AS IT SEEMS TO ME BY A PRISONER OF HOPE

I used to go to school with a girl need of patience toward the weak, whom we called Niobe, because she she might cultivate the virtue and shed so many tears. On "examina-tion days" her emotions overflowed, offender the severe criticism that a like the waters of the Nile, and her more zealous worker would feel justitears not only soaked her own pocket fied in inflicting. handkerchief, but the whole class was So many people who are middle expected to contribute additional ones aged feel privileged to be cross, and The demand, opinionated, and critical, and severe, for extended soakings.

study of practical Hving.

. . . .

that.

HIA

It.

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. .

were born in a later decade than her

Niobe might, in the absence of ideas

in this instance, failed to create the especially if they have conscious merit to back them up. These may begin with a sort of dictatorial man-That the tears were bitter. school girl pretended to doubt They were the unadulterated flowing brine upon a larger and more varied exremorse. Verily our Niobe "wept perience, and a more comprehensive her spirit from her eyes," because she had not improved her opportunities

If only she had studied with more diligence, worked harder, been more learn to listen with courteous atten-faithful! But the month was gone, tion to those of her fellow beings who vain the more optimistic, or less sensitive of the class suggested courage for a better day. Niche sat and charm. grieved for that which was gone.

she should be kind, and patient, and tolerant, and who ever found any It has been a long time since Niobe's examination paper fluttered about under eyes that had in them a curious three, the greatest of which is tolerance? mingling of scorn and sympathy, but the other day I found on my desk a letter that began to recall the old days the very moment my glance gathered away back in her girlhood. give room to a few new thoughts. touched it.

We get so used to having letters that we forget what wonderful things they really are That somebody, somewhere can make a few charactors on a bit of paper, and have the bit of paper conveyed to me, that my with age, the thoughts worn threadable to carry to my brain the mes- bare. sage shaped into the characters, is wonderful.

But this plain white envelope with a name and address traced a little uncertainly across it with each line drooping forlornly at the end, appealed to a sense that is more subthe then sight.

Somehow the old study hall grew around me, and the faces of half-for- easily adapt herself to new manners gotten girls peopled it, and among and customs, and look with forbearthese the old class with Niobe sold bing in her handkerchief, stood out in bold relief.

And why Niobe? In the passing liness that is so often an inseparable years there had been no trace of accompaniment to old age. Almost had memory failed to . keep her in reckoning. But now she was here, called up by the drooping, with a mind too completely furnished undecided line written across an un- and too securely made up must exopened envelope.

The letter inside was like one of the examination papers of the old will not wear clothes cut by our timedays, and Niobe's name was on the last sheet. It was characteristic of amusements. her to write only her first name, think the same thoughts when we worrying after the letter was gone are sixty that we adopted at twenty. because she had not been more careful, since the years and the women It was feeble energies toward growing into named like her are many. casy to know all this, having known Niobe, even before the postcard, following fast upon the heels of the let-

ter, explained

And the letter! Well, Niobe has more than the memory of failure, a come to middle age now, and she will bitterly regrets the wasted years that self from it. marked by the miserable examination papers, of course.

Her children have astonished and dismayed her by growing up. Her daughter's engagement and her son's long trousers are the shocks that have aroused her. She regrets that ity there is an education that fits

at hand. There are so many things that she would not have to bother about.

Now if she should set about making of her middle-aged self a young lady, there would really be no end to her trouble, and she would come out just as she did in those examinations, always a failure. I have seen Perhaps you have. After tried. all the trouble there is no hope of

SUCCCSS. I heard someons who went a long way to see the immortal Sarah, say of closed upon the shabby little vision. her: "It is positively uncanny, that appearance of youth. One gets the Such sacrifice, such self-abnegation, such foresight, such divine mother creeps and forgets the play. Few love. women are so successful as this one in retaining the semblance of youth Daughter?" asked the Optimist, to the very brink of old age. But the vatching Pandora's radiant smile. world looks upon the marvel only to

vonder. the edges as if it might be going to There is one heauty of youth and ner, a kind of didactic attitude based come off "Birdie? Why, yes, of course nother, quite another, of age. The we all know Birdie." boauty of youth is of the flesh, the beauty of age is of the spirit. The one fades, the other endures, and But Niche, humiliated by her both are good, for God wills it so. many shortcomings, would never fall into this grievous error. She might

If Niobe should create of herself the ideal old lady, what a unique blessing she would bring into the lives of those about her. The question would not be: "Whose duty is it to own, and this would be in itself a going to pay?" take care of that wretched, disagree-There is an excellent reason why able old woman?" But "Into whose home shall the blessing of her pres-

ence go?" more charming graces than these For she would understand the err ing, and weak. She would know the whys of so many failures, and she

would be so gentle and pitiful and unselfish, so ready to excuse and forgive and pardon.

She would be tolerant and trustful good many of these are constantly and full of hope and the peace that coming forward, and the trouble with passeth understanding. so many middle-aged women is lack of room. The space is already oc-It seems to me that Niobe need not Even the loneliness dread old age. upled with the harvest of long ago. of it is peopled by forms that the To be sure the ideas may be musty young know nothing about, and the quiet is full of music that they may Still they must ke kept in

not hear. place, relics of the past, mildewed, When Niobe is old she will want Well, Niobe would be relieved of so little, and she can give so much. thing. Not in work, perhaps, nor in money this trouble. She would have plenty but in sweet and kindly thought and of room. And can you think of a bright, sweet patient old lady with a in love. She can make old age less a time of horror than it seems now new thought or two in her wise to those who may be obliged to live head? It is worth while trying for it out. And this will be worth while. privations.

I wonder if it is any sort of use to write all this to Niobe? Will she miss It seems to me that Niobe might the very last examination and be sorry-somewhere, that she failed as an old lady? Some women do fail. ance upon revised codes of morals, and the changing habits of life. Then

she would save herself from the lone-NATIVE CHAMPAGNE HELPED.

Increased Consumption Noted Since the Panic of 1907.

The woman coming from the past New York Sun. "Whatever bad effect the hard times of the past year and a half may have pect many shocks. For the world had on others, there is one American not stand still for us. People industry to which they have given a boom," said the president of one honored patterns, society will try new the big wine companies of this State. not That is the domestic champagne in-

dustry. The demand for American chamseems to me that it would be pagnes last year was for thousands of a good plan for Niobe to bend her cases more than the previous year, and I know one cellar alone whose an agreeable and endurable old age. sales were increased by more than do \$25,000 during that time. The manthis by a silly semblance of youthfulufacturers and the trade account for Her own youth being little the increase by the theory that the more than the memory of failure. A hampagne consumption income of the ountry was hit so hard by the panie the more readily separate herhat it could no longer stand for the

high price imported fizz and turned to the domestic article instead,

It seems to me that we are care-"The evidences that this theory is less in our preparation for old age. correct are many, and that the effect of this sudden preference for Amervision for a home, we consider the ican champagne on the demand will preparation about complete. In realnot entirely be lost by the return of her life. She is sorry that she was not a better mother to the boys and girls who are little children no longer. easter times is apparent by the way very weak and ignoble of me right in

ince the panic began the demand for

established market for its still wines.

of the output of the Eastern produc-

ers of high grade still wines general-

"Whether this means that the con-

times, has found the solace of the

lighter product of the press insuffi-

strong waters of the still for comfort,

or that he has shut the spile off on

everything, or what it means, I don't

A Few Left,

ther candidate for the judgeship?

more lawyers in the eastern district.

The day of the wooden hotel is

assing, comments an exchange. Most

f them seem to be passing very fast.

Why?

THE SHEATH OF SIGHS.

know."

ent and has sought the obliterating

and up to a year and a half

Our company has a wide and old



CHARLOTTE DAILY OBSERVER, SUNDAY, MAY 2, 1909.

"Happen to know the Fortunate

Pandora's smile began to curl in at

"Sort of froway, and not exactly

fusion.

"Now isn't she simply darling," [culture has been wise, she will be all said Pandora, following the Devoted right." Mother with ecstatic eyes till the door

"she will be-"

"She is neither," laughed Mother Hubbard. "She is simply an ordimary girl. There are hundreds like her everywhere. Her nature is not likely to get any broadening by the owing down of her people to her. She has no idea of what they are giving up. Why she thinks that her mother positively enjoys old clothes and that her father is indifferent to falling hair, sores and ulcers, etc. dust and disorder.

"When she comes homes she will not know the sort of people she has learned to like at school. good as they are, but it is not a ques- presence, because its first tion of goodness. She will associate with young men and women of very simple education, in all probability. With these people she will that it does not excite sushave the disadvantage of being unpopular, because she will superior." seem

"I think you are persistently clingng to the dark side," said Pandora. 'Birdle may become a teacher, and form for herself a new circle of friends. She may 'create a condition' for herself."

"Is she strong enough for that sort of thing?" asked the Plain Little "It takes strength of char-Woman. acter and a dauntless courage. Has Birdie these? Not every girl, not even every sweet, good girl, has them." "Birdie does seem to care a good a) for admiration," confessed Mother Hubbard. "She is not quite in earnest with living, I'm afraid.

There was that week here at home. she seemed to take a great deal of you know, when we all regretted the comfort in all their suffering, and I way she ran about and hardly saw her home people, I didn't think it promised much for the home.

"I am afraid she is vain and a little for Birdie, that her life may be aidreds of mothers and homes like

The Scribbler looked up from his at home, content with a good com-It won't mother, learning all the wonderful art of housekeeping that every womand achey to-day, and that the house an should know, wouldn't she be is in disorder. But it will make a more useful now?

"She is not going to like her home when she gets back, and she is not going for take a place among the workers. She is going to marry the enjoy." first man who asks her to. I know mist, "I the type."

"It happens so often that I can't dispute it, though r wish I could.' lamented Mother Hubbard. "I have neighbor just like that-a frothy lowery girl she was, and because she was pretty they would save her the wear of work at home.

"And now her husband is the sufferer, not but what she suffers, too, poor thing. If her mother had train- free to all who write. future be more considered than the ed her day by day the work of the present comfort of the family ?" ask- little home would be easy and

> "Curious thing how mother-love the trouble, isn't it? Here's a whole



Removing the symptoms is not all that is necessary to our o Removing the symptoms to rulent germs which produce the state of the symptoms and the symptoms which produce the symptoms are stated as a symptom of the symptoms and the symptoms are stated as a symptom of the symptoms are stated as a sympto ward manifestations must be completely driven from the blood be real cure can be effected. The least taint left in the circulation sooner or later, cause a fresh outbreak of the trouble, with all the eous symptoms of ulcerated mouth and throat, copper colored spla

Contagious Blood Poison is the most treacherous of all disa

CURED SOUND AND WELL

CURED SOUND AND WELL. Dear Sirs: -- I didn' find out that I had out and the block of Poisson unbit it had make on the block of the block of the block of the block of the ship head way, and fortunately for me the ship head way, and fortunately for me the ship head way, and advised me to take a the ship head way to actor, but begas at and the disast consulted had had also ship head and to state the the ship head ship head me to state the the ship head ship head me to state the the ship head ship head me to state the the ship head ship head me to state the the ship head ship head me to state the ship head ship head me to state the ship head ship head head to ship head the ship head head to ship head the ship head head the ship head the ship head ship head head the ship head the ship head ship head head the ship head the ship head ship head head the ship head head the ship head the ship head the ship head head the ship head the ship head the ship head head the ship head the ship head the ship head head the ship head the ship head the ship head head the ship head the ship head the ship head head the ship head the ship head the ship head head the ship head the ship head the ship head head the ship head the ship head the ship head head the ship head the ship head the ship head head the ship head the ship head the ship head head the ship head thead the ship head thead the

204 Oakley St., Evaneville, Ind.

COVERED WITH SORES.

COVERED WITH SORES. I was afflicted with a terrible kind dama which was in spots at first but afterwais mu and over my body. These scores broke on 100 mm Before I became cenvinced that the certer sorter medicines, but they did not reach the was greatly improved, and was defined with was greatly improved, and was defined with to grow paler and umaler, and betre line to parade entirely. I regained my lost width to grow paler and umaler, and betre line to an entirely a fine score on the data to grow paler and umaler, and betre line to a data the score and the spots of the score of grave and the spots of the score of the score a date of grave and the score of the score of the score and the score of the score of

THE USUAL SYMPTOMS.

again. I wish also to speak of its tonic properties. I

320 Chestnut Street, Lebanon, Pa

MXYRRA

se clinton Street, Newark, N

It has its victims in its power She is as almost before they realize its symptom is usually a little sore or pimple so insignificant picion. But the insidious poison is at work on the blood and in a short while the patient finds he is more or less affected from head to foot.

Contagious Blood Poison is too dangerous to trifle with. No time should be lost in ridding the blood of this destructive poison, and in no disease is it more important to have the proper remedy. Medicines which merely check the symptoms for a time and leave the real cause smouldering in the system have brought miserv and disappointment to thousands. Faithfully the sufferers took such treatment. usually of mineral nature, and when all symptoms had disappeared and the treatment

was left off, found the virus had only been shut up in the system awaiting a favorable opportunity to return, with

THE USUAL SYMPTOMS. Having used S. S. S. quite citenswely funk position to know its virtues. At the result is rious blood disorder my blood became possad at I suffered severely with Rheumather and the symptome not accessary to mestion. A france is the had been cured of my trouble by S. S. and upon his recommendation I began it us. ter using it for some time my blood was thereas cleansed of all poisons and made pure and dime avain. every symptom intensified. S. S. S. cures Contagious Blood Poison and cures it I with also to speak of the tothe properties, built up my general health, it improves my appe-tite, gave me increased strength, and the better in every way. I am a great believe in 8.8. and with pleasure recommendit to all who need good blood medicine. ROBERT M. ZWEITIN. permanently. It goes down into the blood and removes every particle of the poison, makes the circulation pure and healthy, and does not

leave the slightest trace of the disease for future outbreaks S. is made entirely of roots, herbs and barks, all of which are ing and cleansing in their nature. It does not contain a part of mineral in any form to injure the delicate parts of the syst S. S. S. will also drive out any lingering remains of mineral pot that may be in the blood from the former treatment. If you are fering with Contagious Blood Poison S. S. S. will cure you, becau will purify your blood. Home treatment book and any medical ad

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA



trim, a trifle moppy about the head and rather blown about," the Optimist murmured, reflectively. "I think my mind is holding the right idea. Heard her-at the musicale the other night. Little sparrow voice doing mocking bird stunts. Wonder if it's

With the last word he withered away under the glance of Pandora, and the return of the Motherly Woman from the last good-bys to the Devoted Mother covered his con-"It seems awfully grand in that lit-

tle bit of a woman," Mother Hub-bard was saying. "She was telling me only yesterday what a very small allowance they permit themselves for actual necessities so that Birdie may have every advantage at school. Why, they all went without flannels last winter, and made out with one fire, and that none too generous. And little ones, there are those vou know and the old man rheumatic deal and the mother such a frail little

"I was down there one day thought she felt quite proud of their

"'L's all for Birdie,' she said 'We are so determined to surmount every silly, and her hair is too yellow and obstacle and break down every her manner too careless. There are barrier and open up every highway. hundreds of girls like her, and hun-

grand success. Ten years from now,' hers.' she went on, with her eyes sort of walled up in that happy, unearthly papers "Suppose she had remained way she has. 'Ten years from now it won't matter that we've lived on mon school education, helping her beans and been a bit chills make any difference that I'm tired

great difference to Birdle that she has had every advantage. Why, she simply takes the whole thing ""

"Curlous what sort of things people an bring themselves to beamed the reviving Optimist, "I like that. One thinks of a martyr clothed in flames and an heroic smile. Fancy one of them writhing and screeching-----'

"She is such an unselfish, far-seeing little woman." Pandora mused approvingly, "to think of her daughter's future rather than of the family's discomfort."

"But why should the daughter's "Well, I couldn't help thinking of ed the Scribbler, quietly,

that when I was there." Mother Hub- turns a woman's head," said the Opbard said, "only, of course, it seemed timist. "That is the remote cause of the face of such raptuous self-denial family prostrate upon Birdie's altar. "But the old man works pretty and Birdie, accustomed to the har-

.

The letter is blistered on every page by Niebe's tears, and the ink is soaked out of the words and wash- of our flow, so that the meaning has to be Now we must learn to be patient ed out into the spaces by the over- i fished out by a patience that is sorely The lesson is harder than fractions tired.

youth is the time to acquire knowl-edge, and she didn't acquire any, years. We were young such a very dge, and she didn't acquire any. And now she sits like a little desert er fate. want it. Then the ve It would be of no use to suggest to of us was an appeal. her fate.

yet be clothed with beauty. tides of that tear-sea literally wash away each seed of happiness that the should wisely plan. generous winds of heaven bring.

failed all the way from that to this, in them. She fears that she is going she wight even yet hope to become down to a loveless old age.

now. applied to persons who are growing It is a courteous way of letting try for this one success us down easy, if you please,

I like the expression. Middle aged. and the weakness of age. On the safe, high middle ground. It is an excellent place to be, a delightful stage of the journey-Home.

It is the autumn of life, the great pared. our store and cast out the chaff and treasure the grain. Autumn is the time to get ready for winter. Mid-happened to them. dle age is the preparation for old age.

live and die with no knowledge of such a benediction. She might be-come a beautiful old lady. It seems such a benediction. to me that this would be the ambition of every middle aged woman.

Most women dread old age, not because it is a near approach to the inevitable wind, but because it has in and middle age ought to broaden the it so little that womankind values mind. Self should become a part, mos

Youth and beauty, the little court of admirers that falls to the lot of every girl, the promise of unlived They have slowly years are all gone. receded to the vanishing point. They faith in the Divine. are no more.

It is futile to cling to any shred of them, worse than vain to hope that | dead. one's friends, or one's self may be mind that once moved by the breath deceived by any pitiful deception. The hest of the woman is left. It is pity to spoil the beauty of middle age with an artificial semblance of mere prettiness of youth. nized.

If Niobe gathered no knowledge and take one's bearings. in the old days, she might make up for it by garnering wisdom now. And wisdom is better than knowledge. When a good housekeeper finds her pantries emptier than they should be when the days shorten, she casts asking of life no special favor, and about to find something to take the place of what she missed. And it happens sometimes that this afterlovable. math harvest is richer and sweeter and more satisfactory than the regu-

It seems to me that middle age is lar gathering. the time for making ready for the breaking of material ties, and the might learn a deeper and truer philosophy in these quiet middle-aged days than it was possible strengthening of spiritual ties. It is for her to understand long ago, a grand thing to be Alive. It means But the dignity of this when the word suggested a certain so much. neriod of earth life is destroyed when black and blistered book, the bane there is dragged into it the folly of of her existence.

Remembering the unlearned in . It seems to me that Note should so sympathy for others who fall. And set to work at once upon the work the giving out of this sweet, true of creating for the world the ideal old lady. She could so easily make old lady of the material she has

10

 Itrembling. To be sure our text books are few these have found that the quality of

The world will

many of her sisters hope to

If there is a little bank account, pro-

and our teachers many in this term of our "schooling." The first educa-"schooling." is no reason why they should be retion was merchy a training for this placed by others differing from them through this peculiar feature of the used to be. We must learn to be Niobe has read somewhere that screne and quiet and trustful. Perhard times such a healthy boom has been given to America that there will be not alone temporarly benefit to the few. Then love was ours for the industry, but a permanently increased island in a sea of tears and bemoans taking. Now we must win it if we demand, "Quite different, however, seems to Then the very youngness be the case with domestic still wines.

Love flows, her that the little descri island might naturally, forward. If any goes to The the old it is by a sort of counter-at- them has steadily declined. For this the middle aged LTR. thest

Nothing has time to take root. Nothing has time to take root. Itered page, that she failed to win the Since then it has declined at least 30 per cent, and the same may be said Now it seems to me that if Niobe love and respect of her children when per cent. and the same may be said failed as a school girl, if she has she night have had the best that was

It is terrible for her that she finds something very worth while, She is what we call middle aged, no comfort where she is, and no sumer of still wines, hurt by the hard That is a complimentary term pleasure looking backward, or forward. It seems to me that she might try for this one success be a really lovable old lady. It is for this "earth-It is Half way between the follies of youth period," at least, and it has the charm of the-unusual.

Most women are hurled into old age as they used to tell us sinners Wilmington Star. 810 hurled into eternity, all unpre-Isn't it about time to bring out an-

Some, sort of drift aimlessly into it

A very few are ready for this last Passing Rapidly. Asheville Gazette-News. term of life on earth, meeting Niobe might even yet make of her-self a blessing so rare that many quiet comfort of the evening hour. the These are they who brought from the She might be- passing years the knowledge that was to ripen into wisdom.

In youth the new self is all im-contant. The pivot upon which the Charleston News and Courier. Charlotte, N. C., should be a fine portant. The pivot upon which the world turns is "1." The living that ield for the growth of "Christian comes between this egotistical period Science.'

a very small part, of the whole, Self love should have broadened into love arolyn Wells. in Life. for humanity. Self-interest should be sacrified to the universal good. Self-confidence should give place to

yould find her interests broadened.

her sympathies enlarged, her love go-

she would be content to have her chil-

dren, even, love what they find most

.

ing out to humanity.

Laced 'most to death. All the dangerous fires are burned out, all the little jealousies are quite Gaze at her tenderly. A quiet sanity controls the Dressed with such care; Fashioned so slenderly, of emotion as water in the wind By corsetiere. 'The Passionate Pilgrim'' becomes the quiet traveler, and the importance Look at her garments of other people comes to be recog-Clinging like cerements: One has time to look about

She would

Judge her not scornfully, Think of her mournfully. From this viewpoint the selfish life has nothing attractive in ft. It Niobe Gently and humanly; coaxed into trying it, she

Not of the heft of herthat is left of her Now is pure womanly.

One more unfortunate

Rashly importunate.

Grasping for breath!

See those slik slips of here Clinging so lovingly: One might say, glovingly Sheathing those hips of hers,

See her soft tresses Escaped from the comb: Her fair golden tresses While wonderment guesses

Whose head they're from. She is dressed rightly No matter how tightly Her heart is compressed.

Directoire sheathing May stop one's breathing. But one is well-dressed!

trade argue from this that the domes-tic champagnes have for the first time night and the little ones do look her eyes upon the coming man. Anbeen brought to the attention of a awful. very large class of consumers, and Herod when he slaughtered the inno- they've made of her, haven't they?" cents, for I found myself wishing the domestic wines is such that there that the little ones had never found their way into the family, since it felt obliged to use liself alone for only in the label and the higher cost. Birdle." "It is believed therefore that

"But later on Birdle can help them," defended Pandora,

"May be there won't be any-later on. Now is the accepted time," ventured the Optimist. "I wouldn't be greverent," condesended Pandora. We can all see that Birdie is to save the family. They are making an investment."

"What is she going to do?" asked the Scribbler.

"Oh. I don't know," Pandora answered. "How can a girl who is so young decide? She is being beautiswered. fully educated in a very popular college, and you'd be surprised how securely she holds her own with the set she belongs to. Her mother manages to dress her well, and she keeps up all right."

'Do they think," asked the Plain Little Woman from her window, "that the family fortunes are to be improved by giving to one member a fashionable education?

"They are, as I understand it, people have no resources. They must work. She is one of them. Is she doing useful work, or being trained I should think that would be the question "

"It is," put in the Quiet Man. 'Making a fashionable young lady of the girl is not going to improve conditions at home. It is a mistake, She ought to be in her place there beside her mother, learning to bear the plain every-day burdens of a woman who must work with her hands, or else she ought to be somewhere learning a trade or profession." was ashamed to think "that."

confessed Mother Hubbard, dashing quick tears from her honest eyes, "but Now, it seems hard to did feel It. think that one girl should be denied the good things that shall fall so to others, but it comes about easily that way.

"The good things have to be paid for, and I was thinking of that the day I went to Birdle's home. It's all right if one can fill out a check and let it go at that. But this family is paying Birdle's tuition and expenses n something worth more than money and diamonds.

"That little home out there needs comfort in it. The old man needs something beside the hope and promise of a young lady of fashion and higher education in his home. The little children and the mother-A bit of a sob broke the sentle voice. "I agree with you," said the Moth-y Woman. "I believe in educaerly Woman. tional advantages. But after a cer tain point I do think that a girl like Birdie may go too far. She has no special talent, no extraordinary gift. She will be merely a college girl come home, when she gets back.

"If she were coming into som leasant social circle it would be all right. But she is coming into an ordinary home to live with rather plain people. I wonder if she will be happier for her college life ?"

"That would depend, don't you think, not only upon what sort of education she is receiving, but upon what her learning means to her?" said the Gardener. "Do you think people are a little like plants, per haps? Roses are always roses and nettles are always nettles, and cul

ture never confuses the qualities. this little girl is a rose everybody will be knowing, and provided the

I felt almost as guilty as other victim. Regular little vampire said Mother Hubbard, with "Well." her comfortable little sigh. "I don't know whether the trouble is all with the mother-love or not. woman knew, in the old-fashioned days, that she was bringing up her daughter for a happy wife, or a nice old maid, she knew just what to have her taught. Her education could be

utilized in either case, her training produce good results, whether her home was to be her own or some one's else. For, of course, she was to live in a home. There was no other place for a woman. So she

was taught homely arts.

"But now girls are taking to so many strange paths. No wonder a woman looks upon her daughter and wonders what is to become of her. is this larger horizon that is bewildering.

"The girl trained in her mother's kitchen may be drifted Inte school room, or blown by the changing wind of chance toward office It is not easy for a woman to work. know what to do with her daughter. The problem is a serious one, and 1 have noticed that everybody seems to understand the problem in each case better than the woman who must solve it."

"It is only in a very general way that we can think of what is best, said the Motherly Woman. quietly "It is not given to every mother of an ordinary daughter to read clearly the truth that is so obvious to others. Birdie's voice, for instance, is exceptional as her mother hears it. women have a friend who is both wise and tactful. We are not very good to one another. But a woman ought to be honest with herself about her child.

"Besides, it is not to Birdie alone that her mother is in love and duty bound. This sort of supreme sacrifice is not justified by ordinary con-Unless Birdle could mean a ditions great deal to the world she lives in, she has no right to-absorb her fam-And the family has no right to 115 allow itself to be absorbed and liter-

ally eaten up by her. "Each member of the family-even the very mother of it-means some-thing as an individual. The throwing away of oneself is not noble sacrifice."

"It's such a pity, such a pity," said Pandora softly.

[For The Observer ON THE DEATH OF ALLIDEE.

Oh summer birds! what shall thy chorus be?

Sing a sweet requiem o'er the grave of Allidee But let thy accents be of sweeter, sadder

> tone. As the' was mourned a comrade of thy own.

> Oh solemn pine! what shall thy garments be?

> Turn deeper green on the sad death of Allidee: But let thy grieving be a sweeter, sadder sigh, As the' with him thy soul had wished

to dia. Oh heav'nly dreams! what shall thy vis-

ions be? Fair scenes of infant angels bearing Allidee:

But let thy language be of sweeter, gladder tone As the' his death brought music to the

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throne. -T. BRIGHT CARRICE

If