

SWEET LITTLE WOMAN O' MINE.

She ain't say a word of a angel—
This sweet little woman o' mine;
She's just a plain woman,
An' purty much human—
This sweet little woman o' mine.

For what would I do with a angel,
When I looked for the firelight's shine?
When she little slummers,
An' waltz her dimes?
No! Give me this woman o' mine!

I've heard lots o' women called "angels,"
An' lots o' 'em thought was fine;
But give 'em the feathers,
An' me, in an' feathers,
This sweet little woman o' mine.

Iest ain't got nuthin' agin' 'em—
These angels-like children in their line;
But they're better off than I,
Thank God that she'll love me—
This dear little woman o' mine.

—F. L. STANTON.

GRACE.

Thomas Tompkins was a pompous, portly, surly individual. He was also manager of the Great Continental Theatre, the principal playhouse of the metropolitan city in which he resided. He was a bachelor, was Thomas Tompkins, and on account of the great success he had made of his life, he had a better opinion of himself than Tompkins than he had of anyone else, except, of course, Grace, his 17-year-old ward.

Thomas Tompkins, as the head of the Continental Theatre, and Thomas Tompkins, as his own individual self, was a grumpy, sordid, frigid, curt and cross personage, that is, he was sordid and frigid and curt and cross to everybody except Grace, and Grace! Why, he idolized her.

It was many years before that Thomas Tompkins took in a little waif of the street, her years numbered few, but she was a sweet, coy little individual, the very perfection of what he thought of all the graces he had ever heard of, and that's why he named her Grace. He never knew just why it was that he was attached to her, because he never did like children, but he could not help it. When he had adopted her, he gave up his bachelor quarters at his club and secured a more commodious place of residence in a genteel part of the city, and there he domiciled Grace and himself with a housekeeper in charge.

As years sped on Grace grew into girlhood, maidenhood, and now she was fairly blooming into womanhood. She had known no parents, no friends, no one but Thomas Tompkins and his efficient housekeeper, and of late years had not been with them much of the time for the reason that she had been giving her attention to her studies, and Thomas Tompkins had joined the professional ranks, and though this was the very foundation on which his successes were based, he did not approve of his Grace "making a show of herself behind the footlights to edify stupid audiences." Thomas Tompkins attempted to dissuade his ward from even entertaining thoughts about a life on the stage, but she seemed to be imbued with the idea that her forte would be in opera and not in society.

At an early age Grace had shown rare musical abilities, and as she grew older she was possessed of a beautiful voice, and Thomas Tompkins saw to it that her musical education was neglected, for he considered this a valuable and necessary accomplishment.

One day Manager Thomas Tompkins came home in a turbulent state of mind. So wrought up over something was he that he even talked cross to Grace. However, at the dinner table his anger of the lunch hour had changed to agitation and his countenance showed traces of great worry and disappointment. He was endeavoring to keep his temper, but finally elicited the information that Miss Yattil, the leading soprano singer of the opera company he had spent so much time and money in organizing, had so far failed to appear at the theatre, and that she would not be able to appear at rehearsals for a long time, and consequently would have to withdraw from the cast. Manager Tompkins did not know where to secure another person to take her place at the late hour, and even if he did he was fearful a change would be detrimental because already he had featured the madame's portion of the performances.

During the time of Thomas Tompkins' recital Miss Grace wondered why she could not take Miss Yattil's place, and no sooner had "Papa" Tompkins finished talking than she impudently thought to take her place. Manager Tompkins considered the proposition impossible, but after Grace had recited to him her frequent successful appearances in private theatricals and concerts, he promised her he would give her a trial at rehearsal.

She acquiesced herself so admirably at the first rehearsal that Manager Thomas Tompkins invited theatrical critics to be present on several occasions, and from that time on the amusement columns of the papers rung with praises of Miss Grace Tompkins, and in no insignificant manner.

As the time of the opening night drew near Manager Thomas Tompkins was nearly beside himself with joy, for Miss Grace had excited so much laudatory comment that he could not but feel that the opera was to be a success and that under cover, as it were, he thought of the additional notoriety and wealth it would bring Manager Thomas Tompkins—But Grace's advancement was uppermost in his mind.

The great Continental Theatre was brilliantly illuminated from top to bottom and the hundreds of incandescent electric lights threw their glare over the entire stage, and the largest and most fashionable audiences that had ever been within its walls. The occasion was the opening night of the theatre for the season, and the place on the boards was the opera in which Miss Grace Tompkins was to make her initial appearance and as the leading soloist.

Manager Thomas Tompkins was in his private stall and he was surrounded by a host of admirers.

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ed by a number of representatives of the press. Amidst the blare of horns and the shrill tones of the strident instruments the curtain arose, displaying to the audience an immense chorus. At a motion from the orchestra leader the musicians ceased their playing and at another sweep of the leader's wand the chorus, accompanied by the orchestra, burst forth into the grand and glorious opening song of the opera. At the same instant a beautiful creature, white but seemingly self-possessed, emerged from the wings into full view of the audience.

"That's Miss Tompkins, leading soprano," was whispered about the auditorium and galleries, and then, with one accord, the audience broke into uproarious applause. Such stamping of feet, such clapping of hands, such shrieking, whistling, such "huzzas" and such "bravos" were never heard before in the building. Manager Tompkins was radiant. He was poking his fingers into the sides of his companions, and an I-told-you-so expression pervaded his countenance. But why does the curtain drop so unconsciously at this juncture? Why was Miss Tompkins carried from the stage, and why all the commotion back of the curtain? Manager Thomas Tompkins goes back to investigate, and as he passes on the stage he curses the first person he meets, for something, he knows not what. The audience waits impatiently for the curtain to again go up and demands attention by continued stamping of feet. At last a man steps to the front of the proscenium and in agitated tones tells those present to go to the ticket office and get their money back, as the opera will not be presented tonight, because Miss Grace Tompkins, the soloist, has been overcome by excitement, resulting in a paralytic stroke and now was dead.

The old Continental Theatre is a thirteenth-century mansion, the owner and manager, Thomas Tompkins, had it razed to the ground. There now stands in its stead a magnificent structure, over the main entrance to which is inscribed in heavy granite the words, "The Grace Orphan's Home," and within the massive walls is a kind, portly old man, who is father and all to the hundreds of children that live there. He is no longer known as Manager Thomas Tompkins, but he is now referred to as Thomas Tompkins, Esq., philanthropist—O. K. Schimmsky, in Budapest.

Here is a Name for a Baby Girl.

The following list of female characters in Shakespeare's works arranged alphabetically, offers valuable suggestions for the mothers of baby girls. Says the New York World:

Adrienne, Aemilia, Alice, Anna, Anthonie, Beatrice, Bianca, Blanche, (et), Bona, Bianca, Calphurnia, Cassandra, Celia, Ceres, Charmian, Cleopatra, Constance, Cordelia, Cordelia, Desdemona, Diana, Dionysia, Dorcas, Eleanor, Elinor, Elizabeth, Emilia, Franciska, Gertrude, Goneril, Helen, Hermione, Hermione, Hero, Hippolyta, Imogen, Iris, Isabella, Isabella, Juliet, Juno, Kate, Katherine, Katherine, Lavinia, Lucetta, Lucretia, Lysander, Margaret, Maria, Mariana, Marina, Miranda, Nerissa, Octavia, Olivia, Ophelia, Patience, Paulina, Perdita, Phoebe, Phrynia, Portia, Regan, Rosalind, Rosaline, Sylvia, Tamara, Thais, Timandra, Titania, Ulysses, Valeria, Viola, Viola, Viola, Virginia, and Voltemus.

Things to Remember.

Always fold a dress skirt right side out for packing, as it will not wrinkle so much.

A few drops of tincture of benzoin in a bowl of water is an admirable tonic for the face. The benzoin whitens the skin and prevents it from wrinkling.

Do not put a coat or dress away with dust in the folds or plaits. Shake the garment well and brush with a soft white cloth. For dust is never so easily removed as at first.

Chemists say that it takes more than twice as much sugar to sweeten preserves and sauces if put in when they begin to cook as if done if the sugar is added after the cooking is done.

Attend to the Feet's Feet.

A point in the care of colts during their first winter is that of keeping the feet trimmed in proper shape. This requires especial attention when they are running in a box stall on deep manure. The feet should receive attention soon after they are housed, and afterwards as often as is necessary.

Many colts are ruined for life by allowing their toes to grow too long, thus throwing too much strain upon certain tendons and ligaments, and weakening and injuring the pastern joints. Many crooked ankles that now exist might have been avoided if a little attention had been given at the proper time.

Farmers' Advocate.

An Ancient Invention.

One of the oldest tools in existence is the hammer, says the Atlanta Constitution. Illustrated manuscripts of the eleventh century represent carpenters with claw hammers. Hammers are of all sizes, from the dainty instruments used by the jeweler, which weigh less than half an ounce, to the building estate hammer, some of which weigh as much as fifty tons and have a falling force of from ninety to one hundred tons. Every trade has its own hammer and its own way of using it.

Latest news in THE WEEKLY SUN.

A SONG OF THE SOUL.

Long years, long years apart, alone,
Despite man's rage or woman's hate,
I keep my cloud-capped heights of stone
To watch for light, to tell for truth.

And, oh, the voices I have heard!
Such visions when the morning grows—
A brother's soul in some sweet bird,
A sister's spirit in a rose.

And, oh, the beauty I have found!
Such beauty, beauty everywhere;
The beauty creeping on the ground,
The beauty singing in the air.

The love in all, the good in all,
The God in all, in all that is;
But, ah, I stumble to my fall,
To try to tell a tale of this.

—JOAQUIN MILLER.

MRS. LATON'S TEA.

Enconced in the depths of her big arm chair, a smile lighting up her fine old face that her white hair framed with a crown of snow, Mrs. Harmon was considering her nephew Andrew, a good-looking young fellow of 28, who, for his part, was considering the time place on the mantel, whose hands were already past 8 o'clock.

"Well, Andrew, do you find the clock very interesting?"

In some confusion the young man stammered out an excuse, but she went on: "Now, don't deny it, you naughty fellow. You want to know if your visit had lasted long enough for you to take your departure decently?"

"Not at all, aunt. Your guess is quite wrong for I haven't the slightest intention of leaving yet. But why do you keep a regular sun dial like that in your drawing room?"

"Perhaps because I was born so long ago that it is I and not the clock that is behind time. But come, instead of criticizing my drawing room, tell me what you are going to do when you leave here."

"In the first place I am not going to leave here for some time; but when I have wearied you with my presence until you cannot stand it any longer, it will be time for me to go to Mrs. Laton's tea."

"Mrs. Laton—Pauline Laton?"

"Ah, yes, I used to see her some time ago. I remember her vaguely—a large woman, dark—"

"She is a blonde, aunt."

"Indeed? She used to be a brunette. And so you are sighing at the feet of Mrs. Laton?"

"We are all sighing at her feet."

"She must enjoy it."

"Well, I rather think she does."

"It is it?"

"Yes, after a fashion. We are always the same little circle of friends, and then, besides Mrs. Laton, there's a sister, a rather good-looking girl, and a few other young matrons and bachelors."

"And what do you do besides look at these women?"

"We take tea, which we moderate with rum, a bit of lemon; we gossip and—"

"Oh, oh."

"But, my dear aunt, one must do something between 5 o'clock and dinner."

"Evidently, and flirting is what you have found to do."

"It is a way to kill time."

"I scarcely know what you mean by the term. Explain it to me."

"Oh, impossible. A definition for the word is not to be sought, but it has not yet been found. But, given a young woman teatete with a young man who is not a fool, and I warrant you will not be long before you will have a practical demonstration as to what is meant by being discreetly indiscreet. To know how to flirt is no common accomplishment. It is a veritable science."

"And is love a science, too?"

"It is rather an art."

"And marriage—what is it?"

"Oh, that is philosophy."

"Indeed? At what age does one attain this philosophy?"

"It seems to me that at 28—"

"Aunt, aunt!" cried Andrew, springing from his chair, "confess that you are concealing some terrible plot. You look guilty as a conspirator."

Mrs. Harmon smiled a fine smile and enjoyed for a moment the consternation in his victim's face. Then she answered, after a pause:

"Yes, you are right. I wish you to get married."

"In heaven's name what have I done to you?" gasped the young man, with comic seriousness; and, as the old lady still smiled, he continued: "See here, aunt, I should not have suspected you of such a thing. You, a woman of intelligence, a superior woman, are ascending to the role of match-maker. It is a terrible shattering of my ideals."

"Come, come, my poor boy, do not be so cast. The girl is charming, I can assure you."

"Of course," Andrew burst out, "the girl is always charming. Oh, I know her; I can see her now; she may not be precisely pretty, but as you have said, she is charming. She dresses admirably and makes all her own gowns. She stood at the head of her classes in school and attends lectures now. Moreover, she has taken cooking lessons and can put up preserves. She plays the piano, she sings, she paints, and she has a tidy fortune in her own right. Bah! No, a thousand times, no! I do not want this miracle of perfection. I know a girl or two, even if I don't look it, and if I marry, I shall marry a woman who suits me. But I know girls—they are all alike—and I know what they are and what they are worth. There isn't one who suits me, or can suit me, and I shall remain a bachelor."

"And you go to take tea at Mrs. Laton's?" murmured Mrs. Harmon between her teeth, while a disturbing expression came into her clear-seeing old eyes.

Under this ironical and even inequatorial look Andrew lost countenance; he could not deny that to matrimony he preferred flirting with Mrs. Laton.

He was pulling himself together to reply, or rather to defend himself, when the street door behind him opened, and a maid brought in a tray with a cup of tea and a slice of cake.

"You are impatient, nephew. At my age a woman does not give up 5 o'clock flirtations." It is not even a "colder, oh! is this your reception day, aunt, or do you, too, give your friends tea at 5 o'clock?"

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"I shall see them."

"Do you not wish even to see her?"

"Never! Or, if you insist, I shall go into this little ante-room and look at her through the crack of the door. That is the only concession I shall make."

And the young man stepped quickly into the next room as the opposite door opened to admit the visitor; through the slit Andrew could make out the graceful silhouette of a young girl.

"How do you do, Mrs. Harmon?" said the girl, as she entered the room. "I have brought back the little books on the orphan asylum that you lent mamma. May I stay a moment with you?"

She continued to keep her back toward Andrew, and he, now beginning to get tired of the game, had about concluded that she must be frightfully ugly.

"Sit down here, dear, beside me," and Mrs. Harmon easily contrived to place the girl just opposite the small room; and the young man, approaching his prey to the crack, was struck by the pretty face he beheld.

"Well, Rosamond, what are you doing nowadays? Are you going out much?"

"No, very little. I had a card for Mrs. Laton's tea this afternoon, but I wrote her I was ill. You will not betray me, will you?" And she laughed a merry laugh, that set Andrew's heart to vibrating.

"Do you not care for such affairs?" asked Mrs. Harmon.

"Surely, Mrs. Harmon, you do not think it would be amusing to spend an hour or two watching Mrs. Laton's flirtations with no one to talk to but the impenetrable women and stupid men of her set?"

"You are severe, my child."

"Severe? Well, with a woman like Mrs. Laton, I do not think one can be too much so."

"Do you know Mrs. Harmon raised her eyes to the door that concealed Andrew, and, under pretext of arranging the portiere, she crossed the room, and, as she rearranged the drapery, whispered to her nephew: "It's nearly 8 o'clock, you'll be late for your tea."

But her warning was unheeded; Andrew did not budge. As for the girl by the fire, she was still full of her idea.

"Do you know Mrs. Laton, Mrs. Harmon?" she asked.

"Yes, yes," the old lady hastened to reply; and to turn the conversation she went on: "But you are wrong to despise that old woman. There are some who are quite sensible."

"Sensible? Well, I don't know them. I do not mean that they are all stupid, but they think themselves so superior that they are wearisome. They are in, insufferable bodes, with their blase airs and their idea that they are irresistible because they can flirt with Mrs. Laton, who has bleached hair, smears paint on her face as if it were a palette, and whose brains are good for nothing but to devise outrageous gowns."

Again Mrs. Harmon cast an uneasy glance toward the little room, in which Andrew was fast watching her. He would have liked to strangle this girl, whose superb health and triumphant beauty irritated him.

"And when will you get married, my dear?" suggested Mrs. Harmon, again turning herself into the breach.

"I shall never marry."

"Indeed? Why not?"

"Why not?" repeated Rosamond, a shadow of melancholy coming over her face that she could not repress.

"Because I am a little soul who cannot do as she pleases. I would wish to love my husband and to have him love me. I would wish to marry a man whom I should single out from among the rest for his goodness and intelligence. I would wish to have confidence in him, and above all be proud of him."

As the girl spoke she had become animated with a gentle exultation, which was not without its effect on the young man behind the door.

"Well, Rosamond," said Mrs. Harmon, "why do you not realize your dream?"

"Because there are no young men nowadays who care to look for a girl who pleases them. Marriage for them is a matter of business, nothing more, and the woman herself does not count. They marry when they have lost their money, and the little heart they possessed has been frittered away on some Mrs. Laton or other."

Again Mrs. Harmon arose, and, pretending she had an order to give, she excused herself and hastened to her nephew.

"Well, aunt, she has given us a nice dressing down, eh? For a 'charming girl' I would back her against the world."

"Hurry, Andrew; it is late, and you have almost missed your tea."

"My tea!" he repeated. "Bother my tea! Is there nothing else to be had?"

"No, my dear, you must find an excuse to bring me into the room, and I'll show that young shrew whether all men are fools. Oh, she need have no fear, I shall not try to marry her, for I still have all my hair, a little money and a heart still intact."

Mrs. Harmon could not refrain a smile at the young man's vexation, and five minutes later Andrew entered the drawing room.

But, contrary to expectations, the conversation did not become a war of words; on the contrary, the girl's fresh gaiety disarmed Andrew's anger at once. His preconception fled before her dimpled smiles and her gentle voice, and he soon felt under her charm, forgetting his anger in his admiration for her graceful movements, the penetrating timbre of her voice, the sparkle of her wit.

The hour for tea had long passed, and Andrew was still there. He had lost all desire to run after Mrs. Laton, that faded doll whom Rosamond—she was forced to admit to himself—had portrayed so truthfully.

And enconced once more in the depths of her arm chair, Mrs. Harmon smiled a kindly smile, and silently regarded the young woman, who for looks that did not deceive, and in whose old aunt read with joy the hope of a happy union—San Francisco Examiner.

Not Fixed.

"Yes, he's a very able man, but somehow he doesn't seem to succeed."

"Perhaps for the reason you mention."

"What?"

"Variable."—Chicago Journal.

"Oh, a letter from last July."

"Oh! a letter from Chicago, any news from Aunt Julia?"

"Well, she says they are all sleeping under blankets."

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SHUFFLE-SHOON AND AMBER-LOCKS.

Shuffle-Shoon and Amber-Locks sit together building blocks; Shuffle-Shoon is old and gray—Amber-Locks is a little child. But together at that play Age and youth are reconciled, And with symphonic glees Build their castle fair to see.

"When I grow to be a man" So the wee one's prattle ran— "I shall build a castle—so With a gateway broad and grand, Here a pretty vine shall grow, There a soldier guard shall stand; And the tower shall be so high Folks will wonder, brand-by."

Shuffle-Shoon quoth, "Yes, I know, Thus I builded, long ago! Here a gate and there a wall, Here a window, and here a door, Here a steeple, wondrous tall, Rieeth ever more and more; But the years have leveled low What I builded long ago!"

So they gossip at their play, Headless of the fretting day, One speaks of that long day, Where his dead hopes buried lie; One with chubby cheeks aglow, Smiles at the By-and-by, Side by side twin castles grow—By-and-by and brand-by.

Long Ago and Brand-By— "What years between them lie! Yet, O grandeur, gaud and gay, By the old man's side reclined, That thou sharest in the play Of that little, laughing child, Children both their build their blocks—Shuffle-Shoon and Amber-Locks."

—EUGENE FIELD.

THE CELLINI VASE.

Mrs. Branscombe had a passion for bric-a-brac. Not the ordinary, modern kind, such as any uncultivated woman might have possessed herself of by the simple process of paying for it, but interesting things that were valuable for their rarity and their history and the celebrity of their inventors or discoverers.

She had a fan that was said to have once belonged to the last Tzoum, who had been implicated and who was said to have shaded his face with this identical fan as he listened to the decrees which subjected him to duress, and which abolished the tyrannical power.

Mrs. Branscombe held the theory with unshaken tenacity, but her nephew Will had been the victim of doubts ever since he had chanced upon a factory in Philadelphia which turned out an inexhaustible supply of genuine Japanese vases so like that royal relic that when he replaced it for a week with one of the late manufactured his aunt did not seem to know the difference.

He had not called her attention to the experiment, because he had never forgotten one he had tried with the famous roe's egg, and he did not believe that she ever had either roe's egg or had been the joy of her heart and the pride of her soul, and she had treasured it with anxious care for more than five years, until one day Will, in an unbecomingly fit of grief, had accidentally knocked it out of the nest in which it had been