

PRINCE AND PAUPER.

The Prince passed by. A careless boy, as he watched him ride away. Thought, "Oh, for a taste of the boundless joy Where the Prince must feast each day." And a great hope burned in his youthful heart.

To sometime play a Prince's part.

The Prince passed by; his heart was sad With a thousand cares oppressed: To be once more like that happy lad And freed from this deep unrest: I'd give all the sorry hopes of men: Alas! that youth comes not again."

[Nixon Waterman in Chicago Journal.]

A HAPPY MAN.

The doctor did not have an easy time of it in the East End parish, where he had bought a cheap practice and settled down with his youth, his aspirations, his skill, to fight the battle of life. His youth seemed to slip from him in his first year of work, his aspirations changed their nature, his skill developed. He acquired vast experience in those poor homes, where he fought valiantly against disease, the result of intemperance and vice and poverty and ignorance—diseases of which the victim was often an innocent sufferer. The sins of the fathers were visited upon infants—the sins of bygone generations upon brave girls and well-meaning young fellows—sins of children on patient women and hard-working men. Dr. Murray was a thinker as well as a worker. He might have easily become morbid in that dreary place, where there was nothing beautiful to charm the mind, and little enough to charm the eye or the ear. But he did not become morbid. He had the remembrance of a happy country home where his boyhood had been passed, he had the thoughts of his dear old mother who lived there still, and the lessons she had taught the boy had not left him in his manhood; above all, he had thoughts of another woman—her letters, sometimes—the promise of herself before long. When he walked through the muddy street to his solitary home he did not let his mind dwell on the room he had just visited, where three children lay sick in one bed, shivering with cold, and with no one but a drunken mother to attend to them, and give them such food as was provided for the family by a lazy father, whose earnings, scanty enough, were chiefly spent at the "Royal George." He did not let himself meditate on the details of his cases when he had left them for his work. No; he tried to imagine what home would be like when the opening door would disclose her to him and draw him into the warm room, where there would be freights and lamplight and—herself. She brought warmth and light and sweetness to him, to his life, to Millwall. She brought that now. What would it be by-and-by—and by-when? He reached home. He let himself into the unlighted hall. The house felt cold. He set his lips together and thought, "By and by." He laid aside his umbrella, took off his coat, strode into the bare furnished, rather uncomfortable dining-room, and rang for dinner.

A middle-aged woman presented herself.

"Oh!" she said, "I'm sorry the fire's out, sir."

"Never mind," said Murray, "I shall have to go out again after dinner, I expect."

"Oh! that reminds me, sir. An old gentleman came to see you. He wanted you to call upon his wife. But he said you wasn't to trouble to-night if so be you was tired."

"Who was it, Mrs. Hawker?"

"He was unknown to me, sir; but he was a respectable looking gentleman, quite clean, and a nice face to him—a bit of gray whiskers, too."

"Did he leave his name?"

"Yes; I laid it on your consulting-room table. He penciled it on the back of an envelope I had in my pocket. I'll bring it in with your check."

The doctor looked at it. In ill-formed, but fairly legible letters, he saw the words:

Please call at your convenience. JONAS TEMPLE, 14 Elyria Street, (top).

It was not a cheerful night. But within—what was there within? And every day must bring its duties. Besides that, "at your convenience" was so delightfully agreeable after the usual messages that reached him. He went into the hall again, pulled on his coat, took his umbrella, put on his hat badly as doctors usually do, and banged the front door behind him.

By-and-by the doctor came to a narrow street which seemed to be less well lit, noisier, dirtier than those through which he had already passed. He had several patients in this road, but he did not know exactly where 14 was. He went right up to the nearest door and peered; that was 11. He crossed over, presuming the numbers were odds and evens. He found 14.

His knock brought a fat, untidy woman to the door, and several large-eyed children into the hall. As the children and herself were at the time in the enjoyment of what they considered health, Mrs. Bickle did not feel it incumbent to be extra polite. She and the children watched the gentleman's ascent of the narrow, winding stair. The house being only two-storied, he had not far to go. Mr. Temple, who had apparently just started to meet him, stood waiting still he reached the top.

"Sir," he said, "I take this kind of you."

Dr. Murray could not at first discern his face, but the tone of the voice struck him pleasantly. It seemed to accord with the "At your convenience."

"In here, please, sir."

The man led the way into the room.

Dr. Murray had seen many such rooms—rather, he had seen many such worse rooms. This was small; it gave evidence of poverty; it was barely furnished. But it was a bright room. Exactly why it gave the impression of brightness it was difficult

to say; perhaps because Mr. Temple was in it. That was the conclusion the doctor came to afterwards. There was a small fire in the grate. A lamp was on the round table. There was a chair—only one chair—which was put by the bedside. In the bed lay a woman. Mr. Temple introduced her briefly, "My wife."

The woman turned her eyes in the direction of the doctor. That was her recognition of his presence. "I thought I'd like you to step round and have a look at her," said Mr. Temple. "I've feared she isn't quite so well to-day. There ain't much the matter, is there, Lucy? But I fancied it'd be a comfort to me if you'd see her."

When Mr. Temple said there wasn't much the matter, it has to be borne in mind that he had been wont to see her for five-and-twenty years like this.

"She had a stroke, and she has been paralyzed ever since," said Mr. Temple simply.

He did not speak in a particularly sad voice, or as if he pitied her or himself. The doctor looked at Mrs. Temple.

It would have been difficult to say what her age might have been, she was such a wreck of a woman. She was, as a matter of fact, ten years younger than her husband, and he was going on for seventy. She was perfectly helpless. She could not move any part of her body without aid; she had even lost the use of her hands. Her face was drawn to one side by the paralyzed muscles, and thus distorted was bereft of any beauty it might have possessed. Speech was difficult to her, and the few words she uttered were scarcely articulate. There was no light or color in her face; only her eyes showed that she was a living woman. They looked straight out, blue and shining, vivid against the parchment skin, the scant white hair.

"I fancy," said Mr. Temple, "she's had a bit of a chill. Do what I will this room's draughty, and she naturally feels the cold. She never complains, but I know she feels the cold. Don't you, Lucy?"

She muttered something.

"Yes," said Mr. Temple, "she does. You may be sure if she owns to it there's reason. The only thing we ever quarrel about is that she won't ever say what ails her, unless I worry it out. She's an obstinate woman, is Lucy."

The idea of applying such a word to the poor creature would have seemed ludicrous to the doctor if it hadn't been for Temple's tone and the look in the eyes of his wife as she turned them in the direction of the old man.

They were always turned in his direction when he was in the room. That was one of the things the doctor found out before very long.

"Who attends to her?" he inquired, when he had asked Temple a few questions and written a prescription.

"Why, I do, sir," said Temple. "I wouldn't let any one else touch her."

"Do you mean you do everything?"

"Why, yes, sir. Who should I not? She is my wife. I used to be a bit clumsy at first, but I've had time to learn. I manage pretty fair now, don't I, Lucy?"

Again the grateful, devoted eyes shone upon him. The doctor had seen how a woman could look when she loves. There were times when the remembrance of shining, long-lashed, upturned eyes thrilled him almost to pain, but would Nora have ever looked at him like that?

He cleared his throat before he spoke again. "But you go to work. What then? Is she alone?"

"Why, she is, sir, so to speak. I wouldn't leave her if I could help it. But I always commend her to the Lord before I go out, and He ain't never failed us yet."

The doctor had a man's hatred of cant. But he had sufficient insight by now into the character of those with whom he dealt to know that these words were as simple and sincere as those which had preceded them.

"I get up early of a morning, you see, sir," said Temple, "and make our breakfasts and attend to her. Then before I start for work—I'm in an employer's employ—I just boards her up in bed so she can't fall out. I'm back at dinner hour, and we have it together. Then, when I leave my evenin' soon passes. There's usually a bit of cooking to be done, and washing up, and the room to be seen to. A invalid must have things clean about her, it isn't agreeable to just lie and look at everything dirty. I like Lucy to keep bright—but there! she always is; and if occasionally she gets down I soon cheer her up, don't I, Lucy? Me and Sunny together. Sunny—that's our bullfinch. He's asleep now, covered up, you see, and I won't disturb him. But by day he's that lively! He chirps and talks away to Lucy; he's company for her, Sunny is, bless his little heart!"

He told the story of his great unselfish life without any idea that it was either the one or the other. Indeed, he would have been surprised if the doctor had followed his inclination to wring his hand and tell him he was proud to make his acquaintance. And the doctor did not know the extent of his self-sacrifice. He could not, even if he had known, realize at once what it meant to the tired workman to rise early in the cold winter mornings that everything might be ready for the day before he started off; the room was tidied, the fire was lit, the breakfast was made, and Lucy fed, before he touched a morsel. Other men leave their wives to attend to them, roughly perhaps, but to some extent kindly. Temple, however, received no help. He even did some of the washing that money might be saved from the laundress. He gave Lucy little luxuries. When she had beef-tea he ate the tasteless meat from which all nourishment had been extracted, and he enjoyed it the more the more tasteless it was, for then he knew it was likely the beef-tea was good. If she protested it was useless; she had given up protesting long ago. He did it, and she took it as a matter of course. But she was not ungrateful.

His reward? Ah, he had his reward. He loved her better than he had ever done in the days of her youth and health and beauty. And

what does true love ask but the opportunity to serve? And she? What she felt for him it would take a better pen than mine to describe; rather I defy any pen to describe it. I believe even the angels who looked into that garret could not understand it, for angels do not suffer nor need the tender ministry of man. They do not know what it is to be a burden where one would be a burden-bearer, and yet to find not gloom nor reproaches, but chivalrous devotion. Only He who gave the heart of women its needs and its powers could have understood how this one regarded her husband. He, and here and there another made wise by suffering.

When Dr. Murray had gone, the old man got ready for the night. He was obliged to retire early whenever possible. He brought warm water to the bedside and washed the hands and face of his wife, and tied on her white night-cap. In the morning he would perform her toilet again, and do her hair for her. And he took pride in doing it, as he said, "as stylish as a hairdresser." Then he arranged on a chair, so as to be within reach, a candle in a tin candlestick, a glass of water and a biscuit. After that he fetched a large prayer-book and the Bible, and read the Psalms and the second lesson for the evening, and afterwards prayed. He thanked God for the mercies vouchsafed to them that day, for food and power to work, and for a home. He remembered those with-out these blessings, and begged that they might receive them. He commended himself and his wife to God's keeping throughout the night.

Then his day was over. In the night Mrs. Temple was thirsty. She did not disturb her husband; but he awoke, lit the candle, and held the glass of water to her lips.

Dr. Murray kept his promise to call. He got into the habit of looking in on the old couple pretty frequently. He wrote and told Nora about them, and one day she sent Mrs. Temple some flowers, and the simple act gave such happiness that it was repeated, and during the winter the garret was never without a chrysanthemum or two.

The spring brought hope to the doctor. He knew that Mrs. Hawker's reign was drawing to an end, and that the "by-and-by" would soon be here. It had been a hard winter. Stripes had brought added poverty to many a home, and the infant sickness and mortality had been terrible. And then there had been the influenza! But he had battled on, working all day and sometimes half the night, and kept himself brave with the thought of Nora. And now it was April. And on the 1st of June!

He called on the Temples before he went away. They had known that his marriage was approaching, but not exactly the date of it.

"I am going off for a month," he said to John. Then reddening, "When I come back I hope to bring another friend to see you."

"Sir!" The old man looked at him. Then grasping his meaning held out his rough yet gentle hand.

"God bless you, sir! You couldn't tell me anything that would make me more rejoiced. The dear young lady! We seem to know her now, already; but we shall really see her and love her, I am sure."

"Oh, yes," said Murray, "you'll love her, Mr. Temple. Everybody does."

"Lucy, did you hear? The doctor is going to fetch the dear lady."

The woman unclosed her eyes. She looked at the doctor, and the drawn face seemed flooded with sweetness. Her lips moved.

"She says, 'God bless you,' sir. Lucy says, 'God bless you.' And when she says it she means it. Ah, we know what a blessed thing married life can be; don't we, Lucy? It's a solemn fact, sir, to take a woman to be your wife. It's a solemn fact. But when the blessing of God rests upon a union, marriage is a sacrament that brings you added grace. It is, sir. Your faith grows, and your love grows, and your nature deepens. You learn many things. I'm old and I've lived, but the part of my life that has helped me to the best knowledge is—just that. I took Lucy. I said I'd love her, comfort her, honor and keep her in sickness and in health. I've tried, and we've been happy. Sir, love does it all. You'll want to comfort her, you'll have to honor her, and if sickness comes you'll love her all the more."

From the bed there came a strange sound. It was something between a laugh and a sob. And the doctor turning, looked away again. Her husband's words had moved the wife to tears, but her face was radiant with joy in her upturned eyes.

Temple laid his hand on hers—hers, which could give no answering pressure. "Sir," he said, "I can't wish you better happiness than I've had. I wish you as much. And I take it I'm about the happiest man in London."

[Cornhill Magazine.]

A Long Ride.

The arrival is chronicled at Guaymas, Mexico, of Colonel Joseph Johnston, an American, and Captain Hamilton, of the British army, accompanied by a German scientist, who have undertaken to ride from the United States to the extremity of Patagonia on horseback. They started from Nogales, Arizona, some weeks ago, and have been traversing the Yaqui country, where they met several bands of the warlike Yaquis, but being well armed, they were not molested. They will travel in Culiacan, Mazatlan, Tepic, Guadalajara to the City of Mexico, and thence through the States of Guerrero, Aaxaca and Chiapas to Central America. It is a scientific expedition and will cost about \$150,000 and requires four years to make the trip. Colonel Johnston has been a great traveler in Japan, China, Australia and British India. Captain Hamilton has passed fifteen years in exploration in Africa, where he encountered many terrible perils. He was also present with the British force that destroyed the body of Zulus who killed the prince imperial. [New Orleans Picayune.]

Mignard was a doctor who abandoned his pill boxes for the palette and brushes.



CARRIAGE COSTUME.

WINDMILL SLEEVES.

FANCIES OF FASHION.

GREAT VARIETY IN THE STYLES FOR THIS SEASON.

No Relaxation in the Search for Novelty in Dress—The High Appreciation Which Oddities Receive—House Dresses Daintily Adorned—Colors in Great Variety.

Dame Fashion's Doings.

New York correspondence.

VERY possible means which can be utilized to give distinct character to a costume is replaced by the designers of fall dress. While cool weather has necessarily shied of many of the sorts of ornamentation which prevailed during the summer, there is no relaxation in the eager search for novelties. The gauzy notions of August are replaced by others which are suited to the approaching cold weather, but unusualness is as valued in the latter as in the former, and the danger of overdoing the oddity of any one feature or the whole of a costume is as slight as it was before.

As an example of the high appreciation which oddities receive, the house dress pictured in the initial is eloquent, for it was considered by its designer as nothing short of a work of high art. Of its novelty there can be no doubt; of its beauty there may be different opinions, but that is the point: the stranger is welcome because he is a stranger, and without much regard for his appearance. A simple gray woolen suit is used for this dress, and its gored skirt is three and a half yards wide, and is lined with alpaca. The back is laid in pleats facing each other. Lining and stuff are cut in equal length and width for the bodice. It has a tiny basque and a full plastron which hangs down below the waist line, coming inside the buttoned extra fronts, which are sewed into the side seams, and is finished with a narrow black lace cuff. A deep collar comes across the shoulders, with the ends tucked into the loose part in front. A plain standing collar and narrow sleeves complete the costume.

House dresses of the negligé order have been daintily adorned with when one can be constructed which

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A pretty dress accessory can be made of black satin in the shape of an elaborated fichu with a regular pointed scarf that fits down under the skirt pieces. The latter cross in surplusage fashion over the bust, pass about the waist and tie at the side in a great bow with drooping scarf ends. The special elaboration consists in epaulettes of satin set on the fichu, to hang over the sleeves of the gown with which the Marie Stuart surplusage is worn. At first sight it is difficult to tell just what it is, whether a bolero jacket, an epaulette or a sleeve. It has a collar and seems to be a jacket with fronts and back just like a simple bolero, then it becomes infected with the eccentricities suggested by sleeve elaboration. Instead of going under the arm for the sides of a simple-minded bolero, it goes right over them and develops a lot of folds and fancies in the way, leaving the sleeves of the gown show above at the shoulder and underneath. It is pretty and falls in well with the present fancy for oddities about the shoulders.

No daintier shoulder trimming could be devised than that seen in the negligé of the next sketch. Here the stuff is pink and white-striped linen batiste, and the garment has long basques and a yoke imitated by the lace basque, which runs down the front in a cascade. The fullness is taken in the waist in back, and the sleeves are finished by lace frills. Either pink or white China silk may be used as lining, and a bow of the same shade of ribbon ties the standing collar in

front. The jacket hooks invisibly in front.

Copyright, 1904.

A RECENT English invention is the pulsometer, a watch made especially for the use of physicians in timing their patients' pulses. It is constructed on the principle of the stop-watch, and indicates the pulse rate on a dial in beats per minute.

The Duke of Parma, father of the Princess of Bulgaria, is the prince who can boast of the most children among the princes of Europe. He has fifteen, viz., ten daughters and five sons, all of whom are living.

BETLES are both deaf and blind.

of a chiffon dress, you are really so much ahead of the whole gown you can get the necessary two yards to make a stock. The very swellest collar will be black moire, a modification of the director's bow that captured everyone last season, and the old bow can be utilized for the scarf pieces of the new stock. For a black stock, moire may be used in the stock part, and black gauze, chiffon or crepe may form the scarf, but so far there is no encouragement for the woman who would like to make her stock of one color and the tie of another.

For those who do not like the stock tie is the pretty folded collar, which seems likely to be popular forever. This style of collar now fastens at the back, where a spreading bow is added, so wide in "wing and wing" fashion that from the front the tips of the loops show prettily, with a good deal the same effect that is produced by side loops.

For dresser indoor wear than either of the costumes already described is that of the third illustration. Composed of white linen muslin figured with delicately tinted flowers, it is trimmed with plain and embroidered tulle and edged with a narrow white ruffle around the bottom. Figured muslin is used for the bodice, and it has separate fronts let into the side seams, which are caught just above the bust. There is a short basque of embroidered tulle and a long fish and whale frills of the same. The front of the bodice

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No daintier shoulder trimming could be devised than that seen in the negligé of the next sketch. Here the stuff is pink and white-striped linen batiste, and the garment has long basques and a yoke imitated by the lace basque, which runs down the front in a cascade. The fullness is taken in the waist in back, and the sleeves are finished by lace frills. Either pink or white China silk may be used as lining, and a bow of the same shade of ribbon ties the standing collar in

ORGANS STILL GRIND.