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Making Nanette Happy.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THE first time he saw her he was ten years old and she two. Her parents had taken possession of the house next door to his own home only the previous week. It was a warm May afternoon and he was coming home from school with his books strapped over his shoulder when the shrill scream of a child fell on his ear, a scream full of angry pain and rebellious grief. He turned in the direction of the sound, and saw a vision of childish loveliness—a tangle of golden hair, two great eyes swimming in tears like panicles plucked from their stems and tossed into a bowl of water, a pursed up spot of crimson where the mouth should be, and two doubled fists, the size of pink rosebuds, beating the air, while the small feet stamped in violent rage. With the screams of the child had mingled the wail of a cat and the voice of a woman in cap and apron, who appeared to be the child's nurse.

"No, no, Nanette must not pull the poor kitty's tail, it is very naughty," said the woman, "it hurts the pussy and makes her sick." Just then the cat in question sprang on the garden fence ready to make its escape into the street, and this augmented the grief of the small maiden to the utmost limit. She threw her pretty body on the ground and beat the earth with her tiny heels, shrieking at the top of her voice: "I wants tity-tat—I wants tity-tat." The sight of the beautiful babe's grief was too much for Master Albert Orton's tender heart. He sprang forward and seized the unsuspecting cat in his arms, leaped the garden fence like a young deer, and kneeling by Nanette he said soothingly: "Here, baby, here is the kitten for you. Don't cry, don't cry any more. Albert will hold the kitty while you play with it."

After that Albert and Nanette were the greatest friends imaginable. He hastened home from school to play with her, and there was no sacrifice on his part too great to make for the gratification of the small damsel's least whim. She might pound a rock with his slate, toss his marbles into the well to hear them "cluck" against the water, mix mud pies in his Sunday hat, break his hoop and lose his hat, and there was never a word of complaint from his lips. To make Nanette happy was his chief desire. She was a most destructive child, and seemed never content until she had ruined every toy she touched, whether her own or another's. As a consequence she was most unpopular with the children of her own age; they rebelled at having their playthings destroyed, and as years passed by and Nanette grew more imperious and destructive, she clung more and more to Albert as a companion and playmate, because he alone allowed her to have and do whatever she desired.

Nanette was eight and Albert 16 when he was sent away to college. She wept so violently at the separation that Albert would have relinquished the project of acquiring an education had he been his own master. Nine years elapsed before they met again. Nanette's father died and her mother took her abroad to be educated in a convent, and then there was a year of travel about the continent. During this time Nanette was thrown with a party of American people, and became engaged to Sylvester Cameron, a young man of fine family and fortune. Perhaps the evident desire on Mrs. Sylvester's part that her son should devote himself to a certain Miss Dorris in the party was one great cause in hastening Nanette's betrothal. Miss Dorris was a very sweet girl, sensible and earnest, and, although dependent upon rich relatives, Mrs. Sylvester's mother eyes read the woman's heart in her breast and knew that she possessed all the requisites for a good wife.

But Nanette's witching face and appealing eyes carried the day, and Mrs. Sylvester gave her blessing with a stifled sigh. Meanwhile Nanette's mother stipulated that the marriage should not take place until a year had passed. They returned to their American home to prepare for the occasion, and found Albert Orton back from college, settled in the practice of law and winning laurels as an orator. Before the right occasion seemed to present itself in which to inform the young man of Nanette's approaching nuptials a rumor reached the ears of Mr. Orton's engagement to a young woman who he had met while in college, a daughter of one of the professors.

This bit of news seemed to produce an extraordinary effect upon Nanette. She neither ate nor slept, and she passed hours in violent weeping. It was only in the presence of Albert, who called daily, that she showed the least interest or pleasure in life. Finally she broke into tears one day when he was calling, and a climax was reached. She vowed that she had always loved Albert and no one else, and that the thought of his marrying another woman was bitter than death. Her own entanglement she spoke of as a foolish mistake, and surprised her mother by the announcement that she had already broken from it and had returned Mr. Cameron's ring! As the weeks passed by, Nanette's condition be-

came alarming, and she seemed on the verge of nervous collapse. Albert's sympathies were constantly worked upon, his vanity flattered by his old romantic affection for his early playmate revived, with the additional elements of passionate admiration of the young girl's beauty of person. He argued to himself that Nanette's claim came first, and that the tie between them was too sacred to sever. Since she had not hesitated to break a later engagement he ought not to show less moral courage. He could not see her suffer as she was evidently suffering, when a single word from him would restore her to happiness. So he wrote to his fiancée and asked for a release from his promise of marriage, and three months later he made Nanette his wife. Mr. Sylvester Cameron was reported as taking a rapid transit voyage to the dogs about that time and the professor's daughter died of spinal meningitis the next year, but Nanette was happy and that was, as it always had been, the chief aim of Albert's heart.

During the first two years she seemed absolutely happy in his love and companionship, and life was a paradise to Albert. He was growing in his profession, he was making and saving money, and he had the sweetest and most domestic little wife in the world, whose whole happiness lay in his society. What more could a man ask?

Then came a change. Nanette wanted a larger house, more servants and a carriage. Of course, Albert gratified these desires, since he only valued his increasing fortune as a means of contributing to Nanette's happiness. Even the rather elaborate and to him tiresome entertainments which she grew fond of giving in her new house afforded Albert a melancholy sort of pleasure, he watching her enjoyment of the role of hostess.

Perhaps one of the hardest trials of the young husband's life was when Nanette developed a passion for elocution, and announced her desire to take lessons in the art in order to be able to "recite" for her friends.

"You see, I do not sing or play well enough," she said, "to give my friends any entertainment. I never had any musical talent. This makes me a sort of nobody in society. Nearly every woman I know does something. Now, it is easy to learn to recite bits of verse, and it will render me a better hostess and a more popular guest."

"But it is not easy to learn to recite verses well," Albert suggested. "It requires a talent and a vast deal of practice. Badly done it is torture to the audience."

"Oh, very well, if you think I am incapable of doing it well I will not disagree you by any attempts," cried Nanette with a flood of angry tears, which Albert mistook for tears of wounded feeling, and hastened to dry with tender words of praise, and love, and Nanette began her lessons in elocution the next day.

Then came the period of torture for a proud, sensitive and loving man, who is obliged to witness some unworthy and crude performance of the woman he adores, and to watch her flattered acceptance of the insincere "bravos" which change into ridicule as soon as her back is turned. Nanette was young, beautiful, vivacious, an agreeable converser, and universally admired. Yet she was not content with these charms which a generous nature had bestowed, and needs must attempt to shine in a role to which she was wholly unfitted. Meanwhile Albert felt obliged to close his lips and restrain the honest criticisms of her attempt at "elocution" because he knew such criticisms would make her angry and unhappy, and he had resolved to render Nanette happy at all costs.

They had been married four years when Nanette decided to take a trip abroad in company with her mother and a party of ladies who were going to southern Italy. The journey came at a time when it was not possible for Albert to go; his heart was wrenched at the thought of the separation of months which must ensue, but other wives went abroad and left their husbands at home, and he must not ask his wife to sacrifice such a pleasure since she considered it one.

Nanette was absent three months, and then Albert joined her and they returned at the expiration of another six weeks.

After that she went abroad every year for a period of three or four months, and her husband found the consequent expense too great to feel justified in sharing the homeward journey. So he patiently awaited her return, finding contentment in the thought that Nanette was happy. But one day, when she returned from her fourth sojourn abroad, he discovered that Nanette was not happy. They had been married eight years, and the husband thought he understood his wife, playmate of his childhood, the comrade and companion of his maturer life. But he could not understand the new phase of her. She was restless, petulant, silent, distraught, and often indulged in fits of weeping, for which she had no explanation.

And then, suddenly, one day, he found her smiling, radiant and full of happy excitement. "Oh, Albert," she cried, "what do you think! Signor Giovanni, the Italian artist whom I told you I sat for head of Madonna, has come to America and has opened a studio only a few blocks away from us. He called this afternoon, and I asked him to dine with us to-morrow."

A strange chill passed over Albert as he listened; why, he could not tell. "Some one is walking over my grave," he said to himself, and then he rallied and entered into his wife's plans for the entertainment of the guest with evident pleasure.

Signor Giovanni was a young man

of 27, romantic in appearance, and bearing a striking resemblance to the famous "head of a Neapolitan boy." Nanette seemed transported by his presence, and yet, deep-seated as was the desire of Albert's life to see her happy, the sight of this new phase of her nature struck an icy chill to his heart. But of all roles he most detested that of a jealous husband. It was one he could never condescend to play. He would be cordially itself to Signor Giovanni, and tenderness itself to Nanette, and all would be well. Surely Nanette could not feel more than a passing fancy for this man—the sort of ideal fancy which many sentimental women entertain for a foreign artist of any description. So the weeks slipped away into months, and Signor Giovanni was a constant caller at the house. And then one day in the early summer, when the town people were getting ready to fly away to the seashore, the country or foreign lands, Albert surprised his wife in tears, with a letter pressed to her lips.

He stood silent and pale before her for a few moments. Her expression passed from guilty surprise to defiance, then to shame before the solemn sorrow and rebuke of his kind eyes. She covered her face and fell to wild weeping, while Albert sat down and passed his arms gently about her swaying figure, and drew her head to his breast.

"There, there, little one," he said, soothingly, "be calm, and tell Albert all about it. Has he not always been your best friend? You love some one else better? Is that it?"

A new access of tears and sobs was the only reply. The pallor of Albert's face grew ghastly, but his clasps upon his wife's form only tightened and he stroked her golden hair softly. There was a long silence and then he spoke again. "Nanette, from the hour I first saw you the one desire of my heart has been to make you happy. Do you not know this to be true?"

She bowed her head silently. "I still retain that desire," he continued. "If you have found that you love some one else better than you love me; if some one else is more necessary to your happiness than I am, surely I will not be an obstacle in your way. Only I want you to be very sure you are not making a mistake. We mortals are such complicated creatures we cannot always trust our own emotions. Would it not be well for you and Signor Giovanni to try a year of separation to test the durability of your sentiments? Sometimes these attachments are wholly the result of physical magnetism. If you can remain apart until the current which your association set in motion exhausts itself—the infatuation dies a natural death—and you awake as from a fever dream. Had you not better make the test?"

"But we did make it, and it was no use," cried Nanette. "We loved each other the moment we met last year, and when I came away it was like death to both of us. We meant never to meet again; but he could not bear the separation—it was killing him, and so he followed me. And now it is worse than ever. Oh, Albert, I was but a child when I married you—I did not know my own mind. Now I am a woman, and I know I feel the love of my life for this man—I feel him, God help him."

So absorbed was she in her own sorrow that she never saw the ghastly pallor that overspread her husband's face, the look of a wounded animal which came into his kind eyes. It was only of her own suffering she thought; and she threw herself face downward on a Turkish divan in a paroxysm of tears. Before Albert's vision as he stood gazing at her there rose the picture of that May morning when he had seen her for the first time, and he could recall with amazing distinctness the droil little patch of black on the face of the white cat which he had caught and given to Nanette to assuage her grief, and make her happy. He recalled, too, vividly, the reproving glances of the old nurse, who stood by him in silence.

Well, 23 years had gone since that May morning—23 years devoted to the main to the same effort—the effort to make Nanette happy, and this was the end. There was but one more sacrifice to make—the sacrifice of his own hopes and happiness. He must pass out of Nanette's life, and give her the man whom she said she loved with the great passion of her womanhood. Even that could be done, must be done, to secure her happiness.

It was all understood between them when they went abroad. After a year's time had elapsed she was to make her application for divorce, and it would be quietly granted. Albert's influence with judge and jury would arrange that. Nanette accepted the sacrifice as she had accepted all others, rejoicing in the thought that she was to have what she wanted—and satisfying herself with the thought that Albert's calm meant content.

Ten years later a man with snow white hair and a seamed and furrowed face, sat in his lonely room and opened with trembling hands a letter bearing a foreign postmark. There were but a few lines in the letter and they ran thus: "Dear Albert: I am all alone—deserted—poor—ill, and unhappy. Will you come and take me home to die in your arms? I know you will—you were always so good—and this is the only happiness life has now to offer your poor Nanette." The man broke into wild sobs—the first of a lifetime of repression. "Thank God," he cried, "thank God she is coming back to me."

Luck.

John—Hiram is a purty lucky man at hoss-tradin'.
Silas—Lucky?
"Yes. He don't git stuck very bad!"—Puck.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The 30 Mexican banks reported to the government reports show a combined capital of \$70,000,000.

The gold dug from Australia and California since their mines were discovered would fill a mine 40 feet long by 20 feet wide and 20 feet high.

Ninety-one thousand readers visit the British Museum library yearly. It has 32 miles of shelves filled with books, against 18 in the French imperial library.

As a curiosity of the recent German census, it is recorded that the returns showed the village of Reutenbourg contained 444 inhabitants, 222 being of the masculine and 222 of the feminine gender.

In the Grodno and Volin districts of Russia there are about ten small Boer farm colonies, numbering from 400 to 500 inhabitants all told. They were founded in 1820 by emigrants from Holland, and the method of living is precisely the same as that of their relatives in South Africa.

London is being so rapidly honey-combed with underground railways that the government is beginning to realize that a great comprehensive plan must be laid out, unless the site of London is to become a tangle of tunnels and tubes, each with its own ends and interfering with all the rest.

Italy's present national debt is \$2,372,693,491 and the yearly interest is \$15,971,015. The annual revenue of the kingdom is exhausted in the payment of current expenses and the interest on the debt, so that no provision for reduction of the principal is possible. In other words, the country is virtually insolvent at the present time.

The most recent triumph of the French postal administration is an ingenious little machine, which not only automatically weighs letters and samples, but records on an indicator at the side the amount required for stamps. When the article deposited on the balance exceeds the regulation weight the indicator promptly hoists the sign: "Too heavy."

OLD REMEDY FOR DEAFNESS.

The "Battle Cure" Improved by a Quaker Family—Its Inadaptability in New York Flints.

Much has been published of late about various mechanical contrivances for the relief of deafness, but no patent has ever been obtained or advertisement given to a simple mechanism used intermittently for years in an old Westchester county Quaker family, among whom this malady seems to be a heritage of the aged, says the New York Times.

The germ of the idea developed many years ago in that generation when they used to make their trips to and from New York on the Armenia, South America, Swallow and other crack North river steam packets. It was noticed that if a piece was secured on deck close to the whirling, roaring paddlewheels ear trumpets could be laid aside and conversation carried on by simply placing the hand to the ear. When the railroad came it was found even easier to talk as long as the ears were in motion, especially in places right over the wheels.

One of the sons was an iron founder in his native town, and small talk, and even staid repartee, became possible for him as soon as he entered the shed of the mills, where the rough castings were placed in great iron barrels and cleaned by being rolled over and over, by steam power, with a mass of broken stone and iron.

Once when they were putting the Croton aqueduct through the earth many yards beneath the homestead, they had a big dynamite explosion in the tunnel. Half the windows fell in splinters and pictures fell shattered to the floor.

"Come in," said grandmother, starting for the quivering door. "There, I'm sure I heard that knock as plain as anybody."

All these things went to prove a theory that the hardened tympanum, once set in vibrating, became sensitive to lesser wave sounds as they responded to mighty billows of noise, and led to the final experiment which proved at least as successful as most of the new-fangled mechanisms, and these sufferers have tried them—nearly all.

New Yorkers have become in a measure familiar with the idea, for some of the old folk spent part of the winter with relatives in a Lenox avenue flat.

And so it happened that wrathful neighbors from time to time had their attention drawn from their own infants, pianos and phonographs by the nerve-wrenching, ear-splitting skrr-r-r-r of a big old-fashioned watchman's rattle which once did duty as the fire alarm system for a whole town. As the clatter subsided through the walls rage gradually gave place to wonder as to what it all meant. They didn't know that old Aunt Sophie was simply exchanging a few confidences with a youthful nephew.

Milk as a Weapon.
There are no points in Europe where the cold records of America are eclipsed, but in Asia our lowest records are thrown completely in the shade. Tomsk, in Siberia, isn't the coldest place in the world, but it must be frigid enough, for the records of the police court there show that last winter a woman was summoned before the magistrate to answer the charge of having knocked down a neighbor with a block of frozen milk which she was bringing home from market. There are many months in the year during which milk has to be handled as a solid rather than a liquid, and it is the custom to deliver it in blocks.—Golden Days.



TALENTED HELEN HAY.

Elder Daughter of Our Secretary of State Will Soon Publish a New Volume of Verse.

Literary critics of Washington say that "John Hay's daughter" will become one of the successful poets of America. It is about three years ago that Miss Helen Hay published her first efforts in verses, and independent of the fact that the writer was a daughter of the secretary of state, the book commanded immediate attention. Miss Hay called that initial effort "Some Verses," and she has since revised it for three editions. Last autumn she published a dainty little collection of child rhymes, "The Little Boy Book," and this also was favorably received.

For the last year Miss Hay has been diligently working on the most ambitious work she has yet attempted, and in a few weeks this will be given to the public. It is entitled: "The Rose of Dawn," and is a love story of the south seas told in blank verse. Throughout the book there are snatches of lyric poetry, love songs and ballads of the people, and in these Miss Hay's peculiar talent is vividly displayed. That eminent writer of the south seas and well-known literary critic, Charles Warren Stoddard, is enthusiastic over "The Rose of Dawn," and predicts a brilliant future for Miss Hay as a writer of lyric verse.

This talented young woman is one of the popular belles of the capital. She is feted and admired from the beginning to the end of the season, and few social events may be called successful when not graced by her presence, yet she finds time to write some of the most exquisite verse ever published. She takes a few hours in the morning, and just before dressing for dinner is a favorite time for her muse. She jots down then the thoughts that come during the hours of gaiety, and later they are woven in dainty numbers. Miss Hay's verse, like that of most young writers, is inclined to sadness—the poetry of tears. In love songs and sonnets she is particularly adept. She naively says that she does not write from experience, since she has never felt the darts of the little rosy



MISS HELEN HAY.

god, but that her impressions of the master passion are gathered from her friends. Some of her critics assert that when love strikes her harp she will sing her best songs and develop the germs of genius so apparent.

She is nearly 24, and possessed of physical charms as potent as the intellectual. In manner she is strikingly like the author of "Little Breeches," and her expression reminds one strongly of the secretary of state. Col. Hay is intensely fond of his elder daughter and delighted with her literary success. He has encouraged her to write since she was able to hold a pen, and, like Rudyard Kipling and Charles Warren Stoddard, he has an abiding faith in her future.

MOST USELESS EFFORT.

Why the Scolding Habit Should Be Compelled to Perish from the Face of the Earth.

Of all forms of human effort and execution scolding is the most useless. When a parrot, a chipmunk, a squirrel or bluejay scolds he is ludicrous. For people to scold is ludicrous, too, but with a difference, and assuredly the difference is on the unfavorable side.

It never did and never will do anyone any good. It has done much harm. Besides, scolding grows to be a habit. We have all suffered because of the shortcomings of some one else, receiving tremendous tirades over what we had no hand in, because we happened to be present when the scolding habit was yielded to by one of its victims.

Scolding is easy. It takes neither power of brain nor heart to scold. It does not even make an great draft upon the physical system. Any fish-wife alive can be grand success at scolding! Why compete with her?

Scolding should be compelled to perish from the earth. The tongue, the voice, the eye, the face—all should be trained not to scold; yes, and the pen, for of all things a scolding pen is the worst. And the habit once formed with the pen is apt never to be entirely shaken off.—Ada G. Sweet, in Woman's Home Companion.

AT THE SPINNING WHEEL.

A Fair Descendant of John and Priscilla Alden Weaves Finest Old-Time Cloth.

A lineal descendant of John and Priscilla Alden, noted in revolutionary history, is living at Boston, and greatly cherishes the memory of her ancestors, whom Longfellow immortalized in his celebrated poem. She is one of the few women of New England who still use the spinning wheel, and she is said to be as expert as was her great-grandmother, Priscilla, after whom she is named. At the exhibition of the Daughters of the Revolution at the Hotel Strat-



PRISCILLA ALDEN.

ford in Boston the other day Miss Alden was the cynosure of all eyes. She sat at her timeworn spinning wheel, arrayed in old-fashioned Puritan gown and cap, and spun the tough flax and fine silken thread just as her long line of grandmothers had done for the past 200 years. She bears a striking resemblance to the first Priscilla and her sweet maidenly dignity and gentleness of carriage would have won the heart of John Alden himself could he have peered into the parlors of the Stratford yesterday and seen her at work at the wheel.

Many generations of Aldens have used the old wheel. Some of them spun flax upon it to make garments for those who defended the infant colony against the bloodthirsty Indians, and later on the thread of the uniforms of the continental soldiers of the revolutionary war was reeled off it. The wheel is a precious heirloom and hundreds of people visited the exhibition yesterday especially to see Miss Alden spinning it.

While sitting at her wheel Miss Alden occupied a chair that is also historic. It was originally the property of Gov. Bradford, of Plymouth Rock fame. It has remained in the Bradford family ever since, and many distinguished people have used it during the last two centuries.

PHILOSOPHY OF DRESS.

Why a Woman's Size Appears to Vary According to the Color of Her Gowns.

That the color of a woman's dress can make her look larger or smaller is a fact that many professional dress-makers now take into consideration. Dressed in black and dark hues, stout women look smaller both in the street and when out walking; and by a use of the same hues, the dimensions of small people are so decreased that they appear like dwarfs.

The optical effect of white and light colors is to enlarge all objects, and make the stout woman who wears them almost mountainous in her appearance. She need not, however, look dingy and dull, for the rich, dark hues offered to her for selection are varied and numberless. Greens and blues, in their various shades, are better than reds, give an effect of repose and distance.

All light-colored materials should be avoided for the waist. During the awkward age of girls, between the age of 12 and 14, dark blue or plain red cashmere or serge is found to be productive of the best results.

In choosing colors for dresses, the complexion must, of course, be taken into account. Those with sallow, dark faces should select clear tints, and scrupulously avoid glaring bright and decided hues. Those who possess clear skins and pale faces may wear all shades of rose, primrose, buff, light green, lilac, brown and violet.

Florid persons should wear the tints that subdue color and give the effect of distance, such as blue and green. The most lucky of all girls are those with fair complexions and a color. To them, few shades will be unbecoming. Those with pale complexions should wear only fresh colors such as cherry and pink.

Color in dress not only exerts an influence over the beauty of the wearer, but also over her health. Dark colors are found to absorb and give out smells of all kinds to a far greater extent than the light, and it is for this reason that professional nurses are not allowed to wear black dresses. It is said that for nurses black cotton is bad, black wool worse and black silk the most injurious of all. Some doctors refrain from wearing black clothes when visiting patients for the same reason.

The warmth and comfort of the body are also affected by the color of the clothes which cover it, white and light-colored fabrics reflecting the heat and black and dark ones absorbing it. Black, however, throws heat off sooner, and white clothing retains the natural heat of the body longer than black.—N. Y. Journal.

Speech First.

She—They say there is nothing quicker than thought.
He—In woman there is. She always speaks before she thinks.—Philadelphia Press.