Rover in Church.

'Twas a Sunday morning in early May,
A beautiful, sunny, quiet day,
And all the village, old and young,
Had trooped to church when the church bell rung.
The windows were open, and the breezes sweet
Fluttered the hymn books from seat to seat.
Even the birds, in the pale-leaved birch
Sang as softly as if in church!

Right in the midst of the minister's prayer
There came a knock at the door. "Who's there,
I wonder?" the gray-haired sexton thought,
As his careful ear the tapping caught.
Rap-rap, rap-rap—a louder sound,
The boys on the back seats turned around.
What could it mean? for never before
Had any one knocked at the old church door.

Again the tapping, and now so loud
The minister paused (though his head was bowed),
Rappety-rap! This will never do,
The girls are peeping, and laughing, too!
So the sexton tripped over the creaking floor,
Lifted the latch, and opened the door.

In there trotted a big black dog,
As big as a bear! With a solemn jog
Right up the centre aisle he pattered,
People might stare, it little mattered.
Straight he went to a little maid,
Who blushed and hid, as though afraid,
And there sat down, as if to say,
"I'm sorry that I was late to-day;
But better late than never, you know,
Besides, I waited an hour or so,
And couldn't get them to open the door
Till I wagged my tail and bumped the floor.
Now, little mistress, I'm going to stay,
And hear what the minister has to say."

The poor little girl hid her face and cried!
But the big dog nestled to her side,
And kissed her, dog fashion, tenderly,
Wondering what the matter could be.
The dog being large (and the sexton small),
He sat through the sermon and heard it all,
As solemn and wise as any one there,
With a very dignified, scholarly air!
And instead of scolding, the minister said,
As he laid his hand on the sweet child's head
After the service, "I never knew
Two better listners than Rover and you!"

—*James Buckham.*

A COMPLETE MISUNDERSTANDING.

BY MARGARET CROSBY.

"Well," continued Sanford, "Winifred's a good seven year older than he is, and she's as well calc'lated to take care of other folks as she is to take care of herself. None of the fellows round here's been able to take her off her own hands yet, and I must say I ain't sorry, fur she's the light of my eyes." He paused for a moment and then added: "Yer brother's pretty sick, I reckon." Colonel Brennan's eyes wandered toward the orchard again with a pained expression. "Still," concluded Sanford, rising and kicking off the porch the little pile of shavings that had collected at his feet, "if this weather holds he'll get better."

He sauntered away toward the barn, still whittling as he went.

Colonel Brennan sat motionless, thinking deeply. His thoughts ran monotonously in a circle, always coming back to the same point. What was to be done for Julian? For the last few days he had certainly seemed to be better; but before—he shuddered as he remembered a week of constant rain and cold weather, when Julian's cough had increased as his strength had diminished, and when he had looked imploringly at his brother, as if beseeching a rescue from the death that seemed so near. There was a painful realization that all his care and tenderness had been inadequate to his brother's needs. Winifred Sanford alone had the power to help and influence him, and Colonel Brennan had come to depend upon her entirely where Julian was concerned. She had gradually given up all her time to the young fellow, treating him with the authoritative kindness of an older sister, which he accepted with an alternation of the petulance of an invalid and a sort of veiled adoration which no one was aware of but Winifred herself, although she betokened no consciousness of it.

Colonel Brennan's attitude toward her was curiously characteristic. He felt the warmest gratitude for her kindness to his brother, and a profound respect for what seemed to him the marvellous tact and knowledge shown in her care of him. Her beauty he barely noticed. The whole personality of the only woman he had ever loved, the young wife he had lost years before, had been so different, that, with his single-hearted devotion to her memory, admiration for a style so unlike was impossible. He was ill at ease with all women, but less so with this one, who swept the rooms in the morning with her sleeves rolled up, showing her strong white arms, handling the broom with a dexterity that compelled his admiration, even though her less practical charms did not. His heart sank when he thought that the time would soon come when he and Julian would be alone. The physician's orders were to return to New York in a month from the time of their leaving there. If Julian were no better on his return, Florida was to be tried as a last resource. "If we could only take Winifred Sanford with us," thought the colonel despairingly; "but that would be impossible." Some novel idea made the blood slowly mount to his bronzed face. Marriage would make such a thing possible? "Never!" he said aloud, almost fiercely. The next thought, following the first like lightning, was—What sacrifice would he not make for Julian? He started to his feet abruptly, and, taking his gun, followed in Sanford's footsteps to the barn.

In the orchard the still softness of the day seemed to be concentrated. Not a leaf on the gnarled branches of the apple-trees stirred a hair's breadth. On the rough grass the great red and yellow apples lay untouched. Under one of the largest trees Julian Brennan was seated before his easel, painting intently, now and then speaking to Winifred Sanford who stood before him. He had posed her by a low-sweeping branch, one arm stretched out, the hand grasping the bough. Her head was slightly raised in her customary majestic poise, and her eyes looked far away over the valley. The sun was low and flickered through the rusty-brown leaves and on her pink dress. One side of her face was shadowed by the leaves of the tree, but the other was bathed in the full sunlight. This light, which glorified her radiant health, only served to accentuate the wasting haggardness of the young man. He had grown perceptibly thinner in the last two weeks, but his face wore a look of deep content.

"You see that Dick and I always lived apart," Julian was saying. "Why, I scarcely know him! When I was a little chap, two or three years old, he lost his wife. He was awfully cut up by it, and is still, I believe. He went into the army, and after the war, to the West, and only came back a few months ago, when he heard I was ill. He's very good to me, but we haven't much in common; he doesn't know the difference between an oil-painting and a chromo, and I don't know a gun from a rifle! I believe he almost suffocated in my studio, and I suppose a week of his ranch life would kill me. Since my father and mother died I have had rather a lonely life, but I have always had my painting—it's been everything to me."

"And you were poor, too?" said Winifred, interrogatively.

"Oh, as far as money is concerned I have always had enough of that; but that doesn't make a fellow happy. It's useful; it's a means to an end; but I have sometimes wished that I had worked hard all my life, as Dick has; I would have a right to loaf then."

He looked up from his easel as he spoke. At the commencement of his last speech a singular beaming expression came into Winifrid's face, transfiguring it out of its usual calmness. It still lingered as he looked at her.

"Keep that expression!" he cried, ecstatically. "Raise your arm a little. Stop. I'll show you." He went to her, and placed her arm in the position he desired, touching it reverentially. He went back to his easel and for a minute painted in silence. Then he went on in a lower tone than before.

"The truth is, since I've been here I've been happier than I ever have been before; you are so good to me—you are so—" He paused and drew in his breath with a long inspiration, looking at her almost anxiously. She dropped her eyes so that her dark lashes rested on her cheeks, and then raised them, meeting his imploring ones composedly.

"I'm very glad," she said, graciously. "I like to be good to you." She said no more, but stood passively while he went on painting.

This superb creature's charm did not lie in conversation; it was in her beauty, the tone of her caressing voice when she did speak, and the perfect grace and harmony of every action. Whether she was sweeping and dusting the room, carrying pails of water with Lucinda, the "help," from the pump to the house, or only standing still, every line and curve was faultless and rested the eye and spirit of the beholder. She had a certain holy, Madonna-like purity and calm which was entirely exterior, a natural, physical gift, that had no connection with the inward workings of her mind. That and her character were equally commonplace. Although moderately capable and practical, she possessed but two remarkable attributes—the power of concealing her motives and a perfect appreciation of the value of her beauty. She was keenly aware that this had not brought her the change in her life that she had obstinately determined upon. There was but one road for success, marriage—not with one of her class, but a gentleman. Poverty in any rank of life she secretly despised. It was to be all or nothing for her.

The sun sank lower until it touched the horizon. The air began to grow cooler.

"Mr. Brennan," said Winifred, "it's growing late—you'd better come in now."

The youth leaned back wearily. All the enthusiasm had died out of his manner.

"Yes," he said, languidly, "I might as well. I've got that confounded pain in my chest again." He scrutinized first his picture, then Winifred. "It's no use trying to paint you! I want Tyrian dye to mix with black for your hair, and the transparency of that sky for your skin." He flamed up again with these words.

Winifrid gathered up the easel and painting materials, and stood waiting for Julian to move. He got up slowly.

"Just walk to the edge of the bank with me first," he said; "there's going to be a sunset!"

Winifred walked slowly to the outside of the orchard. Julian watched her with a dawning surprise in his face.

"Aren't you going to give me your arm?" he said, boyishly. "I'm not so uncommonly strong all at once."

She came back to him and he took her arm, leaning on it as they walked slowly away. The contact with her strong, fresh vitality seemed to give him strength, for he walked more steadily. When they reached the rapidly sloping ground they paused. The valley was bathed in a golden haze, as if the sun was shining through an atmosphere of powdered gold-dust. The lake lay like a plate of burnished brass. While they waited the sun sank out of sight, and the brilliancy faded from the landscape. At the horizon was the immeasurable golden distance that remains when the sun sets in a clear sky.

"Look!" cried Julian, pointing to it. "Was there ever anything so beautiful?" The excitable young fellow was on fire for the moment. "Ruskin calls it the type of infinity. There isn't a doubt but that the sky, day and night, shuts us in, like a great 'inverted bowl.' One can even see the end of the ocean where its meets the horizon, but that light goes on and on. It's like seeing all the way through space!"

Winifred understood not a word of this—therefore remained silent. Julian looked at her, but she turned away with seeming shyness. For the first time since he had known her her manner lost its air of confident protection.

"I think we might as well go back to the house," she said. "I heard mother calling me just now." Her shyness communicated itself to Julian. He still leaned on her arm as they walked back to the house, but did not speak to her.

"How good you are to me," he said, suddenly. "What should I have done without you these weeks? I suppose you despise a fellow who is such a broken-down wreck as I am?" He watched her narrowly as he spoke.

"I don't see why that should make any difference," she answered. "You are as much of a man, even if you are not strong."

Something in her words seemed to give him the deepest pleasure.

"Thank you!" he said, with proud gratitude, "I sha'n't forget those words."

"When are you going away from here?" she asked, irrelevantly.

"I—I don't know exactly," he stammered, his face falling. "I believe that Dick is under orders to take me off in two weeks. You don't want me to go, I hope," he added, with an uneasy laugh.

"No," she replied, simply. "Winter's coming on, and it's lonely here then."

His face flushed deeply.

"Would you, could you, imagine such a thing—" he began impetuously. The words died on his lips as Colonel Brennan came rapidly toward them from the house.

"Why, Julian!" he exclaimed, "do you mean to say you're only coming in now?" He came to the side where Winifred was not, and drew Julian's arm affectionately through his. "Ought you to let the boy stay out so late, Miss Sanford?" He addressed her with respectful deference. Julian looked from Winifred to his brother.

"How well you two people take care of me," he said.

The words chimed in with Colonel Brennan's thoughts and gave them a fresh impulse in the direction which they had taken.

"You think so, do you, my boy," he replied, gently.

CHAPTER III.

It was evening in the little parlor of the farm-house. A kerosene-lamp gave its unequivocal light from the high mantel where it stood. The brass knobs of the red-painted cupboards and the flashes of the gorgeous wall-paper shone brightly in its light. There was another lamp on the table where Colonel Brennan and Sanford sat, with a checker-board between them. Sanford, clad as usual in a crumpled linen duster, was engrossed in the game. He considered profoundly before each move. If his play was successful, he would cast a triumphant look at Colonel Brennan; if it was not, he drew in his breath, rubbed his head, and frowned.

Colonel Brennan played seriously, but absently, with the air of a man whose mind was occupied with other thoughts.

In a corner sat Mrs. Sanford, regarding them with vacant admiration. As Winifred came into the room by a side-door, a moment later, her mother turned toward her, and, pointing to the players, said in a loud whisper, "Now, *ain't* they a picter? The young man's gone to bed, and he said he didn't want no beef-tea, so you can go up as soon as you want, Winifred."

Her daughter did not reply, but seated herself by the fireplace, looking meditatively at Colonel Brennan. Suddenly her father struck the table sharply with his fist.

"There now, colonel, I've got you!" He swept Colonel Brennan's last two men from the board with an air of triumph. "And 'twas as much of a miracle as one of them in Scripture, for I had the odds all against me."

"'Sh, now, Mr. Sanford," interposed his wife, reprovingly.

"Yes, it was; for I couldn't explain how I did it," he answered, argumentatively. "Now, every one of them miracles in Scripture can be explained on scientific grounds. I've explained some myself. Look at Elijah, going up in the fiery chariot—'tweren't nothing but a fire balloon!"

"Mr. Sanford, I'm going to bed. Air you comin'?" said his wife, conclusively.

"Well, I'm thinkin' some of it now," he replied, humorously.

As they stumbled through the dark hall, Mrs. Sanford remarked, abruptly:

"I declare to goodness, ef I don't think Winifred Sanford could have that man ef she wanted to, and yet she's takin' up with the young one. It passes belief what she wants, but she always *was* queer."

Sanford was behind her, and only caught her daughter's name.

"What's that about Winifred?" he asked.

"Nothin,' Mr. Sanford, I was just specu-latin' on the queerness of some folks."

After their departure Colonel Brennan walked to the mantel and leaned against it, gravely regarding Winifred. He had given this young woman, of late, a great deal of silent, serious observation.

"How do you think the boy is, Miss Sanford?" he began, awkwardly.

He usually spoke of his brother in this way. It was part of his unconscious feeling for what seemed to be Julian's extreme youth.

"I think he is better."

"You are very kind to him."

She dropped her eyes slightly. "Oh! it is a pleasure."

"I really think that you have an influence over him that no one else has." He seemed to battle with his embarrassment. "I know no one to whom I am under such obligations as I am to you, Miss Sanford, or for whom I feel a deeper respect. I—I have never had a woman for a friend. Living a rough, hard-working Western life, I have been cut off from women's society; but I should like, with your permission, to consider you my friend"—these words were uttered with a direct sincerity that took the edge off his shyness—"that we might"—he paused for an instant, as if seeking the right words in which to express himself—"that we might act in concert, as it were."

A woman of the world might have been puzzled to know exactly what to reply to such a speech; but Winifred's power of divination and her experience were both meagre enough to give her no difficulty in answering. She always knew enough not to commit herself unless she chose to do it, and the object was very plain. Her lips parted in their exquisite smile.

"Why, yes; I'll be your friend, of course."

These words seemed to satisfy Colonel Brennan. Winifred moved toward the door, but stopped before going out.

"Your brother's cough is better, but he's very weak," she said.

Colonel Brennan paled a little under his tanned skin.

"Then you see that, too? He *must* get stronger—I'd give my life to save the boy." He spoke with fervent energy.

The young woman received this with one of her sympathetic silences, which might be construed as one pleased. The next moment she was gone.

CHAPTER IV.

Julian's portrait of Winifred Sanford was finished. He felt it to be the best thing he had ever done, and yet he did not care to have any one see it just yet; an inexplicable feeling, even to himself. His brother had gone out shooting that afternoon, and had not yet returned, which furthered him in the indulgence of his fancy. He carried it to his room, and, leaving it there, turned the key in the door, and put it in his pocket. This unusual exertion told on him; but the sunny warmth of the day drew him into the open air. He walked slowly and feebly across the orchard to a quiet meadow where the hay-stacks still stood, drying for the winter. Throwing himself on the loosened hay at the bottom of one of the largest stacks, he lay watching the little clouds that drifted across the sky. A sort of rapture of content possessed him. With his thoughts of the future the thought of Winifred Sanford was inextricably mingled. It seemed as natural to love her as to breathe. She was as necessary to him as the air he lived in. The difference in their ages caused him no uneasiness. It was something he had never realized. He thought vaguely that his brother would be surprised when he knew all he hoped; but with all Colonel Brennan's unconsciousness of her beauty and charm, and his romantic devotion to his first love, Julian thought that he must feel what seemed to him Winifred's perfection and, that his happiness would be a happiness to his brother.

As he lay there he became aware of a presence near by. Winifred Sanford moved slowly across the grass toward him, and stood looking down at him.

He tried to get up, but she motioned him to keep his position, and sat down beside him, leaning against the hay-stack. He raised himself on his elbow and watched her in that position. She wore a large straw hat, tied down with a pale flowered ribbon. There was less of majesty and more of yielding tenderness in her beauty than usual.

"What did you do with my picture?" she asked; "mother wants to see it."

"Not yet," he answered, pleadingly. "In a day or so I will."

"You paint very well," she said.

"It's the best thing I've ever done. It isn't any wonder—you've inspired me. I've planned a dozen pictures since I've lain here. You will see how my pictures will sell now."

She regarded him seriously with her shadowy eyes.

"Why do you sell your pictures when you are rich?" she asked.

A slight shadow crossed Julian's face.

"I wonder what put that into your head? I have hardly a cent in the world beyond what Dick gives me. Dick has all the money; he's made no end of money in the West, and although he's been very generous to me I can't expect to live on him always. It's quite possible that some day he might want to marry again. I have my profession; I shouldn't be quite grovellingly poor without Dick, but I shall never be rich."

Winifred listened attentively, but without any change of expression. The shadow passed from Julian's face as he watched her. She seemed by reason of her exquisite serenity to be raised above the consideration of such accidents as poverty or wealth.

Julian leaned toward her.

"Winifred!" he almost whispered.

A loud voice broke the silence.

"Winifred!" called old Sanford from the orchard, "your ma says please come to the house directly; and it's my advice, Mr. Brennan, that you come in shortly. Weather's changing, and there's going to be a tempest pretty soon, or my name ain't Hezekiah Sanford."

Winifred stood up. "Don't go! I beg you," said Julian ardently; "I want to speak to you. I have something to say to you."

He rose also, and caught one of her hands in both his, with a rapid, involuntary movement.

She quietly drew her hand away.

"I must go now."

"Tell me that I may hope!" he cried.

She smiled vaguely. "If you like to hope, you may."

With these words she left him. He did not attempt to follow her, but stood watching her, with all the hope and passion of a first love in his young face. He flung himself on the ground again, with an inarticulate murmur.

The slight breeze died away entirely, and the air became oppressively still. In the almost suffocating quietness Julian's confused thoughts became vague and peaceful. He lay bathed in dreamlike expectancy for a long time, while the sky darkened with leaden clouds, and the twilight fell rapidly. The wind rose, blowing in fitful gusts, then sinking into stillness once more.

When Colonel Brennan came in from shooting, it was already quite dark, and one or two great drops of rain fell as he reached the farm-house. Mrs. Sanford stood on the porch watching the coming storm with a scared face.

"How is Julian?" he asked, anxiously.

"Now don't you worry—he's all right!" she exclaimed. "I see him go up to his room awhile ago, before the storm came up, and just now, when I went up there to see what I would make him for his supper, his door was locked, so I didn't disturb him. I thought likely he was resting. Winifred was askin' me just now, too, and I told her I never see anything like the way you two folks take on about that boy."

Colonel Brennan's face lost its anxious look. He followed Mrs. Sanford into the sitting-room.

"Will you tell your daughter that I would like to speak to her for a few minutes, if she will come here," he said; "I shall consider it a favor."

Something in his grave manner seemed to impress Mrs. Sanford.

"Oh, the awful!" she said abruptly; "yes, I'll tell her." She lighted the lamp on the table, and precipitately left the room.

With the first violent shower of rain Julian roused himself, chilled and startled. His first sensation was one of profound loneliness. This feeling deepened as he struggled with difficulty, almost blinded by the blasts of wind and rain, toward the farm-house, guided in the darkness by the lights in the windows. As he neared it there was no sign of any uneasiness or search for him. He heard Mrs. Sanford's voice in the kitchen, in cheerful conversation with Lucinda. At length he reached the house and leaned against the frame of one of the parlor windows, unable to go farther, his heart beat violently from exhaustion. The shutters were closed, but through the slats he saw into the brightly-lighted room. By the table stood his brother and Winifred Sanford. He could see both their faces, and in spite of the roar of the wind, their words reached him distinctly through the open window.

"I can't give you my first love," his brother was saying. "I suppose that is over for both of us, but I can give you a loyal affection and trust. I will do all in my power to make you happy. This is not said to influence you—I know that it could not—but everything that money can do to make your life a pleasant and easy one shall be done. What do you say?"

He waited gravely for her answer.

A triumphant smile came over Winifred's face.

"I say yes," she answered firmly, looking straight into his eyes.

Colonel Brennan took one of her hands in his, and, bending down, kissed it, not tenderly, but gratefully.

"You have made me very happy, and now you must help me make Julian happy," he said.

At these words Winifred turned her head slightly aside, but her smile lost none of its triumph.

As he listened the life seemed to go out of Julian's body, and to rush back with indignant strength. He staggered away from the window, and rushed blindly through the darkness, not knowing where he went. The fury of the storm was an outlet for the burning grief and dismay that panted within him. He had reached the outskirts of the wood beyond the hay-field, when his momentary strength suddenly left him. He flung his arms up, with a loud groan, which was caught by the wind and whirled away, almost before it was uttered, and stumbling, he fell heavily, striking his head against the gnarled trunk of a tree. He lay motionless, while the storm raged over him. The volume of steadily descending rain seemed limitless. The minutes lengthened into hours before the blasts of wind and rain had spent their strength. They gradually decreased until there was silence, except when a soft shiver of wind in the branches of the trees caused a quick patter of rain-drops on the dead leaves which covered the ground.

The moon pierced through the trees, touching with her pale light the dark shadow under them that still lay motionless.

With the moonlight came voices, but there was no answering voice to guide them to him whom they sought. * * *

The next day Colonel Brennan sat by his brother's bed, where the young man lay, a mere shadow of life. Since they had found him the night before, he had lain thus—still, white, unconscious. After one glance, the doctor, who had been summoned in haste from the village, had told them that he was dying. The reasons that he gave were many and conclusive, but to Colonel Brennan the one inevitable fact was sufficient.

The strong man leaned over Julian in helpless agony.

"Julian!" he implored, "what does it mean? I can't understand it! Don't leave me. I was going to make you so happy. Speak to me only once!"

For a moment there was only silence. The bright afternoon sunlight filled the room as Julian's eyes opened slowly, as if stirred from his lethargy by his brother's penetrating appeal.

Winifred Sanford's portrait, standing on the mantel opposite, was the first thing the young man's eyes rested upon. Warm and glowing in the mellow light, to his numbed senses it was no semblance, but an exquisite reality.

He held out his hands with momentary strength and passion.

"*Winifred, Winifred—I love you!*" he murmured. Then his eyes closed again.

Colonel Brennan caught the words. His face became white.

"Oh God!" was forced from his lips. "It can't be that Julian!—it can't be——"

At these words Julian's eyes opened again, and this time there was a singularly lucid expression in their depths—a look of full recollection and intelligence.

"It's just as well that I'm going, dear old fellow," he murmured. "It has all been a mistake."

He relapsed into unconsciousness and in the night passed quietly out of life.

* * * *

Two weeks later, Richard Brennan and Winifred Sanford were married at the little Methodist Church of Granfield. They were to go to New York immediately after their marriage, and from there to sail for Europe. Winifred looked supremely content, but Colonel Brennan wore a baffled, haggard air. His manner to his wife was kind, but he seemed to shrink from the congratulations of those of the Sanfords' friends who came to the wedding, filled with fluttering curiosity.

As Mr. and Mrs. Sanford drove home in the two-seated waggon, after parting with their daughter, Mr. Sanford said, with a rueful sigh:

"Winifred's quiet, maybe, but it's goin' to be a long sight quieter without her."

"His brother's dead, but that ain't all," Mrs. Sanford replied, with more than her usual irrelevancy. "Winifred'll get on *anyhow!* She's quiet all the way through; she don't *feel* much. *She* has made a rise and no mistake; but I dunno as I ever see a bridegroom look as *mortal miserable* as that one did to-day."

THE END.

The Style in Square Shoulders.

Fashionable girls in New York are apparently gone daft on the question of square shoulders. Anything to equal the pose which young women now affect in their tight-fitting costumes, when they occasionally trip into town from Newport, Narraganset or other towns is difficult to imagine. While they are on their feet they are beautiful to look upon and beyond criticism or cavil. It is when they are seated that the great and glaring flaw of the present artificial and fashionable construction of the American young girl becomes evident. While they succeed in holding their shoulders back, it is impossible to keep the neck at the same angle, when seated, unless their faces are held at the same level as the floor. Hence their heads necessarily droop forward, leaving a long and noticeable distance between the neck and the back of the high collars. It gives the effect of cutthroat suffering. But it is remedied when the girl leans forward again or rises to her feet. Then everything fits in with the correct and shapely beauty that is the second nature of America's most beautiful and famous product.—*New York Sun.*

Three New Dances.

Three new dances were introduced at the Dancing Masters' Convention held in New York city this week. The dances are called the "glide mazurka," introduced by Prof. A. M. Lomas, the "diamond lanciers," and "the Berlin," by Prof. Pitt Rivers. The only difference between the "glide mazurka" and the old dance of that name is that the waltz is substituted for the polka step. The effect is graceful, but the "glide" in this respect will not be without its usual complications, sometimes peculiar, and oft times disastrous. The "diamond lanciers" is facile and graceful, and is destined to become very popular. "The Berlin" possesses a slow, graceful polka movement which can be converted into a waltz, a alop or a schottische.