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POETRY OF DAWN AND DUSK

upon a jeweled phrase or poem des sweetness of common dawn." benison of evening, I have, in the man- are more than color. They are archimade "a note on't." So keen become morning, even as her shadows, are halling each new acquisition that yes. but beautiful sunrises and sunsets in evening and the morning" were to the was the finest in English literature: ancient Hebrew the part that was equal to the whole.

For myself I confess that for sheer literary beauty and felicity of expression I have found none who has caught more of the loveliness of dawn and dusk than has Dhan Gopal Mukerji. For example, in "Hari, the Jungle lad": "Imagine to yourself the sunset in the jungle. The red-gold light vibrates over green walls of stillness; upon whose walls the many colored birds sing and croon. Suddenly the stillness from the trees rises like incene to the sky and hushe the bird voices. Down below in the grass for miles and miles, the insect voices like tongues of flame, color the space. The booming insect utterance . . . stops

-the stiliness has fallen from the green walls and dripped through the roots of the trees into the very heart of the earth. Nothing moves . . . The darkness descends rapidly. . . Everything in the tree-tops has fallen

asleep. . . . The moon appears, silver and soft like the very face of wonder."

Next I must add to the bouquet the phrase of an American poet, "When "Dark evening in the West morn comes singing o'er the sea," and Where sunset hovers like a sound of Wordsworth's "In the meadows sweet

Whenever, of late I have happened and the lower ground was all the

criptive of the glory of dawn or the For Wordsworth sunset and dawn ner of our old friend, Cap'n Cuttle, tectonic. He says: "The lights of the delight with which I found myself architectural." He paints occasional terday I turned avocation to vocation his long poem, "The Excursion." But and resolved to have at one gathering his inspiration comes to quintessence a whole bouquet. Sunrise and sunset in his sonnets. Ye one must not forhave ever been the uplifting frame of get here that wonderful description man's deepest moods. From the early in his: "Lines Written a Few Miles days of remembered time, man has felt Above Tintern Abbey" in which octhe beauty of dawn and dusk. "The curs that line which Tennyson said

> "a sense sublime . . . Whose dwelling is the light of setting advantage of.

to intrigue me into filling out my bou- he came from the cabin one evening The wheel spun quickly around, and quet, for there are others who write of to where we lay lounging on the fore- instantly the vessel broached to. As pectedly I found a flower among the five-hundred-dollar bet with Captain went over like an uprooted tree. The poems of Thomas Hardy:

"Earth is a cerule mystery, As if not far from Paradise, At four o'clock."

There are countless blossoms, of course, among the poems of Shelley-Cool of the Evening.'

many flowers unpicked. Therefore I to make up for those that he lost. abated as soon as we had gained the would add only one more, the lines "Oh, you trust the old man for see of the land upon the Atlantic

golden horns.'

country share alike in this loveliness

caresses of the morning sun. . . . It

is time for my water drawing; and

ren of the night, I hurry home .-

Mutton Preferred.

He (abruptly) - "I love you, my

She-"Let's return to our mutton.

Evening.

while o'er

stars come out

earth, are one,

is won

of things undone;

And all is hushed into tranquility-

For twilight is a deep'ning mystery

Which brings to us when nature's rest

lake

Day Unsoiled.

The coppice at our back is full of birds, for it is far from the road and they nest there undisturbed year after year. Through the still night I heard the nightingales calling, calling, until I could bear it no longer and went softly out into the luminous dark.

The little wood was manifold with sound, I heard my little brothers who move by night rustling in grass and tree. A hedgehog crossed my path with a dull squeak, the bats shrilled high to the stars, a white owl swept past me crying his hunting note, a beetle boomed suddenly in my face; and above all and through it all the nightingales sang-and sang!

At last there was a slience. . . The grey dawn awoke and stole with trailing robes across earth's floor. At her footsteps the birds roused from sleep and cried a greeting; the sky flushed and paled conscious of coming splendor; and overhead a file of swans passed with broad strong flight to the reeded waters of the sequestered pool.

Another hour of silence while the light throbbed and flamed in the east; then the larks rose harmonious from a neighboring field, the rabbits scurried with ears alert to their morning meal, the day had begun.

I passed through the coppice and out into the fields beyond. The dew lamb!" lay heavy on leaf and blade and gossamer, a cool fresh wind swept clear | What were you saying just before that over dale and down from the sea, and silly remark?" the clover field rippled like a silvery lake in the breeze.

There is something inexpressibly beautiful in the unused day, something untouched, unsoiled; and town and

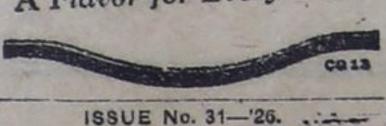


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For the Boys and Girls

THE SHIP RACE. By GEORGE H. COOMER.

I have never seen anchored together he's a trifle ahead on the tack. Well. two more beautiful ships than the the thing's about even, after all!" Gray Eagle and the White Rose, as Sure enough, Captain Brierly had they rode side by side in Valparaiso run the same chance with ourselves, and the White Rose, like the Gray

a ship when running before a gale.

with a blue streak. This was encour-

them, but would not heave to.

It began to blow freshly, although

rounded to in Gibraltar Bay, ninety-

nine days from Valparaiso, and while

furling the sails we watched our crip-

pled rival slowly following in the

'Ware Ruts on Hill Bottom.

hills. Motorists who drive across

these ruts at too high a speed may

Minard's Liniment for Bore Fest

There are ruts at the bottom of most

wake we had left.

loose control of the car.

The first-named was painted jet Eagle, had escaped only by the most black, with a broad white streak are good fortune. about the bends, while the other was Next day we doubled the real Cape white, with a delicate line of blue Horn-a fierce westerly gale, thick running from stem to stern. Both with sleet and snow, chasing us out were heavily sparred, sharp in the of the Pacific. At intervals, as we bows, and clean-cut under the coun-rushed on, swinging, rolling and

A spirit of rivalry animated the off and directly abreast of us, could two crews in regard to the respective be faintly made out through the sailing qualities of the vessels, and storm, half-buried, as she seemed, by I-belonging as I did to the Gray the mountainous Cape Horn swells, Eagle-could not help entertaining yet gloriously holding her own in the something of the common feeling. long and rugged race.

It is a clipper's business to sail— But in the midst of our satisfaction not to go moping along like a Nova there happened an accident, which, Scotia lumberman-and when she is though trivial enough in itself, not beaten, everybody on board of her only gave our rival a decided advanfeels injured and oppressed. It is tage, but came near sending us all to perfectly right that we should beat the bottom. others; but when beaten ourselves, Old Tom Brice was at the wheel, there is something out of joint and when, as the ship stood half on end, we have been taken an unwarrantable a watch-tackle, which had been carelessly left in the mizzen-top, fell with

"Got some news for you, boys," its block and hook upon his head, But I must not allow Wordsworth said Mr. Laythan, the third mate, as striking him to the deck. the magic of dawn and dusk. Unex- castle. "The old man has made a her broadside came to the wind, she Brierly that we'll beat the White masts were horizontal, and the long Rose on the run to Europe. You yards bobbed up and down like so won't see a dry deck-plank once a many channel-buoys in a rough bay. fortnight, and the chap that can live There can hardly be a more startling longest under water 'A be the best fel- sea incident than the broaching to of

This announcement was received We clung to the weather rigging, Shelley described by Francis Thomp- with great enthusiasm by the old can- with the rollers making a clean breach son as "dabbling his fingers in the day- vas-backs of the Gray Eagle. All over us; and poor Tom Brice was fall," and by Alfred Noyes, called "the they professed to fear was that our lost. But soon the good ship righted. Poet of Light." Then Noyes himself commander — Captain Everett — a Her foretopmast had been snapped has written into poetry the benedic- whole-souled but never reckless skip- off, her deck cabin stove, her galley tion of twilight in his poem, "In the per, would not carry sail through carried overboard. And all from the thick and thin, like Captain Brierly, falling of a watch-tackle out of the Lest my bouquet become too large who, on every passage, required half mizzen-top! for handling, however, I must leave a deck-load of spare topgallantmasts, Both wind and wave were much

from a poem of Edward Arlington Rob- that!" exclaimed Bill Jinkings, in side; and on the following day a new answer to the doubts of his shipmates. topmast was sent aloft. But the terial; % yard plain contrasting for lows their finger. "He knows what he's about! The White Rose had got the start of us, trimming. Price 20 cents. White Rose will lose three spars to and we were to see her no more for our one; and a man on a race can't many a weary week. we shall carry sail much harder than the hittle north of the Equator a copy. At half-past three on a June morning we did coming out. The ship will get whaleman reported having passed, even London has not assumed her reall the canvas she can bear, and no only six hours before, a white clipped sponsibilities, but smiles and glows more. I bet on the old man!" lighthearted and smokeless under the

The two ships hove their anchors to ing. Only six hours! A calm or a the bows at the same moment, and head wind might yet set things even. filled away for sea.

gathering a pile of mushrooms, child-It was a fine sight, no doubt, to in lying by a wreck, our full-hearted those who were looking on; and, as we captain refusing-bet or no bet-to Michael Fairless, in "The Roadmendpassed the Chilian fleet of ironclads abandon her distressed crew. When and transports that lay in readiness taken off, they informed us that, to go up to Iquique against the Peru- twelve hours previous to our appearvlans, the black-eyed soldiers and ance, a white chipper had passed near sailors were all watching us.

We passed the point where the Twelve and eight are twenty. frigate Essex, sixty-six years before, Twenty hours astern! There could be had carried away her maintopmast, little chance for us now. The White when chased by the Phoebe and Che- Rose must have had a trifle less of rub, and then, with the Pacific tumb- caim than ourselves since passing the ling about us, hauled close on the Equator. And yet we by no means wind to the southward. gave up hope, for what are a few

In their qualities of speed the two hours in a voyage of months? vessels appeared exactly alike, and Both ships had sailed for "Gibralalthough the run of some fourteen tar and a market," and at length, one hundred nautical miles down the coast morning, as daylight broadened in the was performed in thick, stormy wea- sky, we caught sight of the mighty ther, we every day saw the White rock. At the same time, a low bank Rose.

of mist lying off our beam began to Any advantage on either side was pass away, and out of it came a milkbrief, and the merest trifle of dif- white ship, with a blue streak! ference in wind or tide, in favor of "There she is! there she is!" cried the one ship or the other, must make our men, with wild interest. "It's a her the first to round the cape. fair thing now, and we're to have

A little more than a week out, how- wind enough, too, by the looks of the ever, the race came near being con- clouds!" cluded in a very abrupt manner.

It was night, and we were running not too hard for all sail, and the two down for Cape Horn, to the southeast anxious skippers "cracked on" everyof us, when the cry of "Breakers thing from the trucks to the deck. ahead!" came, startling, from the How the spray flew! Our foresail The deepening shadows steal across lookout.

was drenched with it, and even the the moor,
The he'm was put a-lee, and as the foreyard was wet. Yet neither ship The sun is low; and from you d'stant ship was going in stays we saw the seemed to outsail the other, and it breakers not only ahead to the south- looked as if we must go into Gibraltar blackbird sings its parting note: east, but extending away to the south- side by side. west of us.

The stillness of the mist-enchanted We had run into a bight of the tant, when Captain Everett, looking land, northwest of what is called the out astern, suddenly shouted: false Cape Horn, and narrowly es- "Have in the light kites, Mr. Rob-Come bleatings from the folds. The caped being piled up on the rocks. | erts! In with the studding-sails by

The mistake was a provoking one. the run! Let go to'-gallant and top-The tree-tops fly, and up the dark'ning But, as some of our old sea-awyers sail-halyards fore and aft!" were overhauling the matter after the Our topgallant sails were in the The ploughman plods for home. The fashion of growling sailors, there clew-lines, when a roar aloft told us came another cry from the lookout: the meaning of the extraordinary

One after one -and everything is still. "Sail, ho! off the lee-bow!" It was a ship, standing on the same strewn with bits of our smaller sails When day and night, and heaven and tack with our own, and we at once by the sudden white squall, but our recognized the true position of affairs. heavier canvas still held on. Captain Everett was greatly relieved. | Captain Brierly had taken in noth-The thoughts that come are thoughts, "It's Brierly!" he said. "I'm not ing, and all his topmasts were over the only blockhead this side of Cape the bows. The great ship-race was Horn! He has made the same blun- decided. der, and he's to leeward of us, though That forenoon, the Gray Eagle

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IDEAL

PARIS PRINTS A GUIDE TO CHIC.

tail; and since the jabot is most en- muscles when the spot was reached in thusiastically approved of by the which the object was hidden. The mode, this frock of polka-dotted voile guide was totally unaware that his uses one effectively, fashioning it of muscles had betrayed his thoughts. plain contrasting color to harmonize If you doubt this, try the following with the semi-mannish collar. The experiment: Suspend a pencil from a diagram, in lower right-hand corner, cord attached to a lamp bracket so pictures the simple design of this lit- that its point rests lightly on a sheet tle frock, which has each side of the of paper. Hold the pencil in the right front slashed and gathered over the hand, and then, forgetting its presence, bust, creating a yoke effect, while recite aloud, say, the route you took the back is quite straight and in one that morning to reach your place of piece. The jabot is made from a business. You will be surprised to find straight strip of material six inches that the pencil has traced a wavy line wide, having the outer edges bound which will approximate to the twists or picoted, and is tacked to the under- and turns in your journey.

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One specialist was able to find while blindfolded any object hidden in any part of his town so long as he was allowed to hold the arm of a man who knew its whereabouts and undertook to think of it the whole time.

This was not a case of mental tele-Since fashion decrees simplicity of pathy, but of interpreting sudden conline, she is especially careful of de-tractions, however slight, of his guide's

neath side of the flat plait which cov- Doctors are well aware of this musers the front opening. The pattern cular phenomenon. By drawing a finprovides long sleeves gathered into ger-tip across the abdomen of a panarrow wrist-bands. No. 1098 is in tient suspected to be suffering from sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 kidney trouble, they can diagnose his years requires 3% yards figured ma- complaint by the white line that fol-

> "Neuralgia" comes from two Greek words meaning "nerve pain."

> In two Irish counties, Fer and Tyrone, the men outnumber and women by 6,000.

> Sheets to the number of over 300 can be dealt with at one time by a new washing machine recently exhibited in London.



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and smells rising from a crowded Far East port cannot match those at Panama. There you find tankers with blood from South America, camphor from Japan, algarobilla from Andes forests, garlic, hair, cassia and whale oils from the Far East, iodin from Chile, perfume from France, onions from California, peanuts and tea from The rock was still fifteen miles dis-China, rubber from Singapore, copra from the South Seas, and pungent ammonia from Baltimore. All mix at



that wouldn't wear out

T was an extra fine piece of crepe-

It was never laundered with anything but Lux and lukewarm water-It wore and wore

until it went out of style-

To keep the wardrobe Fresh and Beautiful nothing so good as

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