Only a Woman's Heart.

Only a woman's heart, whereon
You have trod in your careless haste;
A thing at best that was easy won;
What matter how drear a waste
Her life may be in the future years?
What matters it? Do not start—
It is only the sound of dropping tears
As wrung from a woman's heart.

'Tis of little worth, for it cost you naught
But a honeyed word and a smile.
Was the fault not hers, if she blindly thought
You were truer than truth the while?
What if the seeds of a life-long woe
From its broken shrine upstart?
What does it matter to you? You know
It is only a woman's heart.

Only a heart to be thrown away
With the recklessness that a boy
Who, careless of pleasure and weary of play,
Would throw down a broken toy.
The world is fair and the world is wide,
And there's more in its busy mart;
(Conscience you know you have put aside)
It is only a woman's heart.

But powerless is your boasted will
To vanquish the ghost of sin.
It has spoken oft, and it whispers still
Your soul's dark chambers in;
In the drama of one life you know
You have acted the villain's part,
For you struck a hard, a cruel blow,
And it fell on a woman's heart.

Only a woman's heart, ah, well!
'Tis little, I trow, to you
Whether that heart was as false as hell,
Or as heaven itself as true.
You may hug the thought to your selfish breast
That you're skilled in deception's art;
But I brand you thief, for the peace and rest
That you stole from a woman's heart.

Helen A. Manville.

A Lyric of Lent.

'Tis the season of fasting! the bell
Seems rather to toll than to chime;
In the game of Life's gaieties, pause!
For the umpire has shouted out "T !"
And the beau and belle of the ball,
Who the winter in revelry spent,
Now stop for a moment to breathe,
While they solemnly say "It is Lent."

If you have an umbrella of silk
Which a young man desires to borrow,
With the promise most faithfully made
To return it day after to-morrow,
And you know from experience sad
That the day will be weeks in extent,
And wish an excuse to reply,
You can truthfully say "It is Lent."

A Little Year Ago.

A year, a little year ago,
She loved me; I could see
The faint, soft color come and go
Whene'er she looked at me;
She gladly would have joined her fate
To mine, for weal or woe;
But I did not reciprocate
A little year ago.

Alas, I made a great *faux pas!*
My conduct was most rash;
Since then her aged godmamma
Has left her lots of cash.
When I proposed to her to-day
She coldly answered "No;"
O, fool, who threw his luck away
A little year ago!

MONICA:

THE AUTHOR OF "PHYLLIS," "MOLLY BAWN," AND OTHER POPULAR NOVELS.

But she pays no heed to his question thinking it doubtless beneath her.

"At least," she says, with fine scorn, "you needn't be untruthful."

"Do you know," says Mr. Desmond, desperately, "you are making the most wonderful remarks I ever heard in my life? There is no beginning to them, and I'm dreadfully afraid there will be no ending."

"No doubt," scornfully, "you are afraid."

"If I allow, I am," says Desmond, humbly, "will it induce you to explain?"

"You want no explanation," indignantly.

"You know very well what you confessed a while ago,—that—that—'you were' I There!"

"Where?"

"Flirting with Olga Bohun!"

"What?"

"You did. You know you did. Oh, what perfidy! Only a moment since you declared it openly, shamelessly; and now you deny it! Why, I wouldn't have believed it, even of you. How can you pretend to forget it?"

But that there are tears born of real emotion in her great eyes, Mr. Desmond would assuredly believe she is making a vast joke at his expense, so innocent is he of any offence.

"If by some unfortunate method," he says, calmly, "you have metamorphosed any speech of mine into a declaration relative to a flirtation with Mrs. Bohun, you have done an uncommonly clever thing. You have turned a lie into truth. I never said even one spoony word to Olga Bohun in all my life."

"Then why," in a still much-aggrieved tone, but with strong symptoms of relenting, "did you say you were?"

"I don't remember saying it at all," says poor Mr. Desmond, who had forgotten all about his interrupted remark.

"Then what were you saying to Olga just as I came in?"

"Oh! that!"—brightening into a remembrance of the past by the greatest good luck, or the quarrel might have proved a final one (which would have been a sad pity, as so many right good ones followed it). "You stopped me just now when I was going to tell you about it. When you came this evening I was dancing with Olga, and talking to her of you. It was some small consolation."

"But you were smiling at her," says Monica, faltering, "and whispering to her—whispering!"

"Of you. You believe me? Monica, look at me. Do you know I really think that——"

But this valuable thought is forever lost. Glancing at his companion, he sees a change come over the spirit of her face. Her eyes brighten, but not with pleasurable anticipation. Quite the reverse. She lays her hand suddenly upon his arm, and gazes into the landing-place beneath.

"There is Aunt Priscilla!" she says, in an awe-struck tone. "She has just come out of that room. She is, I know,"—a guilty conscience making a coward of her,—"looking for me. She may come here! Go, go!"

"But I can't leave you here alone."

"Yes, you can; you can, indeed. Only try it. Mr. Desmond, please go." This she says so anxiously that he at once decides (though with the utmost reluctance) there is nothing left him but to obey.

And, after all, Aunt Priscilla never looks up those stairs, but passes by them, dimly lit as they are, as though they had never been built; and Desmond, unknowing of this, goes sadly into the dancing-room ostensibly in search of Kelly, but with his mind so full of his cross little love that he does not see him, although he is within a yard of him at one time.

Now, Mr. Kelly, when he quitted the fateful stair-case, has turned to his right, with a view to getting some friends to lounge against a door-way with him, but failing in this quest, had entered the dancing-room, and edged round it by degrees—not so much from a desire for motion as because he was elbowed ever onwards by tired dancers who sought the friendly support of the walls.

Reaching at length a certain corner, he determines to make his own of it and defend it against all assailants, be they men or Amazons.

It is a charming corner, and almost impregnable; it is for this very reason also almost unescapable, as he learns to his cost later on. However he comes to anchor here, and looks around him.

He is quite enjoying himself, and is making private comments on his friends that I have no doubt would be rapturously received by them could they only hear them, when he wakes to the fact that two people have come to a stand-still just before him. They are engaged in not only an animated but an amicable discussion, and are laughing gayly; as laughter is even more distinguishable in a crowd than the voice when in repose, Mr. Kelly is attracted by theirs, and to his astonishment discovers that his near neighbors are the deadly enemies of an hour agone—i. e., Mrs. Bohun and Ulic Ronayne.

No faintest trace of spleen is to be discovered in their tones. All is once more sunshine. Past storms are forgotten. They have evidently been carrying on their discussion for a considerable time whilst dancing, because it is only the very end of it that is reserved for Mr. Kelly's delectation. He, poor man, is hemmed in on every side, and finds to his horror he cannot make his escape. This being so, he resigns himself with a grim sense of irony to the position allotted him by fate, and, being a careful man, makes up his mind, too, to derive what amusement from it that he can.

"So you see everything depends upon judgment," says the fair widow, fanning herself languidly, but smiling archly.

"A good deal certainly."

"Everything, I say. Determined to succeed, and the power to do it, are strong in themselves; but judgment tempers all things. And how few possess all three!"

"I, at least, am grateful for that. If every one was endowed with those three irresistible forces, I should have a bad chance. I should be but one among so many. Then it could only be decided by brute force."

"What could?" asked she, turning a fair but amazed face up to his.

"Oh, nothing!" returns he, with some confusion. "Only some silly thought of my own private brain—not the part I was devoting to your argument. Forgive me. You were saying——?"

"That there is a tremendous amount of feebleness in most natures. The real clever thing is to be able to see when an opportunity for good arises, and then to grasp it. Most people can's see it, you know."

"Others can!" says Mr. Ronayne. As he speaks he passes his arm round her pretty waist and smiles saucily into her eyes.

"What!" exclaims she, smiling in turn, "am I an opportunity, then?"

"The sweetest one I know, and so I sieze it," says the audacious youth; while Mr. Kelly, behind, feels as if he is going to sink into the ground.

"You don't understand what the word means, you silly boy," says the widow, laughing gayly.

"Don't I! I only wish I might parse and spell it with you," says Ronayne, his spirits rising; at which answer, I regret to say, pretty Mrs. Bohun laughs again merrily, and suffers him to lead her away into the dancing-circle without a rebuke, leaving Mr. Kelly limp with fear of discovery.

Now his imprisonment being at an end, he leaves his corner, and, braving the anger of the dancing people, walks straight through their midst to the door beyond, ready to endure anything rather than the eaves-dropping, however, innocent, of a moment past.

Filled therefore with courage, he sallies forth, and on the landing outside encounters the two Misses Blake clothed for departure, with Monica and Kit beside them. Terence is still bidding adieu to Miss Fitzgerald, whose tall charms have worked a way into his youthful affections.

Desmond is standing at a little distance from this group; Mr. Ryde is in the midst of it. He is expostulating with Monica about the cruelty of her early departure, in a tone that savors of tenderness and rouses in Mr. Desmond's breast a hearty desire to kick him. Then Mr. Ryde carries on his expostulations to where Aunt Priscilla is standing; and Brian tries vainly to gain a last glance from Monica, if only to see whether the treaty of peace between them—interrupted a while ago—has been really signed or not.

But Monica, either through wilfulness or ignorance of his near locality, or perhaps fear of Miss Priscilla, refuses to meet his longing eyes. For my part, I believe in the wilfulness.

Kit, who is always like the cockles of ancient fame, "alive O," sees his disconsolate face, his earnest, unrequited glance, and Monica's assumed or real indifference, and feels sad at heart for him. Deliberately, and with a sweet, grave smile, she holds out to him her small hand, and, regardless of consequences, gives his a hearty squeeze. Most thankfully he acknowledges this courtesy; whereupon, of her still further charity, she bestows upon him a glance from her dark eyes that speaks volumes and assures him he has in her a friend at court.

Then all is over. The two Misses Blake go slowly and with caution down the steep staircase, Monica and Mr. Ryde (who grows more devoted every minute) following, Terence and Kit bringing up the rear.

During the drive home the Misses Blake (who have thoroughly enjoyed themselves) are both pleasant and talkative. As the old horses jog steadily along the twilit road, they converse in quite a lively fashion of all they have heard and noticed, and laugh demurely over many a small joke.

Kit, of course, is in raptures. Her first party, and such a success! She had danced one set of quadrilles and one polka, two whole dances! Ye gods, was there ever so happy a child! She chatters and laughs and rallies everybody so gaily that the old aunts are fain to die of merriment.

Yet Monica who might—as she chose—have had two partners for every dance, is strangely silent and depressed. No word escapes her; she leans back with her pretty tired head pressed close against the cushions. Perchance little Kit notices all this, because, when any one addresses Monica she makes answer for her in the most careless manner possible, and by her sharp wit turns the attention of all from the sister she adores; yet in her heart she is angry with Monica.

Once only during this homeward drive something occurs to disturb the serenity of the Misses Blake. Kit, in one of her merry sallies, has touched upon Miss Fitzgerald, whereupon Aunt Priscilla, mindful of that late and lingering adieu of Terence, says suddenly:

"And how do you like Miss Fitzgerald, Terence?"

"She's delightful, aunt," says the stricken Terence enthusiastically. "Perfectly enchanting! You never met so nice a girl!"

"Oh, yes, I think I have, Terence," says Miss Priscilla freezingly. "I am, indeed, sure I have."

"There's something about her right down fetching," says Mr. Beresford, giving himself airs. "Something—er—there, but difficult to describe."

"A 'je ne sais quoi young man,'" quotes the younger Miss Beresford with a sneer. "She's tall enough to be one, at any rate. She's a horrid girl, I think."

"You're jealous," says Terence contemptuously, "because you know you will never be half as good to look at."

"If I thought that," says Kit, growing very red, "I'd commit suicide."

"Tut! You are too silly a child to be argued with," says Terence, in a tone that is not to be borne.

Kit, rising in her seat, prepares for battle, and is, indeed, about to hurl a scathing rebuke upon him, when Miss Priscilla interrupts her.

"What is this great charm you see in Miss Fitzgerald, Terence?" she asks slowly.

"That is just what I cannot describe, aunt."

"I should think you couldn't, indeed!" puts in Kit wrathfully.

"But, as I said before, she is delightful."

"She may be," says Miss Priscilla, the most damning doubt in her tone. "She may be, my dear. Forbid that I should deny it! But there are some delightful people, Terence, that are not good for us."

Somehow, after this, conversation dwindles until it is gone. Terence sulks, Monica moons, Kit ponders, the Misses Blake snooze and so, at last, home is reached.

CHAPTER XI.

It is ten o'clock and as lovely a night as ever overhung the earth. The moon is at its fullest, the wind has fallen, all is calm as heaven itself, through which Dictynna's unclouded grandeur rolls.

The Misses Blake, fatigued by their unusual dissipation, ordered an early rout an hour agone, whereby bedroom candlesticks were in demand at nine or half-past nine o'clock.

Now, in Monica's room, Kit is standing by the open window, gazing in rapt admiration at the dew-spangled garden beneath. Like diamonds glitter the grass and the flowers beneath the kiss of the queen of night.

Moonbeams are playing in the roses and wrestling in the lilies and rocking to and fro upon the bosom of the stream.

There is a peace unspeakable on all around. One holds one's breath and feels a longing painful in its intensity as one drinks in the beauty of the earth and sky. 'Twere heaven to be assured of love on such a night as this.

Stars make the vault above so fine that all the world, methinks, should be in love with night and pay no worship to the garrish sun. There is a rush of feeling in the air—a promise of better things to come—of hope, of glad desire, of sweet love perfected!

"How lovely a night it is!" says Kit leaning far out of the window and gazing westward. She is at heart a born artist, with a mind, indeed, too full of strange, weird thoughts at times to augur well for the happiness of her future. Like many of her Irish race, she is dreamy, poetical—intense at one moment, gay, wild, impulsive the next.

"See what a flood of light there is on everything," she says. "'Bathed in moonlight,' what a good thought was that! Monica, when I am as old as you, in a very few short years I shall be a poet."

"No, you won't, darling; you will be a musician. See what fairies lie beneath your fingers even now when you touch the piano or violin; be content, then, with your great gift, which most surely is yours. And to me, indeed, it seems a grander thing to thrill and enchain and draw to your feet all hearts by the power of harmony that dwells within you, than by the divine gift of song that poets have."

"But their songs are harmony," says the child, turning quickly to her.

"Ay, the interpretation of it, but you have its very breath. No; search the world over and you will find nothing so powerful to affect the souls of all as music."

"Well, some day I shall want to do something," says Kit vaguely, and then she turns to the window again and lets her mind wander and lose itself in a mute sonata to the fair Isis throned above.

"It draws me," she says presently, rising slowly and addressing Monica, but always with her gaze fixed upon the sleeping garden below. "It is so bright—so clear."

"What, Kit?"

"The moonlight. I must," restlessly, "go down into it for a little moment or I shall not sleep through longing for it."

"But the doors are closed, my dearest, and Aunt Priscilla is in bed, and so are the servants."

"So much the better. I can draw the bolts myself without being questioned. You said just now," gaily, "I have a fairy beneath my fingers. I think I have a moon fairy in my heart, because I love it so."

"Stay here with me, then, and worship it sensibly from my window."

"What! Do you look for sense in 'moon-struck madness?' No; I shall go down to my scented garden. I have a fancy I cannot conquer to walk into that tiny flame-white path of moonlight over there near the hedge. Do you see it?"

"Yes. Well, go, if Titania calls you, but soon return, and bring me a lily—I, too, have a fancy, you see—a tall lily, fresh with dew and moonshine."

"You shall have the tallest, the prettiest I can find," says Kit from the door-way, where she stands framed unknowingly, looking such a slender, ethereal creature, with eyes too large for her small face, that Monica, with a sudden pang of fear, goes swiftly up to her, and, pressing her to her heart, holds her so for a moment.

"I know what you are thinking now," says Kit with another laugh, "that I shall die early."

"Kit! Kit!"

"Yes. Isn't it strange? I can read most people's thoughts. But be happy about me. I look fragile, I know, but I shall not die until I am quite a respectable age. Not a hideous age, you will understand, but with my hair and my teeth intact. One keeps one's hair until forty, doesn't one?"

"I don't know. I'm not forty," says Monica. "But hurry, hurry out of the garden, because the dew is falling."

Down the dark staircase, through the darker halls, into the brilliant moonlight goes Kit. The wind, soft as satin, plays about her pretty brows and nestles through her hair, rewarding itself thus for its enforced quiet of an hour ago. Revelling in the freedom she has gained, Kit enters the garden and looks lovingly around upon her companions—the flowers.

Who would sleep when beauty such as this is flung broadcast upon the earth, waiting for man to feast his slothful eyes upon it?

Lingeringly, tenderly, Kit passes by each slumbering blossom, or gazes into each drowsy bell, until the moonlit patch of grass she had pointed out to Monica is at last reached. Here she stands in shadow, glancing with coy delight at the fairy-land beyond. Then she plunges into it and looks a veritable fairy herself, slim and tall and beautiful, and more than worthy of the wand she lacks.

Walking straight up her silver path, she goes to where the lilies grow in a bed close by the hedge. But, before she comes to them, she notes in the hedge itself a wild convolvulus, and just a little beyond it a wild dog-rose, parent of all roses. She stays to pluck them, and then——

"Kit," says a voice subdued and low, but so distinct as to sound almost in her ear.

She starts and then looks eagerly around her, but nothing can she see. Was it a human voice or a call from that old land that held great Zeus for its king? A message from Olympus it well might be on such a night as this, when all things breathe of old enchantment and of mystic lore. Almost she fears yet hopes to see a sylvan deity peep out at her from the escalonia yonder, or from the white-flowered, sweetly-perfumed syringa in that distant corner—Pan the musical, perhaps, with his sweet pipes, or a yet more stately god, the beautiful Apollo, with his golden lyre. Oh, for the chance of hearing such godlike music, with only she herself and the pale Diana for an audience!

Perchance the gods have, indeed, been good to her and sent her a special message on this yellow night. Fear forgotten, in the ecstacy of this hope, the strange child stands erect and waits with eager longing for a second summons.

And it comes, but, alas, in a fatally earthly tone that ruins her fond hope forever.

"Kit, it is I. Listen to me," says some one, and then a hole in the hedge is cleared and Mr. Desmond, stepping through it, enters the moonlit patch, flushed, but shamelessly unembarrassed.

Kit, pale with disappointment, regards him silently with no gentle glance.

"And to think," she says at length, with slow scorn, looking him up and down with measureless contempt, "to think I was mad enough to believe for one long moment that you might be Apollo, and that your voice was a cry from Parnassus!"

At which, I regret to say, Mr. Desmond gives way to most unseemly mirth. "I never dreamed I should attain to such great glory," he says. "I feel like 'the rapt one of the godlike forehead.'"

"You may," says the younger Miss Beresford, who has awakened from the dim dusk of "faerie lands forlorn" to the clearer light of earth. "You may," withringly, "feel like it, but you certainly don't look like it."

"I am not complete, I know that," says Mr. Desmond, still full of unholy enjoyment. "I lack 'bright Apollo's lute strung with his hair,' but if you will wait a moment I will run back to Coole and get the nearest thing to it."

He turns as if to fulfil his words, but Kit stops him.

"Don't go," she says laughing gaily now herself. "Even the very original lute would not transform you into a god. Stay if you want to. After all, now I am again in my senses, I dare say you are as good to talk to as a heathen deity."

"Oh, no!" says Mr. Desmond humbly. "They always thundered when they spoke, so think how imposing and convincing their arguments must have been!"

"Horrid, I should think," says Kit. "And now tell me what brought you here."

This is abrupt, but, taking her in her own mood, Desmond answers bluntly——

"Monica."

"She told you to come?"

"No. But I want to see her."

"She has gone to her room."

"Make her leave it again. Tell her I cannot rest until I see her; tell her anything; only bring her to me for even one short moment."

"But it is some time since I left her; perhaps she is in bed."

"But not asleep yet, surely. She loves you, Kit, induce her, then, to come to her window that I may even catch a glimpse of her, if I may not speak with her. But she cannot be in bed; it is so early," says Mr. Desmond desperately.

"Well," says Kit relenting and striving to forget the blank occasioned by the substitution of an ordinary Desmond for an extraordinary deity, "I'll see what can be done."

"You will," eagerly, "really?"

"Yes, really. I will stand your friend," says Kit solemnly, feeling now that even if the old gods have denied her an intimate acquaintance with them, still they have devoted her to the service of Cupid, and have secretly commanded her to help on the machinations of his naughty little highness.

"Then will you tell her I want to see her—here, now—for only a bare second if she so wills it? Will you tell her this from me? Dear Kit, sweet Kit, I entreat you to do this."

"Oh, how sweet I am when you want me to do something for you!" says she with a little smile. "There! I can see through you as clearly as though you were crystal; but I like you all the same. You must have some good in you to fall in love with my Monica."

"Others can fall in love with her, too," returns he with moody jealousy.

"Ah, yes, I saw that, too," says Kit lifting her hands excitedly.

"Who could fail to see it? Who could fail to love her?" says Desmond sadly. Then, being in such very poor case, and looking sorrowfully for comfort from any source, however small, he says nervously:

"Kit, answer me truthfully—you have sworn to be my friend—tell me, then, which do you count the better man—him, or me?"

But that a sense of honor forbids him to pry into his love's secret thoughts, he would have asked whom she counted the better man.

"You," says Kit calmly, "I have no doubt about it. I hate fat men, and—and so does Monica. I have heard her say so, over and over again."

"Oh, Kit, what a dear little girl you are!" says Mr. Desmond with grateful fervor.

"Well, I'm glad you like me," says Kit, "because"—frankly—"I like you. It was very good of you to lend that gun to Terry. I haven't forgotten that, though, goodness knows I only hope he won't do himself or death with it" (she delights in Old World phrases such as this), "and I like you, too, for loving Monica. Isn't she"—laying her hand upon his arm and looking trustfully into his eyes—"isn't she pretty?"

"She is like an angel," says Desmond feeling all his heart go out to the fragile, ethereal-looking child before him, as he listens to her praises of her sister.

"Or a saint, perhaps. Monica is a saintly name. Was she not the mother of St. Augustine?" says Kit quickly. After the old gods, a passion for the saints and their lilies and roses and fiery trials animates her childish bosom. "Oh, and that reminded me," she says, "she told me to bring her in a lily, fresh with dew—one of those lilies over there in that dark corner. Do you see them—tall and white?"

"I see. Let me pick one for her. Here, take it to her, and," laying his lips upon it, "this with it."

"I will. And now let me run in and try my utmost to persuade her to come out here. But," doubtfully, as she remembers how Monica refused with studied coldness to meet his parting glance at the Barracks a few hours ago, "do not be too sure of her coming. She may refuse, you know. She is peculiar in many ways and she thinks herself bound in honor to Aunt Priscilla not to look at you. But stay here, just in this spot, and think all the time that I am doing my very best for you."

(To be continued).

Tempest Tossed.

"Yes," said Mr. Householder," "I have a terrible cold. You know how it rained and blew and stormed generally Tuesday night? Well, wind blew the scuttle off the roof. Wife said she knew it was open and I had to go up and see. Stood under the scuttle and took a shower bath in my night—*robe de nuit*. Then I had to dress, when I found it was gone, and go look it up. Found it out in the yard. Carried it upstairs, and then found that it was made to fit on from the outside and was five inches wider than the hole in the narrowest direction. Shower bath of twenty minutes' duration during this struggle. Nailed a blanket over the hole and went to bed, breathing threatenings and slaughter against the lunatic that ever made such an idiotic scuttle door. In the morning found the scuttle door out in the yard—at least the children did, I couldn't get out of bed. I couldn't remember having carried it down-stairs, but supposed I did. About noon, neighbor came along searching neighborhood for his cellar door that had blown away. Carpenter, sent for to replace my scuttle, found cellar door up in my garret. Mrs. Householder in screaming hysterics in sitting-room. Neighbor down in my yard, holding on to fence, black in the face. Carpenter with his head out of the scuttle, haw-hawing the shingles off the roof. Cook lying on kitchen floor saying she should die. Everybody on the premises having lots of fun except me. Yes, I've been mad as a hornet about it all the week, but I'm getting a little over it now."—*Burdette.*

New Use for Rag Carpets.

The old-fashioned idea of making rag carpets is quite come about again, but with a differentiation, so to speak. "Augustus," said she, as she leaned perceptibly in his direction, "have you any old neckties that you are not using?" "Angeline, my dearest, I will see; but what do you want of old neckties?" "Oh, I'm going to make a silk rag carpet for a parlere, you know. It will be just lovely." "Lovely?" "Yes, because we can draw it ver closely when you call evenings." A hatbox full of wrecked neckwear was sent down the next morning early.—*Hartford Post.*

"What makes you look so dismal?" asked the engineer. "Best girl hasn't gone back on you, has she?" "No," said the baggageman, ruefully looking at a paper in his hand, "but I've been sued for breaches of promise by my tailor. The ones I have on, too," he added mournfully.

LONDON FASHIONS.

Stern Simplicity the Rule in Walking Dresses—A Novel Style—Helmet-Shaped Bonnets.

Some of the new dresses are so sternly simple that only a practiced eye appreciates their costliness and merit; others so gay and beautiful that a child would clasp its hands in delight at the sight of them, as the vision of a fairy queen's robe. For instance, a new model for a walking dress which I saw on Saturday at Madame Reily's illustrates the first style to perfection. Its simplicity is something positively extraordinary. It is made of black Indian cashmere, having lines in it of black embroidery. The underskirt is perfectly plain and rather narrow, with the tiniest little plaiting showing under its edge. This underskirt is almost entirely hidden by the tunic, which has an opening right from the waist to the bottom, just a little to the left, about a finger from the front. Near the waist, where the tunic closes, there are two or three small folds, forming a very slight draping; they look as if the material had been lightly pushed up by a skilful hand and stayed in its place by magic. The bodice has two points at the back, and under the right hand one there are a few more of those tiny folds, a little fuller and more numerous. Otherwise the tunic is perfectly plain, and nearly everywhere almost touches the bottom of the underskirt; the bodice is plain, but exquisitely shaped. It is practically impossible to do justice to this dress, which is so profoundly simple, and yet is one of the most beautiful models at present vouchsafed to us. And now for the contrast. For its illustration I will describe a dinner dress, so delicate, so aerial and fine that the very daylight of this drear climate seems to soil it, and it has to be guarded like a precious jewel until the moment comes for its use. It is not a thing of fairyland, as a child would think, for it is real; but it is an exotic and belongs to an exotic existence, to a life in which beauty and delicacy are possible in the midst of a black atmosphere and an outer world which is never clean. But it is very nice to wear these things, and never think of the brains or care put into them, or how soon their delicate beauty is gone. This dress, typical of the style I am speaking of, has the front of the skirt made of long plaits of cream colored French lace, of exquisite design and delicate as butterflies' wings. The lace commences quite narrow at the waist, and there is something like a fan shape at the bottom. On each side is a broad panel of crepe de chine embroidered in maize silk. Most lovely is this embroidered material, but more beautiful than itself is the way in which it is shaped to the form. It looks as if it had just been smoothed over the hips and had taken the shape; no seam, no fullness is there; yet the shaping is perfect. How this miracle is worked the miracle worker must know, but I do not. It is like looking at the feats of a clever juggler; one can only say, "O, of course there must be some way of doing it—it is not witchcraft;" yet it is amazingly like it! The back of the skirt is made of two sets of folds, one of the filmy cream lace, one of the rich heavy maize silk, which meet in the middle. These fall away from the waist in the perfect line—the absolutely right curve—without the faintest suggestion of cushion or steel or any such horror. And just at the waist the material is lightly lifted—draped is much too positive a word—with that delightful look I have already spoken of, as if the artist had just pushed it up a little to lighten the effect, and kept it in its place by a spell or a magic word. Stitches are inconceivable in connection with this light butterfly sort of draping, for it looks as if a puff of soft air would blow it away as a thistle-down is blown. The bottom of the folds of the rich maize silk is fringed, so that it looks almost as if this were a sash put on to the airy dress.

Bonnets are made in a sort of helmet shape now, and the bows placed in front rise flame like from the head. The flowers, which are to be so much worn, stand upon the bonnet as though they grew there, and hold their faces up to the sun as they do in the garden. No longer is a flower laid upon a bonnet. The shapes are very small and lie close at the sides; at the back they are calculated for the hair to be worn high on the head. But a new mode of putting on the strings takes away from the bareness on the head at the back to which we have now become almost accustomed. The strings come right under the upright bow in front, and pass side by side down the back of the crown; then they separate of necessity, and, being around behind the ears to meet in front, lie smoothly on the upturned hair.—*London World.*

No Light in the Window.

As the train sped along in the night, with drowsy passengers outstretched upon the seats, the conductor was observed frequently peering out of the frosty windows into the darkness. The night was black and nothing could be seen but a sheen of snow over the shadowy landscape, and yet the conductor shaded his eyes with his two hands and held his face—and a weary-looking face it was, too—close to the window pane.

"Looking to see if your girl is awake yet?" inquired the inquisitive passenger, with a coarse laugh.

The conductor looked around and shuddered as with husky voice he replied simply:

"Yes."

And then the inquisitive passenger became garrulous and familiar. He sat down beside the conductor and poked him in the ribs, as he lightly said:

"Ah, I see. Going to get married and quit the road. Going to marry a farmer's daughter. Is she worth much?"

This time the conductor replied, without taking his eyes away from the window:

"She's worth a million—to me."

Further remarks in a similar vein did the passenger make, but the conductor deigned no replies. Suddenly the whistle of the locomotive gave a long, low moan, the conductor stuck his eyes still closer to the window, seemed to fasten his gaze upon some object in the darkness, and then fell back in his seat with a cry of despair upon his lips.

The passengers gathered around to inquire the nature of the trouble when the brakeman ascended his chief to rise and led him into the baggage car. The conductor's face was white as the snow-banks which fringed the iron roadway, and in his eyes was a look of tearless grief.

"Poor Sam," said the brakeman upon his return, "it's a bad night for him. For weeks his little girl has been ill. Night after night he was at her bed, but then she got better and he came back to his train. He arranged with his wife that if all was well with the little one she'd display a lighted lamp right in the window of the room. The boys all knew of it, and every night we all looked for the light almost as eagerly as Sam himself. He lives by the side of the track back here a few miles—and to-night there was no light in the window for Sam."—*Chicago Herald.*

Natural Gas and Astronomy.

Our astronomers file a grievous charge against natural gas. They say it interferes more with their telescopic observations than the smoke ever did. They do not mean the gas in its natural state, but the light caused by its combustion at the various waste pipes in and around the city. The blaze and heat together disturb and agitate the atmosphere so much that at times it is impossible to make a close observation.—*Pittsburg (Pa.) Dispatch.*

Mrs. John Watkins, of Almena, Mich., dreaming the other night, kicked violently as she dreamed, and when her husband's shouts woke her she found she had broken several bones in one of his feet.

THE STORY OF CREATION.

As the Natives of Alaska Tell it and Believe it.

In his report of the Point Barrow expedition, Lieutenant Ray devotes some attention to the Alaskans and their legends. During the long winter night, when food is plenty, he says, the natives delight to meet at the council house, or at different iglus (huts), and over their work repeat the legends of their race which have been handed down from father to son. These legends go back to the origin of man, and they tell with careful detail of a time when there were no men in all the land, but a spirit called "A seln" dwelt here alone. He made the image of a man in clay, set it up by the shore of the sea to dry, and after it was dry he breathed upon it and gave it life, and sent it out into the world. And he called the dog from a long way off to go with the man, that he might have help in travelling. After a time the spirit made the tuk tu (reindeer), and sent him out into the land, and the teeth of the deer were like the teeth of the dog; and after many days man came to the spirit and said, "The deer is bad, he devours man." Whereupon the spirit called in all the deer and removed all the front teeth from their upper jaws, since which time men have lived on deer, and the deer lived on moss and grass. Then the man asked the spirit that there might be fish in the rivers and sea. And the spirit took a piece of pine and a piece of balsam and sat by the river where it emptied into the sea, and he whittled long shavings from the pieces of wood, and the shavings from the yellow wood became salmon, and those from the white wood became white fish, and swam away. The faith in these legends is very strong, and they are earnestly opposed to any expressions of doubt or ridicule. It is only by gaining their confidence and abstaining from any expressions of doubt in their presence that they can be induced to talk about their people or repeat their legends. We heard but one legend that referred in any way to the regions to the northward. It was said that many years ago a man from Nuwuk was caught in the moving pack that was setting to the northward so rapidly that he was unable to return to the land. After a great many days, more than he could count, he came to a land where dwelt a strange people; they spoke a strange language and dressed in deer-skins like the Inyu. He remained with them a long time, but, wishing to return to his people, he left them one winter and started south over the ice, living upon the seal he caught by the way and renewing his boots with their skins. The journey was so long that he wore out fifteen pairs of boots in returning to Nuwuk.

Health Hints by an M.D.

Large eaters are almost always wanting in mental activity and physical endurance.

Up to six months of age a baby should nurse once in three hours, and after that once in four hours until it is weaned.

Every habit or indulgence which reduces the general vigor of the system affects first the stomach.

Keep the passions under the control of the reasoning powers, if you would preserve mind and body in health.

Excessive physical exercise does not promote health, but moderate physical training is a benefit.

The danger connected with mental exercise is from the mental worry that accompanies it.

Offensive smells are always to be avoided, for no air is pure which contains any odor.

Whatever one's occupation may be it should be alternated with rest and recreation.

Perfect action of the skin is necessary to health, and can only be obtained by frequent bathing of the entire body.

It is a mistake, from a sanitary point of view, to wear clothing until it is threadbare, for long before that time it is too dirty to be healthy.

The air of a bed-room should be maintained at a temperature of 60°, and the body of a sleeper should be kept warm.

Dress which binds tightly on any part of the body or limbs is injurious, because it restricts the course of the blood, if it does nothing worse.

The most effective kind of a bath is at the same time the simplest—and that is the ordinary sponge bath.

It is a mistake to exercise in the morning on an empty stomach, but a few mouthfuls of bread and milk, or something of the kind, will sustain the system under considerable labor for an hour or two until the more substantial breakfast is taken.

Dakota Court Proceedings.

A man was recently arrested on a charge of stealing. An officer brought him before a Dakota Justice of the Peace, when the prisoner said:

"Judge, I object to this; I want to be let off a while."

"Pris'ners' objec'tuns ain't gener'ly considered very hefty by this Court," replied the Justice, sarcastically.

"Yes, but I'm willin' to be tried, but I want to git off for just a little while."

"No, sir! The law must take her co'rse ev'ry time."

"Can't let me off half an hour?"

"Not if the Court knows herself."

"But you see, Judge, I had jist struck a man out here for a trade on my near hoss when the off'cer——"

"Which 'tu did you say—the ror'l?"

"Yes."

"Why, Jones, I can give you a darned good trade if you want something to match that off hoss o' yourn. This Court is adj'urned till t'-morrer at 10 o'clock. Come out to the barn and look over my roan mare."—*Estelline (D. T.) Bell.*

A Girl of Spirit.

During the striking times this week an incident occurred at the Fifth street stables that is worthy of note. After the scrimmage at the Third street stables, a crowd ran over to Fifth street and undertook to bring matters to a crisis there. The drivers, however, were not ready for a strike, and proposed to proceed. As one car was about to leave the stables the crowd seized the horse's reins, unhitched him and left the driver and car in a helpless condition. At this juncture, Miss Alice Harrison, the lady cashier—a bright, spunky girl, smart as a whip and pretty as a rose, marched out of her office, told the crowd to stand back and let the driver do his duty. The crowd gave way, Miss Harrison hitched the horse to the car with her own hands, and, seizing the bridle, led horse and attachment to the middle of the street, amid the cheers of the by-standers.—*Dayton (O.) Special Louisville Courier-Journal.*

They Don't Die in the Highlands.

Highlanders never speak of the departed as "dead." Dr. Stewart once gave great offence to the daughter of a friend of his by asking her,—"Cuin a bhasaroh 'un a' athair?" ("When did your father die?") "Brutes alone," she angrily exclaimed, "die, and when they die, are *dead*. Human beings—men, women and children—do not *die*, and are not to be spoken of as *dead*. They shift off this scene; they depart, they go, they change, they sleep, if you like, or are gathered unto their fathers. They don't *die*, and can never with propriety be spoken of as *dead*." The phraseology in which the death of human beings, as distinct from brutes, is expressed in Gaelic, invariably implies continued existence.—*Dr. Stewart, 'Twixt Ben Nevis and Glencoe.*

Willie Bradford, 5 years old, strayed away from his home in the Cherokee Nation the other day, and the next day what the wolves had left of the poor little fellow was found in a mountain glen.

Dot Your I's and Cross Your T's.

What the compositor asks (but at present cannot obtain) is, not that the n and u be made alike, but that each have its distinctive shape; not that the t be made similar to l, but that it be crossed, or else formed after the fashion much in vogue, namely, a stroke more or less sloping, with a loop in the centre on the side farthest from the letter following it; and, lastly, that the i be dotted, an omission which seems to meet with great favor among authors, though it is very tantalizing to the compositor, since in bad manuscript the undotted i may be taken to represent either e, s or r, or even be supposed to form part of what in reality is the letter m. But if the i's were dotted and the t's crossed, few complaints would emanate from printing offices, or, indeed, ever be heard, so great an aid is the due placing of these letter belongings in the task of deciphering.—*Scientific American*

New Light on the Liquor Question.

"Dear Will," said the bride of three months, "I am really afraid that you have deceived me. Your breath has several times smelled of liquor. Now, don't you drink?"

"Why, pet, how can you suspect me? Drink! To be sure not. The doctor tells me that I have weak gums, and I occasionally rub them with alcohol to harden them."

"But, Will, dear, beer doesn't smell like alcohol does it?"

"Of course, pet. Don't you know that it is alcohol in beer that makes it intoxicating? By the way, pet, there is a volume of chemistry in my library. You had better look over that, and you will understand these matters more fully."

Wrecks of Humanity,

who have wasted their manly vigor and powers by youthful follies, inducing nervous debility, impaired memory, mental anxiety, despondency, lack of self-confidence and will-power, weak back and kindred weaknesses, should address, with 10 cents in stamps for large illustrated treatise giving unfailing means of cure, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffaly N. Y.

A steer was killed by a Virginia city butcher the other day, whose teeth, the *Enterprise* says, were completely incrusted with gold and silver bullion. The animal came from a ranch on Carson River, and it is thought the metal accumulated on his teeth while he was drinking the river water, which is impregnated with the tailings from the mills reducing Comstock ores.

A Poor, Weak Sister,

who is suffering from ailments peculiar to her sex, dreading to go to a phys