

IF HE SHOULD PASS THIS WAY.

on, on the heavy load,
Lying your cruel load,
Are you a pagan? "No,"
Bitterly you reply,
I am a Christian! Why,
then, does your stinging blow
fall on the poor, old, blind slave that has
served you long?
Why is your look unkind?
Why do you curse because
you have been forced to pause,
leaving a little space for the feet of the
passing throng?

A Christian, you are, you say—
What if He passed this way?
Would you dare to call to Him, "See,
O Christ! how I follow Thee?"

You are a "Christian," too,
You with the greedy clutch;
Children must toil for you,
Making your profit much.
Your heart is a nest for greed,
You covet your neighbor's gains, you are
blind to your servants' need;
You sit in your pew and dream
Of the clink of gold and its gleam,
And a Christian's glory you claim,
And the heathen you deem unclean and
the pagan immersed in shame.

What if He passed this way—
What if He came to-day!
Would you dare to call to Him,
"See,
O Christ! how I follow Thee?"

You in your silks arrayed,
You in your costly ease,
You who have e'en betrayed
Love for your luxuries,
You who in riches loll,
With never a word of hope or pity for
those who fall,
You are a "Christian," too,
Your prayer book is kept in view;
With jewels around your throat,
You hear of your neighbor's shame, and
deep in your heart you gloat!

Oh, what if He passed this way,
Meek and lowly, to-day?
Would you dare to call to Him, "See,
Dear Lord! how I follow Thee?"

You with your millions, you
Who are bribing men to do
Foul wrongs that your gains may swell,
You are a Christian; there
Is your bishop's card, and well
Have you given, O millionaire,
That steeples may tower high
And that people in passing by
May turn and regard with awe
You who have power to sway and who
prostitute the law;
To all who will give you heed
You boast with self-righteousness that
yours is the Christian creed!

"A Christian am I," you say,
But what if He passed this way?
Would you dare to call to Him, "See,
O Christ! how I follow Thee?"
—S. E. Kiser.

"Very unexpectedly!" murmured
Bobbie. "My, you're a cool 'un, Jen!"
"How do you do?" said Jenny's
mother very graciously. "What a pleas-
ant surprise! You will come and have
some tea?"

"I shall be charmed," said Mr. Tom-
lyn.

"I hope you mean business all
right?" said Jenny's brother to Mr.
Tomlyn in the hall, as the young man
at last departed. Jenny flushed a fine
scarlet, and Mr. Tomlyn grew suddenly
deaf.

"Good-by, Miss Bruce, so pleased to
have come across you again," he mur-
mured, and ran down the steps.

Bobbie followed him. "Say, that ad-
cost me a bob," he said, in an injured
tone.

Mr. Tomlyn handed over half-a-
crown. "I haven't change," he ex-
plained; "keep it."

"But is it worth it?" Bobbie thought
it polite to say, while grabbing hastily
at the coin before Mr. Tomlyn could
think better of it and find a shilling
after all.

"I think," said Mr. Tomlyn slowly,
"that it may—possibly—be worth it.
Do you ever take your sister out for a
walk or anything?" he inquired, when
the boy turned to go.

"No fear!" was the vigorous reply.
"I think I would if I were you. It
might be worth it. I should suggest
your escorting her to the park to-mor-
row by five. If I happen to be stand-
ing by the Marble Arch I will relieve
you of your duties. If you have to go
away suddenly you need not mind us."

"I twig" winked the boy. "I've seen
spooners before!"

"It's nothing of that sort," said Mr.
Tomlyn haughtily.

"It never is," said Bobbie, "but you
needn't look foolish; it's the sort of
thing one expects from a matrimonial
advertisement."

He beguiled his sister out next day;
it was seldom he honored her with his
company, and though she could not
quite understand it, she went in the
end.

They came across Mr. Tomlyn at the
Marble Arch. He seemed amazed at
meeting them. "Who would have
thought it!" he said.

Jenny glanced sharply at Bobbie,
whose face betrayed him, but she made
no remark. She permitted the change
of escort without a word. There was
something decidedly attractive about
Robert Tomlyn.

This accidental meeting was the first
of many, and one day Robert, having
made up his mind that Jenny was not
only his first but absolutely his last
love, mentioned the little matter to
her. "Our duty is very plain," he said,
"Bobbie has taken a lot of trouble. Is
it all to be in vain?"

"But—it would be so dreadful, and—
and through the paper, and answering
to the name of Jenny," she faltered.

"You might answer to the name of—
darling?" he suggested.

"You are quite sure you—"
"I have loved you always! Jenny,
won't you—"

"There was never anybody else," she
breathed happily, her eyes expressive;
"there was something wrong with all
the others."

And so it was settled, and no one was
more delighted than Jenny's mother.
Miss Bruce was making an excellent
match after all. And, of course, every-
body else said "at last!" But they
did not know how it had come to pass.
—Madame.

Indian Proverbs.

The coward shoots with shut eyes.
No Indian ever sold his daughter for a
name.

Before the paleface came there was
no poison in the Indian's corn.

Small things talk loud to the Indian's
eye.

The paleface's arm is longer than his
word.

When a fox walks lame old rabbit
jumps.

A squaw's tongue runs faster than the
wind's legs.

There is nothing so quiet as a
rattlesnake's tail.

The Indian scalps his enemy, the
paleface skins his friends.

There will be hungry palefaces so
long as there is any Indian land to
swallow.

When a man prays one day and
steals six, the Great Spirit thunders
and the evil one laughs.

There are three things it takes a
strong man to hold: A young warrior,
a wild horse and a handsome squaw.
—From Sturm's Statehood Magazine.

Says Rabbit to Chicken.

Dr. H. Cavani, a medical expert, who
is credited with being a moving spirit
behind the dressed poultry bill, ap-
peared yesterday before thirty mem-
bers of the poultry trade of this city
in the library of the New York Mercan-
tile Exchange and tried to make con-
verts for the bill. A statement he
made to the effect that a storage-kept
chicken in an undrawn state, when fed
to a rabbit, caused the death of the
rabbit, created some merriment among
the poultry dealers.

Chicken-fed rabbits heretofore have
been unknown, so members of the
trade said, and the medical expert was
embarrassed, when informed that he
had made a "discovery" of considera-
ble importance, since up to the present
time rabbits were supposed to adhere
strictly to a vegetable diet. —New York
Commercial.



QUEEN CHRISTINA'S FORTUNE.

Queen Christina of Spain, who inher-
ited an immense private fortune from
her uncle, the late Archduke Albert of
Austria, has for a number of years held
some \$3,000,000 worth of United States
bonds and retained possession thereof
even throughout the war of Spain with
this country. They are deposited with
the remainder of her holdings of one
kind and another, in the Bank of Eng-
land.

WHEN THE VOICE FAILS.

Eleanora Duse speaks in a recent ar-
ticle of the mental anguish suffered by
a speaker or singer whose voice begins
to fail. She recalls her misery when
her voice began to show signs of fa-
tigue during the first act of a play, and
later when it failed altogether for three
months, and finally describes her joy
when she found that she could control
and develop muscles which she did not
even know existed, and which removed
the whole trouble. The difficulty had
not been in her throat, but in the way
she used her voice, which she discov-
ered only by a coincidence.

CHERISH WALNUT FURNITURE.

If you have any walnut furniture
keep it by all means. It is becoming
rarer and more valuable all the time.
Most of the pieces are ugly, because
when walnut was in fashion taste was
at a low ebb. An old bureau, table or
chest of drawers may be made a thing
of beauty with a little expenditure. In
the first place, the wood must be
scrapped of its disfiguring varnish and
brass or glass knobs put on. Some
pieces may have to be entirely remade,
but this is frequently done with mahog-
any and other valuable woods. —New-
ark Advertiser.

DRESS REFORM.

There is a whiff of rumor from Swe-
den that a league has been formed
there for the express purpose of curb-
ing extravagance in woman's dress.
"What is the matter with Sweden,
anyhow?" some one asks, and then pro-
ceeds with the statement that "ever
since the separation that poetic north-
ern country has been feeling lonely. If
Sweden ascribes her trouble to extrava-
gance of woman's dress it may be her
finch and several besides." At all
events women over here say they have
troubles enough of their own without
worrying about what women in Swe-
den are going to wear or not wear.
—New York Press.

THE AID TO RELAXATION.

When you are resting, even if it's
only a matter of a few minutes, dark-
en your room as completely as possi-
ble, says an exchange. Lying down
throws your head in such a position
that the lids of your eyes have abso-
lutely no chance to keep off rays of
light; and there is a definite eye strain
in consequence.

No bed should be placed in such a
way that you are forced to face the
morning light, and especially not so
that the light will awaken you; de-
pend upon an alarm clock for that, if
there's nobody willing to serve in that
capacity. There must be no strain
upon any part of you if your rest is
to be perfect, and the matter of dark-
ness or light has a great deal to do
with the case.

HIDE THIN NECKS.

While so many arbitrary things are
enforced for fashion's sake one more
will make little difference with the suf-
ferer, and no doubt corset collars will
become a great fad. There are many
of the finest chiftons, so gauzy as to be
almost imperceptible, and are boned to
follow exactly the big arteries and
muscles of the neck. The collar, which
fits closely, goes up under the chin and
up behind the ears, and is attached to
the skin by gum or paste. To women
who are not as young as they would
like to be they are regarded as a great
boon, for at a distance they give the
effect of absolute youth. Of course, it
isn't exactly comfortable, but what is
comfort in these days of beauty wor-
ship when only the youthful have felt
at ease and have been modish at the
same time? —New York Press.

WOMEN AND CIGAR STORES.

"Have you ever noticed what a dif-
ference there is nowadays," remarked
the observer of the social spectacle,
"about the average woman's attitude
toward a cigar store? It used to be
the custom, when a man went into a
cigar store to buy a smoke, for the
woman who was with him to wait out-
side. This frequently led to her being
spoken to by any chance blackguard.
But this conventional modesty or mark
of disapproval has been abandoned,
and few women ever dream of waiting
outside such a shop in these times.
Whenever you do see one you may de-
pend on it that she is from the prov-

INCES, where the old idea still prevails.

"Of course this has been helped by
the new manner of conducting these
places. They no longer encourage men
to use a cigar store as a lounging place
and to fill it with tobacco smoke. In-
deed, so far as the odor is concerned,
the average up-to-date shop has no
trace of the weed within its walls." —
New York Press.

DRAWING ROOMS PERFUMED.

After the dusting process is finished
and the last window is closed the fresh
air is impregnated with some delicate
scent, which is sprayed upon curtains
or upholstery by an atomizer. There
also are new atomizers that come in
the shape of little whirling fountains,
that perhaps were intended for sick
rooms originally, but which madam of
fastidious taste has the maid bring into
the drawing room and set going as a
finishing touch.

The potpourri jar again is fashio-
nable as one of the happiest ways of
perfuming and there is seen again a
rose geranium or some other little pot
of sweet smelling bloom.

A sandwiching of perfumed padding
also is applied to the latest sofa cush-
ions. This scheme is carried out by
choosing a flowered silk or chintz cov-
ered with violets, or apple blossoms, or
wild roses, whichever may be the per-
fume affected by the owner. These are
covered with a thin Swiss or white or
gandy, which may be taken off and
washed. —Indianapolis News.

MINGLING OF TONES.

There has been so much question
about whether or not the hat should
match the gown. It has been asserted
that the morning street suits should be
complete in color from head to heels,
but more latitude was allowed in the
afternoon.

This may be a dictate of fashion, but
for practice one sees the costumes
matching in hat and gown almost en-
tirely.

When sombre colors are used there
is often a wide dash of another color in
the hat, which may or may not match
the collar of the coat, but if this collar
is in another color from the coat, the
trimming on the hat must match it.

In most cases complimentary colors
are used, but fastidious women prefer
mingling different tones of one color.
It might help those who are unde-
cided about such combinations to re-
member that most shades of red go to-
gether, that black can be relieved by
crimson, yellow, pale blue and emerald
green, if these colors are used in very
small quantities.

Violet can be combined with any
other shade of purple or lavender, and
pink can be touched off with certain
tones of red, always with black, and
sometimes with white, but the latter is
not very effective.

Black and white is not as favored a
combination as it was, except in cer-
tain ways, such as a white plume on a
black hat, and a bit of fine lace at the
neck and wrist of a black gown.

Green should rarely be touched with
anything except with shades of the
same color, although now and then one
sees an effective combination made
with a touch of white on green, and
black is good for an informal gown.

Gold goes well with brown, but sil-
ver should be avoided, yet silver should
be used on blue and light green in pre-
ference to gold.



White corduroy pumps will be worn
with white linen and serge gowns and
are very chic, indeed. No woman wear-
ing a size larger than a No. 3 AA last
should show her feet in these, for they
certainly do not tend to make the feet
look small.

The showing of shoes and stockings
for spring and summer wear is at-
tractive enough to tempt the most
prudish woman who sticks to plain
black. To begin with, the stockings
must match the shoe in color, and
there must be a fitness as to texture
and embellishment.

Fringes and buttons play an im-
portant part in the world of trimmings;
buttons are small, fringes are heavy,
but no doubt this order of things will
be reversed before long. Just now,
freaks of fashion are numerous, for
many trial trips are being made on
the field of dress.

Pumps are to be worn with colored
linen gowns, and they are made of a
heavy linen in all the smart new
shades. They have high military
heels, long vamps and thick soles, and
with them are worn stockings of silk,
linen thread or sea island cotton, ex-
quisitely embroidered, many of them
having insets of fine lace.

A Matrimonial Advertisement.

"AY, old girl," exclaimed the
schoolboy, bursting into
the room, "here's some-
thing for your birthday!
Hadn't got any tin before!
It's a sort of a jar-for flowers. It only
cost nine-pence three-farthings, but it
looks quite fine, don't you think? How
old are you to-day, Jen?" Jenny
Bruce shuddered artistically. "Don't!"
she exclaimed. "The mater was say-
ing you are getting on," continued the
frank brother; "she said Clare was
married years before your age, and
couldn't make out why you are not.
She says you're too particular, and
that it don't pay now young men are
so scarce. Don't stay on the shelf, old
girl. Why not make up to some duf-
fer? You aren't so bad looking, you
know."

"Because they are all fools!" retort-
ed the prettiest Miss Bruce, in dis-
gust. "Thanks for the jar; it is very
pretty," she added listlessly.

"And you don't look so old," went on
Bobbie.

"I suppose people will next be re-
marking how young I look—for my
age," she said with a shrug. "Perhaps
mother would like me to put a matri-
monial advertisement into the paper."

"I say, what a jolly lark," exclaimed
the boy. Then he was silent, thinking
deeply.

His sister did not notice his unusual
thoughtfulness. As a rule when Bob-
bie looked thoughtful people expected
the worst.

She was busy wondering if, after all,
she had not been a little hasty in re-
fusing nearly ten years ago her first
lover, because he was under six feet,
and had gray eyes instead of black;
her ideal being at that time a cross
between a brigand and a poet. She had
changed her ideals since, also her lov-
ers. Among the men that had pro-
posed to her there was not one she
could tolerate now except Robert Tom-
lyn. He had been rather nice, after
all, but she had lost sight of him
shortly after his dismissal, and be-
yond the fact that he had gone to Lon-
don, she knew nothing.

She wondered what made her think
of him again. Was it because her dear-
est friend had just got engaged to the
man who once had had no eyes for
any one but her? A young man who
was making his way in the world, too.
Her mother and married sisters had
spoken rather tartly about it. She was
reminded that marriage or a govern-
ment-ship would be all that she had to
look forward to if anything happened
to her father.

For a moment she was a little sorry
she had let Bella carry off Dick Weath-
erby. A few days later Bobbie burst
again into the room where she was
reading. He waved a paper and letter
triumphantly. "Cheer up, old girl,"
he said encouragingly, "there's a
change yet! Got an answer straight
away, and he's coming to the end of
the street by 5 this afternoon."

"What on earth are you talking
about?" asked Jenny.

"The matrimonial advertisement, of
course. I put it in for you, and I've
got a chap as easy as wink. You'll be
able to fix it up to-day, and then, when
the mater starts raving, you can just
tell her you've collared a chap and that
she can keep her hair on."

"Good heavens!" gasped Jenny, turn-
ing white.

"There's nothing to funk—" he was
beginning.

"Let me see the paper and letter,"
she cried distractedly.

"It's a ripping ad," he said proudly,
pointing it out. "Cost a shilling, too,
but I guessed you'd pay that back
gladly enough when you were fixed
up—or he would."

"A young lady with blue eyes
and golden hair, answering to the
name of Jenny, wants to meet a
young gentleman—with a view to
matrimony; strictly private."

"Oh, you bad, wicked boy!" she cried
in a burst of rage, "what have you
done! I am disgraced! 'Answering to
the name of Jenny.' Oh, oh. I might
be a dog."

"There's gratitude!" cried the boy,
amazed and injured. "Aren't you glad?
Aren't you going to thank me? And
I've written to the fellow and made
the appointment, and saved you all the
trouble but the courtin', an' girls can
do that some!"

"You've written to him! Did you
give him my full name?" wailed Jenny.
"Of course I gave your full name,
stupid; here's his letter; says he'll be
charmed to meet you as appointed, and
I call it jolly decent of him!"

Her fingers shook as she read the
fatal confirmation of the letter; then
her eyes fell on the signature, and she
turned crimson and gasped again. It
was signed "Robert Tomlyn." "He'll
be waiting," went on Bobbie, "and if
you don't turn up he'll come to the
house, and everybody will know. Put
your hat on and cut!" "I must go and
explain; oh, this is dreadful," mur-
mured Miss Bruce frantically, as she
ran upstairs and put on her hat—her
most becoming hat.

"He can't think I've gone off, at any
rate," was her secret thought, as she
met her reflection in the glass.

"Shall I go with you?" demanded her
brother eagerly.

"No, you horrid, wicked little brute;
I never want to speak to you again.
How am I to explain to Mr. Tom-
lyn—"

"Well, if he's on the marrying job as
well," was the coarse reply, "you
won't need much explainin'. Tell him
it's O. K., and get hitched up together,
and mind you don't act the stingy over
the cake."

"This is—is quite a delightful sur-
prise," said a young man—a very good-
looking young man, Jenny decided;
she had forgotten he was so attractive—
raising his hat, as she got to the end
of the street.

"What must you think?" she began
incoherently, blushing vividly. "But it
wasn't me at all; it was Bobbie; he did
it all for a trick, and I knew nothing
about it till he brought the paper and
letter in just now, and I came to ask
you to go away at once."

"Well, it's just a coincidence; there's
no harm in having a little chat for the
sake of old times," he returned eagerly.

"If you are the sort of man that—
that answers matrimonial advertise-
ments, it's a pity to waste your time,"
she replied rather spitefully. "No
doubt another girl is waiting for you
elsewhere."

"It caught my eye and it amused
me," he explained quickly, "and just
for curiosity I answered it. When a
reply came signed Janet Bruce, I won-
dered if it could possibly be you, and I
came on spec. Please don't be angry.
Let's take it as it was meant—merely
as a joke. I thought you were mar-
ried; I'm sure I saw an announce-
ment."

"No, I am not," she replied a little
grimly. "It would be one of my sis-
ters. How strange you should remem-
ber me!" she added.

"I never forgot you," he returned, by
no means truthfully, for he had quite
forgotten his old love, in new ones,
till her name recalled her to his re-
membrance. Then he decided that he
had never really loved any girl but
her, and was quite sure of it when her
eyes looked up into his.

Then Bobbie dashed into them.
"Here's the mater," he said excitedly;
"you'd better hook it, you chap, and
Jen can look the other way." "I wish
you would go away!" said his sister
very savagely. Bobby winked.

"Oh, spoiling sport, am I! Well,
here's the mater anyway."

"Mother," said Miss Bruce composed-
ly, "I think you remember Mr. Tomlyn;
I met him unexpectedly a minute ago."