

### The Gentle Ghost of Joy.

A little while ago you knew not I was I—  
A little while ago I knew not you were you—  
Now the swift hours have run by  
And all the world is new.

I hear the young birds sing  
In the rosy light of morn;  
Like them I could take wing,  
And sing as newly born.

A little while from now I shall be far away—  
A little while from now your face I shall  
not see—  
But within my heart a ray  
To light the dark will be.

Do you not know that pain  
So sad, so sweet, so coy,  
That comes, and comes again,  
The gentle ghost of Joy?

Ah, that shall dwell with me,  
When your face I do not see!

—[Louise Chandler Moulton, in Independent.

### FOR HETTY'S SAKE.

There be more heroes in this world,  
According to my way of thinking than  
ever get talked on in the newspapers,  
or have the Victoria cross presented to  
them, or have books written about  
them after they are dead and gone.

All the same, I've never been able  
to make up my mind as to whether  
one man I've known was a hero or  
not. Maybe I'm a heavy kind o' chap,  
and things don't strike me so clear as  
they do others; but if I tell you the  
story just as it happened, you can put  
what reading you like on it.

I'm a miner down Staffordshire way,  
have been a miner all my life, and  
reckon I'm likely to stick to the pick  
till some explosion comes along and  
makes an end of me.

I worked with a gang in the Nine  
Pits colliery about fifteen years back,  
and there was one man there who  
hailed from South Wales as I got pretty  
friendly with.

I've called him a "man," but I don't  
know if the title comes right. He was  
more like a stunted boy than a man,  
and more like some queer animal than  
either. He was a dwarf. He had a  
monstrous large head and shoulders,  
and pair of little, bowed, twisty legs  
no bigger than a child's of nine years  
old.

His back was crooked; he had a  
lot of hair on his face, as those Welsh-  
men have, and his eyes had a look in  
them as I never got to the bottom of—  
they were deep set in his head, as  
black and as bright as a bit of silk-  
stone; and sometimes there would  
come a cloud into them and dull them,  
and he would stare out before him as  
though he were tranced; it was a sad  
look, too, as well as dull, and I never  
could make out what he was thinking  
of then.

You might think that, being so mis-  
shapen and little, he wasn't much  
good in a coal mine; but I can tell  
you there wasn't a man of six feet  
among us stronger than he was. To  
have seen him swing his pick would  
have made you hold your breath; he  
went at the work like steam, and he  
could walk, you see, down some of  
the narrow, low galleries where chaps  
like me would have to crawl.

I lived along with my father and  
sister then. We were precious poor,  
and father used to say he hoped Hetty  
would marry some one able to keep  
her, and so give us a lift that way.

Hetty was powerful pretty. I've  
seen a sight of women, as you may  
suppose, in six-and-thirty years, but  
I have never seen one that could come  
near her for good looks. Bright and  
light she was as sunshine, and she had  
a bit of temper, too.

One day a new hand came to the  
pit, Jim Marwood by name; a pleas-  
anter man to look upon than Jim you  
never saw. See him on Sunday going  
to chapel, clean and smart, as straight  
as a pole, with blue eyes looking so  
frank and smiling, and you'd say he  
looked a picture.

He had struck up a mighty affection  
for me before he'd been a month in  
the gang.

You would have thought 'twas a  
wonder he had lived so long without  
me. He told me all about his friends  
and such like most confidential, and  
I found out he had to keep his mother  
and hadn't a sixpence he could call his  
own.

All he told me I told Hetty, and she  
would listen, with a lovely color in  
her cheeks, and go on talking about  
him after I had stopped, till all of a  
sudden it came upon me that him and  
her knew as much of each other as I  
did, and more, too, and liked what  
they knew to a degree that was con-  
siderable.

I was a trifle put out about it, for I  
knew he was poor, and it would be a  
bad lookout if they was to come to-  
gether; still, as I've said, I'm heavy  
and slow to most things, and I thought  
I'd better hold my tongue awhile  
longer.

Well, one day—I remember it as  
clear as yesterday—it was between

the lights on a September evening,  
very quiet and still, the stars just show-  
ing out like sparkles of diamond light  
we get in the seams at times. I was  
smoking my pipe in our back room—  
father was out of the house—when I  
heard voices in the other room across  
the passage. It was Matty and my  
sister talking together.

Matty was the dwarf. He had a  
long Welsh name, but we called him  
"Matty" in the general way, because  
of his rough hair, and didn't seem to  
mind the joke.

I knew his voice well enough. It  
was not exactly unpleasant, though  
deep, with sometimes a sort of crack  
in it, but anything like it sounded just  
then I never heard before.

It made me sit up and put my pipe  
down pretty sudden.

"I love you!" he says to Hetty.  
"I've loved you ever since I've seen  
you; won't you marry me? I'd be a  
good husband to you."

She went into a light kind of scorn-  
ful laugh.

"Marry you?" she says. "Why,  
Matty, you must be dreaming? Of  
course I won't."

And then I guessed she gave her  
head a toss, with a way she had.

I got up and went a step nearer the  
door, for I didn't know how he might  
take it, them dwarfs being uncertain  
creatures.

He was silent a minute, then he  
says:

"I'm stunted and crooked, I know,  
but I love you better than any other  
man will ever love you, and I've a  
comfortable home to offer you."

"If you had twenty homes I  
wouldn't have you," she answers  
quick. "So do say no more about it."

I think he moved around the room  
after that, for his voice sounded near  
to me. He spoke short and savage  
like: "Jim Marwood's the man that  
stands between you and me. Do you  
think I've been blind? Do you think  
I can't see that? Jim Marwood has  
got your heart; and do you think you  
will ever marry him while I'm alive?"  
I got a shiver down the back, and  
felt round for my stick, for his tone  
was awful, and I didn't know what  
he might do next.

Hetty never was the girl to be cowed,  
and she flashed round on him the next  
moment like gunpowder.

"It is Jim Marwood that has got my  
heart, and I have his, and I'm not  
ashamed to say it before you or any  
man. I know you've got your cottage  
and your garden that you are so mor-  
tal proud of, and we shall have to wait  
for years; but you needn't think you'll  
frighten me out of marrying him, for  
you won't; and if I don't marry him,  
I'll never marry such a miserable,  
wicked, ugly wretch as you! So don't  
flatter yourself I would."

And she gave a kind of sob, and  
burst out at the door, and rushed upon  
our little flight of stairs, and I heard  
the door bang and the key turn in her  
lock sharp and passionate.

I waited, still as death, wondering  
how he would take on, and hearing no  
strife I kind of squinted round the door-  
post into the passage.

There he stood in the dusk facing  
towards the open entry door and the  
starry sky. A desperate, hideous,  
evil-looking thing, with his monstrous  
head and shaggy hair and his little  
twisted legs. There was that dull,  
tranced look in his eyes, and he was  
staring before him like I had often  
seen him do in the mine.

"She shall never marry Marwood  
while I'm alive. God made me same  
as him," I heard him mutter to him-  
self, and then he went out.

I saw him no more that night, and  
I didn't let on to Hetty that I had over-  
heard them. The next day we were  
all underground as usual. Somehow  
or other Matty and Marwood and I  
found ourselves always pretty close  
together. He seemed to me to be  
hanging on to Jim in a way I didn't  
like, hearing what I had heard, and I  
kept as close to both as I well could,  
keeping my tools ready to hand, and  
watching the dwarf out of the corner  
of my eye.

Jim never looked taller, nor hand-  
somer, nor straighter than he looked  
that day. Happy he was as a lark,  
whistling over his work and laughing  
as light-hearted as could be.

I couldn't be light, for there was a  
curious weight on my mind, a sense  
as if some mischief was going to hap-  
pen before nightfall.

I notice that the dwarf scarce took  
his eyes off Jim, except at 12 o'clock,  
when we stopped for our bits of food,  
and then he sat in a corner by himself  
under a truck and scribbled on a scrap  
of paper, with a queer sort of smile  
on his face. I had the shivers more  
than once, for he looked so evil and  
so black among the coal heaps, and  
every now and then he would talk to  
himself in Welsh, which I had never  
heard him do before, and it turned my

blood cold, for it sounded for all  
the world like the jabberings of a  
maniac.

In the afternoon we got down to a  
lower level. It was a dangerous part  
of the mine, as we all knew, and we  
kept our Davy lamps pretty light, I  
can tell you.

"There's fire-damp about here," said  
one of the men.

"And a spark would settle the lot of  
us, wouldn't it?" said the dwarf.

They were almost the first words he  
had spoken, and the expression of his  
face as he said it made my heart give  
a turn.

"Ah! that it would," Jim an-  
swered.

A kind of sick fear came over me  
that our lives were in the dwarf's  
power, and hanging, as it might be,  
on a thread. Such a longing came  
over me for a mouthful of fresh air  
and the sight of the open sky as I had  
never known in the mines before.

People warming their toes at their  
handsome fires on the winter nights  
don't know what it means to us chaps  
who have the digging of the coal in the  
depths of the earth, and who put  
flesh and blood in jeopardy every hour  
to do it.

Nothing more was said about fire-  
damp, however, and that day, the  
longest day I had ever known, came  
round to 6 o'clock without an explo-  
sion.

The cages were ready for us to get  
up to the top of the shaft, and most of  
the men had gone.

"You go now," says I to the dwarf.

"No!" he answers, "I'm going to  
stay a little over-time to-night. You  
all go on, and send the cage down  
again for me. And look here, give  
this to your sister Hetty, will you?  
and tell her to open it."

He put a bundle in my hand, tied  
up in a handkerchief. I took it gin-  
gerly enough, for, with such suspi-  
cious in my mind, I half expected it  
might go off in my face somehow.

Then we touched the signal rope,  
and up went Jim and me, and the  
dwarf stood underneath and turned  
his face up, watching us out of sight.

Well! I felt more comfortable when  
we put our feet on firm ground on top  
of the shaft, and then sent the cage  
down again for him.

"Wonder what's in that bundle?"  
says Jim.

"Maybe Hetty will tell you some  
time," I replied, little thinking how it  
concerned him.

I took it home and called Hetty to  
open it. Our cottage wasn't far from  
the pits, and it couldn't have been  
above ten minutes since the dwarf had  
put it into my hand.

She undid the knot, and there—if  
you would believe it—were the title  
deeds of his cottage and a dozen sov-  
ereigns tied up in a piece of canvas,  
and the scrap of paper I had seen him  
scribble on under the truck. There  
were these words on it:

"What is here is for you. 'Ugly  
and miserable' I am, but 'wicked' I  
am not, I said you shouldn't marry  
him while I was alive and I shall keep  
my word. Think kindly of a dwarf  
if you can. God made me as well as  
him."

We hadn't got to the end of the  
poor, dirty little letter when we heard  
a sound that made our hearts stand  
still—a long, dull roaring, shaking the  
floor we stood on as if it was thunder  
under our feet.

"An explosion in the mine!" says  
Hetty, with a face as white as chalk.

We rushed out. All Nine Pitts was  
out; men, women and children,  
screaming and running to the shaft  
head.

Hundreds of tons of solid earth and  
rock and rubble had fallen in, and  
under it all was the dead, crushed  
body of that poor creature we had  
helped to send from the world.

It was no use trying to dig him out.  
He knew when he opened his Davy  
lamp—and he must have opened it—  
that human help could never reach  
there. He knew, when he watched  
me and Jim go up in the cage, that he  
was staying behind for his death, and  
he went to it of his own free will for  
the love of my sister Hetty.

She cried about it for a week and  
said she should never be happy again.  
But I think she is happy now, for she  
married Jim, come the Easter after,  
and they live in Matty's cottage still,  
and the garden is all bloom with  
flowers.

### Might Have Been Worse.

She—I am very sorry, but our en-  
gagement must cease. I can never  
marry.

He—My gracious? What has hap-  
pened?

She—My brother has disgraced us?  
He—Oh, is that all. That doesn't  
matter. I feared maybe your father  
had fallen.—[New York Weekly.

### LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

#### THE MASK VEIL.

The "Yashmak" is the name of the  
new "Oriental" or mask veil, so dense  
in its meshes at the top that the  
features are almost obliterated as far  
as the nose. The more transparent  
lower half of the veil, however, per-  
mits the mouth and chin to be visible.  
These veils are still uncommon, and  
quite a departure from the popular  
flimsy veils so long worn, and remind  
one of the masked footpad.—[New  
York Post.

#### WITCHERY OF JAPANESE WOMEN.

Every one who has been to Japan  
catches the witchery of the Japanese  
women. They are just as sweet and  
pretty as they can be. At least that  
is the verdict of all the men who go  
there and see them in their own homes.  
They are so clean, too, and so willing  
and so obliging. When a Japanese  
belle gets herself up to slaughter  
hearts she stains her teeth black—jet  
black. Now this doesn't sound very  
pretty, but to offset the blackness she  
puts a dash of red pomade right upon  
the front of her mouth, making such  
a tempting beauty spot that no man at  
all, even though he be married and is  
the head of a family, can resist ad-  
miring the lovely bit of beauty.—  
[New York Advertiser.

#### A QUEEN IN DIVIDED SKIRTS.

Fancy the aged Queen of Great  
Britain and Empress of India, Prin-  
cess Beatrice, the Duchess of Con-  
naught and their maids of honor and  
ladies of honor wearing divided  
skirts!

A lady correspondent writing from  
Hyeret, France, where the royal party  
recently rusticated, chronicles the fact  
with much fullness of detail.

Princess Beatrice says it is the most  
comfortable dress yet tried at that  
hilly resort, equally nice for walking  
and yachting. She induced her royal  
mother to try it, and Her Majesty is  
delighted with it. She will wear it in  
future whenever she goes to her High  
land residence, and possibly, also, in  
her rambles within the royal precincts  
of Windsor Castle.—[New York  
Journal.

#### WOMEN AS LIBRARIANS.

An official statement has been sent  
to the Pittsburg Dispatch by Mary  
Salome Cutler of salaries paid to all  
the women employed in twenty-four  
of the most prominent libraries in the  
country, prominent for their size, wise  
administration and efficiency.

Three hundred and eighty women  
are employed in twenty-four promi-  
nent libraries, receiving from \$240 to  
\$1500, an average salary of \$570.  
This includes work of all grades and  
the average is greatly reduced by the  
large number required to do mecha-  
nical work in comparison with the few  
needed for supervisory and independ-  
ent work.

Thirteen women of recognized  
ability, trained as apprentices in large  
libraries or in the school of experi-  
ence, receive from \$550 to \$2000, an  
average salary of \$1500. The 37  
women trained in the Library School  
which was opened in 1887 receive  
from \$600 to \$1300, an average salary  
of \$900. The 13 highest salaries paid  
to Library School women average  
\$1900. Seven women as librarians of  
State libraries receive from \$625 to  
\$1200, an average salary of \$1000.  
The 24 men filling similar positions  
receive an average salary of \$1450.

A woman occupying a subordinate  
position in a library, where faithful-  
ness, accuracy and a fair knowledge  
of books are the only essentials, can  
expect from \$300 to \$500. A good  
cataloguer, or a librarian with average  
ability and training, can expect to re-  
ceive from \$600 to \$900. A woman  
with good natural ability and fitness  
for the work, with a liberal education  
and special training, can expect \$1000  
at the head of a library, or of a de-  
partment in a large library, with a  
possible increase to \$1500 or \$2000.  
Women rarely receive the same pay  
as men for the same work.

#### HOW WOMEN SHOULD RIDE.

Half the accidents to women origi-  
nate in their own fright, and the ob-  
ject of lessons is as much to infuse  
confidence as to give instruction. Any  
horse suitable for a woman can be  
ridden and managed with ease by any  
one who will keep her head. When  
her horse is led up to the door, the  
equestrienne may dismiss all fear and  
look with unalloyed pleasure at what  
lies before her. Many women, espe-  
cially in the South, mount from a  
block. It is a capital thing to learn,  
and, with modern short skirts is easy.  
A woman should be able, at neces-  
sity, to mount from a fence, as she can  
with a steady horse. If riding alone,  
and her horse picks up a stone, she

must get it out or lame him; but un-  
less she can mount unassisted she  
dares not dismount. Women usually  
ride in company, but in the country  
it is well to be independent. It is  
quite possible to mount a small horse  
by letting down the stirrup leather  
far enough to insert the foot, but this  
savors of gymnastics.

In being mounted it is three-fourths  
the lady's spring and one-fourth the  
lifting of the cavalier which tells.  
Some little women are heavier in  
mounting than a sack of meal, and  
others of greater avoirdupois and no  
more strength need scarce a finger's  
exertion. Only very muscular men  
can lift a woman bodily into a saddle,  
and no one likes to do it. One of the  
worst preparations for a ride is the  
irritation caused a man by having to  
exhaust his strength in mounting his  
partner.

There are many methods of holding  
the reins. Provided the curve and  
snaffle reins are kept so distinct that  
each can be quickly shortened or  
lengthened any method is good. The  
fashion of the day is to ride with both  
hands, but a woman's horse should  
guide by the neck or bit at will. To  
be unable to ride readily with one  
hand is an absurdity. In any case,  
hold the hands low.

When the seat is straight and strong  
the hands can be as light as the horse's  
mouth. The perfection of riding is to  
accomplish everything with as slight  
muscular effort as possible. The bit  
should be such as to prevent the horse  
from boring on your hands and yet  
not make him restless. The adjustment  
of the bit to produce the best results  
is a matter requiring much judgment  
and experience. Every horse has his  
peculiarities.

In company, keep together. Noth-  
ing is so annoying as to have your  
companion ahead of or behind you  
half the time. Companions should  
ride as they walk, side by side. One  
of the charms of equestrianism, con-  
versation enlivened by the brisk  
motion and suggestive surroundings,  
is quite lost unless you keep together.  
Good riders can chat at a rapid trot or  
an inspiring canter as well as at a  
walk, because, whatever their gait,  
they remember that they ride for com-  
panionship as well as exercise. Lack  
of familiarity with saddle work is quick-  
ly betrayed by the failure to keep  
abreast.

Dismounting is about as easy as  
getting out of a carriage. It may be  
done gracefully or ungracefully. An  
active woman can slide to the ground  
without assistance. Be sure your  
skirts are clear of your horse and  
your feet clear of everything. The  
rest comes readily.—[New York Sun.

#### FASHION NOTES.

Gaiters are the correct thing.

Grace batiste is a new fabric for  
gowns.

Stone-soled shoes are made for  
active boys.

More trimming is observed in the  
front of hats.

The broad square toe is conspicuous  
by its absence.

The newest ornament is a diamond-  
shaped buckle.

Many puckered effects are seen in  
new cotton goods.

In buying fancy silks all-over de-  
signs should be chosen.

Old-time lawns and organdy muslins  
are in delightful demand.

Drab waistcoats spotted with pink,  
and flecked with white and tints of  
blue and fawn, are wonderfully  
effective.

Four tints are used in some party  
dresses, as yellow, blue, pink, green;  
yellow dominating.

Flounces of graduated widths and  
tiny overlapping bias ruffles will trim  
many of the new skirts, if one may  
judge from the character of the latest  
modes.

Dots, checks, flowers and numerous  
other devices are woven in the new  
ginghams, which show such dainty  
colors as canary, pea-green, heliotrope,  
pale blue and pink.

Full bibs of Irish-point lace attached  
to standing collars formed of over-  
lapping folds of mull or crepe de  
chine are worn by many fashionable  
women. They sometimes reach  
several inches below the waist-line  
and are caught to position, the fullness  
being bunched under a narrow girdle,  
a long metal clasp or a section of  
handsome passementerie.

As pointed girdles are just now  
counted the height of good style, the  
shirt blouse will be very generally  
chosen instead of the vest for travel-  
ing, for outdoor sports, and for more  
or less ceremonious indoor wear. A  
new blouse of this kind is presented  
and is very effective, whether seen be-  
neath a coat-basque or with an open  
or partly open top garment.

### FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

#### A GOOD STOCKING DARNER.

The suggestion is offered by a  
clever needlewoman that a better  
stocking darning than the wooden or  
porcelain egg or polished solid cup is  
a discarded slipper sole, or rather the  
sole of a discarded slipper, for the  
two should remain united. This in-  
serted in the stocking offers a smooth  
and more available surface for  
stretching the hole over than any  
other.—[New York Times.

#### PROTECTING DRIED FRUITS FROM INSECTS.

Dried fruits can be effectually pro-  
tected from the attacks of insects by  
being slightly sprinkled with ether by  
means of an atomizer and then shaken  
in a wide mouthed glass vessel that  
has been rinsed with ether. The fruit  
should then be put up in well corked  
bottles and kept in a cool, dark place.  
Raspberries thus treated are not only  
safe from insects, but also preserve  
their natural appearance and taste, as  
well as the odor peculiar to them when  
dried, that of the ether not being per-  
ceptible.—[New York Commercial  
Advertiser.

#### A CURE FOR MILDEW.

"What is a good cure for mildew in  
clothes?" writes a friend. The best  
thing is to use the ounce of preven-  
tion in time. When the evil is done,  
however, there is no use in crying  
over spilled milk, though it must be  
admitted that any agent powerful  
enough to remove mildew or blue  
mold from linen is apt to injure the  
fabric. A solution of the chloride of  
lime, such as may be used for bleach-  
ing, is perhaps the best remedy. A  
tablespoonful should be dissolved in a  
gallon of cold water, by stirring with  
a wooden stick. Soak the injured  
garment in this preparation, moving  
it about occasionally till the stains are  
no longer visible, then rinse very  
thoroughly, changing the water several  
times.—[New York News.

#### ASPARAGUS IN TEMPTING FORMS.

There are several ways of cooking  
asparagus besides the familiar one of  
boiling. It may be cooked au gratin,  
in the oven. For this purpose, boil a  
bunch of fine asparagus for twelve  
minutes. Lay it in a baking dish.  
Moisten it with half a cup of the  
water in which it was boiled. Grate  
Parmesan cheese over it, season it  
well with salt and pepper, sprinkle a  
tablespoonful of fresh bread crumbs  
over the top with a tablespoonful of  
butter cut in bits, and bake in a  
moderately hot oven for fifteen  
minutes. Cold boiled asparagus is  
very nice served as a salad with a  
French dressing or with the following  
sauce: Pound the yolk of a hard-  
boiled egg to a paste, add two tea-  
spoonfuls of good vinegar, a salt-  
spoonful of salt and half the amount  
of pepper. Add an onion minced  
fine. Toss all together thoroughly  
and pour it over the cold asparagus.—  
[New York Tribune.

#### RECIPES.

Potato Croquettes—To two teacup-  
fuls of potato mashed with a vegetable  
masher add two well beaten eggs, one  
tablespoonful of butter, salt and  
pepper. Beat until light, then form  
into flat cakes, roll in beaten egg and  
bread crumbs, and fry in smoking hot  
fat.

Asparagus on Toast—Cut the stalks  
of equal lengths, rejecting all wood-  
portions. Tie in bunch with strip of  
muslin, and boil until tender, from 20  
to 30 minutes. Cut off the crust and  
nicely toast the bread. Dip each slice  
carefully in the liquor in which the  
asparagus was boiled, butter well, and  
lay on a warm platter. Spread the  
asparagus on the bread, slightly  
sprinkle a bit of salt over, and serve.

Dandelion Salad—Wash the leaves  
thoroughly through several waters,  
pick over carefully and let remain in  
cold water over night. Drain and  
wipe dry; put in a salad bowl and add  
the following dressing: To three  
tablespoonfuls of oil add one of  
vinegar, one-half teaspoonful of salt  
and one-half teaspoonful of pepper  
and beat together thoroughly. Garnish  
with rings of hard-boiled egg.

Minced Spinach—Wash carefully  
and boil in a very little water until  
tender. Drain and chop fine. Put a  
tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan,  
and when hot, add the spinach, salt  
and pepper to taste, and when hot  
stir in cream until well moistened.  
Spread slices of hard-boiled eggs over  
the top and serve. Spinach is also  
nice served on toast. Prepare as  
above, and when seasoning add one  
hard-boiled egg, chopped fine, but no  
cream.