

HOUSE AND HOME CONDUCTED BY HELENE.

Once a young art student had just finished a picture, and with tears in her eyes, declared that it was another failure. Just then the instructor, seeing what she had done, took a brush and palette and put a few strokes of light here and there, and lo! the "failure" was a thing of beauty.

a quart of rich milk by letting it stand in a warm but not hot place over night. Then put it into a cheesecloth bag and let it drain thoroughly. When it will drip no longer beat the drained milk for a few minutes until it is smooth and creamy, add half a cupful of sweet cream, with pepper and salt to taste and at the last moment half a pound of finely chopped cold boiled ham from which all the fat has been removed. Stir together thoroughly and serve on crisp lettuce leaves garnished with sliced olives.

TO PRESERVE PARSLEY.

The table can always be inviting and dainty if the dishes are garnished with a sprig of green. Use freshly gathered parsley, wash it free from grit and dust, put it into boiling water slightly salted and well skimmed; then let it boil two or three minutes. Take it out and let it drain, and put it before the fire, when it should be dried as quickly as possible. Store it away in a dry place in bottles, and when wanted for use pour over a little warm water and let stand five minutes. It will be like fresh parsley.

WOMEN WHO ARE FOOLS.

How men play upon women's weaknesses was aptly illustrated the other day, when a man examined a "marvellous beautifier" that thousands of women buy under the printed promise that it will magically make the plainest face beautiful. It sells for one dollar and a half a bottle, and when this "marvellous beautifier" was taken to pieces, so to speak, it was found to have half an ounce of calomel diluted in half a pint of water! A liberal valuation of the whole thing, bottle and all, was five cents! It was about as useless a concoction as it was possible to put up, yet last year—mark this well, ladies—over a million bottles of this stuff were bought by girls and women. No wonder the "patent medicine" men say that "women are easy marks!"

TODAY IS.

Today is: but to-morrow—Who can say? To-morrow may be ours, we plan and hope. But now is like the tethering rope. Only today is.

To-day is: then to-day. Doing wins. Each second thing. The chance to make the best. Of now, so season work with zest. Only today is.

FLOWERS FOR THE SICK.

When choosing flowers to send to sick friends remember that the two necessary qualifications are that they have "only a faint odor and they are a variety of flowers that is lasting.

Carnations probably give more satisfaction than any other flower, and the odor is refreshing. Roses, lilies of the valley and violets are all suitable for a sickroom, but they do not keep fresh very long. They will keep much better, however, if they are removed from the sickroom every night.

Put them in a cool place and cut the stems. Then fill the vases with fresh hot water in which a pinch of salt has been dissolved. This will not only make the fragrance last, but will freshen the flowers and make the colors brighter.

One of the latest hat designs combines a fur crown with a satin brim. Guimpes of net and lace have long tight sleeves. White, pink or purple hyacinths are suitable for hat blossoms. Effective gingham for children's frocks are to be seen on every side. The designs are charming and the price moderate.

Earrings are of two sorts, the screw and the drop. Among the latter the loops and rings of diamonds and pearls are copied from old monarchy pieces. Dainty watches in gold, crystal and enamel figures are among the most charming novelties. They are worn on the corsage, hanging by chains.

A good solution for waving straight hair is the white of an egg mixed with an equal amount of rose water and a few drops of some fragrant perfume. Then the hair should be slightly shampooed with the mixture before wrapping around the curlers. Left until thoroughly dry, then brushed gently, the hair will be wavy, with a soft sheen on it, besides looking light and fluffy, and the wave will remain permanent in spite of rain and fog.

NEW HAIR DECORATION.

The Grecian tunic effects have brought out new hair decorations in the shape of filets. These seem to be the only correct coiffure adornments when a gown built on Grecian lines is worn, and bands of gold, silver and of jet are seen in a number of new designs. There is the single wide filet, those fashioned of three narrow strands, and a third patterned in cornet shape narrowing at the sides to a single slight band in the back.

A NOVEL HAM DISH.

It is particularly attractive when served as a salad at luncheon or supper, says the Delineator. Thicken



The EDISON PHONOGRAPH

The Edison Phonograph is just what the average home needs for good entertainment. It entertains all who hear it and is unlimited both as to variety and amount of music and other forms of vocal and instrumental entertainment.

Go to the nearest Edison dealer's and see the new model Edison and hear the latest Records, or write to us for descriptive catalogue. WE DESIRE GOOD LIVE DEALERS to sell Edison Phonographs in every town where we are not now well represented. Dealers should write at once to National Phonograph Co., 100 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J., U. S. A.

words were borne to her ear: "Pardon me, madam, but you will have to get off here. This is as far as I go."

AN EYE-OPENER. A child of strict parents, whose greatest joy had hitherto been the weekly prayer-meeting, was taken by his nurse to the circus for the first time. When he came home he exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, if you once went to the circus you'd never, never go to prayer-meeting again in all your life!"

A public school magazine contains this courteous announcement: "The editor will be very pleased to hear of the deaths of any of the old boys."

No doubt the old boys will oblige the editor from time to time.

hear him say: "It's all for the best. I was blessed with an over-abundance last year."

In the winter his house burned to the ground. To his neighbors' solicitations he calmly responded: "The house never suited us anyway, so it is all for the best."

Other calamities befell Brown, but still he refused to be disheartened. The climax came when he was in a railroad accident. Both feet were so badly crushed that amputation was necessary.

Sympathetic friends gathered from all quarters. They dreaded to hear the lamentations they were sure would greet them, for even Brown could hardly be expected to pass this lightly by.

"Guess you are pretty well discouraged, aren't you, with both feet cut off?" ventured some one.

Blue Ribbon Tea advertisement with coupon for a free package.

Two Irishmen were on bad terms with each other. The friends of one claimed that he had been insulted, and urged him to vindicate his honor.

But he prudently objected. "Look at the size of him. The man's a giant."

"Very well," responded his disgusted friend, "then all the people will say you are a coward."

"Well, I dunno," he replied, placidly. "At any rate, I'd rather have them say 'that than the day after to-morrow exclaimin'!' How natural Flaherty looks!"

THIS GHOST WAS REAL.

An exciting episode occurred at a week-end party not long ago in an old-fashioned Elizabethan house in the country, where the hostess had removed for the summer.

One of the guests, a young man, awoke in the middle of the night with a strange foreboding in his heart. As she lay in inexplicable terror in the great, old-fashioned bed the door of her room opened noiselessly, and a figure, white from head to foot, appeared. She tried to scream, but fear held her voiceless.

She could not move. She could not breathe. And the thumping of her heart sounded in her ears like a great hammer. The white, still figure glided noiselessly toward her. It reached the bed. The bedclothes were suddenly whisked off her, and the awful visitor vanished as silently and mysteriously as it had come.

At breakfast the next morning the young lady was pale and thoughtful. She wanted to tell her strange experience, but she feared that no one would believe her. As she hesitated, and aged and rosy clergyman bustled into the breakfast-room and said, with a merry laugh, to his host:

"Wasn't it cold last night? I awoke quite chilled, and, knowing that the room next to mine was unoccupied, I took the liberty of going in there and stealing the bedclothes."

OPTIMISTIC BROWN.

Brown's cheerfulness was a source of wonder and admiration to his friends. Either his religion or his philosophy taught him to accept everything as a wise dispensation. But then he had a large share of worldly goods, his friends argued, and nothing but adversity would shake his faith.

Therefore when a promising crop was washed away by a flood the neighbors were much astonished to

"Do you think this is for the best?" But Brown nodded his head, smiling wanly, and said: "They were always cold, anyway!"

A Marriage of Reason

(Continued from Page 7.)

are synonymous. I don't," she added, thoughtfully, "at least, not in all cases. But why did you call me names while you were ill? What had I done?"

"I did not call you names—" he stopped short; he did not understand whether she was in fun or earnest.

"Well," she said, after a pause, "you might at least give me back my glove. I can forgive your bad language, but that is a different thing; I am poor enough to need all the gloves I can keep."

He hesitated; he took the little brown glove from the table, and gave it to her; his heart was like lead. She drew off her own black glove, while he watched her, fitted the brown one on her hand, and slowly buttoned it. Then she took it off again, and held her hand out to him; he took it in both his.

"Now," she said, looking frankly up into his face, "does it really make much difference, Walter, whether I am rich or poor?"

He stood, bending a little and holding her hand. His face became radiant.

"I don't care," she went on. "And I don't know, for Mr. Percival says my uncle left a will. Surely you will not reject me if I should happen to be rich?"

There was a mischievous look in her eyes; still, he could not speak; it seemed a dream; he found his voice.

"Thank God," he said. "Thank God. No—nothing makes any difference now." He regained suddenly some of his old spirit. "I don't understand what you say about a will. If you are rich," he added, boldly, almost fancying that the beautiful dream would vanish as he spoke, "I shall make a marriage of reason, which you detest, I have heard."

The roses grew deeper in her cheeks. "Reason, with faith and love, is the best basis for life, is it not? But reason, without those things, is worse than anything." The aunt entered the garden with the tea-things; and shortly afterwards Katharine went home, in the Church.

WITH THE POETS

THE PILLAR TOWERS OF IRELAND.

(By D. F. McCarthy.)

The pillar towers of Ireland, how wondrously they stand By the lakes and rushing rivers, through the valleys of our land! In mystic file, through the isle, they lift their heads sublime, These grey old pillars—these conquerors of time!

Besides these grey old pillars, how perishing and weak The Roman's arch of triumph, and the temple of the Greek, And the gold domes of Byzantium, and the pointed Gothic spires, All are gone, one by one, but the temples of our sites!

The column, with its capital, is level with the dust, And the proud halls of the mighty, and the calm homes of the just; For the proudest works of man, as certainly, but slower, Pass, like the grass, at the sharp scythe of the mower!

But the grass grows again, when, in majesty and mirth, On the wing of the Spring comes the Goddess of the Earth; But for man, in this world, no spring-tide e'er returns To the labors of his hands, or the ashes of his urns!

How many different rites have these grey old temples known! To the mind, what dreams are written in these chronicles of stone! What terror, and what error! what gleams of love and truth, Have flashed from these walls since the world was in its youth!

Here blazed the sacred fire, and when the sun was gone, As a star from afar to the traveler it shone; And the warm blood of the victim have these grey old temples drunk, And the death-song of the Druid, and the matin of the Monk.

Here was placed the holy chalice that held the sacred wine, And the gold cross from the altar, and the relics from the shrine, And the mitre, shining brighter with its diamonds than the east, And the crozier of the Pontiff, and the vestments of the priest!

Where blazed the sacred fire, rung out the vesper bell— Where the fugitive shelter, became the hermit's cell; And hope hung out its symbol to the innocent and good, For the Cross o'er the moss of the pointed summit stood.

There may it stand for ever, while this symbol doth impart To the mind one glorious vision, or one good thro' to the heart; While the breast needeth rest may these grey old temples last, Bright prophets of the future, as preachers of the past!

THE IRISH RAPPAREES.

(By Charles Gavan Duffy.)

When Limerick was surrendered and the bulk of the Irish army took service with Louis XIV., a multitude of old soldiers of the Jacobite War preferred remaining in the country at the risk of fighting for their daily bread, and with them were some gentlemen loath to part from their estates and sweethearts. The British army drove them by degrees to the hills, where they were long a terror to the foreign settlers, and a secret pride and comfort to the persecuted people who loved them even with their excesses. It was all they had to take pride in.

Righ Sheamus he has gone to France, and left his crown behind; Bad luck be theirs, both day and night, put rannin' in his mind! Lord Lucan followed after, with his slashers brave and true, And now the doleful keen is raised—

twilight which seemed enchanted, thorough with sweet perfumes, full of happy whispers.

Mrs. Sherwood produced the will, which she had not probated; after a stormy scene with Mr. Percival, gave it into his keeping. When Katharine reached her room, she found that Mr. Percival had been there, and had left a note for her. She learned with no special elation—for she could not have been happier—that she had inherited one-third of Marcus Sherwood's great fortune.

In August, Walter Dillon and Katharine were married, much to the disgust of Herr Teufelsch, who, before he sailed for Europe, had sent a touching appeal to Mother Ursula, in the name of Art, to forbid the banns. Mother Ursula favored him with her opinion of his selfishness, and sent Walter and Katharine a pearl rosary as their best consolation. Devine was groomsmen, of course, and little Maria Rodrigues bore roses before the bride. Mrs. Sherwood had gone to Paris, so the bride was married from the house of the Careys. None of the fashionable people, except the Percivals, were invited to the nuptial Mass or to the breakfast afterwards. Herr Teufelsch so far forgot his anger as to send from Vienna an original wedding march, annotated by the great Leschetizky. Mr. Percival went through the forms perfectly, and was loud in his praise of the beauty of the ceremony; but he still remains on the threshold of the

"What will poor Ireland do?" What must poor Ireland do? Our luck, they say, has gone to France. What can poor Ireland do?

Oh, never fear for Ireland, for she has soldiers still, And Remy's boys are in the woods, and Remy's boys are on the hill; And never had poor Ireland more loyal hearts than these— May God be good and kind to them, the faithful Rapparees! The fearless Rapparees! The jewel wear ye, Rory, with your Irish Rapparees!

Oh, black's your heart, Clan Oliver, and colder than the clay! Oh, hish's your head, Clan Sasenach since Sarsfield's gone away! It's little love you bear to us, for sake of long ago—

But hold your hand for Ireland still Can strike a deadly blow— Och, by my soul, 'tis she that still can strike the deadly blow.

The master's bawn, the master's seat a surly bodach fills; The master's son, an outlawed man, is riding on the hills; But, God be praised, that round him throng, as thick as summer bees, The swords that hanged Limerick walls—his faithful Rapparees! His lovin' Rapparees! Who dare say "No" to Rory Oge who heads the Rapparees!

Black Billy Grimes of Latnamard, he racked us long and sore— God rest the faithful hearts he brook, we'll never see them more! But I'll go bail he'll break no more while Truagh has it's gallows tree,

For why? He met one lonesome night the awful Rapparees! The angry Rapparees! They never sin no more, my boys, who cross the Rapparees!

Now Sasenach and Cromweller, take heed to what I say— Keep down your black and angry looks that scorn us night and day! For there's a just and wrathful Judge who every action sees, And he'll make strong to right our wrong, the faithful Rapparees! The fearless Rapparees! The men that rode at Sarsfield's side, the changeless Rapparees!

THE GLENS OF CLARE.

(R. O. K. in the Irish Monthly.)

God blessed the smiling glens of Clare, God made the winding glens of Clare, And virgins fair And monks of prayer Hallowed the lovely glens of Clare.

God bless those glens so soft and green, With many a brook and brake between; And sloping down The bracken brown Purples the lovely glens, I ween.

God bless the guardian hillsides bare And all the ivied strongholds there Where sword in hand, For Faith and Land Dalcassian did what man may dare.

God bless those dells so quaint and rare, And every homestead nestling there; The peasants' cot Is the dearest spot God bless its lot in "bannered" Clare.

God bless those gentle laneways thro', Where linnets sing and eengdoves coo, And noontide's beam, And evening's gleam Linger, like me, to say adieu.

God made the lovely glens of Clare; God blessed the lovely glens of Clare, And virgins fair And saints at prayer Hallow still yet the glens of Clare.

Little Maria Rodrigues was very happy. "Now," she said, "dear Senorita, you will take me to see Broadway, and I shall be your little girl for a time, as I have missed you so much."

Mrs. Percival looks on Katharine as one who had failed in life but when Wirt came home and entered on a career of the wildest dissipation, and Lady Alicia described her marriage as "detestable slavery" she was forced to conclude that Katharine O'Connor might have done worse—but not much more. As to Katharine, she has been reasonably happy, and her "convent prejudices," the logical result of a consistent system of training on a consistent mind, have not stood in her way.

"He and I," she said the other day, looking at her husband, "follow through shade and sun, the Light of God."

(THE END.)

A Pleasant Medicine—There are some pills which have no other purpose evidently than to beget painful internal disturbances in the patient, adding to his troubles and perplexities rather than diminishing them. One might as well swallow some corrosive material, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills have not this disagreeable and injurious property. They are easy to take, are not unpleasant to the taste, and their action is mild and soothing. A trial will prove this. They offer peace to the dyspeptic.

Advertisement for Boie's Preparation of Friar's Cough Balsam, including an illustration of a man and text describing its benefits for coughs and colds.

BOYS

THE LA... A still little down, The pretty dr... bye town, All robed in t... gown— The still littl...

She bore in h... by me... could be... With sand fr... laby sea— That still littl... As over the h... she'd swin... The sand fro... she would... And each littl... sing, For the still...

So down to t... grains flood, And showered... And showed h... curly head, Till off into... ones sped... With the still... —Bayard Ba...

HOW TOM SA...

"Yes Tom's... tell he's been... the floor, all... to the other, J... his school bo... and they are i... I never saw s... boy."

It was Nellie... er than Tom... as she went... picking up the... tered when he... The little moth... check her and... Nellie, wait ar... for this."

"Reason? Th... only downrig... does his care... makes?"

"Tom is just... mother," and... as a neat littl... he is improvin'...

"There is no... and his change... light it needs... discover it."

"There is a... ually puts his... near the windo... ted to go to s... and he was la... school. He just... wards the loun... to see where t... is a brave litt... do anything fo... thinks."

"It is just a... less as downri... lies as she pu... to the dainty r... The next day... family were bu... gay with flow... had been in Ca... gone nearly a y... seemed like yea... Everyone was... thing to add t... home."

"Tom," said... some beautif... just below our... likes ferns as v... "I'll get then... bring back all... he ran—whoopi... and then calli... as much noise... "What keeps... about two two... gone for the f... would be here... "What keeps... mother." "The... have been liste... and although I... leave the yards... passenger train... "I had not no... my eye on the... back would com... him at the wall... to slip down to... does not like t... there. But it is... "Is that! It...

er and Nellie... loved one. Afte... over the father... Tom; I've been... for him."

"Tom went aft... orate the dining... ty of time to c... came."

if you v... co... has pec... with... SURPRISE