

TO HAPPINESS.

It ain't so far to happiness—it's lyin' all around;  
It twinkles in the dewdrops, brings blooms to barren ground.  
It sings in all the breezes; it ripples in the rills;  
It's written on green banners that wave from all the hills.  
It ain't so far to happiness; we rob our lives of rest  
To find it o'er broad oceans as far as east form west;  
From all the dear home places in sorrow we depart,  
And dream not that its dwelling place is ever in the heart.  
It ain't so far to happiness; it's shining all along;  
It's in the lowliest violet, it's in the thrush's song,  
And hold it—ye that find it, forever to breast  
Till you sleep and dream forever in the roses of God's rest.  
—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

The Trouble of on the Torolito.

BY FRANCIS LYNDE.  
(Copyright 1898, by Francis Lynde.)

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

"There are plenty of itching trigger-fingers hereabouts just now, and one of them is going to crook itself some dark night if Wykamp doesn't have a spasm of common sense. What do you suppose he's up to now?"  
I made the sign of unknowledge; and Macpherson drew his chair nearer and lowered his voice in deference to the Dionysian-car qualities of the loosely built house.  
"You know his attitude toward toward Winnie—Miss Sanborn? Well, he changed it in a day; came here two or three times and tried to see her, and when she wouldn't be began on the girl—Selter's daughter. I don't know how far it has gone, but far enough to make a family row, with the father and mother on one side and the girl on the other. Of course, Nan believes in him and stands up for him; but Jake knows, and loads his rifle accordingly."  
"There'll be a murder," I ventured.  
"I'm afraid of it. And at this time it would be most confoundedly inopportune. The news of the fight with the land company has gone abroad in the county and the state, and public sentiment is with the settlers. But if one of them should forget himself and happen to kill the land company's chief engineer—well you see what would happen; public sentiment would take the other side in the turning of a leaf."  
"Assuredly. Can't you bring the girl to her senses?"  
Macpherson grinned. "I've already burned my fingers in that fire—burned them rather badly. You haven't forgotten about the pony and the riding-lessons, have you?"  
"No."  
"And, besides, I have a funeral of my own and I can't furnish mourners for Wykamp's. I'd much rather furnish the corpse."  
Silence, for the space of a full minute, and then I say: "You haven't found out anything more?"  
"Not a syllable. I've been respecting her prohibition as much as I could, feeling as I do, and coming here every night. We meet and speak and pass, and that's all there is to it. But I've seen and heard enough to make me feel murderous; the fairly shudders at the mere mention of his name."  
"I wonder what he did to her?"  
"I don't know; but I'm beginning to suspect that Nan does. If—if it's anything—anything bad"—the words came hard—"it would be like the fiend to boast of it to another woman."  
"You mustn't jump at conclusions, else it will be your itching trigger-finger instead of Selter's. Why do you think Nan knows?"  
"I can't tell; it's in the air. I've caught her looking at Winifred in a way—but don't make me talk about it—don't make me talk about anything. Turn over and go to sleep, or I shall go away."  
I was too weak to withstand him, and, truly, sleep was again knocking at the door. But when the door was opened and closed again, a dream came between and I saw Wykamp directing the work on a dam in a precipitous canyon—saw him and wondered that I had not before remarked that his ears were pointed, and that a pair of satyr-horns curled gracefully over the visor of his out-fing-cap.

CHAPTER VIII.

DOCUMENTARY EVIDENCE.

(Winifred to Priscilla Bradford.)  
Dear Prissie:  
Your last letter accuses me of a lack of confidence, and it's so. I have been "talking scenery," as you say; and it is because a thing so dreadful has happened that I haven't been able to briag myself to write about it, even to you. But I shall lose my mind if I do not confide in some one; and since you have asked for a share of the burden, you shall have it.  
Inasmuch as you know all the pitiful foregoings, for you I can compress the dreadful thing into three words: He is here. How he found me out I don't know; or if it were design or a mere arrow of spiteful chance; but the miserable fact remains. He is the engineer in charge of an irrigation project which involves the welfare of the entire settlement; his camp is but a short half-mile from the schoolhouse; and I am forced to see him every day. Knowing what this must mean for me, you will wonder that I did not shriek and run away at the very first. That, indeed, was the first impulsive prompting, and under other

circumstances I should have obeyed it unquestioningly. But it is not so easy to disappear when one is far from the highways of travel; and there was a second thought potent enough to make me stay—and suffer.  
Put together all the little odds and ends I have written about Mr. Macpherson (but you have doubtless done this long ago) and draw your own conclusion. There is fuel enough, God knows, to keep the shame-fire burning all through my miserable life, but this is not of it. Having said so much, you will understand what follows, reading between the lines if you care to.

Our first meeting—the only one in which he has had the hardihood to speak to me—was one evening when I was walking home from the schoolhouse with Mr. Macpherson. He was riding past and he recognized me, wheeling his horse to fling himself over the fence and to add another insult to all that has gone before. Mr. Macpherson resented it promptly, like a man and a gentleman, and he struck him! After that, I knew I had to stay; that otherwise there would be more misery and perhaps bloodshed; and however rich his deservings, God would require his life at my hands.

So I have stayed and suffered, not knowing what a day might bring forth, and drinking the cup of terror to the dregs. Thus far, Mr. Macpherson has amply justified all my beliefs of him. His quarrel with the land company is quite as bitter as that of the settlers—the plans of the company, if carried out, will practically dispossess him—but he will not make it a personal matter with the engineer—for my sake, if for no better reason. So long as he does not know the shameful facts, I tell myself there is reason to take courage; but if he should find out—oh, Prissie! living as you do in the peaceful quiet of the old New England home you can't understand. But the men of these wildernesses, men reared in homes just like yours, perhaps, become terribly swift to right their wrongs with the strong hand.

You will say that, so long as I keep my secret, exposure can come only through the man who will stand a self-confessed villain in the telling; and this is true. But the dastardly hardihood of this man is past belief, and I have begun to fear that the worst is yet to come. You will recall my frequent mention of Jacob Selter's daughter. From what I have seen, there is reason to fear that she is in danger of becoming his latest victim. They are together a great deal, and Nan's dislike for me is growing day by day. What he has told her, I can only surmise; but her attitude toward me has lately changed from frank aversion to something like contempt. Merciful heaven! If he should boast to her, and it should come to Mr. Macpherson's ears—but I must not anticipate.

Write me a good long letter, Prissie, dear, and try to comfort me if you can.

Lovingly,  
WINIFRED.

(Richard Grantley to Eugene Halcott.)

Dear Halcott:  
I was foolishly glad to hear from you again; glad to learn that Colorado has given you a little longer lease of life, if no more. Your hand-



"WHY DO YOU THINK NAN KNOWS?"

writing is so cheerfully undecipherable that I have not yet mastered your opening sentences, but I gather from a readable word here and there that you were convalescing from an attack of "barn fever," whatever that may be, when you wrote. I don't know the malady; but if you are convalescent that is the principal fact.

You are right in supposing that I know something of Wykamp. He was a classmate of mine in the school of engineering, and was with me one year on the geodetic survey. He is bad medicine in a moral way; is rather unmoral than immoral, I should say; the quality seems to have been left out of his make-up. There are localities on the Carolina coast where he doesn't dare show his face—and he is no coward, either—and even here in Boston where his people are known and respected, there are doors which will never again open to him.

The episode you refer to occurred in New Hampshire, and the facts were swiftly and deeply buried—by the young woman's people, I suppose. I haven't been able, thus far, to get at the details in any sort of sequence, but there was a marriage, which was no marriage, and a woman scorned, and all that; you know the pitiful round of such things. Without knowing anything about the merits of this particular case, I should not hesitate to lay every ounce of the burden of blame on the shoulders of the man. He's bad, as I say; and in his peculiar specialty has few equals and no superiors.

Your plan to block his present game by putting the evidence of one of his former escapades into the hands of the young woman is ingenious, but it won't work. As against the lightest word of a professed lover, all the newspaper charges in the world would weigh as hydrogen—or coronium, if that be lighter. None the less, I'll send you the newspaper clippings, if I can unearth them in the files.

Sincerely, as always,  
DICK.

(President Baldwin, of the Glenlivet Land Company, to Chief Engineer Wykamp.)

Dear Sir:  
Yours of the 16th, stating that you have made excavations on the site last chosen for the dam in the upper canyon is at hand.

Without going into the technicalities, I must say that I think you are mistaken. I went over the ground last year with our consulting engineer, and he is quite sure that a dam at the point where you are working will be entirely safe. Make such changes in the plan of construction as the nature of the substrata demands, and push the work with the utmost speed. With all due regard for your opinion, I will say that I have always found the members of your profession inclined to err on the side of permanence at the cost of celerity; and the work must be driven. Results are what we want.

Take another week for the excavating, and if you do not strike bed-rock, put in concrete and build your dam. A change to the former location, as you suggest, is impossible. Macpherson will not sell, and he is a man of means and influence, abundantly strong enough to fight a battle which would delay us indefinitely. Moreover, the settlers are threatening, and you must keep the peace at all hazards. Your destruction of their flume and ditch was exceedingly ill-advised, and if it be not too late, I would suggest that these be replaced.

Yours truly,  
JOHN BALDWIN,  
President G. L. Co.

CHAPTER IX.  
A MIDNIGHT VISIT.

It was well on in the month of August before I had progressed far enough on the road to convalescence to bear removal from the farmhouse at Valley Head to Macpherson's; and after the backward trip to the ranch at Six-Mile became a possibility, I still lingered on at Selter's, being by that time critically interested in the small tragic-comedy working itself out under my eyes as the long summer days waxed and waned. Interested, I say, but involved would be the better word. I could no longer call myself an onlooker.

If there were other reasons for my stay—if, in those short weeks which will always be marked with a red letter in any poor calendar of mine, there had come into my life a thing which common loyalty bade me triple-lock in that chamber of the heart which is at once the sanctuary and the tomb of hopes unrealized and unrealizable, I shall not unfold it here. This is Macpherson's story, and none of mine; but if I say that in those days of leaden-winged convalescence Winifred Sanborn gained an ally whose loyalty was not measured by the hope of reward, it is sufficient.

But though for me the days were as the days of the lotus eaters, the tragic-comedy went on, working out its details with relentless precision. The breach between Selter and the land company widened day by day; and Wykamp's reckless by-play with the Tennessean's daughter gave it the depth of personal hatred as between the vindictive descendant of the Redemptioners and the engineer. Macpherson was still on the side of peace, but it was evident that his influence over Selter was strained to the breaking point. In the family at the farm-house the daughter was at sword's points with the father and mother for Wykamp's sake; and though Wykamp had long since been forbidden the house, Nan met him and walked with him in open defiance of her father's interdiction.

It was in the hope that the girl might still be induced to listen to reason that I had written to Grantley; but when the forgotten newspaper story was finally in my hands I was as one who has been suddenly made responsible for the safety of a powder-magazine. For, hidden under the charitable hyperbole of the reporter who had written the newspaper account, there was a story too despicable for any recounting; the story of Wykamp's perfidy and Winifred Sanborn's dishonoring. Having the proof in my hands, I knew not what to do with it. It was incredible that it should not bring the girl to her senses; but without showing it to her I could hardly hope to make her believe it. And to put the clipping, and Grantley's letter of explanation which accompanied it, into the hands of Nancy Selter, was like setting the clockwork of an infernal machine in order and turning it over to a passion-mad girl with power to set it in motion. Bruited abroad, there was no limit to the trouble for which the story might be responsible. It would inevitably destroy what small peace of mind Winifred had been able to gather up out of the wreck of the past in the new environment. It would probably cost Wykamp his life, at the crack of the mountaineer's rifle in ambush, or at the hands of a vigilance committee upon which every man in the settlement would be eager to serve. Failing in this, it might easily make a murderer of Macpherson. I knew my friend's character and the strength of it; but there be provocations too mighty to

be shackled by any promise of forbearance.

Under the circumstances I could do nothing but watch and wait; and, as the time passed, I did not dare to leave the Selter household. Slowly, and by inches, as it were, it was driven in upon me that I should be compelled to set the infernal machine in motion as a last resort, if I would not be a party to another crime; but I refrained until it became clearly evident from Nan's contemptuous attitude toward Winifred that Wykamp had given the girl his own version of the shameful tale. After that, I waited only for what might promise to be a fitting opportunity.

The opportunity came one day when Selter was afeld, and her mother's absence at one of the neighbors' left Nan alone with me. They had slung a hammock for me under the shelter of the farm-house porch, and the girl was sitting on the doorstep, sewing. Not knowing any trajectory of indirection in such a matter, I sent my first shaft as straight as I could aim it.

[To Be Continued.]

A ROYAL SAUCEBOX.

Story of the Childhood of the Late Dowager Empress of Germany.

The late dowager empress of Germany was for so many years a prominent figure in the world's gallery of unhappy women that it is not easy to think of her as a little, laughing, golden-haired girl, with a merry tongue that often got her into trouble with her august mother, Queen Victoria; yet that is the picture of her which Vanity Fair presents.

The late queen, who brought up her children as wisely as any mother in all England, insisted among other things that they should treat all members of the household with respect, and address each member by his or her correct title.

The little princess royal frequently broke this rule, her most serious offense being a determination, which no amount of punishment checked, to call the physician in ordinary by his last name only—"Brown."

The queen, finding all other penalties futile, had finally threatened to send the princess royal to bed at the next offense, no matter at what time in the day it should occur. Walking with her mother one morning along the corridor in the palace, the little Victoria met the physician.

"Good morning, Brown!" she cried, saucily. Glancing up, she met the sorrowful and displeased eyes of her mother, and immediately added: "And good night, Brown, for I'm going to bed!"

Then, with a courtesy to the queen and the barest nod to the physician, the princess royal danced off to the nursery. As soon as she was inside the room she said, with a defiant toss of her golden, curly head:

"Please, somebody, put me to bed. I've been disrespectful to Brown again!"

Graham's Griit.

The little story below is Lord Wolseley's tribute to the bravery of Lieut. Gen. Sir Gerald Graham, V. C., G. C. B., G. C. M. G.:

At the storming of the Taku forts Graham, who was in China with Gordon, led the sappers, whose duty it was to lay the pontoon across the wet ditch surrounding the great northern fort. While superintending this operation he was on horseback, and being almost the only mounted officer present, afforded an easy mark to the Chinese matchlockmen, who had already picked off 15 of his sappers.

During the height of the uproar caused by the firing of the great guns and small arms, Lieut. Col. Wolseley, who was standing by Maj. Graham, having some remark to make, placed his hand on that officer's thigh to draw his attention.

"Don't put your hand there!" exclaimed Graham, wincing under the pain. "There's a jingal-bail lodged in my leg."

It was the first notice he had taken of the wound.—Youth's Companion.

"Don't Get Icy Wid Me."

Trust a messenger boy to be up on expressive slang. The particular one who had a message to deliver the other morning at the office of the general passenger agent of the Pennsylvania railroad was as tough a looking specimen as you could find in a day's journey. His cap was placed at a perilous angle on his frowny head, tobacco stains lurked about the corners of his mouth, and he was puffing a cigarette stump. The dignified clerk who took the message scowled darkly. "Sign dat," demanded the boy, holding out his slip and expectorating copiously on the floor. "I'll have to put you out of here if you don't know how to behave," said the clerk, severely. A look of scorn passed over the boy's grim features. "Aw, don't git icy wid me, or I'll slide all over youse!" he exclaimed. Then he sauntered out whistling "Go Away Back and Sit Down."—Philadelphia Record.

Mixed Mental Pickles.

Diamonds are good stepping-stones to matrimony.

It doesn't matter how much you know about the world if the world doesn't know you.

Some of the counts whom American heiresses buy are not bargains but merely remnants.

The women at a literary club meeting enjoy it much better if each one has a new pattern of Battenburg lace to work on.

Some men hate to see women standing in a crowded car, therefore they never look up from their papers.—Catherine Cain, in Judge.

Some Glimpses of the Charming Styles of Summer

We Have Now Had a Chance to Judge of the Beauties of All That Dame Fashion Has to Offer.

Beautiful Evening Gowns for the Summer Watering Places.



WITH the spring season fully upon us; with Easter a day of the past for another year; after we have had our first opportunity to study the decrees of Mme. Fashion from the standpoint of what is being worn rather than what the shopkeepers tell us will be worn, we are in a position to add or withhold our approval of the spring and summer styles as we see fit.

There are some who will not approve, but who will blindly follow regardless of whether the prescribed styles are becoming to them or not. They are of the class to whom we are seldom indebted for anything that is either new or novel.

It is a never-ending source of amusement to me to watch the faithfulness which a large community of women blessed—or is it the reverse? I wonder—by only an average share of modistic understanding, follow to the last letter the proclaimed dictums of La Mode. Not for their soul's sake dare they deviate so much as a hair's breadth from what the shops set forth, or fashion chroniclers declare. To them the laws so announced are those of the Medes and Persians. And yet if they did but know, or, knowing, realize how some of the finest inspirations and most brilliant modistic successes that have ever been, can be directly traced to accident, possibly accident based on necessity! As witness the once world-renowned jersey. Now that universally adopted garment, I can vouch, from personal knowledge, emanated from a family of rowing girls, who had the courage of their opinions and calmly, in defiance of all written laws, got themselves into men's worn jumpers or jerseys, and, hey, presto! produced a vogue.

Fashion, for the most part, may be likened to a stone thrown into a still pond, round which gradually widening eddies or rings form themselves, to be eventually emerged in the far distance into the whole body of water once again. Wherefore who knows but we may all be some embryo fashion creators. Believe me, it is never well to despise an individual inspiration.

It is curious to see fashions returning on themselves so rapidly as they have been doing lately. The big sleeves of the evening coats are perhaps accounted for by the puffings and plaitings that undersleeves may possibly possess. But the return of the Russian blouse form is not so readily explained. Here it is to be seen, however, just the same as it was when it was amidst us before, some four or five years ago—the full sleeves set into a rather deep cuff, the fastening up the left side and the trimming there only, with the bloused effect falling over a belt, and a short basque visible beneath the waistband. This style is being made in corded silk for spring outdoor coats. Velvet, again, is not too much for chilly windy days, and this is constructed for outdoor or indoor wear in the Russian shape also. The trimming is usually jet, or jet and steel, or tiny gold bead embroideries. Fancy galleons in the subdued tones and yet rich colors of the na-



AN EVENING DRESS OF BROCADE AND CHIFFON.

tional taste of Russia are sometimes used on velvet. The most fashionable shape for the waistbelt is wide behind and narrow in front.

Here are some beautiful new models for evening wear. A pink mousseline de soie, accordion plaited, is entirely covered with another plain skirt of pale blue mousseline; the effect is peculiar and charming, like that of a sunset cloud in the tenderest days of summer skies. The two skirts are fastened together with motifs of lace that are dotted all over, and these are lightly embroidered with tiny gold sequins. A white satin slip forms the foundation for the whole, and there is a moderate train of all the three together. The corsage is of the pale blue mousseline de soie over white satin, the pink forming a frill for berthe, and also frilled sleeves, both completely covered by lace dotted with tiny blue and gold-spangled flowers in ribbon embroidery; some of the same embroidery in lines trims down the corsage, leaving a slight puffing between

them like a vest; the front is very pointed, and the back short to the waist.

Another equally splendid ball gown is in white tulle over white satin, studded profusely with gold paillettes and trimmed up to above the knee at intervals all round with pointed sprays of black velvet roses and buds—wide at the feet, narrowing to the top—in- crusted with lace and spangled with gold. The corsage is plain and tight fitting, but is draped across with a scarf of white chiffon going from shoulder to waist at each side, cross-



A RECEPTION GOWN IN SATIN AND LACE.

ing at the bust, with a bouquet of the black velvet and gold-flecked roses at the left side; and a diamond necklace is to be sewn down the square opening on the right side from the shoulder till it meets the brooches in the center.

A third is entirely black. There is an overskirt of the corselet description composed of crepe de chine elaborately embroidered in iridescent blue and silver sequins. It is cut into a point at both back and front. The underskirt with its sweeping train is of accordion-plaited chiffon. The corsage is also of chiffon embroidered round the decolletage and drooping slightly over the top of the skirt. The upper portion of the sleeves is formed of a lattice work of black velvet ribbon, embroidered with sequins. This ends on a level with the decolletage, and from there hang full ruffs of chiffon, held in at the wrist by a tiny cuff.

All of these are model gowns for spring and summer wear that are shown by leading New York houses, and offer but a foretaste of what the summer season at the watering places is to be.

Very lovely and dainty are the summer tones that are being offered to us. Reseda green and porcelain blue, that delicate shade known as Wedgewood blue, from having been chosen by the great potter for much of his best wares, and the palest of heliotropes or mauves are shown in crepe de chine, foulard and voile.

As to the dainty muslins and batistes already displayed, they are exquisite in coloring and patterning. We have all the pretty designs of our grandmothers back again; chine blurred effects, and clear patterns of clusters of gay blossoms thrown on a plain ground, and crinkly surfaces full of lights and shades, are all here. Flowered muslins seem wondrous cheap at a shilling or two a yard; but, since they are so delicate and will never endure the laundry, may not prove so inexpensive in the end, for the detail of dressmaking grows ever more complex and therefore costly.

Lines of lace and incrustations of embroidery seem necessary further to adorn the most delicate and charming of fabrics.

Tucks and frills are endless. The newest sleeve is one series of loosely falling frills all down the arm, and the skirt is arranged with two dozen tiny frills to match.

ELLEN OSMONDE.

A Polite Apology.

In a Scotch town, which we will call Perth, though that is not its name, there dwelt a dealer in tartan wares whom we will call, also fictitiously, Campbell. His charges were on so heroic a scale that he acquired the nickname of "the Highland robber." A simple girl who wanted a plaid sent her order to the great shop at Perth and addressed the letter thus: "Mr. Campbell, 'The Highland Robber,' Perth." The natural reply was a lawyer's letter threatening an action and demanding an apology which should be as public as the insult. The innocent maiden answered thus: "Mr. Campbell, I am extremely sorry to have caused you any annoyance, which was far from my intention. Having never heard you called anything except 'the Highland robber,' I thought it was the sign of your shop. You are welcome to make any use of this letter that you please."—Manchester Guardian.

His Only Bill.

"Doctor," said the convalescent man, "I owe my life to you."  
"Well, you may keep it," coolly replied the M. D. "Just hand me \$30 for ten visits and we'll call it square."—Chicago Daily News.