

SPRING.

At last, O joy, sweet spring is here,
Though keen and cold is still the wind,
And all the earth lies bleak and drear,
And icy bonds the streams still bind.

The scent of buds and coming flowers
Is in the air, and fills my heart,
And soon the woods and leafy bowers
Will in new life and beauty start.

From yonder hedge, first of his clan,
A bird begins his song to sing,
As though he would do all he can
To welcome back the sweet new spring.

That spring is here scarce need be told,
And soon the trees will all be green,
And nature, robed in green and gold,
Stand out in all her glorious sheen.

For from the sere leaves at my feet
A modest violet lifts its head,
And with a fragrance passing sweet
It warns me heed well where I tread.

And here, too, at my feet, I see
A daffodil with golden bell,
As though about to ring with glee
The glad news it comes to tell.

And earth, so long in slumber deep,
Stirs dreamily, as if to wake
From its protracted, frozen sleep,
And from its icy bondage break.

And soon the newly wakened power
Will in each bush and tree be stirred,
And thro' in every charming flower,
And in the song note of each bird.

So lessons sweet and full of grace
Life's darkest hours will surely bring;
Some flower of hope will show its face,
Some bird of promise sweetly sing.

—William G. Haeselbarth, in Christian Work.

IN AN EVIL MOMENT.

BY EMMA C. HEWITT.

The editor sat in his sanctum, a heavy frown upon his brow, his blue pencil in hand, rapidly scoring here and there with a muttered curse, first for the stupidity of typos, anon for the stuff sent in by would-be contributors, whose position and influence made conciliation necessary. His annoyance was increased by the irritating consciousness that a messenger boy was waiting at his elbow, and had been so waiting in stolid silence for some time. Three short, sharp whistles at the tube directly behind him!

"See what's wanted!" commanded the magnate, never lifting his eyes and giving a specially heavy blue line to an obnoxious word. But the command met with no response. The silent figure at his side never moved. "Why don't you answer the tube, you idiot?" he exclaimed, furiously, as the three whistles came again, short, sharp, impatient. Then his pencil dropped from his fingers and rolled unheeded to the floor. Beside him, mute and motionless, stood one of Raphael's cherubs! No wings had he, to be sure, and more clothes, but one of Raphael's cherubs all the same. The same cherub's face—the same golden aureole! The baby-blue eyes looked into his with a mixture of sadness and pleading which moved the stern heart strangely.

Again the whistle sounded. Without a word he answered it himself, creating wonderment below, not to say consternation, by the announcement that he was busy, adding with a vigor of language well known in those realms, that anyone who disturbed him within the next 15 minutes might draw his salary to date and get out! Winston "busy" and the presses waiting for him! Fifteen minutes' valuable time lost! The foreman passed the word along with a shrug—the typos swore, but it made not a whit of difference. The autocrat had sent forth his fiat, and if fire had been discovered issuing from the sanctum, it is to be doubted that anyone would have had the temerity to knock on the door before the allotted time had expired.

"Now, how did you get up here, and what do you want?" he demanded more gently of the little creature beside him. "Don't you know that editors are very busy men, and not to be disturbed in this way?"

In accounting to himself afterwards for his extraordinary attitude upon this occasion, his only excuse for not pitching the child out summarily was the remembrance of a tiny grave upon a New England hillside where slept a little brother of 30 years before.

"I came up myself. Nobody saw me," answered the child, in a plaintive voice that had something unchildlike in its ring. "Please, do you buy poetry?" and he brought from behind him a baby-like hand in which was closely clasped a sheet of note paper.

If he had announced himself as a dealer in diamonds, Winston could not have been more taken aback.

"Why? Are you a poet?" he asked, a mixture of astonishment and amusement on his countenance.

"No, but Sister Marie writes poetry, and she's sick, and there's only two of us, and she's sick, you know—I told you that—and I thought maybe—maybe—I could get some money—"

"Let me see what you have there," replied Winston, abruptly.

The idea of the sick girl lying at home there, and this scrap of a child out trying to sell her poetry seemed to him a monstrous thing. No doubt it was the worst kind of rubbish! It was folly to even look at it. But the whole strangeness of the situation had a sort of fasci-

ination for him. The child grew red and white by turns as he gazed at the countenance of the man who held his fate in his hands.

"Boy, your sister is a genius!" exclaimed the great man, as he rapidly scanned the lines.

"I don't know just what that is," answered the cherub, modestly, "but I feel sure it must be something very nice, or you wouldn't look so—so—"

What a funny, old-fashioned little body it was, to be sure.

"This shall go in at once," went on the magnate, "and I will see what I can do further. We don't pay much for poetry ordinarily, but this is worth it. Give your sister this from me and tell her to come and see me on Saturday at three."

"Oh, thank you, sir," and the baby's eyes dropped modestly as he tightly clutched the piece of gold put into his palm. And then he heaved a deep-drawn sigh of relief, joy—what? and turned and left the room. Only when the child was entirely out of sight did Winston realize that he had neglected to obtain the name and address of the new genius he had discovered. He turned the poem to the light, but with no success. Upon the back of the double sheet, however, was a sketchy head drawn faintly in pencil. The lines were bad and the drawing crude in every way, but the sketch was evidently intended for the cherub who had just visited him. In one corner was the artist's name, "Marie Wendall." Jotting it down in his note book and passing his hand over his forehead and eyes, as though to erase all outside impressions, the great editor was no longer a man; he was once more a machine. With relief the waiting pressmen and typos heard his whistle below and they knew that whatever "fit had took him," as the "devil" expressed it, the autocrat was ready for work once more. But they looked at each other aghast when the message came over the tube:

"Take out that article on the coal regions I sent down half an hour ago and set this poetry instead."

Surely, "the old man had gone off his head."

"That form's locked up and just going to press," the foreman ventured to remonstrate.

"Blast the form! Do as I say!" came from above.

"But it'll take—" Came again from the depths.

"Do it if it takes all night! Who owns this paper, anyway?" roared Winston, and shut the tube with a snap to denote that as far as he was concerned, the interview was over.

"Something had disturbed him more than usual. Perhaps it was the memory of the little mound on the hillside—perhaps it was something indefinite—an impression too vague to be classified. Whatever it was, in half an hour, Winston declared himself through, methodically tucked his blue pencil into its accustomed slot, locked his desk, betook himself to his club for dinner.

When he read over the poetry in the great daily the next morning, there was a something which arrested his attention. A scene, a memory came to his mind, but it was too elusive for him to spend any time in trying to catch it. So he dismissed it from his thoughts. A distinct shock received an hour or two later recalled it all, and too forcibly.

This shock came in the shape of a note from a fellow-editor:

"What are you giving us, anyway?" wrote he. "You must have been short of copy indeed, to try to palm off on your readers that old poem of Tennyson's as new matter! 'Marie Wendall,' too. Of all the colossal nerve! I think it might be called the 'Great American.'"

Tennyson's! No wonder there had been a familiar ring to the lines! Why had he skimmed over them so hastily? Why had he thrown caution to the winds? Why, oh, why had he made such an ass of himself that all who ran might read? He turned sick and white at the thought of all it meant—this fearful blunder! If he only could hope that the casual reader would not discover it.

Any such hope as this was dashed ruthlessly to the ground during the next few hours. Letters there were from all directions—jeering they were, angry, remonstrant, everything but sympathetic. The world likes to be humbugged, but it does not want the fraud to be a palpable one like this. And the readers of the great daily did not hesitate to say so in most uncompromising terms.

Wild with anger and mortification, and with imprecations deep if not loud, the great editor set himself to find the woman who had served him such a trick.

"It is only another evidence of the utter deceit of the whole sex," he said to himself bitterly. "The trail of the serpent is over them all!"

Without any address or other clew to her whereabouts, to find the unknown was no easy task. The simplest solution of the difficulty would seem to be to wait until Saturday at three o'clock, but he knew very well that she would not put in an appearance. She was too sharp for that. She had the money, and that was all she wanted.

With a grim smile that boded no good to that young woman, he started out to find the author of his woes. And by subtle but legitimate means, means that no other man would have thought of, John Winston tracked her at last.

"This is Miss Wendall?" inquired he, with most elaborate courtesy of the

little lady in black who answered his summons.

She bowed her head with a surprised expression that would ask his mission.

"You write poetry, I believe?" he questioned again, with sarcastic deference.

She gently shook her head and murmured a negative, with deeper wonder on her face, to which was added a shade of fear. She thought her visitor must be a lunatic.

"I am Mr. John Winston, editor of the Daily Astonisher," said Mr. Winston, impressively, playing his trump card and expecting to see his listener convicted through her own confusion.

Instead of being crushed, she only said:

"Yes?" and bowed politely, waiting with interest to know what might follow this important piece of information. Other than this, there was not the quiver of an eyelash that shaded the blue eyes raised to his, eyes so like those of the cherub that the relationship was unmistakable.

"You have never written any poetry?"

"No. Why do you ask?"

"You have received no message from me?" he asked again, waiving her question.

"No! Message from you? Why should you send me a message?"

"Tell me—have you been sick?"

She drew herself up haughtily. This was too much.

"I cannot see," she said, "that it is of the slightest consequence to you, sir, in any way; but I have not been sick. And now, sir, if you are not a lunatic, you are a most impertinent man, and if you do not leave this house at once, I will call an officer to remove you."

He! John Winston! threatened by this mite of womanhood with being put out by an officer! The idea was so absurd that he laughed aloud, thus furnishing his listener with most convincing proof of his insanity. She went to the pull to ring the bell, but Winston grew grave again in a moment.

"Miss Wendall—please!" he exclaimed. "Let me tell you all about this. I am neither insane nor impertinent, but very much perplexed. Listen to me for three minutes. It is all I ask."

When he reached the conclusion, she looked up with quivering lips and teardimmed eyes.

"Oh, sir! It is that dreadful boy! I think he will kill me. This is the worst thing he has done yet!"

"He may have done this innocently," suggested Winston, kindly. "A boy with a—"

"No, I know what you would say: 'A boy with a face like that couldn't do such a thing wickedly.' But he could, he can! That boy is capable of anything! He has a face like a cherub, but he acts like a demon. Why, one day I came home and found him a few streets off, dressed like a beggar, his face covered with dirt and with an old tin cup in his hand, collecting pennies from passers-by for his sick sister! I'm sure I don't know what he does with his money, but I know that I will not let him have any more than allowance which I think is enough for a boy of his age. When I refuse, he manages in some way to obtain it. But this is the very worst. He didn't do it innocently, for he read aloud to me while I copied those lines."

"You see," she went on, a moment later, "we were only half-brother and sister. His mother was—we were not altogether happy after he died."

"Poor child! I should imagine not," said Winston, to himself, "if the son's charming characteristics are a direct inheritance from the mother."

"But I promised my step-mother I would look after Harold. I can't help thinking he needs a man's hand over him," and she finished with a sigh.

"I should say so," answered John Winston, grimly, and as though he would like to be that man who should have the shaping of that young gentleman's future career. An inspiration came.

"Miss Wendall," said he, earnestly, "I feel sorry for you, and the charge which is laid upon shoulders too young to bear it. I may be able to serve you in one way. Say nothing to this degenerate young man, but bring him to the downtown office next Saturday afternoon—he will not suspect me of being there—and I will give him such a talking to as will cause that golden aureole of his to shrivel up to a crisp. We will see what can be done with him."

"Oh, sir, I'm sure I'm grateful to you!"

"Not at all, not at all!" replied Winston, gruffly, but with a twinkle in his eye. "I'm bound to have my revenge out of somebody, and he seems to me the most appropriate one."

Just what passed between the cherub and the great editor no one ever knew but the cherub, the cherub's sister and the great editor himself, but the young gentleman came out of the interview a wiser if a sadder boy.

And the editor married Miss Wendall? Oh, no, he didn't—at least, not yet.—Ladies' World.

WOMAN AND HOME.
LATEST SOCIETY FAD.

The French Smart Set Insists That Dogs Shall Be Married.

There is a brand new fad in vogue. It is the dog marriage. To be thoroughly fashionable nowadays one must own two dogs of opposite sex, and they must have been duly married by the staid and respectable canine selected by the fashionable community to act as the representative of the cloth.

Of course, says the New York Herald, it is from France that this new fad has come. When it is necessary to discover something particularly eccentric French genius always comes to the rescue. The fashionable to whom fell the honor of introducing this new and rather remarkable step for the advancement of canine creation was none other than Mme. Ephrussi, daughter of Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, the wife of Maurice Ephrussi.

The initial wedding of dogs in high society is so novel as to be well worth description. In the first place Mme. Ephrussi sent out formally engraved invitations to several hundred of her friends, announcing the approaching nuptials of Diane, her favorite poodle, and Le Petit Major, a handsome poodle, the property of Baron Alphonse de Rothschild. Not only were the recipients of these invitations asked to come themselves, but requested to also bring their dogs.

Not the least odd and attractive feature of the whole affair was the fact that many of these visiting dogs—in truth, the majority of them—were in full evening dress. Not evening blankets, but, if the dog was a male, in the swallow tail and trousers of the human, together with the standing collar, dress shirt and unspeakable tie.

With all this gorgeousness on the part of the guests, what must have been the worldly splendor that surrounded the bride and groom! Diane, who is described as a poodle of rare grace and beauty, wore a white satin dress, trimmed with beautiful lace, a long tulle veil, decorated with orange blossoms, and white kid shoes. Major, the bridegroom, wore a full evening dress. On the buttonhole of M. Major's very swell coat was a dainty orchid.

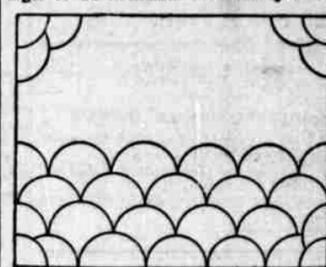
Presently all the guests had arrived, human and canine, the latter, of course, being given the preference. Mme. Ephrussi's magnificent ballroom was thrown open. There everyone repaired, everybody and the dogs. A moment later and there softly floated through the air the strains of the ever familiar wedding march from "Lohengrin." Mining up the aisle, along which it had been arranged that the wedding procession was to pass, walked three small poodles, each in evening dress, and semi-harnessed together with white ribbon. Following these came the bride, leaning upon the arm of

AN OUTLINE QUILT.

New Design That is Sure to Be Admired When Neatly Made.

A particularly handsome quilt was recently made by the women of a leading church society in one of our large cities, and met with so hearty an approval, and was so greatly admired, that a large number were finished and sold at \$12 each. The blocks were of Lonsdale cambric. In some of the quilts nine blocks were used, and in others 25. The blocks were longer than wide, and their size was calculated according to the size of the bed, whether single, double or three-quarters size.

For a double bed of ordinary width, in which nine blocks are used, each block should be stamped with a design to be outlined. Some may be of



PRETTY OUTLINE QUILT.

figures, some of flowers, and others in conventional patterns, but all are to be of a bold, open pattern, which will prove much more effective when made up than a fine or intrinsic pattern would. Four of these patterns should be alike, and these four used for the corner blocks. The designs are next outlined in some delicate color, pale pink, pale blue or yellow, but all the outlining is done with one shade. Wash silk or linen is used, as preferred, the linen, of course, proving less expensive than the silk.

The blocks are next laundered and carefully pressed. They are now ready to be set together, and for this purpose strips of sateen are used of the exact shade of the silk or linen employed in outlining. The strips of sateen are three inches wide, and when the whole is pieced the blocks have the appearance of being set together with ribbon. A strip of sateen, the same width, is set all around the edge after the blocks are pieced, and a second band is added of Lonsdale. This latter is worked with a running border in outline.

The cover is now ready to be lined and quilted. The lining is of plain Lonsdale, and the edge is bound with the same. The quilting is done in what is known as shell stitch. A group of shells is marked in each corner, then a row of shells is started across one side and carried across the whole remaining surface of the quilt. When 23 blocks are used instead of nine, the design on each is of course smaller, and the bands with which the blocks are set together are narrower. Otherwise the directions given apply to this as well as to the quilt of nine blocks.

The accompanying illustration shows the arrangement of the shells in quilting. The half circles are the size of an ordinary teacup.—American Agriculturist.

Care of the Tooth Brush.

The care of tooth brushes is not sufficiently observed. In our city houses, a writer properly remarks, they stand in their cups or hang on their racks above the set toilet-bowls day and night, absorbing any disease germs that may be floating about. They should be washed frequently—at least about twice a week—in some antiseptic solution, strong salt and water or bicarbonate of sodium and water being two good and readily provided cleaners. Tooth washes and pastes should also be kept carefully covered.

Table for the Dressing Room.

Small round tables that look at first glance like those intended for smokers' use serve a valuable purpose in a lady's dressing-room. They have attached to their polished tops all paraphernalia needed to crimp the hair, including safety match boxes, alcohol lamp with tongs standard, hairpin tray and banded jar. The tables are in oak or mahogany finish and the attachments in various metals, brass, nickel or silver.

Six Wealthiest Women.

The following women are said to be the six wealthiest women in the world: Senora Isidora Cousino, \$200,000,000; Hetty Green, \$50,000,000; Baroness Burdett-Coutta, \$20,000,000; Mme. Barrios, \$15,000,000; Miss Mary Garrett, \$10,000,000; Mrs. Woleska, \$10,000,000.

A Sure Thing.

Visitor—He is a freshman, you say? Stranger—Yes. I should think you would guess that from his appearance. Visitor—Why? Stranger—He looks so much wiser than the professors.—Philadelphia Press.

His Memory Bad.

"Young man," began the aged gentleman, "I am 70 years old and don't remember having told a lie." "That's too bad," the young man replied; "can't you have something done for your memory?"—N. Y. Tribune.

A Peace Method.

"Sarah, breakfast is late again; didn't your alarm clock go off?" "No'm; I stops the pesky thing tieldn' when I gets into bed."—Detroit Free Press.

—Business never was good, and it never will be.—Atchison Globe.



WEDDING OF TWO POODLES.