

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author, not necessarily to be published, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct. There are many who are often difficult to decipher because of the careless manner in which they are written.

IF WE COULD SEE.

If we could see beyond the veil— Upon the far-off future gaze— Our hearts, perchance, grown weak, would equal.

Our souls be filled with sore amazement, And nerveless for the present be, If we could see!

If we could see beyond the veil— Of doubt that hides a Presence bright, The Face of Him Who will not fail To guide us through the gloom of night; And Who through Death will set us free, If we could see!

If we could see beyond the veil— Our own, who loved us so, and died, Yet living still, our hearts assail With whispers soft, unheard, outside; The joys awaiting you and me, If we could see!

If we could see beyond the veil— The veil of sorrow—that dear home By Love prepared—no idle tale— For which we long while here we roam; And nearer than it seems may be, If we could see!

If we could see beyond the veil— The veil of flesh that lies between— Could hear the resurrection "Hail!"— Could see the valleys fair and green; The treasures of Eternity, If we could see!

—Anne H. Woodruff, in Ram's Horn.

MYSTERIOUS MISS DACRES

By Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield.

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CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

I stooped and picked up a handkerchief that had fallen by the bedside. It was a man's handkerchief of goodly size. It still held the nauseating fumes, though lifeless, of that deadly, stupefying medium, ether. I could not mistake it. I had been obliged by the doctors to use it too often in the judge's last illness.

"You poor child!" I said, bending over her, my tears raining down fast upon the counterpane. "How could I have distrusted you? So you were the victim—sinned against, not sinner. My poor little Amaranthe!" She smiled stupidly and nestled down on the pillow, my hand underneath her cheek.

"How was it that I heard voices in your room last night?" I asked. "How was it?"

"I cannot tell you," she smiled again, and opened her blue eyes a little way, looking into mine, but closing them almost at once, as if the light hurt them.

"But you must know, dear child. It was before you came out into the hall."

"Not in my room," she said, "perhaps in—there," she weakly motioned towards Mr. Beldon's chamber.

"But I heard them. I was at your door. I heard them myself."

"You were listening at my door?" This she said with much of her ordinary spirit. "You were—" and then, seeing, perhaps, a look of surprise in my face, she broke down, crying: "Oh, dear Wibby! Dear, dear Wibby! I will tell you all, all the hateful truth. I had hoped for dear daddy's sake that I might be spared it, but I will—I will." Here she drew herself upward in the bed, caught my hand, and held it close over her eyes with both of hers.

"Don't make me say more than I must, dear Wibby, don't! I loved dear daddy, I loved him so!" Here she fell to sobbing again, and I cried with her, not knowing why. After a while she lay quiet, but still sobbing slowly and wearily. "Now listen," she said—"listen! I was talking. There was a man in my room last night. Yes, Wibby, a man, here in my room."

"I knew it," said I. "I heard him talking. I saw him go in." "You saw him come in?" "Yes, through the window."

"And where were you, may I ask?" She eyed me with a cold scrutiny that had little in it of the child Amaranthe.

I then gave her the history of my wretched night, and of my leaning out of the parlor window, and of what I saw, of what I had heard.

"It is all true," said she, and sighed. "Oh dear, dear me! Poor me! I thought that I had found a place at last where they would not pursue me, but no place is secret enough. Now, dear Wibby, I am going to make a clean breast of it, as daddy used to say." I drew a chair to the side of the bed, and sat there looking into her wan face.

"Don't look at me, Wibby dear, don't! I can't bear it! Turn your eyes away. There! that is better! Now listen! I shall make it as short as possible, for it is a hateful story."

She raised herself on her pillows again and looked downward, playing with her fingers. She spoke very fast, but the words are burned in my brain.

"You must know, then, dear Wibby," she began, "that daddy did not always do as he should. He gambled, as I told you. We had less and less money. Sometimes he would come home with a great deal. Then we lived well, and he bought me lovely clothes. Then, when it was gone,

and we had not enough for food, he would reproach himself dreadfully. Sometimes he would leave me at the hotel for days and go away alone. When we moved to a sort of a pension, kept by an English woman, he did the same. It was very lonely there for me. But always when he came home he would bring some money, so I bore these absences for the results that would come to us, we needed money so much. One day he came in more flush—I mean with more money than usual. We had a splendid time. We feasted and went on long drives and he took me to the theater, and things were gayer than ever they had been. Then one day, one dreadful day, when all our money was spent and we were feeling rather poor, the English consul walked in. He came to our parlor without knocking. He opened the door and came up to daddy and he just said 'Where is Robertson?' Daddy turned white. Oh, I shall never forget it, never! Dear daddy! I loved him even if he did do wrong, and I love him still."

The girl was shaken with a paroxysm of dry sobs. She writhed and groaned. "Oh daddy!" she murmured, "dear, dearest daddy." I tried to soothe her. "No, let me finish," she said, sitting up and speaking very fast. "I must—I must get this over. We had a servant, an Englishman named Haughtrey. He had been with daddy. He had heard the fight, had seen the blow. For, dear Wibby, there had been a fight and a blow. Unless daddy gave him money—Haughtrey, I mean—he said that he would turn evidence for the Crown. He came in just as the consul had laid his hand on my father, and stood looking threateningly at him over the consul's shoulder. Then dear old daddy got up—oh! oh! I was there! I was there! and I had to see—I had to see! 'Sir,' he said—you know daddy's courtly manner, he was ever a gentleman—'sir,' he said, not raising his voice at all, 'you have the advantage of me, but I'll be damned if I won't soon have the advantage of you.' With that, before anyone knew what he was intending, he drew his revolver and shot himself through the heart."

"Eugene Darlington took his own life?" Yes, yes, I remembered now to having heard something of the kind, but we always supposed it was after the death of little Amaranthe and because of his despair at her loss.

Again she shook with those convulsive sobs. Her face was flushed. Her features twitched. "And that man, that Haughtrey, he it is who has lounded me ever since. That is where all my spare money has gone, all that I make by my nursing. He follows me everywhere. It was so in England, it has been so in America. He told them at the hospital in London that my father was a gambler and a thief, that he had killed a man, and then killed himself. Wherever I go he threatens to denounce me, and I have lived a life of the veriest torture. And now he has found me even here. I had a little money besides the amount which I gave you to take care of. He insisted upon my giving him that last night. It was our voices that you heard. I declared that he should not wring from me my last sou. When I went back into the room after my attempt at bravado with you, he was still there. He seized me, and I know not what—gave me some of that dreadful stuff perhaps,—she pointed to the handkerchief—"I do not know. Perhaps he has my money, perhaps not. Do look, dear Wibby, the corner of the top drawer. I have been too ill. Oh! how my head spins round and round. Oh, if he has taken it, and my mother's diamond pendant, what shall I do?" I ran to the chiffoniere. I opened it. There was nothing in any corner, either front or back.

"I am afraid it is gone," said I. At that she gave a terrible shriek and fell all in a heap in the middle of the bed, and I ran to soothe her. Aunt Jane Mary thumped overhead, Glorianna came knocking at the door.

"Oh! Oh! Do not let them come in," she cried. "Do not let anyone in. The shame of it all! Just you and me, dear Wibby, just you and me!"

Then the poor thing got out of her bed and slid down on the floor and lay her head on my knees. "Oh dear Wibby," she said, "do promise me that you will not tell a soul of what I have told you. Not a soul! Not a soul! Promise! Promise!"

"But," I cried, "my little Amaranthe, you must be protected. I cannot let this persecution of you go on. They can do nothing to you. You need not give this man Haughtrey money. He cannot levy his blackmail here, in my house. I will go to President Smith, I will see the police—"

"Oh, not the police!" she murmured, "at least not yet, dear Wibby. Promise me, not yet."

"But someone must protect me," I insisted. "I cannot have such things going on under my roof. I cannot, dear child. I know of an excellent person to ferret out the whole thing. Let me go to him—"

Here again she screamed, her face hid in the folds of my dress. A shadow fell upon her yellow curls. I looked up. It was Elder Wynne, his head protruding within the opening of the window. He made a motion to me not to speak. I was more than indignant with him, and had I not feared frightening Amaranthe into hysterics, I should have risen and denounced him, then and there. I gave him an angry glance and he disappeared. I helped the poor girl to her bed and hastily closed the window. Then I went and got her a soothing draught, and I had the pleasure, an hour later, of seeing that she was sleeping as calmly as

an infant. Each time as I passed by the hall door I saw that Elder Wynne was sitting there in my rocker with the Star Union on his knees.

It was a long day. I went to Miss Daeres' room at four o'clock to see if she would not take some nourishment. The room was empty. Her clothes were scattered about the floor. Baldy Towner, when I questioned him, told me that her wheel was gone from the lower stable.

"Ef yer mean yer b'low-front, thet female from out Westconsin way," added Glorianna, "I guess she's lit out fer good."

At five o'clock I received a message from the Hall by John, the coachman. He had brought the carriage, and I was to return with him at once.



HE MADE A MOTION TO ME NOT TO SPEAK.

The sudden illness of one of the ladies seemed to me the only probable cause for so peremptory a summons.

"Is it Miss Elizabeth or Miss Evelyn, John?" I asked nervously. "I think it's both, ma'am," replied John, "but you was to see them yourself."

"Both? Both ill at once? What can it be? Oh! Why don't you speak out, John?"

"I was told not to, ma'am," replied John. So I sat tremblingly within the carriage as it whirled me along the road to the gates of the Hall. Miss Elizabeth met me at the door. Miss Evelyn was not to be seen. She, Miss Elizabeth, kissed me with a tremulous lip.

"Miss Evelyn?" I gasped. She said no word, but smiled into my face and led me, with her arm around my waist, up the broad flight of stairs. We went to the door of the little sitting-room next that which had been the squire's bedchamber.

She stopped outside the door. I heard the murmur of voices within. "Whom do you think we have here?" she questioned.

I could only look and wonder. She pushed open the door. Ah, why could I not have guessed it? They had her with them at last! Upon the couch little Amaranthe was lying, and Miss Evelyn sat beside her, stroking those yellow, boyish curls. The mystery was solved. Little Amaranthe had come to her own.

"You dear old Wibby!" exclaimed my sometime boarder; "come here to me just as fast as you can." I ran to the couch and sat hastily down. "Ouch!" exclaimed the girl, for I had nearly fallen against her foot, which I now perceived was bandaged so that it was quite immense, and caused me to wonder why I had not noticed it before.

Miss Elizabeth stooped over and kissed her. "That's what comes of tomboy games," said she, shaking a gently chiding withered old finger at the girl. "That's what comes of tomboy actions."

"Don't, sister dear," said Miss Evelyn. "Poor child! Has she not suffered enough?" She laid her head against the cushion which supported the yellow head, and I wondered which had become all at once the most enamored of my late boarder—my boarder, alas, no more.

"I have lost you!" I cried with tears in my voice. "I have lost you!" "Not lost, but gone before," laughed she.

At Miss Elizabeth's solemn look, "Dear Aunt Liz," said she, "forgive my flippant ways. I am only a poor girl, who has had no upbringing. God knows how truly she spoke. 'You must teach me better things.'"

My visits to Darlington Hall were now constant. On the next day I arrived just as they had returned from their afternoon drive. They had been to the village store, and the carriage was a mass of silk and muslin and embroideries fit for a little princess.

"We must dress our darling as becomes the heiress of Darlington Hall," said Miss Elizabeth. "These will do for the present, dear child. Later we must make a pilgrimage to the city—that is, when your foot gets better."

"Oh," said Amaranthe, as John lifted her from the open victoria, "I wonder if I shall presently awake and find it all a dream! I was a Cinderella for so long, so long!"

John carried her upstairs. "Somehow," said John to me later, "she don't clasp my neck as the little miss used to do."

"That would not be proper, John," said I. "She is a young lady now. You must get used to the thought that this is our little Amaranthe grown to woman's estate." I followed the procession upstairs, for everyone went, from old Margot to Katherine and myself. Amaranthe closed her eyes tightly. As we reached the top of the stairs, I saw the door of the squire's bedchamber had been opened, and that Miss Elizabeth was standing just within the room, which she had taken for her own, and was beckoning John to enter. This he did, and advancing towards the bed, for there was no couch in the room, laid his light bur-

den upon it. As she felt the change from the sofa of the little sitting-room to the softer resting place, Amaranthe opened her eyes suddenly and looked around her. Then she gave a succession of piercing shrieks, as she sprang from the bed and fled unaided through the doorway and into the little sitting-room. There she threw herself upon the sofa, still giving vent to screams of hysterical anger and passion. I had seen her behave in this way a few days before, but then there seemed to be some cause for it. There was no such cause now. The poor ladies, overcome by this change in her, closed round their ruffled dove and tried to smooth her feathers and calm her spirit. "Go away!" she cried. "Go away! You are trying to entrap me, to deceive me. I am not accustomed to that—that bed. I thought he was bringing me here. My nerves are wrecked, and you are setting me wild among you. I will leave this house this moment. Call the carriage. I will go back to Mrs. Brathwaite, or the poor woman in the city who took me in, rather than stay among people who, knowing what I wish, try simply to annoy and upset me."

To say that the poor ladies were dumbfounded but feebly expresses their feelings. They wept, they implored, they soothed, they begged forgiveness, and as I left them Amaranthe was sobbing some very wet sobs, and begging them, if they loved her, never to surprise her again; to tell her always what they meant to do, which they, poor, sweet souls, promised most faithfully.

As I went up my steps, I found Elder Wynne was sitting, as usual, by the front door.

"I have not seen much of Miss Daeres lately?" said he.

I thought this an excellent time to tell him what had been the outcome of my taking Amaranthe into my house, so I sat down and told him the whole story. When I had finished he exclaimed, "Capital! Capital! Nothing could be better! What a clever young woman!"

"And how do you mean she was clever?" I asked indignantly. I had made Amaranthe's cause so much my own, that I could not bear to hear a word said to her discredit.

"Why, clever, most clever, to be thrown from her bicycle exactly in front of the Hall door, and be taken in as she was, while she took them in."

"Took them in," said I angrily. "She could have walked up there any day, and with those little portraits of herself as a child, with the reminiscences of her babyhood, with the letters to her father, with her memories of the place, of the animals, of me, to say nothing of Amaranthe's eyes, and Amaranthe's hair, she could have got into their hearts just as completely as she has through her accident. Your sort of people—"

"Gently! gently!" said Elder Wynne. I now saw that Mr. Beldon was standing behind the pillar where twined the champany cluster, and as I had not seen him come in or go out, he had probably been there ever since I took my seat. I started as my eyes fell upon him.

"Don't mind Mr. Beldon," said Elder Wynne, coughing as he spoke. "He has probably enjoyed this story much more than I have." How Elder Wynne knew Mr. Beldon was standing behind him I could not imagine.

[To Be Continued.]

A Snug Fit.

An English tourist in the highlands tells the following amusing story. He was traveling one day last summer by rail in the north of Scotland, and at one of the stations four farmers entered the train. They were all big, burly men and completely filled up the seat on the one side of the compartment. At the next station the carriage door opened to admit a tall, cadaverous individual with about the girth of a lamp post. He endeavored to wedge himself in between two of the farmers, and finding it a difficult operation, he said to one of them: "Excuse me, sir, you must make up a bit! Each seat is intended to accommodate five persons, and according to act of parliament you are only entitled to 18 inches of space." "Aye, aye, my friend," replied the former, "that's a' very guid for you that's been built that way; but yet canna blame me if I ha-enna been constructed according to act of parliament!"—London Chronicle.

Kaffir English.

The historic Babu will have to look to his laurels now that the "educated Kaffir" has entered the field. The following is the text of a letter sent by a government employe who had been officially rebuked for his intemperate habits:

"Having promulgated by conduct of drinking presumptuously, I beg to tell me nominally the person informed you. Consulted by speculations, the case should be reprimanded for the derogation of my name. When you addressed your inspection I perceived dishonest intermeddling; otherwise, I am not a controversial acumen. Remember you are forced to tell me; the matter is not to be appropriated clandestinely, because it was proclaimed publicly. Quickness of the answer will so oblige yours truly."—London Speaker.

The Widow's Delicate Hint.

"Why weepst thou, woman?" "My lord will be buried to-day." "My wife was buried yesterday. To-morrow I must get me another."

Whereupon the widow shook the ashes from her shining hair, dried her eyes, and, looking into the face of the widower, smiled.

"I will be home to-morrow all day," she said.—Smart Set.

Three Styles of the Low Coiffure



DAME FASHION decrees styles in coiffures quite as much as she regulates styles in gowns. In fact, it is now considered necessary to study the effect of the coiffure with each gown. Many a beautiful garment has been spoiled from an artistic standpoint because of a lack of harmony in the way of dressing the hair. Three different styles of the low coiffure, now so popular in Paris, are shown above, and while alike in general effect, are suited to entirely different types of forms and faces, as well as to different types of gowns. One of the newest ideas is to dress the hair in a series of graceful puffs, allowing the last one to fall well over the neck. Another effective low dressing shows a group of two puffs finished with a low coil on the neck. Still another artistic coiffure is the loose coil arranged low on the neck, with the hair brushed back in a soft pompadour in front and then arranged in undulating waves at either side.

Model of the Spring Tailor-Made

MUCH of New York's wealth is going, or more properly speaking, should be said to have gone, southward. And every train that has carried these fortunate mortals to the land of sunshine and flowers has carried also great trunks filled to overflowing with fashionable wardrobes, the gowns of which depict the coming spring fashions.

If one could but get the opportunity to glance through these several wardrobes one might easily arrive at a conclusion as to what will be worn when the cold of winter gives place to the balmy breezes of spring, but unfortunately they are not often displayed for the benefit of the public until they are worn in the southland, where the fashion writers, like many another unfortunate sister, seldom goes.

It was my privilege, however, to get a glimpse of one of the tailor gowns designed for the south before it had left the hands of the maker, and he assured me that it was built along the most approved lines for spring wear. It is with this assurance that I present both a description and a picture of the gown in question. In the making is introduced the very newest form of the plaited skirt where the cleverly graduated fullness at the sides and back is combined with a plain panel front where a gracefully tapering design is embroidered in brown and gold braid on fine gold cloth. Very novel, too, is the arrangement of the plaited bolero with its braided yoke collar, and a vest of white cloth embroidered to match, while the sleeves combine the bell shape and the close blouse

cuff in a very clever and quite a new way. Altogether the costume is of such distinctive smartness, that even if there is no visit to the south in pleasant prospect, you are likely to decide upon it as the model for a new spring tailor-made.

Flower Hats to be a Spring Vogue



FIFTH AVENUE in New York is a veritable flower show. It is the season of display of the spring hats, and spring hats spell flowers. Two or three weeks ago the prediction for Easter hats was for a predominance of furs, with flowers in second place, and to a certain extent the prediction holds good for the ultra fashionable, but for the necessarily practical woman to whom an Easter hat must also be a spring hat flowers are the thing, and that the majority of the world is practical is proven by the flower display of Fifth avenue. The hats that are not gay with flowers are dainty enough and bright enough to be in it with the spring motif. Altogether, those millinery windows are exhilarating even when one is without money—and the "creations" are by no means without price. Flower hats are always the conspicuous features of early spring millinery; but this year prophets are foretelling a veritable lot of flowers in hatdom, and the early showing seems to bear out the prophecy. The flower hats are in shape slightly different from those in vogue last season, though necessarily reminiscent, as any moderate-sized flower hat must be. Several varieties are shown in the above group, and from these it should be possible to select something becoming and suitable, but undoubtedly your milliner will be able to show you many more than it is possible to give within the space allotted to me. ELLEN OSMONDE.