on, oblivious of the pain he was inflicting, and too absorbed in his own interests to notice his wife's agitation, "there is an astounding resemblance between you both. But the expression is different. She seems much brighter and more girlish."

He stopped short, suddenly aware that his tongue was running too fast, and glanced at the kneeling figure in front of him.

Clara's head was bent low over her task and she did not speak.

He stooped forward good-naturedly and lifted her face up by the chin. She was flushed, and tears were glistening in her eyes.

"Why, you foolish little woman, what are you crying about?" he asked.

Clara burst into tears—partly because of her own overwrought feelings, and partly on account of the unusual kindness of her husband's interrogation. Tears generally had the effect of making him angry and impatient.

"I am losing my good looks, and you don't care about me any longer," she sobbed.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Jack, who began to see the silliness of his remarks.

"You think Miss Oxford much prettier than I am; and I dare say you find her far more lively and entertaining," Clara went on in a broken voice.

"Her sole attraction for me is her

likeness to you," returned her husband, soothingly.

"Is that really so, Jack?" she asked, smiling through her tears.

"Of course, you goose! Have you ever known me to take a fancy to any other woman before?"

"No!"

"Well, then, I think you ought to feel flattered at my going out of my way to be civil to a girl simply because she is the living image of yourself."

"I did not see it in that light before," said Clara, drying her eyes and looking cheerful again. "But I was afraid you were beginning to get tired of me, because—"

"Because of my stupid way of putting things," interrupted Jack, who could rise to delicacy when it suited his purpose.

After this episode Jack paid frequent visits at the Oxfords' house, even staying to dinner sometimes in an impromptu fashion, that left his wife waiting for him an hour in vain before she dared sit down to the spoiled meal at home.

But if these absences were never objected to, and if Clara suffered on account of them, she never reproached her husband. On the contrary, she encouraged his friendship with Miss Oxford and resolutely struggled against any feelings of jealousy, trusting implicitly in his honor.

Jack was careful not to repeat the blunder that had once led to an unpleasant scene, but he often talked about the great resemblance of Miss Oxford and Clara.

"It is delightful," he would say to the latter, after one of the expeditions that took him home long after business hours were over, "it is delightful to hear different thoughts and different expressions coming out of pretty lips just like yours."

Then, perhaps, he kissed his wife in a gallant fashion that was quite new to him, and innocent Clara blushed with pleasure, and never

wondered whether the other lips were sometimes requisitioned to remind him of her kisses also.

Meanwhile, Clara's health was rapidly giving way. Her cough grew more troublesome than ever, and exasperated Jack, who was a light sleeper, so much that he had his bed made in the spare room on the floor above. Clara said nothing to this arrangement, as she always studied her husband's comfort, but she often wept silently to herself during the lonely, wakeful nights.

She now saw very little of Jack, as he was not only away during business hours, but spent most of his spare time at the Oxfords. It interested him, he said, to watch the development of a nature, that should by all physiological appearances be akin to her own, and he persuaded her that the growing intimacy between Mabel (he now called Miss Oxford by her Christian name) and himself was a kind of beautiful reflection—on strictly platonic lines—of their own love.

And the poor little woman swallowed it all, and even felt a sense of gratitude for this double manifestation of her husband's devotion.

One day the doctor broke the news to Mrs. Alston that the condition of her health gave cause for great anxiety, and he advised her to consult a specialist, on diseases of the lungs without delay. Jack, on talking it over afterward, said that all physicians were fools, and the biggest fool charged the biggest price to make up for other deficiencies. However, at the whole affair, he consented to his wife seeing a specialist, and a consultation was accordingly arranged.

Clara, who was nervous and terribly afraid of stethoscopes and tapping, would have liked Jack to accompany her to the eminent physician's house. But on the morning of the appointment he came down stairs with a ready-packed traveling bag, and announced that if a certain letter were waiting for him at the office he would be obliged to undertake a journey on business and would not return home before the following day.

If it had not been on account of urgent business, Clara would have thought her husband's absence at this critical juncture very unkind. For the specialist would pronounce on her, that afternoon, sentence of life or death; but the journey, if undertaken, was clearly unavoidable, and she could only reproach fate for having chosen that day of all others to separate them.

Still, it would have been kinder, Clara thought, if Jack had asked her to telegraph the result of her interview to him, but he went off in a hurry after the briefest of farewells, and she was obliged to console herself with the reflection that pressure of time had hurried him into forgetfulness.

"He will think of it as soon as he has a moment's leisure," she repeated to herself over and over again, "and then he will feel miserable about it, poor fellow, and send me a telegram asking to have the verdict wired to his office."

But the message never came, and Clara went on to her appointment with a sinking heart.

The physician shook his head as he examined her chest, tapped each rib, and listened to the labored breath. It was not his custom to conceal the truth from patients, but he regarded Clara's pale, anxious face and frail form with intense pity when it was all over, and hesitated.

"The poor creature read her fate in the glance of sympathy."

"My case is hopeless, is it not?" she asked, in a low, tremulous voice.

"I fear so," replied the doctor, gently.

"Shall I live long?"

She awaited his answer in painful suspense.

"One lung is gone," said the great man, laying a kindly hand on her arm, "and the other is going. The end of the disease will depend much upon climatic conditions. I fear, unless you can manage to go South at once—"

"That I may not last through this cold weather," put in Clara, to help him out.

He nodded with a serious air, and a few minutes later the unhappy patient, her doom ringing in her ears, was speeding home.

A letter in Jack's handwriting lay upon the hall table. It had been delivered by special messenger, the servants said, shortly after her departure.

"Dear old Jack!" she cried, forgetting the awful blow that had just been dealt her in the joy of the moment. "I knew he would remember me and send some message!"

She tore open the envelope and taking out the letter kissed it rapturously. Then she hurried into the drawing room to read it there alone and undisturbed. It ran:

"Dear Clara—By the time this reaches you I shall be on my way to Europe. Mabel is going with me. My object in writing is to wish you good-bye forever and to assure you that on my return some arrangement shall be made with regard to your future welfare. You can, if you like, get a separation—possibly even a divorce (the latter would enable me to marry Mabel); but, although the world invariably says nasty things of people in our predicament, I am, in yielding to the irresistible fascination of a woman whose charm lies in the fact that she is your counterpart, paying you the highest compliment.

"Yours, JACK ALSTON."

—The Pittsburg Dispatch.

Don't borrow trouble. Enough will come to roost.

He who kills time is the assassin of his own opportunities.

The widow who looks well in black wears it as much for her next husband as for her last.

Don't pose. The poet doesn't wear his hair long simply because there is no short cut to fame.

When it's an uphill fight a man can only do his level best.

The girl to marry is the one who believes in love in a cottage. If she believes that, you can stuff her with any old thing.

The ups and downs of life keep a man from getting rusty.

It isn't the henpecked husband who lays for his wife.

A man is indeed quarrelsome when he isn't on speaking terms with his own conscience.

When a man's character hasn't been formed before marriage, it will seldom be reformed afterward.

The average young fellow would be perfectly willing to die for some girl, provided she would allow him to fix the date.

Unless you look out for yourself you won't see much.

In the game of love, when hearts are trumps, a fellow is expected to lead a diamond.

Many a rich man labors under the delusion that he can right himself by writing a check.

Happiness is merely a qualifying condition. One man may be happy to think he isn't quite as unhappy as some other fellow.—From "Musings of the Gentle Cynic," in the New York Times.

NUGGETS.

If money is so slippery that you can hardly keep hold of it when you are watching it all the time, how can you expect to get some enormous return for money which you invest in some far-away scheme, which you will probably never see and which is absolutely beyond your control?

If you consider yourself as a worm of the dust you must expect people to trample on you. If you make a doormat of yourself, people are sure to wipe their feet on you.

There is no disgrace in falling, if you have done your best, and if you are still facing toward your goal. But your failure will be a disgrace if your back is turned toward your goal.

Trust your employees and they will trust you; believe in them and they will believe in you.

Have nothing to do with people who dramatize their woes.

Retire to a sunny self-trust, and make whatever you touch luminous.

It is grip and grit that conquer success; not alone the vigor with which one takes hold of his task, but also the doggedness with which he holds on after he has taken hold.

If you are not doing good with the little you have; if you are not making the most of it, you may be sure that you are not likely to do the great good that you think you will when you get a lot of money.

After one has once felt the joy, the exhilaration, the infinite peace and satisfaction which come from the exercise of his highest faculties, he cannot be satisfied ever again to grovel by the exercise of his brute faculties.

It is the young man whom labor can not weary nor enemies scare, nor drudgery disgust, who confronts reverses with an unflinching front; who can neither be turned aside from his settled purpose by the world's dread or laugh, nor by its scorn or its frown, who makes his mark.

When a man gets religion aright his horse soon finds it out.

Some people are like a million-dollar check on a ruined bank. They look big, they promise great things, but you can not cash them.—Success.

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To Cook Wild Ducks.

Mince the livers with a little chopped bacon, a piece of butter, a small onion chopped fine, parsley, salt and pepper; fill the ducks with this. Put a few slices of bacon on and put in a hot oven over three-quarters of an hour. Put in the gravy the juice of a large orange, a few shallots, with salt, pepper and butter into a saucepan. When the ducks are done, dish them and pour the sauce over; serve with sliced oranges.—Boston Post.

Apples With Honey.

Gingered apples preserved with honey form a very rich sweet that may be acceptably served with spiced cake or wafers at five-o'clock affairs for dessert or with an ice. Choose firm apples, peel, core and quarter them. Allow to every pound of apples a pound of honey and three ounces of whole ginger. Place the ingredients in layers in a jar, cover, and let stand three days—the twenty-four hours to the day—then simmer the whole slowly in a preserving kettle until the apples are transparent and the syrup a rich, golden color.—Paris Modes.

Curdled Mayonnaise.

That mayonnaise curdled in the making can be set to rights at once by the addition of a tablespoonful of very cold water is the discovery of one housewife. This never fails to do so in her formula, which is a delicious one, as follows:

One raw and one hard-boiled yolk, both very cold, mixed in a bowl with the addition of a little salt and if liked a saltspoonful of mustard. Stir in at least half a pint of pure olive oil, afterward thinning to the desired consistency with vinegar or lemon juice. If all the ingredients and bowl and spoon are well chilled, it will not curdle. If this accident should ever occur through any mischance, add the cold water and it will be rectified.—Indianapolis News.

To Make Cocoa or Chocolate.

In the first place never use any but enameled or silver dishes or spoons when using chocolate, says the Pictorial Review. The plainest or the most elaborate cocoa is commenced in the same way. Because of the cornstarch which is in most varieties the powder must be cooked over the flame at first. Use according to the directions on the package, as far as amount of sugar and cocoa or chocolate are concerned. Pour a few spoonfuls of water on this and cook over the fire until a smooth paste results, and then add the liquid which may be all water or all milk or a mixture of the two according to convenience or power of digestion. Finish cooking over water. If milk is used, keep the vessel covered in order to prevent a scum forming over the top. If such a scum does form beat it up instead of skimming it off as it contains much of the nourishing properties of the milk. When ready to serve an addition which may like is a drop of vanilla extract for each large cup of liquid. The French often churn the chocolate just frothy. If whipped cream is used it is put into the cup before pouring the liquid. These are the simplest ways of making the drink and are the best. Some thicken it by adding cornstarch or egg. Where a large quantity is made the thickening is scarcely noticeable except in giving a "body" to the drink. If added to small amount it is likely to thicken too much and take away from the delicacy of the drink.

Glycerine rubbed into coffee stains will remove them from woollens and other materials.

To remove inkstains from the hands rub the juice of ripe tomatoes over them and rinse in warm water.

Before putting currants or raisins into a cake, rub them well in dry flour, and they will not sink to the bottom.

Wring a cloth from vinegar and wrap it several thicknesses around cheese to keep it from molding or drying.

When cooking any kind of pastry, instead of greasing the baking sheet or plate, dredge it with flour. The pastry looks nicer when served, and browns better underneath. Also when baking a cake grease the cake tin and dredge it finely with flour. This gives the cake a nicer coating and turns out better than when the tin is only greased.

To wash water bottles or any vase having a long neck, fill with clear, hot water and tiny bits of torn paper. Shake well and rinse in cold water.

Cold water, a teaspoonful of ammonia and soap will remove machine grease when other means would not answer on account of colors running.

Put three pints of bran in two quarts of water and boil. When it is nearly cool, wash the matting with it and afterward dry it well with a clean cloth. Add a little salt in the water for white matting and vinegar for red.

FOR THE EPIGURE

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In the first place never use any but enameled or silver dishes or spoons when using chocolate, says the Pictorial Review. The plainest or the most elaborate cocoa is commenced in the same way. Because of the cornstarch which is in most varieties the powder must be cooked over the flame at first. Use according to the directions on the package, as far as amount of sugar and cocoa or chocolate are concerned. Pour a few spoonfuls of water on this and cook over the fire until a smooth paste results, and then add the liquid which may be all water or all milk or a mixture of the two according to convenience or power of digestion. Finish cooking over water. If milk is used, keep the vessel covered in order to prevent a scum forming over the top. If such a scum does form beat it up instead of skimming it off as it contains much of the nourishing properties of the milk. When ready to serve an addition which may like is a drop of vanilla extract for each large cup of liquid. The French often churn the chocolate just frothy. If whipped cream is used it is put into the cup before pouring the liquid. These are the simplest ways of making the drink and are the best. Some thicken it by adding cornstarch or egg. Where a large quantity is made the thickening is scarcely noticeable except in giving a "body" to the drink. If added to small amount it is likely to thicken too much and take away from the delicacy of the drink.

Glycerine rubbed into coffee stains will remove them from woollens and other materials.

To remove inkstains from the hands rub the juice of ripe tomatoes over them and rinse in warm water.

Before putting currants or raisins into a cake, rub them well in dry flour, and they will not sink to the bottom.

Wring a cloth from vinegar and wrap it several thicknesses around cheese to keep it from molding or drying.

When cooking any kind of pastry, instead of greasing the baking sheet or plate, dredge it with flour. The pastry looks nicer when served, and browns better underneath. Also when baking a cake grease the cake tin and dredge it finely with flour. This gives the cake a nicer coating and turns out better than when the tin is only greased.

To wash water bottles or any vase having a long neck, fill with clear, hot water and tiny bits of torn paper. Shake well and rinse in cold water.

Cold water, a teaspoonful of ammonia and soap will remove machine grease when other means would not answer on account of colors running.

Put three pints of bran in two quarts of water and boil. When it is nearly cool, wash the matting with it and afterward dry it well with a clean cloth. Add a little salt in the water for white matting and vinegar for red.

Dissect the chicken and boil until tender; when cold pick every particle of meat from bone; for the cream sauce take some of the chicken stock and add milk; thicken with blended flour and a good-sized piece of butter, and salt to taste; then put chicken in pot on stove and pour this cream sauce on it. In this style every particle of the chicken is used and it is very tasty.—Boston Post.

To Cook Wild Ducks.

Mince the livers with a little chopped bacon, a piece of butter, a small onion chopped fine, parsley, salt and pepper; fill the ducks with this. Put a few slices of bacon on and put in a hot oven over three-quarters of an hour. Put in the gravy the juice of a large orange, a few shallots, with salt, pepper and butter into a saucepan. When the ducks are done, dish them and pour the sauce over; serve with sliced oranges.—Boston Post.

Apples With Honey.

Gingered apples preserved with honey form a very rich sweet that may be acceptably served with spiced cake or wafers at five-o'clock affairs for dessert or with an ice. Choose firm apples, peel, core and quarter them. Allow to every pound of apples a pound of honey and three ounces of whole ginger. Place the ingredients in layers in a jar, cover, and let stand three days—the twenty-four hours to the day—then simmer the whole slowly in a preserving kettle until the apples are transparent and the syrup a rich, golden color.—Paris Modes.

Curdled Mayonnaise.

That mayonnaise curdled in the making can be set to rights at once by the addition of a tablespoonful of very cold water is the discovery of one housewife. This never fails to do so in her formula, which is a delicious one, as follows:

One raw and one hard-boiled yolk, both very cold, mixed in a bowl with the addition of a little salt and if liked a saltspoonful of mustard. Stir in at least half a pint of pure olive oil, afterward thinning to the desired consistency with vinegar or lemon juice. If all the ingredients and bowl and spoon are well chilled, it will not curdle. If this accident should ever occur through any mischance, add the cold water and it will be rectified.—Indianapolis News.

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