

AFTER THE FROWNS.

"Say, when you was a little boy and looked up at your dad and seen him scowlin' at you hard and actin' fearful mad, and when you was all trimbly like, a-wonderin' what you'd done and wishin' that you wasn't there, and yit afraid to run, and suddenly he up and laughed as loud as he could roar, and said that he was jist in fun and loved you more and more, Oh, wasn't them the gladdest times of all you'd ever knew, and wasn't them the kindest smiles he ever had fer you?"

"Say, when you got to courtin' Her, so fair and sweet and good, I wonder if she ever looked as angry as she could, and when you went to take her hand she'd draw it right away, and lookin' up at you, and when at last you jist about made up your mind to run, she'd suddenly commence to laugh and say she'd been in fun? Oh, if you'd ever been through that, how glad she made you when she let you grab her in your arms and hold her there agen."

"Say, don't you sometimes git the blues when these here clouds that you do hang all around and nothin' that you do quite hits the mark? When Fate's a-frownin' jist as hard as ever she can frown, and every tarmal thing appears to want to keep you down, it's mighty wearin', ain't it, now? But why keep feelin' blue? Remember how your dear old pap and she had fun with you, Go in and slash ahead, the clouds 'll soon let through the sun—I don't believe God ever frowns on folks, except in fun."

—Chicago Record-Herald.

LEFT BY THE EXPRESS.

HERE was dead silence in the cottage of Will Haynes, the station master. The station was a small one on a loop line, which had been opened for traffic more than four years, in the hope that the loop would develop into something important; but the cutting of the line had not worked the slightest effect in the development of the surrounding country, and the cottage and large garden were just a clearing in the edge of the wood, and as far from neighboring cottages as it was when Mary Bird became Mrs. Haynes and began life as the station master's wife.

It was Sunday evening and an off time for Haynes. After 1 o'clock no train stopped at that station, and only two trains passed through it. Haynes was seated on a stout wooden chair, which he had tilted till the back rested against the wall next to the door post. He was very comfortable, for it was a warm evening, and he was drowsy. Mary sat on the doorstep, her elbows on her knees and her face in her hands. Her back was toward the room, so Haynes could not see her face even when he turned his head.

"Your flowers look well, Mary," he remarked. He had said that twice already since dinner, but he wanted to make her talk and could think of nothing better to say.

"Pretty well," rejoined Mary wearily. Silence again. Will Haynes was uneasy about this silence, so he made another attempt.

"The 'sturtiums are getting on, ain't they?"

"Yes."

"The peas is all right, too, don't you think so?" ventured Will again.

There was no answer, so Will slowly let the front legs of the chair drop till they touched the floor, and then half turned toward her.

"You feel a bit lonely?" he asked, with more tenderness than usual. It had dawned upon him before that evening that Mary was not happy. She had been taught the trade of a tailor, as she phrased it, and while stitching away as a merry-hearted girl she had conceived ambitious ideals, and had hoped for their realization; but time went by and the realization was as far off as ever. When Will Haynes came along and took a fancy to the bright-eyed, merry-speaking girl and told her that he was to be the station master of the little country station as soon as it was opened, telling her of the cottage and the garden and of his prospects, she resolved to accept his offer.

The little cottage appeared like a small paradise at first, and she was happy; but the aspect gradually changed. It was very lonely; her ideals faded one after another; and Will was a reserved man, saying little and outwardly cold. She maintained her merry ways at the beginning of their married life, but she fancied Will did not care for them, and she ceased in her efforts to amuse. In point of fact, Will was much amused, but he made the common mistake of many husbands, and showed no gratitude, no warmth. Mary interpreted it wrongly and became cold in turn and still less happy.

"You feel lonely at times?" queried Will once more, as she did not reply.

"There they come!" said Mary, with a quick jerk of her head in the direction where the curl of smoke was rendered visible in the growing darkness by the flame that accompanied it. "All enjoying themselves."

"The up express," observed Will Haynes casually.

The headlight of the swiftly running train was visible, and presently it dashed along the line at the end of the garden, the lights from its windows illuminating the night for a brief space. "There they go!" cried Mary bitterly. "It's nice to be able to travel there

and everywhere. I hate the people in those trains, when I see them pass; they can go about and see all kinds of sights and people, while we stick here and see nothing, day in, day out, in this forsaken place, alone nearly all the time, and nothing to do. I believe it's killing me!"

It was a struggle between rage and tears, and the former conquered for the time.

"It is a bit lonely," admitted Will, rather sadly. "Mary, why don't you go and sit with Blake's wife sometimes? That would be company."

"I don't like her, Will. Then the children make a noise, and she's always so taken up with them."

"How many have they got now?" asked Will with a strange intonation in his voice.

"That last made four. They have a lot, and others—"

Mary was about to say that many other people had none, but she stopped. Will sighed, and Mary echoed the sigh unconsciously.

"Isn't there something you could do to make the time less tiring?" inquired Will helplessly.

"I could get some wool and knit things for the winter, but we can't spare the money, and we've got enough things for another three winters!" returned Mary angrily. "When I say I've nothing to do, of course I can make work. I have to, or I should eat my heart out. I look at the trains and I see the happy people, and it hurts me so that I have to turn to and do some housework. I scrub the kitchen floor in the morning, and I often scrub it again in the afternoon. When those feelings come over me, I have to do something or I'd go mad, stark, staring mad! So I get the soap and water and scrubbing brush, and I work on that kitchen floor to relieve 'em."

It was Sunday evening once more; an autumn Sunday, with the night falling at an earlier hour. Will Haynes was standing moodily near the kitchen door, outside this time, while Mary was seated on the step. Both were staring blankly into the twilight. There had been angry words at tea-time.

"I'm going to watch the down express pass," said Will suddenly.

He walked along the line for nearly a mile until he saw the train coming. The signal was against it, and it slowed down and stopped. This was rather a surprise for Will Haynes, but he supposed that the company was running an excursion on the main line where the loop joined farther on, and excursions are always late. It was rather strange that expresses should be run on that loop at all, Will Haynes had thought when he first took up his duties, but he learned that the line served as a connection with the system of another company, and it was considered policy to run them.

These thoughts were passing through Will's mind when he observed, in the dim light, a figure approach the train, and then he noticed that a carriage door was open. The figure climbed on to the footboard and entered the carriage, shutting the door just as the train began to move. In half a dozen seconds the express was running past him with steadily increasing speed.

Will was curious and made his way to the spot where he had noticed the dark form. There was something by the side of the line; it proved to be a large hamper. More curious than ever, Will cut the twine that secured the lid and began to examine its contents. He drew back with a surprised cry, then emitted a whistle, and sat down to think it over.

"Yes, that will do it, if I work the thing all right," he said softly.

He took up the hamper in his strong arms and carried it to the cottage. Placing it on the floor, which fortunately had not been scrubbed since the morning, he called Mary, and without answering her question, opened the lid and pulled aside a light cloth. In the hamper lay a baby, just beginning to wriggle and cry.

"Somebody's left it on the line," said Will simply, "so I thought I'd bring it here."

"I don't want other people's brats!" declared Mary harshly.

Will was nonplussed, but he contrived to hide the fact, and played his part very well.

"All right!" he said coolly. "I'll go and see the policeman in the village, and tell him. He must find somewhere for it to go. But I can't take the child with me, so I'm afraid I'll have to leave it here till I come back. S'pose you don't mind attending to it till then?"

Mary's face remained hard in expression, and Will gilded out before she could reply. The baby began to whimper again, and then to cry lustily.

"Poor thing," murmured Mary softly. "It's hungry and cramped."

She took it up and soothed it by rocking it in her arms. She contrived to give it some milk and water, feeding it with little drops in a teaspoon. Then it dropped into a slumber of peace and innocence, and Mary sat with it in her arms and waited.

It was nearly 10 o'clock before Will returned, and he found Mary still sitting with the baby asleep in her arms. She held up her head with a warning expression on her face as he entered rather noisily with his heavy boots.

"S-s-sh! You'll wake her. Will!"

"Why didn't you put her in bed?" inquired Will in a stage whisper. "Been holding her all this time?"

"I couldn't turn the clothes down without disturbing her," replied Mary in the same tone, "and she's so comfortable and easy like here that I was afraid to venture. You can do it now."

Will moved across the kitchen to go to the bedroom, but he made so much noise that Mary stopped him.

"Hadin't you better take your boots off," she demanded. "You'll wake her, sure enough."

Will removed his heavy boots and together they stepped lightly into the bedroom, he turned down the clothes, and she tenderly deposited her human burden.

"She looks all right there, don't she?" asked Will. "Almost a pity she's got to go. I've had a talk with the village policeman, and he said at first he didn't think that she was found in this county. We had an argument about it, that's what made me so late. But it's all settled now, and he says she'll have to be taken to the county house, and that's ten miles off if it's an inch. Anyhow, she goes to-morrow."

Out of the corner of his eye Will watched the effect of his words. He saw Mary's face grow white and her lips quiver. She gave one long look at the pretty bundle of humanity in the bed, and the next instant she was sobbing with her head on Will's shoulder.

"Must she go away, Will? Oh, can't we keep her?"

Will passed his arm around his wife; an irritating cough prevented him from speaking for nearly a minute, but he got the better of it at length.

"Yes, I should say so. She won't cost much to keep for a time, and I may get a lift up. I darsay the policeman won't be much upset at not having to take her away."

"But, Will, I s'pose we may keep her?" inquired Mary with sudden fear. "There isn't anything in the basket to say we mustn't?"

They looked in the hamper and overhauled its remaining contents, consisting of baby clothing. There was no note, no trace of identity.

"There's nothing agen it," said Will, "so we'll keep her."

"I can look after her," said Mary, confidently. "I'll take care she doesn't get on the line."

"Ah, that reminds me!" exclaimed Will, "I must rig up a gate at the end of the garden to keep her off the line. I'll do it to-morrow!" he added quite seriously, as though he fancied that the baby would be running out on the line before they were aware of it if he were not quick about the task.

"What shall we call her?" inquired Mary, when they had returned to the kitchen. "I think it would be a good idea to give her a name that would remind us of how she came. Suppose we call her Express, eh?"

Mary looked at him as if she had an inspiration. Will shook his head doubtfully.

"Don't seem to be a very handy sort of name," he explained. "And we might mix it up with the train. Never heard a girl called that, have you?"

"That wouldn't matter!" exclaimed Mary. "I don't see why such a darling as that should be bound to have a name that any other girl can have. Well," she continued, after a pause, "suppose we call her Pressie, now? That's nice and handy, and it will remind us just the same."

So it was settled. They crept to the door of the bedroom and listened. No sound. They crept back again. Will put on a pair of light boots which he called his slippers, and together they went out into the garden. Their hands came together by some mysterious influence, and they stood drinking in the balmy air.

They looked up at the stars, they talked of their prospects—of what they would do for Pressie as she grew up, and how she would look when she was grown up. Everything was so different, so bright; life was so well worth living.

"Oh, I'm so glad she has come; I'm so happy, Will," laughed Mary.

"I say, you haven't left the bedroom window too wide open, have you?" asked Will in sudden alarm. "We don't want her to catch cold. And you must not scrub the kitchen floor so much, you know, or she'll—"

"I shan't want to, you silly man!" laughed Mary.

It was so pleasant to hear her laugh! the whole world was changed for her; she had tasted the sweets of motherhood.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

A Casual Sitter.

One of the close friends of the late Dr. Evans, of Philadelphia, the "American dentist," as he was generally called in Paris and London, was Nadar, the great Paris photographer, who made a specialty of photographs of royalty. The Philadelphia Press states that it was through Dr. Evans that Nadar and King Edward of England were brought together. In an interview, talking about the peculiarities of royal sitters, Nadar mentioned the present King of England.

The Prince of Wales, now the King, he said, was one of my easiest and most successful sitters. He always came in as if principally bent on lounging about the studio and hearing me talk about my old days, my ballooning adventures, my boulevard gossip, and all that sort of thing. The siege of Paris during the Franco-German war, and the manner in which Dr. Evans assisted in Eugene's escape, especially interested him.

Then, before going, he or I would casually suggest that we try a negative or two. The result was always good, because he felt thoroughly at home and natural. But his talk was always about men and actualities, never about books or pictures. If I could tell him a good story about Sir Frederick Leighton or about Whistler he enjoyed it. If I mentioned their success in their art he looked bored.

Nerve.

Summer Girl—The man I marry must be handsome and clever.
Summer Man—How fortunate we have met.

Not Acquainted with Him.

"Nell's just crazy over Shakspeare."
"So he's her latest, is he? Where'd she meet him?"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Women's Doings.

NEW WOMAN VERSUS THE OLD.

THE new woman is still a personage who agitates the old woman and causes many ominous shakes of the head. "Not cook? Nor do her own laundry work? Not make her own gowns?" she expostulates, and holds up her hands in holy horror. "Live in an apartment house, buy her own and her children's clothes ready-made and put her clothing all out to be washed with everybody else's in general laundries! What are we coming to?"

Better times, I hope. Did it ever strike the "old woman" that the proper training of a child is enough for one woman's head, hands and heart? And suppose there are several children, each with his own individuality, his own temperament, and each needing constant and almost prayerful study to develop and perfect into the highest type of men and women. One child is timorous, faint-hearted and weak. He is the kind who yields to temptation when he grows older. He must be strengthened physically, mentally, morally. Another is rash, reckless, headstrong. He must be held back, taught caution, led to think before acting.

Is not such constant study and oversight enough for a mother, without stopping to make bread and clothes; to wash until back and head ache? All such purely mechanical, machine work should be done for her; done well to be sure—scientifically, hygienically and as inexpensively as is consistent with good work.

But surely in this, the twentieth century, it is time women stopped laboring at drudgery with her hands and devoted the major part of her time and attention to the moral and mental training of her children.

Not that their physical welfare should be neglected. I do not mean that in any sense. A sound body is as necessary as a sound mind. But now that the world's work is looking so well after these lower needs, do not condemn women for dropping such tasks and moving on to higher and more essential ones. A conscientious mother has her hands full in simply training and developing the character of her little ones. And she needs much study and training herself to be ready for the task.

The new woman is recognizing the importance of this task and earnestly preparing for it. And though she also knows how to make good, wholesome bread, she doesn't spend her days nor achieve a reputation for the latter work. If the bakers strike, she can make it. But otherwise she passes such tasks on to skilled labor and devotes herself to the higher work of building character.

Willing Away Her Husband.

Why should not a woman will away her husband, as is reported from New York? Under present existing arrangements she exercises the privilege of superintending his feminine relations during her life, and it is fitting enough that she should make a bequest of him to a suitable party in the event of death. The will may be broken, or the gentleman may be released by another woman under a writ of habeas corpus for good and sufficient reasons. It is an interesting question, with good legal principles subject to limitations. We assume, however, that the beneficiary of the will is not obliged to accept the bequest, but may nobly turn him over to charity. Why not assume that a public-spirited woman may bequeath her husband to the Art Institute or the Historical Society or the Lincoln Park Zoo, or the department of fossils at the Columbian Museum, according as her experience and his qualifications may suggest?—Chicago Post.

Fang for the Kaiser.

An American girl who has won fame abroad is Miss Mary Muenchoff, of Omaha. She has just finished a four years' tour of the principal European cities and was received everywhere with enthusiasm. Three times she was summoned to sing before the Kaiser—a compliment which has been extended to but few singers.

Miss Muenchoff is a handsome and charming woman, with just enough simplicity and of independent American spirit to render society sought after and keenly appreciated. Her singing is pronounced by critics to be of the finest quality.

A Housekeeping Experiment.

A housekeeper last year tried the experiment of running her household on the co-operative plan. She consulted with her cook, who was the general housework girl as well, and entered into an arrangement with her by which any surplus over the stipulated weekly allowance for household expenses was to be equally divided between the two. It was thought that an allowance of \$2 a day for a family of five was sufficient, and by careful, systematic watching the weekly expenditures often did not reach the allotted \$14. Whatever less they were was scrupulously divided between the two. Often there would be a dollar to the good, though 35 cents to each was the more

common allotment. If, through company, sickness or some unusual demand the sum was overstepped, the next week was started in debt that needed care to eliminate.

The experiment proved highly satisfactory, though it must be admitted that the girl was one of unusual intelligence and adaptability. Undoubtedly, however, it could be successful in many households, even under somewhat less favorable conditions. It gave the maid a strong incentive to watch all leakages, and it effectually prevented the fault-finding on that score, which is a large cause for discontent between mistress and maid in almost every family. A stipulation in the contract was that the table should be kept up to its usual standard, and both parties to the agreement felt stimulated to make the food attractive through service and flavor rather than by outlay.—New York Post.



The short skirt is gaining steadily abroad—indeed, it is the favored style if not on parade.

Alluring cravats are made of soft silk, loosely knotted, having lace lapels crossed over and pulled through antique buckles.

Batiste chemisettes are frequently introduced. These are preferably of white, laid in lingerie tucks or the most delicate embroidery "velving."

Narrow belts are coming into fashion again, and some lovely jeweled belts are being worn, but this does not mean that the high-draped ceintures are out of date.

Much shorter skirts are a feature of the latest corsets, some being scarcely three inches below the waist in the back, while the height above the waist has perceptibly increased.

An extremely dainty petticoat to wear with afternoon house gowns is made of sheerest batiste muslin or dotted swiss, adorned with a number of tiny taffeta ruffles, over which falls a full flounce of embroidered muslin.

"Cabochoons" of pearls, windmill and cockade rosettes, motifs of passementerie are all much in vogue. Ball dresses are trimmed with incrustations of Venetian point and many evening gowns are made in the new butter straw and champagne tints.

The note of black is still quite indispensable and a sea of black tulle is being used up in Paris. Long black rosettes with a piece of tulle to tuck into the waist are seen on nearly every bodice, and the hitherto fine-art flat boas are quite discarded for ruche boas of black and white tulle, with long black velvet loops and ends.

The Art of Playing Hostess.

The Englishwoman is said to be the best hostess in the world—because she is mistress of the art of letting alone. It costs little time and no money to find out what one's guest wishes to do with her day, and to permit her to be happy in her own way. This surely is the truest hospitality. A hostess who invites people to visit her has two very important duties to perform, two serious extremes to avoid—one, not to neglect her guests, and another—quite as important—not to weary them with too constant attention.

Never give a guest the impression of "being entertained," which is more than sufficient to reduce a sensitive woman to the very depths of misery. Just follow the daily routine of your household, taking care that your guest is neither neglected nor treated with discourtesy. The hostess who allows a guest to feel that she is the cause of inconvenience violates the first law of hospitality.

For the Children's Lunch Box.

Cookies are always in demand for the children's luncheon boxes. A delicious sort for "extra occasions" may have an admixture of nuts and fruit. Cream together one and one-half cupsful of sugar and a cupful of butter. Add three well-beaten eggs and give the batter a vigorous beating. Stir in a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of hot water, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a teaspoonful of cinnamon. Sift three and one-fourth cupsful of flour and beat in alternate portions of it and of chopped English walnuts, half a cupful of currants, and half a cupful of chopped and seeded raisins. Drop by spoonfuls on a buttered pan, leaving a space for expansion, and bake in a moderate oven.

Stockings.

There are silk stockings in two shades of a dark but rich green which are pronounced the "latest" thing in Paris. Another kind of green hosiery is for the golf girl. It is grass green decorated with golf clubs and balls. It is also shown in red with the clubs and balls in green.



About 1,000 diamond workers in Amsterdam, Holland, are out of work. In wages alone \$100,000,000 is annually expended by the United States Steel corporation, better known as the steel trust.

Mexican labor is so scarce as to necessitate sending for negroes from Jamaica. The latter are guaranteed employment for a year.

The laws of Kansas provide that the labor unions of the State shall organize a State society and select the Labor Commissioner, thus giving the unions the privilege of saying who shall represent them in so important a position.

Georgia fruit growers are claiming that the peach crop of their State yields more money to the producers than does the cotton crop. The area devoted to fruit is now large and these assertions are likely to cause it to be increased.

There is one metal whose production is always short of the demand. This is platinum. Nearly all of it comes from Russia and the annual world production is about 165,000 ounces. South America produces about 10,000 ounces and the United States, from mines in Shasta County, California, about 1,400 ounces. It is worth \$21 an ounce.

Forty invalid employees of the Wabash railroad were recently sent from the company's hospital at Peru, Ind., to San Francisco, accompanied by three trained nurses. It is said to be the purpose of the road, in case these employees are benefited by the trip to California, to send invalid employees to the coast every year in the future. The railroad company pays all expenses of the trip.

Hood's "Song of the Shirt" might well be revived for the benefit of 5,354 children under 16 years of age, who, according to the last census returns, are employed in making such articles of wear for men in the United States. More than 3,000 of these are employed in factories. There are 1,145 employed in making women's skirts and similar garments. Nearly 8,000 are in the stocking factories, and over 9,000 in the miscellaneous employments connected with the production of ready-made attire.

United States Consul Miller at Newchwang, China, writing of opportunities to sell American agricultural machinery to the natives, tells this story: "For an immediate market it is necessary to overcome the natural conservatism of the Chinese. About twenty years ago an Englishman brought two plows here. He tried to sell them and could not; he endeavored to give them away, but no one would take them; then he made an effort to get some one to experiment with them, but he could not even get a man to hitch a team to one."

In England during the year 1900 there were 648 strikes, 188,538 strikers, 3,152,864 days' work lost in consequence. In France the figures were: 902 strikers, 22,714 strikers, 3,760,577 days' work lost. In Italy there were 259 strikes, 43,194 strikers, 231,560 days' work lost, or more than 7,000,000 days' work lost in the three countries in a single year. In England 80 per cent of the strikes were successful, 25 were unsuccessful; in France 22 per cent successful, 27 per cent were unsuccessful; in Italy 34 per cent were successful, 30 per cent unsuccessful. The strikes not here accounted for were compromised in one way or another.

When They Find Him Out.

The venerable Senator Pettus of Alabama is one of the most genial and popular as well as one of the most influential members of the body to which he belongs. To an acquaintance who was congratulating him upon the completeness with which he had suppressed in debate a bumptious new Senator, says the New York Times, the Nestor of the Senate explained:

"Well, suh, it's like this: When a new Senator assuals the Senate of the United States that he knows mo' about the pending question than all the rest of them put together, they believe him. When he repeats that assurance next day about an entirely different question their acquiescence is tinged with incredulity. When, on the third day he renews it about a third question, their suspicions are aroused. And when, on the fo'th day he says the same thing about a fo'th question, unrelated to any of the oth-ahs, they know he is a liab."

Easy Solution.

The English press reports a story which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman told in a recent speech on the corn tax. A man once complained to three friends, an Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotsman, that his servant broke a great deal of china.

The matter-of-fact Englishman gave the short bit of practical advice, "Dismiss him."

"Take it out of his wages," suggested the thrifty Scot.

The objection to that was that the wages were less than the amount of the damage.

The Irishman came to the rescue "Then raise his wages," said he.

Tragic Deaths of Emperors.

Of ninety-three emperors who governed the whole or a large part of the Roman empire, sixty-two were murdered or died under suspicious circumstances.