At the End of the Day

The small kitchen was stifing; it was heated within by a range in full activity and without by the unob-scured June sun.

scutify and without by the unob-scured June sun.

Before the open door Frances stood at a long board ironing. Under her deft hands damp embroidery, lace and frills bloomed out in nowy orisp-ness. She was ironing a dress for Fanny, who must have it to went to a party that night. Upon the clothes rock hung two much-trimed petit-costs which were to go with it.

Frances who had to admit that it took a great deal of hard work, as well as planning and ascrifice, to keep her daughter well dressed and in the best set when her means were so limited. Frances were a little percale dress of black and white. She looked little more than a girl herself, with her ourling hair and molet, diushed face. Yet she was 88 and she felt 83 some-times, and this happened to be one of the times.

came to ner that 'ganny had a good deal of Tom's Belishaness in her makeup.

The iron having cooled over that last frill, she garried it back to the range to replace it with a hot one. While her back, was turned exime a Handle exime a back was turned exime a Rangher—Fanny's voice and Kanny's daughter—intermingled with deep masculine tones. Frances turned, just as her daughter, radiant in her plak girshum frock and wide hait, ran up the steps.

"We nearly pounded the frost door down, mama." she complained fayly, and you have head to you make be getting deaf. I'm going over to the Ormistons to play a game of iennis, and Ora wants me to stay to lunch. So don't look for me back till you see me."

She smilled hijo her mother's tired

me."
She smiled into her mother's tired face. Frances' color, due mainly to the heat. had failed, and beside Fanny's sparkling girlishness she looked old and worn. She felt her inadequacy and ther eyes went piteously from her daughter's companion—overstann with Keen.

It was her old lover, Maurice Hall, lately returned from a long soloura in the mining country, where it was said he had made some money. He gave her grave greeting, to which she responded coldly.

It came to her that there was something laughably incongruous in the fact that Maurice should be her daughter's admirer. Yet he was not an unsuitable one. He had got changed as she had. He had hug on to his youth somehow, while she She smiled into her mother's tired

oaughter's damirer. Yet he was not compared to the contraination of a desperate purpose hanged as she had. He had had not had not have been been been very different for you if you had been were contrained by the saw him stoop and take a pansy from him it the panay bed. Of course he did not remember but once, long ago, hed picked a pansy from hed little panay bed. Of course he did not remember but once, long ago, hed picked a pansy from hed picked a pansy from hed cared very much for her thigh, she thought. He had ceased to care prove the head cared very much for he had he had cared very much for he had.

Frances' strength seemed au deally to have deserted her and she ind to sit down herors she could finish her dress of earted her and she ind to sit down herors she could finish her form whan Franny came in, flushed, dishereded, but with her perpetual gargety undiminished. She glauced approvingly at the sure, you with the time spread out upon the bed and ready for the head of the period out upon the bed and ready for the head of the paney of the head of the period of the head of the period of the head of the period of the head of

new hose to wear with my bronse pumps. Ora Ornsiston just got six pars of the state of the state

though a tride more expensive, of course."

As her mother did not answer she picked up the hand mirror and examined her face critically.

I declare, if I haven't got a new lot of freckles since morning—right across the bridge of my nose! How provoking!" She gave a prolonged sigh.

"What are we going to have for tea man, and when are we going to have lit! I'm as hungry as a bear. Heighho! We she as dandy luncheon at Ora's—los cream and most heavenly saidd! But Mr. Hall wouldn't stay, Ho said he had urgent business downtown. O. It's nice to have money like the Ormistons have. I don't see why we haven't any. Some one, way back, must have bungied dreadfully—either father or grandicatior.

Frances winced. As she turned her face a way tears came with a rush.

Frances were a little percals dressed black and white. She looked little more than a girl herself, with he curling hair and moist, fushed to the time that he percal of the time of the ti dear."

After tea Edna went home to get ready for the party and Fanny fowupstains for the same purpose. Twice
she called her mother to perform ittile services for her. She grumbled a
little because her collar wouldn't pin
straight, and because some of the
hooks had been flattened under the
iron. But at last she was dressed and
set off for the party. a picture of
youth and freshness and loveliness.
Prances, from the verands, watched
dropped upon the
treet
irilha attitude, her elbows on her
knees and her chip between her
palms. It was a beautiful, sweetsmelling, soothing time, and as Franccs sat there she became calm, almost
at peace with herself and all her difficult affairs. She had had her day.
She had lived her youth! Why rebelt?

The street was quiet and presently
when foolateps sounded they had almost a startling effect upon the stilltess. Frances listened. Nearer and
walk, atopped ar, or steps. She tooked up dazedly into the face of the man
who stood before her.

"Good evening Frances," he said,
cheerfuilly. He sat down beside her,
removed his hat and rumpled up his
hair Frances strugsled to speak.
When at last she did these words
came in a frigid fone: "Fanny isn't
here." It was not what she meant to
say, but it was the thing that was
first in her mind, and in her nervounness ahe gave it expression. He recelved the remark calculy.

Too young affair for you and me.
Frances, though we aren't so old,
ether. Do you know what I thought
to-day as I saw you ironing in that
furnace of a kitchen?" His voice had
the determination of a desperate purpose. "I thought that life might have
been very different for you if you had
entrusted it to me 20 years ago."

"It want my fault," poor Frances
gaaped out miserably. "Father made
me do sai Idd."

He turned on her sternly.

"I he did why, in heaven's humo,
do you'f Fanny.

"I thought you wanted Fanny."
Frances said.



Caster Suggestions.

Don't forget the poor and sick on Don't forget the poor and sick on the holy day of Easter.

Don't fall to carry a flowers and a basket of dainties to some sick person.

Don't go to church to show your new hat and frock, but go in a true Chestian artist.

lew nat and frock, but go in a true Eriethen spirit.

Don't go to church to look at others new hats and frocks, but to give our assistance in the cause of right and truth.

your assistance in the cause or again and truth.
Don't think that merely going to church makes a Christian. You shall be judged by your own works.
Don't content yourself by o-ing good on Easter only, but continue to perform acts of charity and kindness throughout the year.
Don't think that God listens to you but one day of each week. His ears and eyes are yours every day, and He heeds a prayer from the earnest heart on a week-day as surely as He heeds one on a Sunday.

one on a Sunday.

Curious Easter Custom.

It is strange that absurdities should have arisen from what is to Christians the sorten from what is to Christian the sorten from what is to chief the sorten from the seated that countries a grave divine stepped into a way side in none day of Easter week. No soomer was he seated that the word in the seated him to be "lifted" and carried in state through the streets. With a small sum of money he bought them of and made amends for his evident dismay at what they had considered an honor. On Easter down what they had considered an honor. On Easter down what they had considered an honor for the sound when the shall street in the seate of the sound when the shall street in the seate of the shall street in the same str

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Easter Amusements. For the Easter egg hunt, the eggs should be as fresh as possible, and colored and ornamented gaily. They should then be hidden in all sorts of places. The child findlig the largest number should be awarded a prize—





a candy egg, or a china egg elaborately decorated. An egg aree out of doors, if the weather permits, furnishes fun for the young people. Several should start out, carrying an egg in a spoon, so one given spot and back again without breaking the egg. The one who makes the trip in the least time wins the prize. For "Feeding Brier Rabbit," a child is to be dressed in a suit of white cotton fiannel, made to look as much like a rabbit as possible, with long pink ears. The feeding consists in giving him eggs, and he returns the favor by giving little sonvenirs—such as facery eggs, condy or other rabbits, little flags, or any other simple little articles. Refreshments, neatly done up the such as the

The Boy and the Lity.

A small messencer boy, carrying a buge pot of Easter lilles, stood in front of me on a Broadway car yester-the beautiful flowers shook and bent in a dreadful way, and had their soft faces banged against straps, bands and hats. I grow nervous gazing at them, and at length said:

"Here, boy, take my seat before those flowers are ruined."

But the boy shook his head.

"Naw," was his reply, "I don't want no woman's seat. I sin't tred."

"I am not thinking of you," was my refort, "but of the flowers. You'll crush them direadfully."

The youth sinered.
"Aw, them little site tough," was his flippant refolader: "they won't hurt none."

dippant rejoinder; they won't during mone."

And the little wretch actually hit one of the beautiful lilles a sharp blow with his hand.

I'd have given a dollar for the privilege of boxing his ears then and there.

in Process.
Slowly it grows.
Like other art,
And well one knows
It's near the heart
Of her who'd chance
The church parade, Of passing glance All unafraid. Huh? What is that? The Easter bat.

BACHELORS HOPELESS AFTER THIRTY-FIVE.

"A mateless man is a mared man." This is the oplino of several women who have decided that bachelors older than 38 years are sellish and diovenly. "Men," said one woman, "who do not marry deteriorate rapidly between 38 and 40. There seems to be a natural law in operation which ordeins that it a man does not inarry in the early thirties he breaks down socially and becomes fit only for the smoking room or the club, the music hall and dog gipts. It know many of my husband's men friends. Some of them are married maker of the married maker are not. The married men are really charming. The facehors, who are older than 38 are unendurable. They are mentally relaxed and their manners have lost their edge. They are lil at ease, because they as sume that every girl is trying to marry them. Left alone with other men, they make up, and that is the key to the problem. They do not matter, and their outward air confesses their in word self-stulltying conviction. Their best, the index of their room, and the distinction is taken into their minds are described in the continuer of pandering to their own whims, selfash institute, tasks into their minds are hearentially result for the manner of their minds are adopted the doctrine of pandering to their own whims, selfash institute, tasks into their minds. They shut their gest to the healty of children, their minds are hemetically sealed to the realty sacred human their minds are hemetically sealed to the realty sacred human commotions. They drift about town in and out of their clubs. They help no one. They file no one. They file no one. They file no one the clubs. They help no one. They file no one they increase the continuer of the ment."

THE MEDICAL SECORD.

The Medical Records declaration that the several practitioner of medicine of the club, and out of their clubs. They help no one. They file no one of the proper the clubs are the distinction in the proper the clubs. They help no one. They file no one of the proper the clubs are the distin Sense of Humor

A Saving Grace

ALL NEW YOR

THE STATE OF THE STATE OF

communication with them.

For one man who is ambitious to leave footprints in the sands of time, there are a dozen to cover up their tracks.

You may not believe in luck, but luck. New Haven Times-Leader.

We olght to call in reason, like a good physician, as a help in misfortune.—Epictetus.

More than a bappy unless he can prove t.

A man is always surer of an old effective that have a sure and the provential and the provential and the province that the sure of the most and the provential and the province that the sure of the most and the province that the sure of the most hary prospects in the province that the pro

Sense of Humor a Saving Grace

Gluce ribbons are used for trimming grings hats, some being used where bows needing a certain amount of nitfleress are concerned, and the byte-banded round in folds or twisted into torsades.

In the smart models one is very far from the simple contrasts described as shown in the toques provided for morning wear.

Very daring and very compilicated schemes of color are brought to a successful issue by dint of care and taste in the treatment this season. One sees little bows of bright certain or refined to refuse the view of the contrast o

The valedictorian was a very fluent talker."
"What was his address about?"
"He didn't say."