

The Girl in the Gainsborough Hat.
(Chanson Maitre.)
She wore a hat with a curving brim
And a gleaming plume of white
That nodded and bobbed like a dusky rim
Like foam in the morning light.
I gave her a glance; 'twas enough—and more,
For my heart was with that
My comrades smiled as I watched from the
door
The girl in the Gainsborough hat.
Her locks were as dark as the blackbird's wing,
Her lashes a fringe of jet;
Her eyes were the kind that poets sing,
And a soldier can never forget
I looked, I sighed, how should I begin
The game I would find to be?
I knew by her mien no slight would win
The girl in the Gainsborough hat.
"Faint heart ne'er won fair lady," and so,
One twist of my long moustache,
And boldly I marched to meet the foe,
Where the dark Cupid darts
When a stammering lover grows dumb, they
say,
A kiss is better than that;
And that is the way I won, that day.
The girl in the Gainsborough hat.

A Common Enemy.
We know him well,
We hate him all,
We brand him as our common foe,
No ingrate,
No ingrate,
The man who says, "I told you so!"
When things go wrong,
And troubles come,
He comes to help us bear the blow,
His face grows long,
And sad, and gloom,
"You know," says he, "I told you so!"
We know him well,
But that's not why
His sympathy angers our foe;
Though sad his eye,
They're always dry,
When he declares, "I told you so!"
We know him well,
Confound his soul,
We brand him as our common foe,
To dupe and cheat,
We doom him all,
The man who says, "I told you so!"

ADOPTED BY THE DEAN

A STORY OF TWO COUNTRIES

"The very last thing I wish,
Of course she shall know some slight attention,
just to avoid remark; he must dine here
to-morrow, but beyond that, I do not at all
wish to go."

Cornelia left the room, out of patience
with her sister's contemptuous arguments.
Passing up the stairs she found Esperance
in the deep window-seat on the landing,
busily engaged with paper and pencil. She
looked up brightly.

"Only two hundred and ninety-two
minutes, and Gaspard will be here, Cornelia,
just this minute."

Cornelia, absurdly childish you are," said
Esperance, "if you want to improve your
arithmetic, why not master the rule of compound
proportion which you were so dull over yesterday?"

Esperance shrugged her shoulders,
glanced at the clock to see that now it was
only two hundred and ninety minutes, then
followed her cousin to her study, and pored
for some time over a slate and book, in the
vain endeavor to find an answer to the
question: "If £24 be worth 48s., a gr.,
how long will £234 find bread for 91
persons, when wheat is at £2 16s. a gr.?"

But her head was far too painful just
then for the solving of such a problem, and
she multiplied and divided, and added and
subtracted, and the result, in which the
ninety-one persons existed for forty months
instead of two, and when Cornelia, in
despair, showed her the absurdity of this
answer, she would only reply that perhaps
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"You masculate mind! Yes, indeed, how
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THE WOMAN'S WORLD.

The Americans Said to Have Houses But No Homes.

A Lesson in Walking—Salad-dishes and Servant
Girls—Freaks of Fashion.

Home Life in American Families.

"Americans have houses but no homes,"
was the remark made by an English
traveler recently. The remark, if not true,
seems to be "founded on facts." It is be-
coming a serious question whether even in
the most advanced communities there is
very much home life, especially in the
evenings.

A very attractive, home-loving woman
lately told the following story of her at-
tempts to keep her husband and children
at home in the evenings: She arranged
everything about the house most carefully,
so as to make the rooms cheerful and cozy,
had plenty of light, pleasant fires in the
grates, dressed herself attractively, and in
every possible way made her home as much
like the ideal as a woman possibly could.

Immediately after supper her husband
rose hurriedly, rushed into his overcoat,
and excused himself very respectfully, as he
looked about the cozy rooms by saying:
"There, I've got to catch that car! I
promised Robinson to see him down at his
house about the little theatre. Sorry to go,
you look so nice here, but I don't see
how I can help it," so he tore out of the
house after the car.

The eldest daughter then said she must
go upstairs and get ready for the concert
which she had been invited with two
other young people. Very soon they came
and departed.

"It looks almost too bad to be regret-
ted like this all the time," she said regret-
fully as she went out, "I wonder if I shall
ever have an evening at home before long?"

She was hurried out of the house when
the two boys came in where the mother
was sitting and said they must go to a
committee meeting of their college literary
society. They went out, and the third
son and second daughter, after reading a
number of papers called out by a neighbor
to run over and have some games with
them. They went out and left the mother
alone in the house.

"I sat there and cried," said this wo-
man, "to think that, in spite of all I could
do, I could not keep my family at home
evening in the week. The next night was
a repetition of the first, and so on for
the entire week. I have not had my hus-
band and my sons and daughters all at
home together in the evening since I can
remember. I was looking for it, but I don't
realize that evening for five or six
years, except Sunday, when we have all
sat down together to enjoy our own home
circle."

This is all wrong. Who is to blame for
it? Let some wise woman or mother tell
us how to do it. The first thing that comes
into my mind is to have a more cheerful
home circle, it is time a protest was
uttered against the tyranny which is de-
stroying the real home feeling even in our
so-called Christian families.—*Youth's Com-
panion.*

How Woman Should Walk.

Walking parties are likely to be in great
favor this summer if the plans of the
Ladies' Athletic Club of New York may be
taken as an indication of feminine inclina-
tion. The members of that organization,
who walk *à la mode*, have arranged a sched-
ule of long-distance walks for every day until
July 1st.

There is no doubt that this pastime pro-
perly indulged in is a saving grace to
womankind. It is the simplest form of
outdoor exercise, and yet the majority of
women do not know how to take
it. They can't walk. They can't stand the
fatigue, and if the truth must be told, they
don't know how to go about doing it. Light
of a dozen will put on an elaborate
frock with skirts that tap inconveniently
on such costumes. The point is, they are
fitting high-heeled shoes. This is well enough
for a short stroll, but if you're going to
walk and enjoy it you require a different
equipment. Wear a light-weight frock
with no pull-back arrangements, and
select the most comfortable and light shoes
you can find. Balbriggan tights are
quite the best underwear for such occa-
sions, if one does not wish to do a silk
divided skirt, which is really the next best
thing to a pair of wings to get about in. Let
the shoes be light, and the gait be loose and
wear a bodice that is quite easy, and loose
sleeved.

Wear shoes that are entirely comfortable
and have somewhat broad, low heels. Let
your gloves be loose also, and if you carry
a handbag, let it be very light in weight,
and wear a hat which does not press down
upon and bind your brow until it gives you
a headache. Next, mind how you walk.
Square your shoulders, expand your chest,
and look out for your chin. That
is the point upon which depends
the poise of the body. Step out
easily and firmly, letting the ball of the
foot strike the ground first, so that you get
the benefit of that beneficent little spring
which Dame Nature built into your instep
to ease the rattle and jar to the whole
system, which people who will walk on their
heels inflict on their anatomy.

Don't exhaust yourself by a fearfully
long tramp one day, and then lie in a
sofa or in a hammock for a week to get
over the fatigue. Begin with short
tramps, and increase the distance daily.
Early morning and late afternoon are the
best hours for walking. When you return
to the house a sponge bath, a rub with al-
cohol, followed by a liberal application of
violet powder, a cool glass, a glass of milk,
and a good treatment that will make
you feel healthy, happy, and wise all
through the summer days, and send you
back to town an animated picture of vi-
gorous womanhood in the autumn.

Sensible Housekeepers of the Future.

I wish that it were in my power to per-
suade young girls who wonder what they
shall do to earn their living, that it is
really better to choose some business that
is of the line of a woman's natural work,
than to get up as a servant, and to be
There is great permanence at the thought
of being a servant, but a girl is no less a
servant to the man who owns the shop
where she stands behind the counter all
day than she is where she waits upon the
table or cooks the dinner in a pleasant
home, and to my mind there would not be
a moment's question between the two ways
of going out to service. The wages are
better, the freedom and liberty are double
in one way than they are in the other. If,
instead of the sham service that is given by
the most really overpaid servants, a girl
is to do a real thing, and to be a girl
who is to be taking care of herself and
earning good wages, would fit themselves
at the cooking schools, or in any way they
found available, they would be glad to
work for a long time for employment, and
they would be valued immensely by their
employers. When one realizes how hard it
is to find good women for every kind of
work in our houses, and what prices many
rich people are more than willing to pay
if they can be well and good, it is a wonder
more girls are not ready to seize the chance.
It is because such work has been almost
always so carelessly and badly done that
it has fallen into disrepute and the doers of
it have taken such low rank. Nobody takes
the trouble to fit herself properly, but
women trust to being taught and finding
out their duties after they assume such
positions—not before.—*Sarah Orne Jewett,
in Congressionalist.*

Fashion Fancies.

Yellow in all their glories of tints, from
anary color to the deepest maize, find

favor among the modistes and milliners of
Paris in a great variety of combinations.
Collars, collars, revers and girdles
are of contrasting colors, heavily braided
with gold. These gowns are after a Rus-
sian model, and, as may be supposed, are
very expensive.

White headgear was never more promi-
nent or popular than this season for dress
day. For all gals, coats of cambric and
white chips and white lace hats, with nod-
ding ostrich plumes, will disport them-
selves.

The Princess of Wales has adopted the
londoner's cap, and hence all fashionable
ladies will wear this unbecoming head-
gear the coming yachting season. Last
season French women wore the little caps
at the seashore, made of navy blue cloth or
of white duck, but the English admirers of
the white Princess, who sets the fashions,
do not ask the origin of the style she sets.

Among the English fashions that have
taken a strong hold on the popular fancy
here are the striped hats of Liberty silk.
It is astonishing to see how many different
effects in shape may be produced in this
simple sort of head-gear. Young ladies
wear them with their print gowns on sum-
mer mornings, little children wear them
with their white dresses, and even the
lawn; but they are not for mature ladies,
as they are essentially