

The Home Circle.

THE HOLY ANGELS.

By Laura R. Kline.

Where do angels love to dwell? In a poor man's weary heart, Faithful over, ill or well, Though he feel the human smart, If the clouds be dark and break In a flood above his head, No may consolation take At the Cross where Christ has bled.

Where does God in love abide? In the pious mother's breast, Innocent of worldly pride Patient as the saints at rest, At the shrine of humble duty, Silent prayers ascend on wings To the portal rich in beauty, Purer far than earthly things.

Where do the sweet angels hover? Round the tiny infant's cot, Guarding lest some careless rover, On its mind might leave a blot, Where the bonds of warm affection Link the soul to One above, With ineffable protection, Of an everlasting love.

Unseen figures lowly bent As the Tabernacle cell, In the transports of content, There the purest spirits dwell, Unseen forms with firm endeavor Whisper, echo sweet refrain, Till all time has passed forever, And Eternity remains.

—Boquet

RESOLUTIONS FOR GIRLS.

- 1.—Resolve to dress sensibly, and stick to that resolution as long as you can. 2.—If you are earning money, or receiving an allowance, resolve to save a portion of it, no matter how small that portion must be. 3.—Resolve to do whatever you consent to do to all, as well as anybody can do it, but I have talked about that before! 4.—Resolve to be a good, sound, reliable, easy-working cog, in the social or business machinery of which you are a part. In the household, in school, in office work, anywhere and everywhere, this resolution will apply. Don't say to yourself, "What difference does it make, if I am fifteen minutes late?" but, "What difference would it make if everybody were a quarter of an hour behindhand?" That swollen cog, that has to be removed, may still be of use as a paperweight. If anybody wants it, but its days of active efficiency are ended. All great work depends on organized co-operation, systematized, regulated, mechanically perfect.—January "Success."

DRESS AND DISPOSITION.

It is indeed impossible for the most arbitrary fashion to exaltate, in sensitive women, especially, certain tendencies to symbolize their states of mind by their dress. Most of my female readers, I dare say, possess bonnets and gowns that they can only wear on days when they are at their best, when they are equal to them. There are days and moods in which curled or loose, wandering hair is intolerable. Any man of ordinary tact or intelligence, may know that when a woman's hair is brushed tightly back and rigidly coiled, when her bright ribbons are hidden in drawers, her pink and blue dresses hung at the back of her wardrobe, and when she herself appears severely clad in her black alpaca, that the woman is in an inquiring, reforming temper, that she is going to look into expenses, and call children and servants to account. And if he is discreet, he will not interfere nor ask questions, for the plainly dressed woman means business, which may fairly be called "happiness-making."

It is a very useless thing to advise a young man as to the girl he ought to marry. Yet the marrying man may well take dress into close consideration. He may, for instance, be sure that any girl who, without appearing singular, can keep at a good distance from any prevailing fashion will make a good wife. Thus, not because it is a proof of her being quiet and modest, but because it gives evidence of her possessing the art of great importance in domestic happiness—the art of making the best of herself. Most modes of fashion carried to extremes are ugly. It is a bunch here and a bunch there, too much drapery in one place and not enough in another. Health, propriety and beauty are almost against without compromise. The girl, then, who knows how to steer clear of these evils, and yet not look singular in an adroit girl, who will make the best of herself, and of all the circumstances she may encounter in life.

UNCONGENIAL WORK.

The editors of Success frequently receive letters from men and women in middle life who feel that they are round pegs in square holes, with no possibility of changing their occupation at their time of life.

We realize to the full how trying such conditions must be; and yet, even for those so unfortunately situated, there is light in the present and hope and encouragement in the future. If they will only take heart and resolve to perform cheerfully and to the best of their ability the duties of the position in which inexorable circumstances may have placed them, says that publication.

If you find yourself in a misfit occupation, by which you are able to earn the income necessary to support those dependent upon you, and feel that there is no possibility of changing without inflicting serious suffering on those dear to you, the only thing for you to do is to resolve firmly to make the best of the situation, and, like the oyster which cannot expel the grain of sand which has entered within its shell, cover it with pearl and make it as beautiful as possible.

We know men and women who have so thoroughly mastered uncongenial surroundings that they have really been very successful in their work. In spite of the unfavorable circumstances a brave, strong resolution to make the best of one's environment, whatever it may be, often works wonders.

If you find yourself irrevocably tied to an occupation for which you have no liking, and have been slighting your work because it was uncongenial, resolve now that you will do so no longer. Make up your mind to do everything entrusted to you, no matter how trivial it may seem, as well as it can be done.

Not only do it well, but do it cheerfully. Make a firm resolution that you will not be unhappy and be the cause of unhappiness in others, simply because you think you are not doing what you are best adapted to.

It is barely possible, too, that you may have made a mistake in your estimate of your own powers. But, however that may be, your duty is now clear, and no matter how distasteful or disagreeable the work you are compelled to do is, provided it is in itself honest and honorable, you should throw yourself into it with all your might.

Put yourself under stern and rigid discipline each day; be true to your best instincts and faithful to the daily task imposed upon you; be animated with the high purpose of pleasing God, rather than yourself, and it may be that the cultivation of this higher and nobler spirit will attract to your opportunities of bettering your condition which otherwise would never have opened to you. This, of course, is only a bare possibility; but, by coming up to this higher plane by refusing to allow your spirit to be fettered by any incident of circumstances, your environment will actually be transformed. "No power on earth," said Lydia Marie Child, "can prevent my soul from holy converse with the angel, even though with my hand I feed pigs." If you do your work in this spirit, you will not only be happy yourself, but, even as the spotless lily draws its sustenance from the dark, unsightly mud, and sheds beauty and fragrance all around, you will diffuse sunshine and happiness wherever you are.

Some of the noblest characters in the world's history have been evolved amid the most unfortunate and uncongenial surroundings. If you cannot attain fame or distinction according to the world's estimate, you can at least build up a beautiful and symmetrical character, and this constitutes the greatest success to which the most learned and most highly cultured can attain.

TAILOR MADE MUST GO.

Occasionally some ideas of the tendencies of future fashions can be obtained from the traveling salesmen of the great cloak houses, for their sales are for future delivery in most instances, and so their dealings relate to goods that are not to be sprung on the public for weeks to come.

One such traveling man, says that it is doubtful if the tailor-made suit idea holds on through next spring, and that himself is inclined to believe that fancier styles will prevail. Prices in the cloak trade are holding up well, and there are demands both for smooth goods and for the fabrics known as semi rough, especially in the lord lots. But coats have quiet a run in the smooth goods, kersey and broadcloth, the chief sales being of the 26-inch length. Some manufacturers are much disappointed over the failure of the automobile coat to gain the popularity they anticipated for it. It gained a good deal of advertisement at the start, through the remark of a New York police officer that he had arrested a woman because she wore one, intimat-

ing that it was a flashy article of dress. This advertisement, however, did not seem to boom it much, and sales have not been gaining lately, since the garment has reached the shops in the smaller towns.

Possibly it is due to the reluctance of women who have not unlimited means, that to buy an automobile coat is to run the risk of being tied up to that style of coat after every one else has dropped it, and be in the position of "nothing else to wear," except this peculiar and ultra style garment. The name, says the traveler interviewed, has proved to be rather against the extended popularity of the coat, for while a woman can wear golf garments, and never golf, or cycle costumes and never cycle, the deception (if such it may be called) is an easy and mildly considered one. But when 40 women in a town put on automobile coats, when it is known that there are only two machines in the place, the pretense is rather bald.

Of course, it can be said, that no one is expected to own machines, simply because she wears an automobile coat, because that is merely the name of it; but all the same it does seem to have counted, with a good many women, and, therefore, as at first remarked, it is possible that the name has proved a handicap for the garment. Yet these same women do not hesitate to dress out their boys in sailor suits, with U.S.S. Nevada bands on the caps, and to spank the same boys if they even think of going swimming.

Speaking of golf costumes, the demand for the golf cape seems to have disappeared. Apparently all the women players have supplied themselves with these capes, and their durability is such that there is not much wear apparent after a season or two, while shapes and colors are standard. The plaiding on the market of so much plaidback, solid-color-surface cloth, has helped to make it easy for everybody to get a cape who wanted one. There is something fascinating about the plaidback cloakings, no matter what the color. It is the same fascination to the eye that shows itself in the plaidback steamer rags—the surprise of turning the fabric over and finding the plaid. To surprise seems to cling to the goods even after one is familiar with the rug or garment through long wear and association.

CHOICE OF JEWELRY.

Every well dressed woman now makes quite a study of suitable jewelry to wear with certain gowns. There is so much color in the dainty neck chains, safety pin brooches, etc., that they require careful selecting. If the brown eyed woman wears amber or pink coral, let all the items of jewelry correspond; the same with the blue eyed woman who deepens the color of her eyes with blue stones. But do not wear an ambe chain with a turquoise brooch or a blue neck chain with a pink bangle, etc. Keep to the color of one stone, even to the tiny pins that secure the lace about your throat. Pink coral is extremely fashionable just now as well as expensive. In the language of precious stones it is supposed to guard against danger and evil. Strings of coral will be much worn as watch and locket chains.

TWEED GOWNS.

Into what pretty and smart garments can tweed be manipulated, especially when it is the fashion to put dainty collars on the more severe type of tailor made gowns.

For instance, a greenish red mixture had a fanciful collar of turquoise blue spotted paille, while a dark brown tweed was adorned with a vandyke collar of green and gold brocade. Altogether, nothing seems too elaborate for the collar of a tweed or serge gown this year, be it a priceless Louis XV. brocade or a beautiful handmade embroidery of some costly lace.

The idea, of course, is French, for the Parisienne loves incongruity in dress, though she is always gowned absolutely comme il faut.

VELVET.

Velvet and velveteen promise to be more worn than ever. A velveteen blouse made up smartly and in a becoming tone of color is a very useful possession to take out one's wardrobe until the season and styles are more decided.

A Recognized Regulator. To bring the digestive organs into symmetrical working is the aim of physicians when they find a patient suffering from stomach irregularities, and for this purpose they can prescribe nothing better than "Parma's Vegetable Pills, which will be found a pleasant medicine of surprising virtue in bringing the digestive organs into subjection and restoring them to normal action, in which condition only can they perform their duties properly."

SEND FOR HW PETRIES ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE NEW & IMPROVED MACHINERY TORONTO, CANADA.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

ROOM AT THE TOP.

Never you mind the crowd, lad, Nor fancy your life won't toll, The work is done for all that, By him who doeth it well.

Fancy the world a hill, lad, Look where the millions stop, You'll find the crowd at the base, lad, But there's always room at the top.

Courage, and faith, and patience, There is space in the old world yet, You stand a better chance, lad, The further along you get.

Keep your eye on the goal, lad, Never despair or drop, Be sure your path leads upward, There's always room at the top. —Anon.

JOE MURPHY'S START.

Joseph Murphy has reached the goal of his ambition. He is probably the wealthiest actor on the stage today, and numbers among his admirers those thousands of theatre-goers, who enjoy the comedies redolent of old Ireland, her humor, and her pathos. Joseph Jefferson alone rivals him in wealth.

His struggles in early life read like a romance, and show the persevering spirit of this millionaire actor. He was born in Brooklyn, New York State, about fifty-four years ago, and being thrown upon his own resources at an early age, he went to California, securing employment in a Sacramento restaurant. This restaurant was burned to the ground, one night, and William Lawrence Murphy (his baptismal name) was bereft of employment. For three days he cast about, looking for work. The third night, in utter despair, he was dragging himself along a side street, when he noticed something shining in the moonlight. What he thought, at first, to be a piece of tin foil, proved to be a twenty-dollar gold piece. After getting supper and a good night's sleep he started again to look for employment. While walking near the river bank, he saw a boy in a boat rowing in to shore. Upon inquiry, he found that the boy was selling wild berries, for which he received one dollar a quart. He bought the boat for ten dollars, got information as to the location of the berry ground, and that season cleared seventy dollars.—"Success" for January.

NEW INDUSTRY BY AN INSECT.

During all past time the dried fig trade of the world has been controlled by the countries bordering on the Mediterranean Sea, and principally by Turkey and Algeria. Figs grow in nearly all warm countries, and superior table figs are found in many localities, including our Southern States and California; but none, when dried, has been found to compare with the so-called Smyrna fig, which has heretofore been grown successfully in Mediterranean regions only.

Now, it is certainly not the habit of the United States to allow herself to drop behind any other part of the world, and this characteristic is particularly in evidence in California. That State would not rest under the world's imputation that she could not supply the world's markets with dried figs equal or superior to those exported from Smyrna and Algeria.

The first step was to secure the Smyrna fig trees. This was begun in 1881 by Mr. G. P. Rixford, of the San Francisco "Bullfinch," who imported 11,000 cuttings, and distributed them to prominent fruit-growers. When these trees came into bearing, however, the fruit failed to mature, drop plump to the ground after reaching the size of a marble. Then Dr. E. E. Elsen, late of the California Academy of Sciences, showed that since before the Christian Era, as pointed out by many early writers, Aristotle and Theophrastus among them, it has been the custom of the Orientals to pluck the fruit of the wild, or so-called Capri fig-trees at a certain time of the year, and to suspend them in the branches of the Smyrna or cultivated fig-trees. He pointed out also that there issued from the wild figs a little insect, which, covered with pollen, entered the cultivated figs, and that the latter afterwards developed and ripened into the beautiful, sweet Smyrna fruit. He further pointed out that the young Smyrna fig contains female flowers only; that without the introduction of pollen, the seeds will not form, and that upon the formation and maturing of the seeds depend persistence and ripening of the fig, which is not a fruit of the ordinary kind, but a receptacle filled with a mass of small flowers.

It appeared, therefore, that the next step to take was to introduce and establish the wild, or Capri, fig, with its male, pollen-bearing flowers, and then the little insect which carries the pollen. When the wild figs came into bearing, in 1890 and 1891, their pollen was artificially introduced with a small quill into a few young Smyrna figs, fertilizing their flowers, and causing them to persist and ripen. Then they were dried, and it was found that, although the number of seeds was small, the nutty, aromatic flavor of the Smyrna fig was evident. The little insect was brought over alive in Capri figs, and issued in this country, but without reproducing. Then, in 1899, convinced that the conditions were at last favorable, the United States Department of Agriculture, through one of its travelling agents, secured over-wintering Capri figs in Algeria, and sent them to California. These figs, in the spring of 1899, gave forth the beneficial insects in the Fresno fig orchards. All through the summer of that year the insects bred undisturbed, passing through four generations, and increasing in numbers; and the winter of 1899-1900 was successfully passed by them in small figs upon three trees protected from the frosts by a canvas shelter. In the spring of 1900 they issued, laid eggs, and another generation developed in the wild figs, and at the proper time were transferred to the Smyrna trees, where they entered the figs and pollinated them, just as their ancestors have done for unnumbered generations in Mediterranean countries.—January Forum.

AN ANT HERO.

The sun was just setting when I returned slightly fatigued, from several miles ride on my wheel, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. I took the garden hose and turned water into a small trench which had been dug around a maple tree for the purpose of holding water a sufficient time to permit the dirt adjacent to the roots to become thoroughly soaked.

Sitting down near to rest, my attention was soon attracted to a group of small ants rushing hither and thither in an endeavor to escape. The bottom of the circular ditch being covered, about twenty of the ants sought safety on a large clod of earth. After a little, one of the number proceeded leisurely around the island, and after finishing the circuit, hurried back to its companions. It appeared that they then, for the first time realized that they were surrounded by water. They rushed about over each other in a terrible state of agitation, for the water was rapidly approaching. There was now hardly room for them to stand on, just a little while and they would be under water. They ceased struggling, settled down into motionless inactivity, and seemed resigned to their fate.

I picked up a little stick and laid it across the water to the points where the ants were. They seemed dazed and did not instantly take advantage of the means of escape afforded them. One then crawled hurriedly up on the stick, went its length out and over the blades of grass to the dry land. Without a moment's hesitation he turned and retraced his steps back to his companions. Now the smallest one of the group returned, with him to dry land. They both retraced their steps, and the work of rescue began. The rest seemed passive, entirely subservient to the will of these two. Each with a companion hastened out to a place of safety. One by one they were taken out, the guide accompanying the rescued one each time to a place of security. Why they did not all follow the first one out when he returned puzzled me, but they did not. The smaller ant now hurried forth with the last one. Still he was not content, and rushed back in search of others. The little hillock was now melted away, and he returned to seek safety for himself. He did not seem much concerned as before. He did not hasten on as when conscious of rescuing others. The water was running around the stick. The last avenue of escape seemed closed on him forever. He went to the highest point and settled down perfectly still. His previous conduct convinced me that he now fully realized that the case was hopeless as far as he was concerned.

Must the bravest of them all thus die, when he could have easily made his escape long ago? He willingly risked his own life that he might save others. Could a more striking example of brotherly love and unselfish devotion be shown? I think not. Within his own power, this little insect had no possible means of escape. He did not fear death, neither did he die, but he was the last to escape. I lifted the stick from the water and I laid it on the ground. He crawled hurriedly away to his companions, whom he had so recently torn from the grasp of death. Whatever I may have done for them, I can but feel that in his example the little hero ant did much more for me.

A BANDMAN NOT HIRED.

A year ago when there were rumors concerning the resignation of Secretary Lyman J. Gage from President McKinley's Cabinet, the name of Mr. Leslie M. Shaw, of Iowa, was coupled with the contingent vacancy. Mr. Shaw is a self-made man. Thirty-one years ago, when twenty-one years of age, he left the Vermont farm of his father and went to Iowa, determined never again to see his native State until he had won some measure of success. Seven years later he was practicing law in Denison. A score of years after he was joint proprietor and president of two banks and interested in a loaning business, the record of which was but one foreclosed mortgage.

The Governor's entrance into politics was brilliant. His name was brought forward three weeks before the convention, and he was nominated on the fourth ballot over a field of ten candidates.

There is one story in which the Governor takes delight in telling when called upon to speak to young people, for it is indicative of the policy which has characterized his success in life. While in the banking business he had occasion to hire an assistant bookkeeper. A business man in an adjoining town recommended a young man and wrote a strong personal letter in his behalf. But below the signature was the following: "P.S. He plays in the band."

The young man did not get the position.

A few days later, when the future Governor met his friend, he said: "Why, did you write that I postscripted 'What did you mean by it?'"

"I was afraid you'd hire him," was the reply.

"You can do but one thing at a time," concludes the Governor, in telling the story; "The man who has time to play in the band, hasn't time to be a first-class bookkeeper in a bank."—Saturday Post.

WHERE TOYS ARE MADE.

The irresistible wave of progress has at last swept over toyland. Time was when they only toys the child ever saw or cared for were rag dolls, Jack-in-the-boxes and Noah's arks, with the funny little maids and men and the stiff legged animals and the red spotted cows.

In spite of the vast influx of the mechanical toys of ingenious French mechanics, and of the electrical novelties, there is still a warm spot in the heart of every child for the more primitive toys. The Noah's ark has never really been supplanted in the child's affections, and the demand still continues for them.

For centuries the odd shapes of these toy inhabitants of the Noah's ark have been the same, and if any of the peasants of Germany who make these queer figures be asked why they are so made, his only reply is that they are always made in this manner; that his father before him made them the same, and his father's father.

Sonneberg, about an hour's ride from Coburg, is the great center of the toy trade, and it has been so for nearly a century. As early as 1820, according to one writer, Sonneberg dealt in paper mache elephants and giraffes, and in dolls dressed in swaddling clothes.

From those times down to the present day, the trade has steadily increased, until this year over seven million dollars from England and this country alone has been sent to Sonneberg to buy toys to fill little English and American stockings on Christmas morning.

In fact, the doll trade, with this town has increased so that where twenty years ago there were but 5000 inhabitants, there are now twice that many, and there are thirty distinct branches of the toy manufacture, carried on. Five big factories have been built to supply the world with porcelain doll heads.

Still the demands are steadily growing for the odd animals and men for Noah's arks. And the peasant folk around Sonneberg are exact counterparts of those strange people of child hood's acquaintance. One hero meets an old man carrying a stick and dressed in a long brown great coat of the familiar brown shade, the gathered, too, whom pig passes on the road, wears a short, potticoot, that hangs in straight folds.

All around this little German town for miles the peasants are engaged in the making of toys, even the youngest tots have their knives, and they whittle out the quaint little figures in their grime way, cutting their chubby little fingers now and then, but all the while acquiring that experience which at the age of eight or nine makes adepts of the youngsters.

Some of the young folk paint or sandpaper the toys that the older folk have made. They all work and they are always at work. No sooner is Christmas past than they get to work again to make ready for the next joyous Christmas tide.