MY GARDEN.

My garden all a shimmer of leaves,
All a glowing glory of light;
Flowers, golden and blue and red,
Crowding together in my sight.

Mighty billows of softest air
Blowing in the trees o'erhead;
I am sitting alone and think
Thus will it be when I am dead.

Thus will the soft wind blow, and thus
The flowers will bloom and the sun will shine,
And others, I know not who, will sit
As I do now, in this garden of mine.

And I shall be gone from here—but where?
Dead and lying within the ground
Or living and glad amid scenes more fair,
With flowers still brighter than these around?
—T. P. Johnston in Chambers' Journal.

TWO GHOST CHILDREN.

Uncle Joshua's Story of an Old Southern Plantation...

"Yessir," said the old darky, sitting himself on the hard seat and allowing his horse to take on a comfortable jog trot. "I done live all my life in dese pahts, an I don' hanker atter no city ways nur no city niggers. I neber knowed but one city nigger, an she wu'ked fer ole Miss Hanna. Miss Hanna lib in dat ole place you kin see now troo de trees. Five year ago I went ter wu'k at dat house. My wu'k wuz principerly outdoors, but I sho' did git lonely an suppressed in dat house. Dere wuz a great hall wif cullud winders an men standin aroun made out of iron what sca'ed you in de dusk, an dere wuz big deer horns an stuffed animals an black picters what looked like dey ought ter be scrubbed. Miss Hanna call 'em ole masters, but what dey wuz I neber made out. Her husban was a great hunter, an dey say dem beas'es all aroun he done killed. An dere wuz two big stuffed houn's what wuz his, but no live cat nur dog, an all dem glass eyes wud glare at you in de dark. It wuz all big an lonesome an creepy. But I didn' know eberyt'ing till one night Sara wuz dreadful sick. She come out an call me.

"'Unc' Joshua,' she say, 'can't you come an git supper ternight an wait on madam? I can't hol' my head up no longer. An don' pay no 'tention ter anyt'ing cur'ous. Hit's all right.'

"I liked Miss Hanna, an I wuz sorry fer her. So I kem in, an Sara went ter bed. I built up a good fire in de hall, 'cos hit wuz late fall an a drizzlin rain outside an de wind jes' howlin. Den Miss Hanna call me ter bring some wood up stairs, whar I'd neber been.

"Well, suh, ef hit wuz cold an dark down stairs de room Miss Hanna wuz in beat eberyt'ing. Dere wuz two big lamps burnin, a red carpet on de flo', a bright log fire. De cuhtains wuz white lace ober scarlet; de walls wuz full of lubly picters—not ole masters, but reel picters—an all ober li'l' rockin chairs, doll babies, hobbyhorses, fairy books, an Gourd knows what. In two corners wuz li'l' white cribs wif skeeter bars drawn, an in de middle wuz a li'l roun table wif a clean clowf an two li'l' blue plates, wif li'l' knives an fohks an spoons.

"Miss Hanna wuz smilin an woah a long blue gown wif white lace down de front. She looked like a young wummaa. 'I'll take my tea up here, Unc' Joshua,' she say, 'an don' fergit de chillun's supper.'

"'What dat, ma'am?' I ask.

"'Oh, oatmeal fer two an bread an butter an jam an two cups of milk. You know, I jes' take tea an crackers.' An she put two li'l' high chairs up ter de table an git two li'l' white bibs outen de armur.

"Well, I went down stairs an got de supper an ca'yed it up. Ole Miss Hanna wuz still smilin, an she had a doll in her han an wuz puttin a fine dress on hit. She got me ter put mo' wood on de fire an fixed all de supper in dem li'l' plates. Den I went down, but erbout an hour later I kem up ag'in wif mo' wood. De do' wuz shet, but I heerd a voice, an I listened, suh; yes, I did. Fer 'twuz ole Miss Hanna's voice, but so sweet an happy hit might have been an angel's, an she wuz sayin:

"'So Cinderella put on de li'l' glass slipper, an all de trumpets blew. Den de prince tuk her by de han an kiss her, an dey had a big w ddin, an de fairy godmother kem, an Cinderella woah a won'erful silver dress dat de fairies made an de glass slippers. Now, darlin, no mo' ternight. Hit's bedtime. Kneel down, befe of you, by mudder.'

"Den hit wuz quiet a li'l', an I heah Hanna's voice low, low an like de wind at night in de pine trees:

"Now I lay me down ter sleep,
I prays de Lohd my soul ter keep;
Ef I should die befo' I wake,
I prays de Lohd my soul ter take.

"'Gourd bless li'l' Harry an li'l' Edif an make 'em good chilluns, an Gourd bless mamma an eberybody, foh Jesus' sake. Amen.'

"Den I heah Miss Hanna cross de flo' twice, slow, like she ca'yin sumfin heaby, an I heahs her kiss, jes' as sof', an a little murmur like 'good night,' an I come down stairs.

"Nex' mornin I had ter ca'y breakfas' up stairs—grits an bacon an johnnycake an merlasses an milk—ag'in. De li'l' table wuz fixed an eberyt'ing clean. De cuhtains wuz pulled erside, an de sunlight came in. De beds wuz made, de rooms straight, an Miss Hanna sat by de fire sewin er little pink an white dress, all lace an ruffles. She had on anudder pretty gown an smiled at me ag'in, but when she come down later ter see how Sara wuz she woah her black dress same as ober an looked as sad an gloomy.

"But I notice dat day two li'l' picters hangin in de hall. Dey wuz two bootiful chilluns, bofe smilin an lookin like angels, an when Sara wuz up I ast her who dey wuz. She say: 'Miss Hanna's li'l' chilluns, Harry an Edif. Dey died 20 year ago de same day of yaller fever. Harry was t'ree years an Edif two, an li'l' Edif wuz bo'n after her pa died.' Den I tell Sara what I seen an heern, an she git mad an say, 'I knows how ter hold my tongue, an you better learn, too, or you gwine ter lose yoh job.' Den I gits mad. So I done kep' my mouf shet.

"Oncet or twicet I went up stairs atter dat, an Miss Hanna wuz always in dat room, wif toys an flowers aroun, an she wuz always dressed gay an smilin an sewin li'l' clo'es. Sometimes at night I could heah her troo de winder singin sof', 'Li'l' Bo Peep' or 'By Baby By' or 'T'ree Li'l' Kittens.'

"But Miss Hanna wuz gittin thinner an whiter. Sara would cook nice li'l' t'ings, but she wouldn't tech 'em. Down stairs she neber smile. Folks kem ter see her sometimes—rich folks in fine kerridges—an I had to git out bottles of ole wine fer 'em, an Sara always hed fine cake on han. Dat nigger wumman wuz er good cook an pow'ful smart, but I neber had no use fer city folks, neither yaller ones. Sara done marry er fool preacher.

"Miss Hanna had a niece, a thin, pale wumman wif big blue eyes an white as her aunt. Sara say she wuz pretty oneet. She ma'y'ed some po' white trash, an Miss Hanna didn' like hit. Her husban wuz crippled up, an de niece had five chilluns, so she wuz a seemster an wu'k day an night, dey tell me. Miss Hanna gib her a little ebery munt' an promise her a lot when she die, but she wuz mad an didn' care if Miss Brookes, de niece, did have ter wuk hahd. She wud neber see none of de chilluns, an she treated Miss Brookes like a dog. Miss Brookes woah rusty clo'es an walked an always had a bundle of t'ings wid her what she boun ter deliber somewhere.

"One day Miss Hanna look bery bad. Dere wuz big black marks unner her eyes, but she wud come down an look at eberyt'ing to see if hit's clean. Hit wuz a spring day an warm. De flowers wuz in bloom, an honeysuckles an sweet olives an magnoly an pussy cats. But ole Miss Hanna didn' open de winders. 'Long erbout noon Miss Brookes kem in, an, Gourd, she wuz white an miserble an could hardly walk wif a big bundle she wuz ca'yin. She kem in an set by Miss Hanna in de big hall an tell her sumfin—sumfin her husban done, I believe—what make her aunt madder'n ober I see any one. I wuz comin in wif some wood when I heered voices, an I done wait outside de do' till de ladies finish ejaculatin. Ole Miss Hanna wuz sayin:

"'I wud have done fer you always, but you always gone agin my will. You wudn' study what I wanted; you j'ined a ch'ch I hated; you ma'yed a man I wudn' step on; you had a pack of—of—of wretched chilluns; you sewed fer a livin ag'in my will. Now dis is wust of all, an you 'lowed hit; you advised hit. I am done wif you an Herbert Brookes.' An all de time her voice wuz even an steady an quiet, same as always.

"But Miss Brookes wuz sobbin, an she said: 'Aunt Margarit, I may have been ungrateful, but I neber felt so. I always wu'ked hahd fer you when I wuz in yoh house, an when li'l' Harry an Edif died I wuz only a chile, an I neber had had de fever, but I wuz wif 'em night an day, singin ter 'em an tellin 'em stories, an dat las' night, don' you 'member how li'l' Edif hel' my han an kissed me an said, "Dear, dear Magsie," when her li'l' bref had 'mos' lef' her? You neber loved me, Aunt Margarit, but yoh babies did.' Den I cu'd heah Miss Hanna git ter her feet, an she called 'Joshua!' in sech a voice I neber heerd befo' an I kem in a-trimblin, an she wuz stan'in straight, her head t'rown back an her eyes like coals of fire, an Miss Brookes wuz sobbin by de mantelpiece.

"'Joshua,' sez Miss Hanna, an her voice wuz low, but like a bell, 'Show dis wumman out. Den saddle de black mare an ride fas' as you kin fer my lawyer, Mist' Bradley. Tell him ter come d's night. I wish ter make a new will an leave ebery cent to our university.' Den she walk up stairs like a queen, an po' Miss Brookes crope out de house, an I went ter saddle Rosina.

"'Mist' Bradley live ten mile off. So when I kem back 'twuz late evenin. De yard smelled sweet, an de li'l' birds wuz tellin each oder good night. Rosina wuz limpin an cubbered wif foam. But I rub her down an gib her a big meal. Den I went myself fer sumfin ter eat. Sara wuz cryin, but she got me a good supper, an I set on de back steps eatin hit, an Sara kem an set near me. Hit look like she wanted some sympethy, 'cos she hadn' been so sosherble sence I done perpose, two weeks befo'. I ask' her how ole Miss Hanna, an she say, 'Lock' in de room sence Miss Brookes lef.' An I say, 'Mist' Bradley comin erbout 8 o'clock.' Hit wuz den near 7. An Sara shake her head, but when I finish she say: 'Come in de house wif me. I'm skeered.' So I kem in.

"De li'l' moon wuz jes' up, like silver, an de sky wuz pale yaller, but indo' 'twuz light enough ter see t'roo de cullud winders of de big hall. Sara say, 'Come up stairs an tell Miss Hanna Mist' Bradley comin.' But when we got to de stairs some one wuz comin down wif li'l', li'l' steps. So we waited, an when dey kem outen de dark we see 'twuz two li'l' chillens in white.

"We cudn' see dair faces, but dey wuz toddlin down han in han, an deir haids shone like gol', an when dey kem close dey smiled at us, an we cud see deir li'l' faces, like li'l' white magnolies. An dey pass out de front do' an wuz gone befo' we got our bref. But Sara she kinder gasp an say: 'Mast' Harry! Miss Edif!' Den she t'row her apern ober her haid. But in a minute we walk up stairs.

"De do' wuz open—de do' Miss Hanna done keep lock' all day—an on de flo' wuz all de toys an oder t'ings. But at firs' we didn' see ole Miss Hanna. When we foun her she wuz kneelin by one of de li'l' cots—de li'les' one—an her face wuz turn up an smilin. But she neber spoke nur moved when we teched her. De winder wuz open, an de yaller roses had clumb aroun hit, an one branch wuz in de room, an in de sky de stars wuz comin out. But de li'l' chillens wuz gone, an ole Miss Hanna's soul mus' have pass' wif 'em outen de front do' inter de moonlight an de smell of de roses."

How Parliament Is Dissolved.

A preliminary step in the process of the dissolution of parliament is the issue of the necessary writs by the lord chancellors of Great Britain and Ireland. Writs are issued to the temporal and spiritual peers of Ireland, the judges of the high court (not being temporal peers), the attorney and solicitor general and the sheriffs and returning officers for counties and boroughs.

The 28 representative peers of Ireland sit for life, and therefore in their case a dissolution merely involves a writ of summons to the new parliament. It is otherwise, however, with the 16 elective peers of Scotland. They hold their seats only during the lifetime of a parliament and have to be re-elected at each general election. The election takes place in Holyrood palace in Edinburgh.

Outside London and Middlesex the returning officers receive their writs by post, and a record of the times of posting, receipt and return is preserved by an elaborate system of signed acknowledgments. The writs are returnable within 35 days of their issue, and the returning officers are liable civilly and penally to the house of commons for the proper returns.—London Mail.

Not Left In the Dark.

"Did that horse dealer do the fair thing by you?"

"Well, he told me all the horse's mean tricks after he had sold the beast to me."—Chicago Record.

So many things are used to make and trim hats and bonnets that it seems almost a duty to tell all about them so that if any lady cannot afford to buy her a new hat she can at least make one out of such things as she may have accumulated from one season to another. Felt shapes are very cheap, and the principal cost of such a hat is the trimming put upon it. It is my pleasant task today to show a few of the newest things and suggest how they may be imitated. The felt shape with a Tam O'Shanter crown and pork pie brim is one of the most striking and easily trimmed of all of them. A row of black velvet ribbon brought around the crown and tied in a dozen or so of little loops at the back is the beginning. This is followed up by a bunch of silk mull in front in form of a large rosette, and this may be any color or tint that goes best with the rest of the affair. If

YOUTHFUL DRESS.

the hat is drab, and that is a very fashionable color for felt, the rosette must be of blue, pale green, white or pink. It is needless to say that the tint in the rosette should be just the right one, for if it is not the whole hat will fail of its effect. A pair of drab and brown quills are the right kind of feathers to have. These are so pretty and so well arranged to conform with the shape of the hat that nothing is so suitable. A wee bit buckle may be added if desired. There are few houses where one or two pretty buckles could not be found. The rosette can be made of liberty or any other material, only so that it is well made, and whatever kind of stuff it is should be treated as such should be and not try to make a rosette so full of velvet or any heavy stuff as it would be if of the thin materials.

Some felts are so made as to give the impression that the crown is plaited, and this stands out at the top like a bell crown, and the trimming in that case carries out the same idea. Even the brim is so arranged that one would believe that it was laid in folds all around, but that is only a semblance. Such a shape was trimmed with a full bunch of dark shaded brown velvet poppies without foliage. These lay along the front, which was turned up over the face. In the back there was no trimming save a bow made of a strip of the felt. Felt bows are very fashionable and are seen everywhere. Some of them are a quarter of a yard wide and are bordered with a narrow band of beaver or some light fur. This is very elegant, and it seems to me that any clever lady could follow this design and have a handsome hat. The felt, or

HOME DRESS FOR WIDOW.

it may be cloth or venetian, is a quarter of a yard wide and three yards long and bordered with the narrow band of fur.

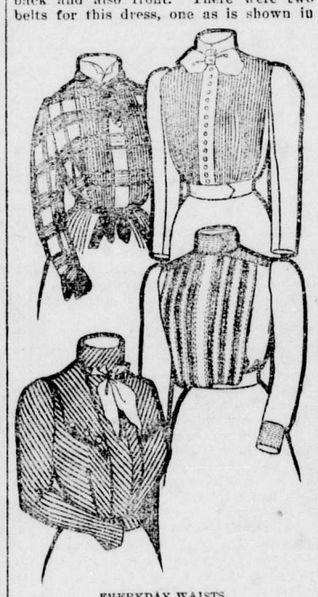
The felt shapes can be purchased for from 50 cents to $2 each, and the quills are just what you want to pay for them, but the usual price for such a one as is shown in the picture is about $1 apiece when they are nice. If one has to buy velvet, it should be remembered that it requires but an eighth of a yard for a drapery like that on the hat in the central figure in the illustration. This should not cost over 25 cents. All told the hat and trimming ought not to cost over $3 at the highest, and it is impossible to buy a hat like this for $10 in a swell establishment and at least $6 or $7 in less pretentious places. It is the little stamped scrap of silk that is sewed inside the swell milliner's hat that makes it so much more valuable. Any lady who can hold a needle can trim one of these.

It is not so easy to make the large rosettes as it is to trim with feathers, but two of these may be seen in this illustration which may show how they are made. That one on the right shows the finished one, and it will be seen that the ribbon is arranged to represent the petals

NEW HATS.

of a large rose, and on the left side is the detail of how this is done. A round disk is cut of net and wired, and to that the ribbon is gathered and sewed. Keep turning around and around until all the ribbon is on. At the top is a drapery made of a handkerchief, with the corners upstanding.

In one of the leading stores this week I sat and looked at the handsome ball and reception gowns while two ladies with whom I had gone chose a coming out frock for the daughter of one. And that was such a weighty matter that I had ample time to study all the rest of the things. Among them was one dress for a belle of two or three seasons, for it was richly ornamented with real lace and had altogether more than the usual amount of magnificence. In fact, it was almost fine enough for a young married lady. There was first a skirt of white glace taffeta and a plaited flounce at the bottom of the same, so full that it set out almost straight, and over this was a crepe lisse dress made very full and sweeping, and this was painted with some delicate flowers, so faintly that it was more like a dream of flowers than a reality. This was gathered at the waist and fell to within 15 inches of the bottom free and there was held in with a deep flounce of cream colored venetian point. The waist was a dream of lisse, taffeta and lace held by rich gold ribbon. The pointed belt was of this, and so were the crossbands over the shoulder. For a younger lady there was a dainty frock in ivory white taffeta, with lines of white lace insertion, and through these were run black velvet ribbon, and this also formed bows at the neck. These bows were in the back and also front. There were two belts for this dress, one as is shown in



EVERYDAY WAISTS.

the picture, and the other, which is to be worn at a dance, is of chiffon, like the deep flounce.

But two tables away stood a figure of a widow in house attire. It is said that we are adopting the English widow's cap and veil in the house. This is of crepe lisse and is always white. This dress was of black silk warp eudora, the one recognized mourning cloth, and this was made with a double skirt, the inner one being of alpaca, covered with English crape over half way up. Over this is the tunic of eudora. The waist is of the alpaca covered with crape, and the sleeves and figaro are of the eudora. The cunning little cap which tells its own special tale of woe is really becoming and has a sweeper of crepe lisse. Mourning garb is generally so trying to both wearer and beholder that it is a good thing when something a little less gloomy can be devised. It is not obligatory on any widow to wear this cap and veil at home.

I shall soon try to say a word about the new evening attire and magnificent wraps, but just now I shall have room for but a few new and useful and easily made waists. One in the illustration is of plaid twill and is made with the utmost simplicity, only there are a lot of fine tucks at the front. Tucks seem to have renewed their life, and one sees them everywhere. The next one to this has the whole front tucked and is made of maroon flannel and has a row of tiny gold buttons down the front. The collar is high and plain, with a made cravat bow. Below that one is a waist of old rose flannel, and this has the front laid in box plaits, and between them are rows of the tiny gilt nail head buttons. All the plaits are stitched. That one lowest in the picture is of striped velvet and is cut so that the stripes form an ornamentation, and on the lapels are set three gilt buttons.

JEST AND REPARTEE.

Some Paragraphs That Are Intended to Make You Smile.

"What's the matter with that man Goldrox, doctor?"

"Oh, simply a nervous trouble."

"Nervous trouble, is it?"

"Yes; he's worrying about his money."

"Oh, well, it ought to be easy for you to relieve him of that!"

"Cats don't go to heaven, do they, mamma?"

"No, my dear."

"I know why they don't, mamma."

"Well, why don't they, dear?"

"Because they couldn't enjoy themselves, for there's no nights there."

Bill—You can't keep some men down.

Jill—Is that so?

"Certainly it's so. Now, when a man commits his first act in a downward course, what do they do with him?"

"Don't know."

"Why, he's immediately sent up, isn't he?"

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—You talk about women being untruthful about their ages! You gave out that the event was your twenty-sixth birthday celebration.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—So I do, dear.

"You know you're over 40."

"Yes, but there were quite a number of my birthdays passed without being celebrated."

Bill—Did you know old Skinflint?

Jill—Sure.

"Did you know he died?"

"No. Is that so?"

"Yes; and he left a lot of money behind him."

"I suppose because he couldn't take it with him."

"You got that right. Among the bequests he left a dollar to each of his brothers."

"And how many brothers did he have?"

"Oh, $3 worth, I believe."—Yonkers Statesman.

The Shadow of the Past.

She laid her face against her mother's breast and sobbed.

"My poor child, what is it?" the older lady asked. "Has Reginald been cruel to you?"

"No, mamma," the bride replied, "it is not that. It is all on account of a terrible discovery. I"—

"Ah," the fond mother exclaimed, "then he did not tell you all before it was too late! Oh, my poor child! Oh, the monster! There is a dark page in his life! Ah, how can man be so base! How"—

"He found the photograph of me sitting in a wash bowl," the stricken one interrupted, "that you had taken for a baby food advertisement!"

Then they sat there, dumb with grief.

Generosity.

"Do you think republics are ungrateful?" asked the statesman.

"No, sir," answered the professional politician. "If you know how to work it, you can conx as much salary and incidental profit out of a republic as you can out of any form of government I know of. As a matter of fact a republic is one of the easiest institutions on earth."

Brook Farm Pleasantries.

Mr. Ripley once announced that a contribution would be taken to defray expenses at Brook Farm; "but, as the speaking was to be continued during the time the box was passing round," the audience was requested to put in as many bills as possible, so as not to disturb the speaker by the rattling of small change.—Boston Christian Register.

Not a Doubt of It.

"Don't you believe," asked the girl in the pink shirt waist, "that it makes a pathetic selection still more pathetic to recite it in dialect?"

"I do, dear," answered the girl in pale blue. "It always makes me feel like crying to hear you do anything at all in dialect."—Chicago Tribune.

Some For Chocolates, We Trust.

"Stimson is a mean man."

"Why so?"

"He's got a way of keeping his wife from going through his pockets for loose change."

"How's that?"

"He spends it all before he gets home."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Airy.

'You know," said Senator Sorghum reprovingly, "I told you that what I wanted was a good, breezy speech."

"Well," answered the professional orator, "I thought that was what I gave you. Nearly everybody who heard it said my arguments were only wind."—Washington Star.

A Shanghai Rumor.

"No, I do not know what the European concert will play," observed Li Hung Chang.

Then, with a knowing smile, he continued:

"But I should not be surprised if we furnished the Tuan."—Baltimore American.

Business Proposition.

"Do you believe that young Swinton proposed to the elderly Miss Linton last night, as she says?"

"That's what she calls it, but all he did was to make a proposition to propose if she would advance him some of her proposed allowance."—Denver News.

More Information.

Tommy—Say, paw?

Mr. Figg—Well?

"What is mistaken identity?"

"One of the commonest cases is where some one horse individual mistakes himself for a statesman."—Indianapolis Press.

Comforting Reflection.

"Dolly, if you keep on spending money this way we'll have to go to the poorhouse."

"Well, if we do, Jack, we'll have a lot of nice things to take with us."—Chicago Record.

The Secret of Preference.

"Rebecca, how did it happen you were invited to Mrs. Au Fait's luncheon?"

"Well, maybe she wanted people that could be depended on to make themselves agreeable."—Indianapolis Journal.

Popularity.

"The candidate," said the idle observer, "who confines his speechmaking to 'yes' or 'I'll you have?' will find himself at all times speaking to the capacity of the house."—Indianapolis Press.

SHOPPING IN PARIS.

It Has Its Drawbacks, According to American Ideas.

Shopping in Paris has its drawbacks, according to the report of a woman who has tried it. "At first," she said, "I called, as a matter of course, for an interpreter. But he railroaded me around from one counter to another with such speed and had such an imperative fashion of announcing the price I must pay that it took what little sense I had of the comparative value of French and American money away from me. However, after buying a few such staple articles as ribbon I began to appreciate even in my confusion that I was paying two prices for everything, and I dismissed Mr. Guide and began to 'paddle my own canoe.'

"I got on very well, too, with the dapper little clerks. They had no one at hand, I suppose, to give them the tip as to how much additional they must charge me, and I got things, I think, for the market price. The freemasonry of shopping operated too. I understood when the salesman spread out his hands and talked volubly about an 'occasion' that he was discoursing on a 'bargain,' and I am sure I should have understood him if he had called it a 'tsu tsin' or even used the sign language.

"Presently, however, I met a poser. A pretty contrivance of knotted ropes, terminating in balls of something in dull black, studded with silver nails, struck my eye. Was it a girdle? If so, how pretty it would be with a dark red tea gown! I questioned the clerk. He shook his head. He called his fellow salesman. No one knew what I wanted. Finally I mustered up my French and managed to say, 'Je ne comprehend pas,' with what I fear was a villainous accent.

"Instantly the clerk was all smiles. He seized the girdle (?) and draped it around the arm of a fellow salesman, standing off to observe the effect. My face must have reflected my astonishment. Trying again, I ventured, 'Pour homme?' Then all the nearby clerks burst into a laugh at the discomfiture of their mate, and the poor fellow looked around for a fresh illustration. He espied a number of whip lashes hanging down from the wall like a beaded portiere, and, dividing them in half, he slipped my so called girdle around the group, holding the two ends in his hand. The article I had seen in fancy adorning my tea gown proved to be designed for holding back the folds of the draperies."

THE TWELVE APOSTLES.

An Incident Which Teaches the Need of Sunday School.

At a dinner party in Washington, composed of prominent men, one of them remarked that he once sat in the Union League club at New York with Roscoe Conkling, Chester A. Arthur and several other distinguished gentlemen, who had been carefully educated in religious families, and that none of them was able to name the twelve apostles.

"That's easy," said a senator brashly, beginning, "Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, bless the bed that I lie on; Paul, the two Jameses, Jude, Barnabas"—And there he stopped with some embarrassment.

"Timothy," suggested a major general, who is a vestryman in an Episcopal church.

"Nonsense," answered a senator. "Timothy was a disciple of Paul's. He wasn't one of the twelve apostles."

"Nicodemus," suggested one of the company.

"Jeremiah," suggested the third.

"Judas was one of the apostles," meekly came from a voice in the corner.

"I'll be blamed if he was! He was a disciple," came the curt reply.

"Weren't the disciples and the apostles the same thing?" inquired the meek voice, getting a shade bolder.

Bartholomew was suggested and accepted by several.

"What's the matter with Peter?" exclaimed the modest young member of the diplomatic corps, who had hitherto been silent.

"How many does that make?" somebody asked, and they counted up ten for sure, with as many more doubtful.

"Let's look in the Bible," somebody suggested, and the good book was overhauled in vain. Then the encyclopedia was appealed to, but it was not entirely satisfactory, for it included Thomas and Andrew in the list, and the justice of the supreme court and two of the senators were positive that Andrew was not an apostle. All of which teaches the great usefulness and need of Sunday schools.

They Wanted the Canteen.

The manager of an expensive bachelor apartment house on Murray Hill advertised an empty apartment and waited for prospective tenants. They arrived occasionally during the first week. On a later day, when the advertisement was once more printed, they came in such numbers that by 9 o'clock ten men had asked to see the rooms. It was not long before the cause of this sudden demand was plain to the manager. He learned it from the first arrival, who looked at the empty rooms, admired their good points and then showed unmistakably that he was disappointed.

"But where is the canteen?" he asked.

The manager was amazed and could only repeat, "The canteen?" Then the visitor took out a newspaper and showed that the advertisement plainly read "Canteen on premises." It was a mistake for "Caterer on premises." But in the unprecedentedly long list of men who came to inspect the apartment that day there was not one who failed to inquire about the canteen.

A Favorite of Providence.

"Hit do pear lak Providence is on my side," said the colored brother. "You know I los' my lef' arm in de sawmill las' year?"

"Yes."

"Well, I got $50 damage fer dat, en fo' I'd half spent de money along come de railroad en cut off William's leg, en I got so much money fer dat I ain't done countin hit yit! If Providence des stan's by me en dey keep on a-hackin at us, we'll soon be livin in a painted house wid two brick chimneys!"

Feminine Emphasis.

Daisy—Oh, yes, she wrote him that they must part for ever and ever, but she did not mean it.

Dolly—How do you know?

Daisy—Because she did not underscore it, you silly.—Baltimore American.

Dead ancestors are said to occupy too much of the arable land in China. Famines would be less frequent if the country was not one vast cemetery.

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