THE WOMEN'S WIDE, WIDE WORLD.

"And Wherever a True Woman Comes, This Home is Always Round Her. The Stars Only May be Over Her Head, the Glow-Worm in the Night Cold Grass May be the Only Fire at Her Foot, but Home is Yet Wherever She is, and for a Noble Woman It Stretches far Round Her, Better Than Ceiled with Cedar or Painted with Vermilion, Shedding its Quiet Light Far, for Those Who Else Were Homeless."—John Ruskin.

GOWNS FOR STREET AND HOUSE WEAR.

The Empire gown shown in this picture has some novel features. The skirt is entirely plain, of thick goods. The forearms are of rich brocade, and the same ornaments the front above the velvet girdle. The upper sleeves are of velvet to match girdle. The home dress is made of fine cashmere, the skirt being elaborately braided. The corsage shows a novel and effective vest front, with ribbon drapery.

READING FOR WOMEN

PROSE AND POETRY FOR OUR FEMININE FRIENDS.

A Story About the Old, Old Story—Origin of the Wedding Ring—The Secret of Modjeska's Youthfulness.

Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee;
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw,
Thy shield should be my bosom,
To share it a'.

Or were I in the bleakest waste
Sae bleak and bare, sae bleak and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there;
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.
—Robert Burns.

Number Three.

(Bliss Perry, in Two Tales.)

The suppers at Mrs. Jackson's boarding-house were generally considered her most successful effort of the day. There was an audible sameness about the breakfasts, and the theological students who boarded there were inclined to swallow their coffee morosely and hurry to the seminary. The dinners might well have been worse than they were, though meat was always poor and high in Hartwell, and it was impossible to keep a theologue very plump at three dollars and a half a week. But by tea time Mrs. Jackson was wont to repent of her small economies, and, being a master hand at hashes and croquettes and hot pastry, she gained for her suppers a reputation that spread through the seminary. Then, too, her theologues, at the close of the day, were usually in a cheerful mood, and ready to be pleased with trifles, culinary and otherwise. They saved their best jokes, culled from the funny corners of the religious papers, for this evening meal. Here they mimicked the professors and delivered themselves oracularly concerning politics and science. Most of them were second and third year men, and could chaff one another upon preaching experiences, the size of congregations and the probability of calls. When all other topics failed, there was one which had for them a perennial fascination. Whether they approached it coyly or with practiced nonchalance, there was not a man out of the dozen who did not feel that his future profession and his past experience warranted him in mentioning woman with the assurance of one who knew whereof he spoke. Matrimony was for them no speculative and problematical affair, to be meditated upon at idle moments as one of the possibilities of a distant future; very far from it. Within two or three years at most they all expected to be married, as a matter of course. Their widest usefulness in their chosen calling, for instance, depended largely upon the abnegation of the single state. Some of them had been engaged to be married for years and years; there were faithful school teachers and farmers' daughters patiently waiting until their lovers should finish the college and seminary course. It happened, however, that most of Mrs. Jackson's boarders, though cherishing a blessed certainty as to their ultimate condition, were still open to conviction as to the exact person whom Providence might indicate as their life companion; and this slight air of uncertainty as to particulars mingled curiously with their innocent cock-sureness about women in general.

An outsider would have been more amused than irritated by it all, but there was only one un-theological boarder at the table, a nephew of Mrs. Jackson, who did chores for his own board and attended the academy, and who was not old enough to sink his irritation in his amusement. Dan Jackson was wont to declare to his schoolboy friends that the nudges and winks and sly allusions to the ladies on the part of his aunt's boarders made him tired. Toward the spring of the year, when the mud began to dry up in the long street of Hartwell, and the elm tree buds to redden, and the theologues to prepare for their final examinations, Dan Jackson's weariness perceptibly increased. Three of the graduates were to be married in a month, and each day they had to face a concealed battery of comment and interrogation and conjecture from their fellow-boarders. Then, too, there was Leffingwell's case. Leffingwell was considered the best all-around man in the senior class; a stubby old-faced fellow from the far West, with a prematurely wide skull—flat on top—and with high cheek bones. His hair was thin and his big ears moved slightly as he ate. Whenever he stated a proposition or indulged in repartee he closed his eyes, in order to concentrate his faculties upon the question in hand. He was entitled by rights to the Berlin fellowship for the next two years, but in pursuance of a long-cherished wish, was about to sail as a missionary to Senegambia. He had refused two chairs of philosophy in Western institutions, and was popularly reputed at the seminary to have devised a philosophical system of his own, completely reconciling the claims of religion and of science. It was currently believed that as soon as he had mastered the Senegambian tongue he would publish his system in that language in an abridged form, thereby at once allaying the native philosophic doubt of the Senegambians and putting them in touch with the most recent occidental thought. The board had already accepted him, provisionally. His statement of faith was considered the most masterly document composed by a Hartwell man for ten years; transparently simple in outline, and Scriptural in terminology, but inwardly packed so full of Leffingwell's irrefragable system that any attempt to pick flaws in it was logically as dangerous as to meddle with dynamite. No serious criticism had even been offered upon it, and there was but one obstacle to Leffingwell's immediate embarkment for his field. He was a bachelor, and the board preferred that its representative in Senegambia should be a married man.

Leffingwell's plight was thoroughly appreciated by his fellow-students, and three times a day he was obliged to run the gauntlet of their suggestions and admonitions. Open raillery was ventured upon but seldom, for Leffingwell's deliberate way of closing his eyes and selecting the adequate epithet for retort was disconcerting to his adversaries. Some of their choicest witticisms, therefore, were reserved until after Leffingwell's departure from the table. One evening late in April he was so manifestly absorbed and ill-tempered that two of the theologues winked at each other as he left the room.

"Leffingwell's rather down on his luck, isn't he?" remarked one.

"Looks like it. Can't say that I blame him, though; two refusals in three weeks must ruffle even a philosopher, eh? How is that Tommy?"

"Speak for yourself, man. I don't know the sensation." And the youth glanced blandly at an engagement ring that he had worn for six years.

"How do you know he has had the mitten twice?" put in another.

"Never mind that; it's straight. I've seen both their photographs. One of them preferred Japan and the other didn't fancy him because he proposed by letter."

"Good for her," said the man with the ring. "He deserves to be blue."

"But that isn't the reason why he's blue now, Tommy," cried the other delightedly. "Look here, you fellows won't say anything?" There were but four or five boarders remaining at the table and they all glanced up, except Dan Jackson, who was devouring one of his aunt's best hashes, with his eyes fixed, as always, upon his plate.

"Don't let it out," continued the well-informed young man, "but there's a No. 3!"

"No!" "You don't say!" "Come!" were the incredulous ejaculations of Leffingwell's associates. They had not believed him capable of such rapid maneuvering.

"Fact, though. The fellow has an address book compiled by his aunt, and this girl was third in the list. She isn't as strong as No. 1, nor as well educated as No. 2, but she is pretty, and she has seven or eight thousand dollars in her own right."

This array of facts was respectfully listened to by all except Dan Jackson, who reached scornfully across the table for some sweet pickles. Dan was fifteen, and had a due contempt for matrimonial gossip.

The speaker looked around the circle triumphantly before adding his remaining bit of information. "He's waiting her answer now—and she's a Hartwell young lady."

There was a chorus of quick guesses and offers to bet—no stakes—on naming her in three chances; but the well-informed youth rose and shoved his chair under the table.

"No," he said uprightly, "I've gone too far now. You don't get her name out of me."

As a matter of fact, though all he had said was true enough, he did not know her name himself. The others crowded after him out of the room with even more than the usual hilarity, leaving young Jackson alone at the table.

Dan poured himself a final glass of milk, awaiting his aunt's entrance. He raised the milk to his lips and then set it down again, with a troubled expression upon his freckled, homely face. He was trying to put two things together.

It had been his turn on the previous Sunday evening to take tea with his Sunday school teacher, Miss Achsah Millicent. She had given him good things to eat and had been very entertaining—she was the only nice Sunday school teacher in Hartwell, as all the boys admitted—but when he had proposed going home, soon after tea, under the supposition that it was proper to mention going and then yield to persuasions to remain, she had not urged him to stay, and he had been forced to come away in some chagrin. At the gate he had met this Leffingwell going in. He thought nothing of it at the time; theologues were always calling at Deacon Millicent's. But what he had just heard startled him. Suppose Leffingwell were really going to marry Miss Achsah!

By George, he, Dan Jackson, wouldn't allow it! She was too good for him; a million times too good. She was the prettiest girl in Hartwell, if she was getting a little old, and the nicest girl anywhere. She ought to marry a big lawyer or a hotel keeper, or the president of a railroad. To think of her marrying a missionery who had to get a wife or lose his job!

And she might be giving Leffingwell her answer that very minute. Dan gulped off his milk fiercely; there was no time to lose. Something had to be done about it, and there was apparently no one but himself who would or could do anything. For a minute he gazed despairing about the room; then he looked suddenly at his cuffs and felt of his necktie. Mrs. Jackson came in.

"Dan'l," said she, "don't you think you better be a clearing off those dishes?"

Dan rose with dignity. "I suppose you'l have to excuse me to-night, auntie, I've got to make a call, right away."

"Why, Dan'l, where on earth are you going to make a call?"

"On my Sunday school teacher," said Dan, virtuously, and Mrs. Jackson mentally decided for the second time that day, that after all was said about his breaking dishes, Dan'l's heart was in the right place, anyhow.

In a quarter of an hour the boy had arrayed himself in his Sunday suit, donned a red neck-tie and high collar and had painfully written "D. Webster Jackson" in violet ink upon a bevel-edged card. Then he started stiffly down the long street toward Deacon Millicent's, his boyish heart still full of stern suspicion and righteous wrath.

Miss Achsah Millicent sat under the hanging lamp in the sitting-room gazing abstractedly at a map of Senegambia. She had on her best cashmere—it was two years old, to be sure, but she had put in full sleeves that spring and had added velvet cuffs. Perhaps it would last until—well, until she had several new gowns at once; then she wondered if they wore leg-of mutton sleeves in Senegambia, and then she knew she was blushing, and she glanced timidly around the immaculate room. She was all alone in the house. The deacon was attending a conference meeting in an adjoining town. Her mother had been dead for many years. Both mother and father had early consecrated their daughter to the service of the Lord in a foreign field, if the way should be providentially opened. The deacon had told about it in prayer-meeting so often that it was a standing joke in Hartwell society, and the girl felt her heart beat faster whenever her father rose to speak, through fear that he might forget his promise and tell the church again about that early vow, for thus far there had never been providentially opened a way to its fulfillment.

Achsah Millicent had known many theological students who expected to be missionaries, and some of them had been very good friends of hers, but none of them had ever asked her to marry him. Nor had any one else. For ten years she had been considered the "nicest girl" in Hartwell, and numberless young men had admired her both afar and in tolerable proximity, but no man had ever told her that he loved her. No man, that is, except Mortimer G. Leffingwell, who had used that expression on the previous Sunday evening, and had asked her to accompany him to Senegambia.

She had requested two days for consideration, and this was the second day. It had been a strange experience, not at all like what she had at times imagined it would be, if it ever came to her. He had not gone down on one knee, nor was there any lovelight in his eyes; he had sat quite tranquilly, with his knees crossed and one of his feet dangling deliberately; his eyes were closed as he formulated his proposition. Miss Millicent was conscious of a vague disappointment here, and yet she was not sure but Mr. Leffington would have looked ridiculous if he had chosen any other way. As it was, he had not been ridiculous at all, though perhaps a little prosaic. She suspected, however, that he was rather a matter-of-fact person, though she knew he was very bright and that the professors considered him an ornament to the seminary. He would undoubtedly make a good husband—for some one— and she herself—well, she was no longer a school girl, and ought not to expect a proposal in the terms of a school girl's fancy. It was enough that he had proposed at all, was it not? All those years she had been waiting for just that, had she not? Really that is of course not so to be acknowledged, even to herself, up to now. But at last the door had been opened and why should she stand hesitant before it? Her father would praise the Lord for His mercy, she was sure; her mother—in spite of the fact that Mrs. Millicent had always insisted that her chief trial in life was to have a man around—would have rejoiced with the deacon had she been alive. Perhaps she knew all about it as it was. Achsah Millicent had never felt so near her mother as she did in those two days; full of soft affection for her and an intense longing to have her back again. Yet, after all, she reflected, the main question was not concerning parental approval, but whether she loved Mr. Leffingwell. Did she love him? She was not at all sure that she did, and yet— When she reached this point in the circle of inner argumentation during the course of those two days she invariably wanted to cry. For she had never loved anybody—that is, any man—that is, not since she was the merest girl—and perhaps she was now incapable of the emotion that other people seemed to feel. The happiness of it might be meant for other people; she had always had a quiet, virginal happiness of her own. And still, she was not sure. Perhaps love had to grow, like other beautiful things, and very likely respect was the proper soil for it. She certainly respected Mortimer G. Leffingwell very much indeed. Like herself, he had been early consecrated to the foreign field, and he was now expecting to give up a great deal that was tempting to him in order to go to Senegambia. Those dark faces called to him day and night, he had said, and he had added, with closed eyes, that he was sure she, too, would obey the call. And there were but two days for her answer. Oh, the time was so short! And it had already expired!

There was a sharp, uncompromising ring at Deacon Millicent's front door. Miss Achsah rose unsteadily and one hand was pressed to her side, the other one to the table and rested on the map of Senegambia. She glanced downward at it involuntarily, and a sense of her duty flashed upon her. The providential way was made straight; she would accept Mr. Leffingwell's offer. Slowly she moved into the front hall; she did not wish to open the door too soon; it seemed scarcely modest. Modest? She caught her breath again. It was immodest to admit a man to the gentle, prim seclusion of her heart, when she more than half suspected that she did not love him. Her answer should be "No!" And yet she hesitated. The bell rang again, almost angrily. "Yes" or "No?" In an agony of uncertainty the girl took the gambler's choice; she would let Leffingwell's face settle the question when she opened the door. If there was a certain something in it, she would marry him; she did not know what it would be, but she felt that she could tell if it was there. She closed her eyes an instant, then she threw the door wide open and stepped back.

Dan Jackson stood there with his red necktie and his laboriously written card. There was a determined scowl above his honest eyes; his hair still wet from the brush, was rigorously parted; a flush of embarrassment was upon his freckled face. The nicest girl in Hartwell gave a little gasp; then, with a smile that would have quite turned the head of a less inflexible visitor, she put out both hands to him.

"Why, Dan!" she cried, "I am so glad to see you. I—I didn't expect you. Come in!"

She relieved him of his hat and the bevel-edged card, and offered him the best chair in the sitting-room. He sat up very straight, looking at her with admiring scrutiny. His gaze made her a trifle uncomfortable, though it pleased her, too.

"It is very good of you to come to see me, Dan," she said. "I am all alone this evening."

"Well, he remarked, with a covert meaning which she did not grasp, "I am glad of that. I didn't know that you would be." He pulled out his clean handkerchief and, without unfolding it, passed it over his forehead. The Millicent sitting-room seemed warm, and he had a great task imposed upon him.

Miss Achsah opened a window and let the cool, April night breeze into the room. A fine rain was falling.

"Why, you came down in the rain, Dan!" she exclaimed. "I did not notice it."

"I don't mind the rain," he said. "I haven't carried an umbrella all winter."

"Indeed? Isn't that rather imprudent?"

"Oh, I hate to bother with one. I had a good umbrella, though, last fall; a dollar-and-a-half umbrella, and one of those theologues stole it from me."

"Do you really think so?" She said, laughingly. "That's a serious charge, Dan."

"Well, it's true," he went on, vindictively. "Those fellows will do anything; you have to watch 'em all the time. I leave it to any academy boy."

"I am afraid that wouldn't be quite fair. Aren't the boys just a little prejudiced?"

"I dunno—maybe," he admitted, magnanimously. "But I ain't. I live right there with 'em at my aunt's. I eat with 'em three times a day. I know all about 'em. I tell you, you want to look out for 'em." She was amused by his growing heat, without the least understanding the reason of it, and she led him on a little recklessly. Any moment Mr. Leffingwell might appear at the front door.

"Why, Dan, any one would think, to listen to you, that the theological students were criminals. Now you know better than that. You really respect them very much; come, be honest!"

"Respect 'em," he cried, incredulously. But she was looking him in the eyes and he was forced to modify his statement. "Respect 'em? Why, of course, I respect some of 'em. There's one at the Obed House, who was substitute half-back on the Yale team. He's all right. And one or two at our house may be all right. But take 'em together, they make me tired. And if a man makes you tired, Miss Achsah, I don't see that it makes any difference whether you respect him or not."

She dropped her eyes a little; her fingers were drumming on the open map, as if she were turning over the boy's aphorism in her mind. Dan Jackson saw that she hesitated, and he drew a long breath and took the plunge.

"Now, for instance," he continued, dispassionately, "there's a theologue who sits opposite me at the table. He's got a head that's flat on top; just as flat as a dirt court. You could play tennis on it, honestly, if it was a little bigger. And when he's got anything to say of any importance he kind of shuts his eyes and opens his mouth and fires at you. His name is Leffingwell. Mortimer G. Leffingwell. He's going to be a missionary somewhere. And he makes me tired. Now I want to know whether it makes any difference whether I respect him or not?"

She was silent an instant and the boy, carried away by the triumphant force of his own argument, made an incautious move.

"He isn't a friend of yours, is he? I don't suppose I ought to say anything against him if he is."

Miss Achsah detected the transparent hypocrisy. "Mr. Leffingwell is a friend of mine," she said quietly. "I am sorry you do not like him, Dan. He is a very noble man."

Dan's heart came up in his throat. His worst fears were true. "Oh, that's all right," he said weakly; "it's all right if you like him." Then in a passion of revolt he added: "Did you ever watch his ears wag when he eats?"

The girl laughed in spite of herself. There was no denying it; Mr. Leffingwell was occasionally ridiculous; and all the gentle proprieties of Miss Achsah's nature recognized and resented the fact for the first time. But the boy thought she was laughing at him, and tears of helpless anger stanted to his eyes. He did not know what more he could say against Leffingwell; he groped among the chaos of sensations in his mind as a diver spreads his arms uncertainly in the dim under world. Then his fingers closed upon something.

"Well," he said, desperately, "I don't suppose it makes any difference whether I like him or not. He can get some girl to like him, and they'll go off and be missionaries. He's got a regular list of girls, and as fast as one of 'em won't have him, he just tries the next. He's tried two in the last three weeks."

The boy's vision was so blurred that he could not see Miss Achsah's face. He got up awkwardly, too proud to let her suspect his misery. "I suppose I must go now, Miss Millicent," he remarked, formally. "I've had a very pleasant time."

"Dan," she said, rising swiftly and laying her right hand on his shoulder, with a voice that scared him by its intensity: "Are you making that up about the list?"

"Honest Injun—hope to die"—affirmed Dan, gloomily. "The theologues were laughin' about it at supper to-night."

Miss Achsah did not lift her right hand from the boy's shoulder, but with the left she reached around to the table behind her and noiselessly closed the map of Senegambia.

"Dan," she remarked, with a tone of matter-of-fact hospitality that greatly relieved him, "I don't believe you have to go just yet. Let's go out in the kitchen and make some molasses candy, and if any one calls you can come in and say that I'm engaged."

They made candy with great glee and in undisturbed seclusion until the academy regulations forced Dan to take his departure at five minutes before 10. It was quite too late for her to expect any other caller. Just as he was going out of the door Miss Achsah, to his utter amazement, bent impulsively and kissed the boy's forehead.

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Mr. Mortimer G. Leffingwell awoke the next morning with a sort of half regret. He had intended to call upon Miss Millicent the previous evening, indeed, very soon after supper—but happening to pick up a Review he found an epoch-making article that bore—not directly, perhaps, but none the less significantly—upon the second point in his statement of faith. It had interested him exceedingly, but he was able to say when he laid it down that it had not shaken a single clause of his own system of thought. The evening had been, therefore, well spent, though in his concentration upon the article he had forgotten Miss Millicent until it was too late to think of calling upon her. He would go after dinner to-day instead. But before dinner, as he sat by his study table, the student whose turn it was to bring the mail flung a note into his lap. Miss Millicent, while recognizing the privilege and honor extended to her, wrote that she felt compelled to decline his offer and begged most earnestly that the subject might not be alluded to again.

Leffingwell ejaculated a line of Hebrew, and tipped back mournfully in his chair. It was a great disappointment to him. He had made up his mind that she was just the wife he needed. It had seemed such an unmistakable indication of Providence that the two previous ones declined. And yet, after all, he reflected, perhaps his feeling about the providential indicator had been right, and it was simply the number upon which it accidentally rested that was wrong. He therefore took his address book out of the drawer, but before turning to the next name on the list, he spent a moment in drawing a pencil mark, regretfully and elaborately, through the name of Number Three.

To a Rose.

Go, lovely rose,
Tell her that wastes my time and me
That now she knows
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young
And shuns to have her graces spied
Thou hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou hadst all uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth—
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee—
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.
—Waller.

Shall a Woman Tell Her Age?

One burden falls to the lot of the single woman which is more keenly felt in society than elsewhere. Trivial and foolish as it may seem, few are aware of its extent and reality, and even the most sensible and successful women are sometimes its victims. Public sentiment, especially in cities and unprovincial towns, has outgrown to a considerable extent the ungallant habit of considering a woman responsible for her age. But there still exists plenty of men and women who have a ready word of scorn or reproach for the unmarried single woman whose youth has passed. On account of this sentiment many women are sensitive, and not without reason, to inquiries about age. They refrain from allusions which might lead to the discovery of a secret, only because the curious and rude make such age a matter of ridicule. The only remedy for this discomfort is in the cultivation of a different public sentiment. A woman ought to be as willing to tell her age as to tell her name or the name of the town she lives in. With critical ears waiting to hear and speak disagreeable comments, no one can blame her for keeping silence about a purely personal matter. No son or daughter of a true mother or a chivalrous father ever makes the subject of age or any other that might cause pain or annoyance a matter of conversation.—Helen Marshall North in Harper's Bazar.

"Wearyin' for You."

Jest a-wearyin' for you,
All the time a-feelin' blue;
Wishin' for you, wonderin' when
You'll be comin' home agen;
Restless—don't know what to do—
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

Keep a-mopin' day by day;
Dull—in everybody's way;
Folks that smile an' pass along
Wonderin' what on earth is wrong—
'Twoudn't help 'em if they knew—
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

Room's so lonesome with your chair
Empty by the fireplace there;
Jest can't stand the sight of it;
Go out doors an' roam a bit,
But the woods is lonesome, too,
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

Comes the wind with soft caress
Like the rustlin' of your dress;
Blossoms fallin' to the ground
Softly, like your footsteps sound;
Violets like your eyes so blue
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

Mornin' comes. The birds awake
(Used to sing so for your sake),
But there's sadness in the notes
That come thrillin' from their throats!
Seem to feel your absence, too,
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

Evenin' comes. I miss you more
When the dark gloom in the door;
Seems jest like you oughter to be
There to open it for me!
Latch goes tinklin'—thrills me through—
Sets me a-wearyin' for you.

Girls and Slang.

A writer states that girls use more slang, especially if they are grown up, than boys do. Girls, it is affirmed, talk much more than boys do, so that their stock of uncouth words is in more frequent use. It is also larger. If a boy were a mine of slang his taciturnity would keep it concealed from all but a few of his chums. His inventions are confined to a small circle, and his opportunities of borrowing are correspondingly diminished. Not so with the girl. The loquacity of her associates, aided by her own, spreads and multiplies slang with the greatest rapidity. She is more sociable.

At school she is "thick" with a dozen, and gathers in all the dozen know. And, besides, says the same authority, girls are so reckless in the use of their language that they give a slangy character to good English. With the girl at the period of gigglehood, every good thing is "perfectly" so. She "never" does this and she "always" does that. She sometimes feels "hateful," but it is oftener some one else who is always "perfectly horrid." Nearly everything is "awful." Such are some of the charges this abominable person brings against the sweet young creatures.

My Sweetheart.

Sweetheart, the color
Of thine eyes
Is like a storm cloud
'Gainst blue skies.

Thy cheeks, dear love,
Like holly glow;
Thy brow is pure
As mistletoe.

And, oh, the frangrance
Of thine hair
Brings springtime
Into winter air.

A calm May day
Is not more mild
Than thee, thou clever
Woman-child.

Long Engagements.

The girl who allows herself to be cajoled into a long engagement stands about one chance in ten of being married to that particular man. He comes, admires and thinks best to secure her, although he is not in a position to ask. Some men are selfish creatures. After a year in the "seventh heaven" life begins to be prosaic again, and their love floats along a placid sea. After several years of waiting, when the girl has begun to lose her youth and beauty, the tide turns in their favor, the harbor is in sight and all seems well. But here comes a smooth-sailing little craft directly across their bows. There is a crash. The lover clings to the newly-found ship and leaves the other to sink or be tossed upon the beach alone. The moral is obvious.—Leisure Hours.

Vivien's Song.

In Love, if Love be Love, if Love be curs,
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers;
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

It is the little rift within the lute
That by and by will make the music mute,
And, ever widening, slowly silence all.

The little rift within the lover's lute
Or little, pitted speck in garner'd fruit,
That, rotting inward, slowly moulders all.

It is not worth the keeping; let it go.
But shall it? Answer, darling, answer no,
And trust me not at all or all in all.
—Tennyson.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

DISCUSSION OF DRESSES AND THEIR "MAKEUP."

Mate Leroy Declares That Woman Should Use Artificial Aids of Various Kinds to Enhance Her Beauty.

It has long been a question as to whether it is right or wrong for ladies to use paint or powder, to dye their hair or make their eyebrows darker than nature intended them, and the question is as far from being definitely settled now as ever before; but, pending the full decision, full benefit is taken of the doubt.

In these days it does not mean that a woman is without the pale of good society who "makes up" her face just as she would put on her evening attire. She realizes that she needs a little more color and adds a deft touch. That makes her eyes look hollow—she must put a little cosmetic around them and on her eyebrows. That renders it necessary to apply something that shall make the skin appear whiter, and also something is needed to blend in with the color on the cheeks so that the dividing line will not be visible, and so she puts on powder if she is sensible, a "cream" if she is reckless, and that makes the lips appear red enough in contrast. No one who understands herself puts rouge on her lips. The rest passes, but that does not, and only cakes and leaves little pink spots over the natural color.

A little rouge, a little cosmetic and a little powder are all proper and suitable adjuncts to a full dress evening costume, and no one thinks of decrying it. But the true lady draws the line, and that closely, about appearing in church or in the street with any artificial coloring on her face.

At a ball or other social gathering women are expected to look their very best, and men go expecting as a right that all the women present shall be pretty, and it seems to me right that any woman should for her own sake, for the sake of her friends and of people in general seek to make as good an appearance as she can. If she is over forty she has a right to use all the arts she can bring to bear on herself to make her face as pleasing as her dress is handsome. She can have her hair skillfully dressed, and if there are a few gray ones they can be cut out or dyed to match the rest. She can have a full set of false teeth if she needs them without one dissentient word, and the best society now maintains the right to use every means possible to look its brightest and best.

Of course even a good thing can be abused, and there is a period in woman's life beyond which such aids to the appearance become ghastly, and it requires a self sacrificing friend to inform the unfortunate lady that she has passed the age of any possibility of rejuvenation, and that henceforth she must accept the inevitable gracefully. Most of them do, but others cannot, and so go on, wretched parodies of themselves.

Youth does not require much "making up," yet many young ladies whose features are nearly perfect lack color, and a very slight addition in that respect makes them beautiful, and it is accepted everywhere now that whatever aid can be lent to beauty it is legitimate to accept.

At the recent great annual charity ball I saw a lady who has always been called a beauty, and she does command admiring attention, but somehow it fell to me, who am never critical on principle, to enumerate her actual and borrowed beauties. She was tall and had middling sized feet and hands. Her figure was straight and well drilled to graceful movement, but she was thinner than strict beauty demanded. This was carefully hidden by a judicious dressmaker and plenty of lace and a magnificent necklace of diamonds. Her eyes were really small and black, but by careful penciling and shading they looked large and expressive. The broad and high forehead was softened under graceful curls, and a pair of flashing diamonds caught the eye before it could note that the cheeks were almost hollow. Her teeth were white, though irregular, and her lips and nose were well formed, but thin. Added to this was a soft pink and white color "made up" of cream and rouge. She, with her queenly carriage, is called a beauty.

Let me tell what she wore. A maize brocade with demitrain, with several narrow ruffles of maize crape, all sewn together at the bottom; a corsage and sleeves of maize brocade and white velvet. Over this she threw, when not dancing, a cavalier cloak of purple and gold shot velvet, with a yoke of shirred satin. With her was her young daughter, who came out last season, and who is now engaged to a "scion of British nobility." She wore a black silk frock, with an overdress of striped black gauze, the stripes in blue, with tiny chenille dots set on the stripes. Around the bottom were two Spanish lace flounces and a fall of the same on the corsage. The arrangement of the collar of blue satin ribbon around the neck was very effective and dainty; the sleeves balloon puffs. Altogether a very pretty and girlish outfit.

A most novel cloak was worn at this same ball by one of the lady patrons, and it was much admired. It was of white satin brocaded with metallic threads that were changeable from gold to green, and with also a glint of fiery red. It was gathered up around the shoulders so as to form a puff, and opened over a vest of the same, the whole lined with pale green satin. Down the front were bands of white mouffion, and the same formed a soft nest for the face to rest in above the stiff Elizabethan ruff of green satin to match the lining. The dress worn with this was a green and silver brocade, with three narrow flounces of silver tissue at the bottom. The corsage was made of the brocade, with puffs and drapings of the tissue under fine duchess lace.

The best houses are now showing the new spring fabrics, and some are very lovely, both in designs and colorings, and those ladies who love to be considered leaders in fashions already have their new gowns made. One is made of new striped cheviot, which is what we call dead fine in weave. The stripes were perpendicular and in indistinct outline, shading from slate gray to moss green, with a sort of underlying shade of golden brown, not exactly what one might call changeable, but with a suspicion of what it might become if just a little more light were to fall upon it. It had a plain gathered skirt, walking length, bordered by three rows of narrow black velvet ribbon. The skirt opened on the right side to show a narrow panel of plaid, holding the same colors, with the addition of white. A sash was fastened to a point in front and tied in a sailor knot in the back, falling to the bottom of the skirt and ending in a knotted fringe. The corsage was gathered to a point; gigot sleeves. A stylish little cape cut on the bias, edged with fringe and with fur lined collar, goes with it, and a curiously bent hat of black velvet and jet.

The soft new barezes have stripes running across the width and are in delicate shades of gray, mauve, dove, smoke, dun and tan, nearly all admixed with white or black or some contrasting color. The new percales follow the patterns of the barezes exactly and are very pretty. A dainty morning costume with short waist is shown here. The front is gathered at the neck and falls to the feet, but is tied in with the sash. The back is gathered and a surah sash tied in a full chou knot just under the bust. The bishop sleeves finish in the same way, and there is a draped collar of the surah. At the bottom is a gauffered flounce: a simple but very novel gown, which would please most young persons.

Making a call a day or two ago I met one or the sweetest and most charming middle aged ladies I ever saw. Her soft gray hair was waved and brought back under a comb. She wore a black faille gown, with a black lace berthe, which came to a point at the corsage. The intervening space was filled with a jabot of white crepe lisse, and around the bottom was a narrow puff of the silk. The skirt was, as so many are now, gathered all the way around.

Visiting her was a young English girl, and I am sure she will never forget the sweet cordiality of her welcome. The English lady wore a gown of rough ribbed stuff, the ribs in two shades of russet brown, made with a bias corset skirt. The waist was cut bias and buttoned on the side and had two rows of narrow astrakhan to simulate a short waist. There were two Russian caps to the sleeves, which only reached to the middle of the forearm, but the whole gown was charming. MATE LEROY

How Mme. Modjeska Keeps Young.

As remarkable as Mme. Modjeska's stage success is her faculty for keeping young in looks as well as spirit. The secret of it all, Mme. Modjeska says, is that she takes a hot bath before going to bed every night, secures plenty of sleep, and does not eat too much. But her additional confession, that she drinks a great deal of tea and smokes cigarettes occasionally, makes the secret as mystifying as before it was revealed.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

There is a pair of fine woolen gloves in a neat little box at the customhouse in New York for President-elect Cleveland. They were sent from London by an unknown English friend of the Democratic leader, who prepaid the freight, but made no provision for the duty on them. The package was brought over by the steamer Rossmore, consigned to Arthur Robson, a customs broker, but addressed to Mr. Cleveland. Mr. Robson has notified the President-elect that the duty prescribed by the McKinley tariff on gloves is at the rate of 49 1-2 cents per pound and 60 5-8 per cent. ad valorem.

GOWNS FOR HALF MOURNING.

A costume and house robe for the period of half mourning are here shown. The costume is of black cashmere or black and white hairline, trimmed with faille or bengaline in black or lilac. The hat is of felt with black wings. The house robe is of brocaded black cloth or crepe material, trimmed with appliqued Irish point lace, with a girdle of lustreless beads.