

HER WEDDING DAY

The very first day I spent in Rosedale convinced me as things weren't as they should be between the missus and her master. As I sat on the edge of my bed in the attic before turning in I had it over in my mind. It was none of my business, of course. Slaves ain't paid to concern themselves in the private affairs of the family, but you can take it from one who knows, they do, an' I'm just a female like the rest.

'Omely Liz, they call me, an' I've got to plead guilty; but, for all their chipping, I pride meself there's a big strain of common-sense goes with the willin' hand an' the soft heart. After what I'd been accustomed to see in my last place, it seemed to me a terrible pity that they should lose, even for an hour, the happiness that ought to have been theirs.

But two jobs I'd had since father told me to make one less mouth to feed. The first lasted for nineteen years; the last, just one. That one might have lasted me out, for I'm no flighty Jane, but it wasn't to be. They were quite young, and newly married, when I went to them, and the brightest, sunniest couple as ever breathed. Made for each other, they were; never in this world was there a happier little paradise. And then, at the end of just one short year, God took her with the baby, and left him with all the hope dashed out of his life.

They tell me I've got rummy ideas that I'm old-fashioned. Perhaps I am. But, anyway, my notion of married life was just like theirs—sweetheartin' together through the glad years, with no day wasted in foolish quarrelling, with no cause given for regret—just a cheery journey together, each helping the other over the rough places, until the long rest.

My day in Rosedale showed me very clearly that the new master an' missus were not taking the journey together, and it worried me. The signs couldn't be mistook. The bare civility at meal times, the going out to the club without a word afterwards—all showed me plainly that they were apart. Their coldness towards each other struck a chill in me. I didn't feel at home. As I took down my hair the question shot into my brain, "What yer goin' to do about it, Liz?" And, because I knew what happiness perfect understanding brings, I wanted them to know it, too. I wanted them to be sweethearts always.

The picture of the missus, smiling happily in his arms, sent me to sleep. In the days that followed I quietly watched them. It was plain as the nose on my face that they had married for love, and that their coolness had come gradual. They were both, I learned, about the same age, just turned thirty, and had been married eight years. He was a strong, well-made, handsome man, and, from his look an' manner, you could tell he was one who got things done.

She was a delicate-looking woman, who, in happier days, had been pretty. The tired look in her eyes, the white, lined face, the grey hairs showin' in the black, had all come since those days, with other little signs that told me she had lost the desire to take pride in her looks.

They did not quarrel. A good flare-up would, possibly, have been better for both; but she was not that sort. They simply took their own ways—he to his work and pleasure, she to her household concerns an' brooding. Oh, yes, I could see it. Though in front of him she acted the "don't care," she could not hide from me that she was wretched.

It looked like a hard case, but, as time passed, and I got to know her and him better, and she learned to like and trust me, the reason came clearer, and I could see it was my job.

The trouble with her was that she'd allowed herself to get into sickly state of mind, and for the benefit of all concerned, I set about the cure. Early on she had objected to my habit of singin' while I worked—said it got on her nerves. I'm no primmer donna, I'm aware, but it ain't all that raspy. The third time of askin' I let out. My little sermon hit home. Her face flushed, and she seemed inclined to say something short.

"No offence, mum," I said. "When you've seen me a bit longer, you'll know me better. I'll earn my money all right, if you'll let me."

"I did it all myself for the first four years," she told me. "We were not so well off in those days and I had to."

"What you want to keep you busy is a precious little kiddy," I said, never thinkin'.

She looked at me queerly, and her face went suddenly drawn. Before I'd done bitin' my silly tongue she was out of the kitchen, cryin' like a child.

I hadn't got to puzzle any more. It came upon me like a flash that I had found her trouble. There had been no kiddy.

When, a bit later, I crept into the dining-room to say I was sorry, I found her stretched on the couch, with her face hidden in her arms, sobbin' as if her heart was breakin'. I tried to find words to comfort her; but they wouldn't come. Something seemed to choke them back. All that it meant to her came upon me with a rush, and I found meself dabbin' my eyes.

She was a true, lovin' woman, who had dreamed, as most of us do, of the fumblin' little hands, the smuglin' little face, of our very own, and the crown of motherhood had been denied her. In the minute I stood there silent I understood, and my heart ached for her. Disappointment had changed her world, and the days and weeks of lonely brooding, while he was away, had changed her, too.

Droppin' down by the couch, I put my arms about her, and did my best to comfort her.

"I know, missus," I whispered, when she had grown quiet. "But it's wrong to grieve. There's many worse troubles than yours. You have your husband—"

"My husband cares nothing for me!" she cried. "Am I shut out of his life?"

"You s'at yourself out, dearie," I said gently. "I am sure of it. I'm only 'Omely Liz. No man will ever call me wife now, but I think I can understand why you two have gone apart, and I'd like to see you happy together again. Little children come to bind affection closer, true enough, and where the blessing is denied the greater the call for lovin'-kindness. That's where you've failed, dearie. Forgive me if I hurt you by my plain speakin', but it seems to me you've lived with disappointment so long it's made you bitter. A man is made different to us; he is of coarser clay. He would not understand why you should continue to fret—"

"He was too busy making a position to care!" she cried.

"Oh, no!" I said. "He cared; but I think he would care more to see the change in you. It would grieve him to see you so different. Things do not come to such a pass between man an' wife until one despairs of rekindling affection. If the years have been wretched for you, they have been as much to him; and, because he has found no pleasure in his home life, he has been tempted to seek it with friends so widening the gulf between you. Why not take hands again, dearie? Why not meet him to-night with a smilin' face, an' say you're sorry? I know he would smile, too, and that his arms would hold you. You are together for better or worse for maybe many years. Why not always for better?"

"He has ceased to care!" she said bitterly. "He would turn from me with a laugh!"

"I think not, dearie," I said quietly. "I have seen the look in his eyes when you have left the room, and I know he, too, is wretched. Make it up to-day!"

"To-day!" she cried. "To-day is the anniversary of our wedding-day. For the first four years he marked it with a gift; he has forgotten it altogether now!"

"Oh, no!" I said, smiling confidently. "Meet him when he comes home to-night as I want you to, and see if he has forgotten. It seems such a pity you should be bad friends. Listen to me, dearie!"

And, very quietly, I told her about my last place.

She heard me through, and at the end lay back, with the glistenin' tears in her eyes.

"I think he will be glad now that they understood each other so well," I said. "I think it will comfort him in the dark hours. None of us to-day can see our to-morrow."

She lay back silent, with white, strained face, for quite a long time. Then slowly she put her hands out, and dested them on my shoulders.

"Thank you, Lizzie!" she said. "That was all; but I jumped up, smilin', because I knew I had won her round."

"Now, listen, ma'am!" I said. "I've got a plan. He'll be home, as usual, at seven for dinner. We'll have a special spread in honor of the day, and you shall be waitin' for him in your wedding-dress!"

"My wedding-dress!" she cried. "Oh, no, Liz; it's hopelessly old-fashioned! I should look a fright!"

"We'll see you don't," I said. "He is going to come into the room, and find his old sweetheart, and, just as sure, you will find him again!"

"You think so, Liz?" she cried, trembling.

"Sure of it!"

"Come and dig out the dress," she said.

And, laughin' at our pleasant thoughts, we tripped upstairs.

The rest of that day, until the usual hour of his homecoming, passed like a dream. The difference in the missus you'd hardly credit. She seemed another woman altogether. Now that her mind was given to it, she was nothing but a cook; there must be flowers on the table, his slippers must be in the fender; everything must be just as he liked it.

At six o'clock she went upstairs to dress. As I put on my best apron I heard her quietly singin'.

When she called me to see how she looked, I stood an' smiled, because, for some reason, I couldn't say a word.

The white silk dress still fitted her perfectly; her eyes were shinin'; the smilin' lips had given a new expression to her face. She looked a happy, blushin' bride.

"Shall I do, Lizzie?" she said, with a playful curtesy.

"Oh ma'am, you look beautiful!" I exclaimed.

"You think he'll know me?" she said.

"You'll see," I answered, laughin'.

From behind my back I held out the spray of flowers I had got from the shop with the others downstairs.

"I want you to wear this, ma'am," I said. "Let me fasten it in your gown!"

"A bunch of rosemary!" she cried.

"For remembrance, ma'am."

"Thank you, Lizzie," she said quietly, pressin' my hand; an', smilin' happily, we went down the stairs.

"When you want dinner served, you'll please ring, ma'am," I said, as I turned for the kitchen. "It's nearly seven. In ten minutes he'll be here!"

As the clock struck I stood with the kitchen door open, waitin' for the sound of his key in the lock. In the dining-room I knew she, too, was listenin'. For five, ten, fifteen minutes we sat there, quietly waitin'.

He did not come.

I stole along the hall, and, softly openin' the vestibule door, looked along the road. There was no sign of him. Backwards and forwards from kitchen to door I went a dozen times, until the clock struck eight. And then I went slowly back, and, sittin' by the kitchen table, sobbed like a child. The dinner was spoiled. All our little planning was wasted. He was not coming.

How long I sat there I couldn't say; but presently I looked up, and there was the missus, standin' in the doorway. Her face had gone white an' drawn again; the dull look had come back into her eyes. She didn't cry. I think she couldn't.

"We've been a little foolish, Lizzie," she said, with a queer, harsh laugh. "You see, he has quite forgotten!"

For the life of me, I couldn't find words to say to her.

"Poor, sentimental Liz!" she cried. "I'm afraid, after all, you don't know much of men."

And with that she turned and went back again.

Nine o'clock struck, and she still sat in the dining-room, broodin' an' miserably. Ten came, and, with a heavy heart, I cleared away the meal. Eleven, and I had heard no sound of her. When the half-hour chimed, I took my alarm clock and, after windin' it, crept to the dining-room to say good-night. Quietly I opened the door, and looked in, to find her stretched on the hearthrug, with one arm under her head, asleep.

Gently closing the door again, I stole back to the kitchen, and sat down to wait. A few minutes before twelve his key grated in the door, and at the sound I shot up, with my hand pressed to my breast. I heard him bolt the outer door. I stood there shakin' while he hung his coat an' hat on the stand, and crossed to the dining-room.

"Mary!"

I caught his cry, and the door shut behind him. Then—I am not ashamed to own it—I stole quickly along the hall, and listened.

His shout must have aroused her; for I heard her whisper, as if dazed:

"Ned!"

"Mary!" he cried; and I think he must have stopped to raise her up. "What on earth—"

And then he stopped, as if the meaning of her dress and the set-out table had come to him; and for quite a spell I heard no sound, until came the pitiful outburst of chokin' sobs she could no longer hold back.

"My poor girl!" he said. "I did not think you cared any longer! You have been waiting for me all this time! I—What a blind fool I have been!"

"I wanted you to come—to tell you I'm sorry!" she said. "Ned, I am ashamed! Will you forgive—and let us be as we were—always?"

"Mary!" he cried.

And I stole quietly upstairs to my room, smilin' an' dabbin' the silly tears from my face.—London Answers.

LAZY BOY.

A clergyman on his round of visits interviewed a youngster as to his acquaintance with Bible stories.

"My lad," he said, "you have, of course, heard of the parables?"

"Yes, sir," shyly answered the boy, whose mother had instructed him in sacred history.

"Good!" said the clergyman. "Now which of them do you like the best of all?"

The boy squirmed, but at last, heeding his mother's frowns, he replied:

"I like that one where somebody loafs and fishes."

THE RETURN TRIP.

Mr. Flatfoot—"Good mawnin', Miss Snowball. Whar is you' gwine dis mawnin'?"

Miss Snowball—"Ah, ain't gwine nowhere dis mawnin'. Mistah Flatfoot. Ah done bin whar' Ah's gwine."

ABOUT THE HOUSE

THE SEWING ROOM.

Button Help.—When removing buttons from old garments have your needles and thread at hand and thread each kind separately and tie in a bunch before putting into the button box. This saves time and trouble of hunting through all of the buttons to select the ones wanted when needed for use again.

When Cutting Out Dress.—If you must do your dressmaking and planning on your dining-room-table buy a piece of table oilcloth the length of your table and put upon it, and you will not disgrace a polished top with pin scratches nor run the risk of cutting a tablecloth.

Pin Tucks.—Sew pin tucks in sheer material without tucker or tapeline by marking distance on thumb nail. Fold goods for first tuck, holding goods easily between thumb and forefinger; mark with leadpencil on thumb nail where the fold comes; measure three-eighths inch scant measure from first mark to other side of nail and mark again; this gives the distance between tucks. Guide stitching by laying goods under presser foot of machine just so the edge is past the needle opening; after stitching press each tuck down with fingers; then proceed to lay next tuck from edge of first by markings on nail. The result is lovely flat work without any puckers.

To Shirk Without Ruffle.—Tighten the tension of machine and lengthen the stitch. Put the goods through and it gathers as one stitch. You will be surprised to see such nice shirring one can do in this way.

Scrap Bag.—A bag made after laundry bag design, fastened to the framework at left of treadle of machine is found to be convenient, for scraps, keeping the floor free from scraps, ends of thread, etc.

LITTLE HELPS.

Pie Crust.—To prevent a pie crust from shrinking while being baked turn pie tin bottom up and shape dough over it, instead of inside. Bake in quick oven, and pie crust will retain shape perfectly.

Attractive Yard.—Do not allow a weed to grow in the yard. Cut them out by the roots. Cut the grass once a week, and keep it short. Walks in a straight line. Banish all flowers and shrubs from the front, put place them in the background. Tall flowering plants and vines first, then low bedding plants and borders. Exceptions are made to hanging baskets and window boxes, which seem a part of the house itself. This rule if faithfully adhered to cannot fail to result in an attractive yard, which is a pleasure to the eye.

Seasonable Hint.—Where there are small children or pet animals to push against the lower half of the screen doors the screen is either torn or made to bulge. To prevent this cover the lower section of the screen with wire netting of about one inch mesh, and replace the molding around the edges. If netting is painted the same color of the screen it is scarcely noticeable and will prolong the life of the door indefinitely.

Remodeling Hat.—If you have a last season's leghorn hat, it may be made modern by procuring a wire frame with a medium large, round crown. Detach crown and cover with net or other thin material for foundation, cover with straw as nearly the shade of the leghorn as possible, and fasten to the leghorn frame after cutting the original crown from the frame.

When Unable to Sleep.—When unable to go to sleep try this way of counting: One, one two, one two three, one two three four, one two three four five, one two three four five six, and so on. Count slowly.

CLEANING.

Kitchen.—A box containing brushes of different sizes is useful in the kitchen. There should be brushes for cleaning vegetables, for butter, for loaves of bread as they come from the oven, to use in greasing pans, griddles, etc.; for washing dishes, soft brushes for cleaning cut glass and many other things. For one who prefers a dainty kitchen without much labor a general use of white oilcloth on tables, shelves, drain boards, as splashes back of tables, covering for cook books, etc., will be found a great aid.

Cleaning Hints.—When the inside of a coffee or tea pot becomes black from long use fill it with soft water, throw in a small piece of hard soap, and boil it from one-half to one hour. It will be as bright as a new button.

When tin saucepans become grimy or dark from use do the same with them, and you will be pleased with the result. Cover while boiling. Then scald out well and all is complete.

Clothes Cleaner.—May be made of cheesecloth fashioned into a bag three inches square. Fill the bag with five cents' worth of soap bark and sew up the end. When wanted

for use place the bag in a basin of warm water and use as a sponge on the article to be cleaned, wiping with a dry cloth. After using dry the bag and it will be ready for another time. It is a good idea to make two bags and use one for light materials and the other for dark. Soap bark will remove spots from clothing in a satisfactory way. Press the goods after cleaning.

DOMESTIC HINTS.

When about to iron a dress begin at the bodice, next iron the sleeves, and lastly the skirt, commencing at the upper part.

The corners of rugs may be prevented from curling by sewing on their under edges a narrow piece of webbing, such as is used in holding furniture springs in place.

Always select a toothbrush with care. Violent rubbing with a hard brush often injures the enamel of the teeth. Therefore, buy a medium one, and soak it in warm water ten minutes before using.

There is art in putting on a veil well, and everything depends on the start. Always tie a new veil in a small knot in the centre of the upper edge. This will give a little fullness that permits the veil to lie easily over the face without stretching. It is better to pin than to tie a veil at the back. Pin the two upper ends on the hat and, if necessary, add another pin lower down.

Milk puddings should be cooked very slowly, so that the grains have time to swell and so make a rich, creamy pudding; in fact, milk puddings containing eggs will cook better if the pie-dish is placed in a tin containing water in the oven, as this lessens the chance of their boiling too much. Two ounces of rice, to a pint of milk is sufficient; otherwise it does not leave enough room for the grains to swell.

To Stop Lamp-Chimneys Cracking.—Place the chimney in a pot filled with cold water and add a little cooking salt; allow it to boil well, then cool slowly. Chimneys become very durable by this process, which may be extended to crockery, stoneware, porcelain, china, etc. The process is simply one of annealing, and the slower the process, especially of cooling, the more effective will be the work. If the glass chimney of a lamp be cut with a diamond on the convex side it will never crack, as the incision affords room for the expansion caused by the heat.

A Warning to Mothers.—Babies are like delicate plants, and should be brought up in as pure an atmosphere and with as much sunshine as possible. They should not be coddled or handled much. The mother who is forever babying, tossing, or jumping her baby to take "notice," when perhaps it is sleepy, and then rocking and jumping it again to get it to sleep when its nerves are "all on edge," is doing the little one a great wrong. Many of the brain diseases of children are often traced to the foolish habit of tossing them up or "making them take notice" at an age when to "notice" would show an abnormal precocity that would bode ill for their future health.

ARE NOT FIT FOR CROWNS

HEIRS-APPARENT FORFEITED THEIR RIGHT TO REIGN.

Young Scoundrels Who Led Lives of Vice in all Its Worst Forms.

If the too volatile Crown Prince George of Serbia is not called on to pay any worse penalty for his escapades than the loss of his right to the throne of the Balkan kingdom he will be very lucky.

He has proved himself one of the stormy petrels of Royalty. Even when a mere boy, as a student in Paris, he was beyond all control; and since he became Crown Prince he has made himself notorious by his proceedings.

A full list of his escapades would make unpleasant reading. His life has been full of folly, vice, and acts of mad cruelty. But at last the climax has come. One of the Crown Prince's servants, Kolakovitch, died, and it was given out that he had fallen downstairs by accident. But soon it began to be whispered that he had been knocked senseless and kicked to death by Prince George as a punishment for not putting his master's boots and trousers in the right place.

The Crown Prince denied the charge, but announced that he resigned his claims on the Crown, "as a vindication of his honor." Even if he repents his resignation, he has a very poor chance of being a king. The Serbs hate and are ashamed of him.

and will do everything they can to keep him off their throne.

By an ironical coincidence, Austria, who is threatening to crush Serbia, is somewhat in the same trouble as her little neighbor of the Balkans. The Archduke Franz Ferdinand, the heir of Francis Joseph, played ducks and drakes with all his opportunities when he was a young man.

He refused to learn anything, and thought of nothing but how to

amuse himself. As a result he has grown up ignorant, reactionary, and as insanely proud as he is incapable, and his conduct in the past has lost him the sympathy and respect of his future subjects.

Of all the Great Powers, Russia has probably had the most heinous apparent addicted to playing the fascinating but occasionally expensive game of ducks and drakes. The most tragically famous of all was Alexis, the son of Peter the Great. He was a drunkard and gambler. Peter loved him, but he loved Russia better. He asked himself what would happen to the Empire if his son came to the throne. The answer was a terrible one. By Peter's orders Alexis was tried and condemned to death. He was never publicly executed, but he disappeared into a prison, and the world never saw him again.

Another Russian heir-apparent was the Grand Duke Constantine, the next eldest brother of Alexander I. His life was full of wild freaks and revelry.

Finally he fell madly in love with a woman of low birth. He could not marry her without the Czar's permission, and Alexander, foreseeing that fearful things would happen if Constantine would formally renounce his rights to the throne. The Grand Duke consented.

When Alexander died Constantine was forced to keep his word, and his younger brother, Nicholas, became Czar. But Constantine was sulky and discontented, and gave so much trouble that he was finally banished to a dreary little frontier town in Lithuania, which was practically his prison, since he was forbidden to leave it. Here he died in 1831.

Historical novelists and dramatists are fond of depicting Don Carlos, the eldest son of Philip II. of Spain, as a hero of romance, who met a tragic fate because he was a friend of liberty and wished to help those who were oppressed. As a matter of cold fact, however, Don Carlos was another Crown Prince George, only worse. He shunned the great soldiers and statesmen who thronged his father's Court, and sought his friends and associates in the lowest drinking shops.

Finally, just for the sake of enjoying a new excitement, he joined a conspiracy against his father's life. He was thrown into prison, and it was given out that he had died. But his actual fate is one of the darkest mysteries of history.

THE BONAPARTES.

It is not going too far to say that the Bonaparte family might still have been on the throne of France had it not been for the foolishness of some of its wildest members.

When Napoleon III. was on the throne he made desperate efforts to win the respect of the French people, but the other Bonaparte princes led such scandalous lives that these efforts were frustrated. One of them, Prince Pierre, shot dead a journalist, Victor Noir, and when a jury acquitted him people knew that the Emperor had shielded him from justice.

England would have had a King Frederick had one particular prince not thrown away his prospects of the throne. The eldest son of George II., Frederick, Prince of Wales, was as wild and dissipated as could be. He gambled away an appalling amount of money, and, quarrelling bitterly with his father, was ordered to leave the Court and not appear there again. One of his favorite amusements was to help to fasten watchmen in their boxes and roll them down Ludgate Hill.

He died as a result of his own follies when still a young man, and his son succeeded to the throne as George III.—Pearson's Weekly.

INSURANCE MISINFORMATION

If one is to believe all the statements made by applicants for life-insurance policies, some families have been distinguished by very curious, not to say inexplicable, happenings. The British Medical Journal selects a few of the most amusing blunders:

Mother died in infancy. Father went to bed feeling well, and the next morning woke up dead.

Grandfather died suddenly at the age of 103. Up to this time he had fair to reach a ripe old age.

Applicant does not know anything about maternal posterity, except that they died at an advanced age.

Applicant does not know cause of mother's death, but states that she fully recovered from her last illness.

Applicant has never been fatally sick.

Father died suddenly; nothing serious.

Applicant's brother, who was an infant, died when he was a mere child.

Grandfather died from gunshot wound, caused by an arrow shot by an Indian.

Applicant's fraternal parents died when he was a child.

Mother's last illness was caused from chronic rheumatism, but she was cured before death.

A MODERN SAPPHIRE.

Chief Clerk—"Here comes the lady who wrote those articles on 'How I Live Regally on Six Dollars a Week.'"

Satan—"Put her over there with the other liars."