THE WOMAN'S REALM.

"Auld Nature swears the lovely dears Her noblest work she classes O,
Her prentice han' she tried on Man And then she made the lasses O."—BURNS.
"Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected."—LOWELL.

READING FOR WOMEN.

WAS IT A DREAM?—READ THE STORY AND FIND OUT.

The Parisians Again—A Mother's Trials as Chaperone—The Fashion Letter.—The Privileges of Mothers.

Pastonrelle.

(February Fourteenth.)

Oh, whither is my heart gone?
Without it, what to do!
How shall I heed the shepherds
Who daily come to woo?
I know not how I lost it,
Nor if the treasure's ta'en;
But worst of all I know not
How 'twill be found again.

Oh, whither is my heart gone?
Dear shepherd lads, I pray,
Cry "Who has seen a maid's heart,
That's missed since yesterday?"

Yet stay! Beneath the oak tree,
Beside the ruined wall,
Who was it I saw standing—
So straight, so proud, so tall?
His smile, 'twas so much sunshine,
His eye, how blue, how bright!
I met them for one moment
And dreamed o' them all night.

Too late, kind lads, fair lasses!
What gift, what magic art
Shall make the man who's won it
Give back a girl her heart?

A TWELFTH-NIGHT RING.

Just those three letters, "A. V. E.," evidently cut with a diamond ring in the mirror, and staring out on him as Jack Smith stared into it. He had been staring into it, in a brown study, for the last half hour, before these three initials took form there and flashed out on him.

Of course he knew that they were cut in the glass all the time, only he had just happened to notice them.

But what one knows and what one feels are not always the same thing; and somehow, Jack, in his dilemma, felt these letters a sort of message to him.

"'A. V. E.'" he repeated to himself. "All hail! that ancient greeting; meeting me oddly enough here, where I am just looking for her."

And then!

"All hail! How goes the charm of this very Twelfth night? Then when one has won the Twelfth-night ring—and surely, though I've cut no Twelfth-night cake, I've found a certain magic little ring—when the one who has the ring looks intently into the mirror upon Twelfth night—the face—comes and looks into the mirror over one's shoulder."

It was hardly the orthodox hour for spells, with the sun still slanting yonder on the icy lake under his windows; yet, for all that, a misty face, with faint illusive features, seemed to be gazing at him out of the glass. With a laugh at himself, he drew a letter from his pocketbook—a little letter, worn by the number of times it had been pulled out of its envelope during the last few days.

The envelope bore the postmark of this far north town of Plattsburgh. The letter said: "If not to this John Smith, give to some other of the name:"

"I couldn't stay to meet you, Johnny. I know you will understand what it means when you find I am not there to meet you with the others. I inclose the little ring; we have both outgrown it since the day you took it off your finger to put it on mine. After awhile you will come up here and see me if you like, but now I am home. I am just writing this on my way that it may greet you on your arrival in New York, and tell you at once that you are free. But don't forget that I shall always be glad to see my Cousin Johnny, and that I am, as I used to be long ago, just your affectionate LITTLE AMY."

A curious letter and a curious inclosure; a tiny ring with a mere spark of a diamond in it. "John Smith, Esq., New York Hotel, Broadway, New York," was the address.

It had been delivered to the wrong John Smith just as he was leaving the New York Hotel for a run up the Hudson. In the hurry of departure he had overlooked it, and afterward, though sure he was the wrong John Smith, he had not known what to do with it.

The small, empty circle had a pathetic air to him, as if little Amy's hand might look lost without it. Perhaps the girl was just putting a brave face on the matter, as slighted girls will when their lovers weary of them. Big, broad-shouldered Jack felt he should like to take the poor little thing's part and punch the head of faithless Johnny.

It was that feeling which had brought him on to Plattsburgh from his careless, sight-seeing stay in New York. He had said to himself that he might as well see something of winter, now that he was East, his idea of the yule season being the green one of the California coast. There was really nothing to keep him back from following up the very slender clue the postmark of that letter held out to him.

Up the Hudson, on to Albany, thence across the rocky verge of Lake Champlain; under a clear and sparkling winter sunshine, it was a charming journey, even without hope of adventure at the end of it. And now, here was Jack at Plattsburgh, at Fouquet's Hotel, which had beckoned him over from the railway station. And here the mirror in his room, overlooking the lake, had given him its message.

"A. V. E." The A. might stand for Amy. The diamond spark in the ring might have cut these initials here!

It was the very slenderest clue, but Jack presently found himself following it up. Amy had stopped in Plattsburgh on her way home, she wrote. Surely, nowhere in Plattsburgh could she better stop than at Fouquet's.

A moment later and Jack was turning over the hotel register. He had not far to look before he found the entry, "Miss A. V. Elliot, Cedarcliff." Then he made good search to find if there were no other A. V. E. On this point satisfying himself, he asked where one might find the village of Cedarcliff.

There was no village, only a country house. The Cedarcliff folks always stopped here from the trains till sent for. Yes, if the gentleman wanted a sleigh he could have one, with a driver who knew the way round by Cumberland Head.

So, presently, Jack was speeding out through the broad streets overarched with elms, leafless, but sheathed in icicles, and flashing in a million jeweled points in the evening sunshine. The great white lake flashed too, the sleigh-bells clashed with a merry peal of marriage bells, and Jack found himself in the Cedarcliff parlor before he had at all decided what he was to say.

Was Miss Elliott at home? and which Miss Elliott? Miss Verena was at home; would she do, sir, for the others were all out this afternoon.

The small maid who let him in went away with the reluctant assurance from Jack that Miss Verena would do. And then Jack reflected that Verena was the second letter in the magic mirror. The first might stand for Amy. But, then, just as well it might stand for Annie and Abigail. Jack had heard that one might find Abby in abundance among these Yankee girls. Well, Plattsburgh was not quite in Vermont, so perhaps it was not Abby.

It certainly was not Abby! When this dainty little creature, in some pale-gray fleecy drapery, like a soft evening cloud, came lightly in, Jack stood up with his lowest bow.

"Miss Amy Elliott, I believe?"

"Yes."

"And I am John Smith."

"Oh!" Her hand went out to him in eager greeting. "Jonnie! It isn't possible." And then more slowly, "No—it is not possible."

Jack was bowing over her hand.

"I don't think I'm Jonnie. I might be, of course; only I never was; but—pardon me, but a letter I had no right to has fallen intomyhand s—and I didn't know what to do with it—I—I thought I ought to find you and return it."

Without a word she took the unsealed envelope he put it into her hand.

The room was dim in the declining afternoon; she went away to the window with the letter.

Standing there with the sunset streaming in upon her, she was revealed more fully to him. How wonderfully pretty she was! And was it only the sunset that made her cheeks glow and her eyes to shine so, as she turned to him?

"You have read this letter, Mr. Smith?"

He bent his head. He was beginning to think this quest of his mere impertinence.

"I could not know it was not meant for me until I had read it," he said meekly. "But perhaps, Miss Elliott, as your name is Verena—"

He was holding out his hand for the letter, as if it could not be hers.

"My name is Amy Verena," she said, with an embarrassed little laugh. "Mamma was hoping I might turn out an 'Heir-of-Radcliffe' sort of girl, but I haven't," she said defiantly; "and Johnny knows I haven't; ad I am only sorry the letter failed to reach him in time to prevent—"

As she paused abruptly, Jack poured out a torrent of apologies. He would have gone to the ends of the earth to find her out before; he had the greatest desire to go to the ends of the earth, as has been said, to punch the true false Johnny's head for him. And, though Jack does not exactly say as much, he somehow betrays it all to Miss Amy Verena.

She stares at him, fairly puzzled for a moment. Then she breaks into a laugh, so merry that he has to join in it.

"Oh! so you have been sorry for the maiden all forlorn? But you needn't have been, for Johnny wrote, and begged—Oh, but I didn't mean to tell you that!" she cried, catching herself up quickly. "Only, you know, we were almost children when Johnny went away to Germany to college, and—"

"And his steamer was due in New York and he was to register at the New York Hotel? But this other John Smith arrived first—not from Europe, but across the continent from California, on a first visit East. And—I beg your pardon, but you are not going to put on that ring, are you?"

The first part of that sentence of his was very positive, as he observed her turning the ring over on her open palm. The two last words were added hastily, upon the startled glance she gave him.

"I? No; certainly not," she answered, blushing.

She laid it down upon the mantelpiece as she came forward from the fire, and she did not observe that as he leaned on the mantel and talked to her he slipped the bauble into his breast-pocket, whence he had taken it with the letter a while ago.

As this was not Jack's last visit, however, she had many an opportunity to make inquiries for the missing ring, if she would.

But there was always so much else to talk about. California, the far East, China, Japan, even Australia, all of which this California Jack knew, if he were rather ignorant of Europe.

But one day—and January was barely out before that day came, everything of California being naturally of rapid growth—he asked Amy to come with him and show him Europe.

That was the day he laid the ring back on the mantelpiece before her eyes.

The two were standing on the hearth rug together. As he turned to put the ring on the mantel he met her eyes in the mirror looking over his shoulder. He held them fast with his.

"Miss Elliott, that first evening— it was twelfth-night, Amy, when we at home cut the twelfth-night cake for the wedding ring in it. This charmed ring had come to me by a strange chance, and as I spelled out the A. V. E. it had cut into my mirror, I fancied two soft eyes glanced in, over my shoulder, and two rosy lips. Was it only a dream, sweetheart; or a true prophetic twelfth-night vision?"

Her hands were in his now; but the sweet eyes were held no longer—the drooped lashes veiled them.

"I—I don't think that it was only a dream, Jack!"—Waverly Magazine.

Valentines.

"Oh, my love is Nellie Jackson,
With her nut-brown hair—not flaxen,
And her cheeks so smooth and waxen.
Her sweet grace and noble action
Prove she is of high extraction.
In all tribes, from Turk to Saxon,
There is none like Nellie Jackson.
Oh, I love her to distraction,
I would do her least exaction
To her utmost satisfaction;
But she loves me not a fraction,
Cruel little Nellie Jackson."

"Star of my soul! dear Miss Christie,
How your questions, hard and twisty,
Prove our little knowledge misty
Yet with all your wisdom, wist ye
How I love ye, dear Miss Christie?
Surely, breath of Heaven hath kissed ye.
Oh, the angels must have missed ye
When ye strayed to earth, Miss Christie.
Oh, my Heart cannot resist ye.
To my Soul's cry, list ye, list ye,
Darling, Sweetheart, O Miss Christie!"

"Oh! fairest of the fair is Alice!
And with her face her nature tallies.
A dewdrop in a lily's chalice
Is not so crystal pure as Alice.
And for her wit—her brilliant sallies,
For all her quick retorts and rallies,
They never hide a trace of malice.
My lowly hut, if shared with Alice,
Would, presto, turn into a palace.
While brooklets seek the fertile valleys,
While the wide sea is flecked with galleys,
Will I adore my darling Alice."

IN FEMININE FIELDS.

Lovely Woman, Her Ways the World Over.

The late John G. Whittier once wrote to a newly married friend: "Bachelor as I am, I congratulate thee on thy escape from single (misery!) blessedness. It is the very wisest thing thee ever did. Were I autocrat I would see to it that every young man over twenty-five and every young woman over twenty was married without delay. Perhaps, on second thought, it might be well to keep one old maid and one old bachelor in each town, by way of warning, just as the Spartans did their drunken helots."

What a diabolical delight, says a New York writer, the men in the shops seems to take in your dismayed exclamation "seven yards? Why, my last gown only took six!" But the fact must be faced. The skirts are wider now than they have been, and we are all on the defensive in daily dread of crinoline. With all a woman's rights in the nineteenth century, cannot one of them be to wear comfortable and becoming clothes and clothes that she likes?

Be a cheerful neighbor, a cheerful mother and a cheerful wife. You don't realize, says "Roseleaf," the importance of smiles and even hopeful temperament. It may not show its work to-day or to-morrow, but one fine day you will wake up to find you have an army of friends, children proud of their mother's lovely disposition, and a husband truer, manlier and more devoted than if he had a discouraging helpmeet to "mould his character."

Sure Convalescence.

Low at your dainty feet,
A worm, a worm,
Transfixed by Cupid's shaft,
I squirm, I squirm!
Yet blest are they who feel
The Archer's darts;—
Agony, ecstasy,
Equal parts.

Better to suffer thus
Where I lie;—
Better to wait "the sweet
By-and-by;"—
Better to thrill and chill,
Hope and despair,
Than to know stolid rest
Otherwhere!

By your soft blushes that
Come and go,—
Lips' curves that stimulate
Cupid's bow,—
Dimples that flee awhile,
Then hasten back,
I know I shall not die
Of this attack!

—Sarah J. Burke.

New York City.

THE WOMAN OF FASHION.

What the Lentern Days Allow and What Forbid.

Lent came upon us this year before we realized it. We had just gotten well into a fascinating, bewildering round of gayety when somebody called a halt, and we were obliged to stop with such a sudden jerk that it has made us feel uncomfortable ever since. We are usually given an opportunity to gradually accustom ourselves to the change, but everything is about two weeks ahead this season, and we accordingly forgot all about the fact that the sober, quiet days for meditation were right upon us.

But we Americans are so very adaptable that it has taken us precisely three days to get over our surprise, and to send our thoughts in quite a different direction, and now the girls have stopped talking about the possibilities of the hoopskirt, and are giving all their attention instead to the cutting of aprons and dresses and petticoats for the poor. You would never guess, could you see them gathered around the table piled high with coarse stuffs, that they had not touched such things for months. They are just as particular about the cut and the seams and the neat stitch as if they had no other interest in the world, and they will accomplish a wonderful amount in these seven busy weeks.

But it isn't the only thing they do. There is a loophole, not a very small one, either, by which they can edge in considerable gayety in a very harmless manner. The afternoon tea is such a very inoffensive means of entertainment that it has not been placed beneath the ban, and you may go to a tea every day without provoking adverse criticism. Here you may retire into a secluded corner, if there happens to be one, and converse more confidentially in the fading afternoon light with your most particular male friend than in the crowded ball-room. And if the tea be given in your own home, or if you be one of the favored few selected to assist your hostess in pouring tea, you may even, with perfect propriety, wear a pretty home gown, cut rather low, with elbow sleeves. Then you will get such opportunity to display all your sweet graces as has been afforded you at no swagger evening affair of the winter past. Therefore, take heart, my pretty maid, and make the most of your opportunities.

Would you look particularly fascinating at one of these affairs, so different now from the tea that once was, with tiny cup and plain cakes? Then find out, if you can, just what sort of a one your hostess will give. If it is to be a color tea, discover the tint and gown accordingly.

Do not match the shade unless you pour tea, but dress in such color as will blend or effectively contrast with your surroundings. For instance, does the tea assume a pale, old rose tint? Then wear a dull blue. Is it gold? Get out your purple costume. Is it delicate green? Wear darker greens or soft browns. I have in mind a very beautiful costume in old blue bengaline, velvet and lace that would be charming for such an occasion. The skirt is blue bengaline, with a single tiny ruffle at the foot. Above the ruffle is a row of small velvet puffs, put on stiff and straight, with no joining. The bodice has a pretty white mousseline de soie front, full, narrow and pointed in at the waist line. At each shoulder there is a small plaited semi-collarette of blue velvet, a few shades darker than the silk, lying only on the shoulders, and then sloping down the front in narrow pieces to edge the full front. Then the velvet shoulder plaits are edged with rare old lace, that falls over the big sleeve proper, and that also edges, but more narrowly, the velvet down the front. The lace finishes at the waist in a pretty little knot.

Another gown for calling, a trifle more sedate in cut, though not in combination of color, is made of dark rich green. The skirt has nothing but four or five folds of the material at the edge, and all thought is bestowed upon the bodice. Here there is a lavishness of color that can scarcely be reconciled with the unassuming skirt. Commencing in front, we find a small, full gauze front of very pale gold shade. It is edged by galloon, embroidered in pearls of all the pretty, light shades. Next comes a second vest, full, of green gauze, necessarily divided by the centre bone, and coming down below it in the centre. This is also edged by the pearl trimming. Then the bodice, of miroir velvet, takes up its part, and continues on around to the back. The sleeves start with big puffs, it is quite needless to remark, and end with cuffs that are alternate velvet and pearl stripes. Finally there's a beautiful embroidered bela added.

A lovely old lady, with hair of true silver, gives a tea next week and wears the following: Silver gray crepon exact shade of hair, with white crepe front from neck to feet. At the neck it is smocked to form a pointed yoke and then falls plain, with a tiny embroidered edge at the feet. A silver girdle clasps the looseness of the gown and deep lace ruffles fall over the delicate hands of the old lady, who has the fairest, freshest complexion in the world.

If we're not wealthy enough to order a complete change of garments for the Lenten season, at least we can remodel the ones we have to some extent. We can take that very startling red or green wing from our hat and substitute a quiet bow or flower. We can replace the brilliant lining in our cape or coat by black, or some dark shade that will go with it. We can substitute some modest-colored glove for our glowing red one, and by these methods convert ourselves into very demure, unassuming damsels.

If you really intend to get a new costume for Lent, however, select one of the pretty new camel's hair or soft cloth materials, which are out in numerous light shades of dull blue, fawn and browns. They have such an attractive look after the reps, Miroir, et al., that we have been wearing them all winter. The new black grenadines are particularly inviting, and make such pretty gowns for quiet, social evenings, made over plain light colors. These grenadines are not like the ones of old. They are found with fine, corded stripes running through them, and with other stripes, besprinkled with fine jet beads. Then one pattern has a moire stripe, a grenadine stripe, and, finally, a corded stripe. Others have a satin stripe, and still others have flower patterns outlined over them, in Eastern designs, palm leaves and scroll patterns. These materials hang beautifully and wear well, which facts make them especially desirable. Some of the spring goods shades just like the velvets do. One pretty one starts with a very faint blue and deepens into a dull, dark shade.

I saw a woman this week that wore such a sensible shopping costume that I couldn't help admiring it. She seemed to be sensible all around, and to purchase what she wanted in a quiet, business-like way, for even the gentleman that accompanied her didn't look a trifle bored, but seemed quite content to follow her from counter to counter and from shop to shop. She wore a plain, dark-brown skirt, cheviot, of new cut, with but slight flare, and a perfectly plain tight-fitting sealskin bodice. The bodies stopped exactly at the waist line, fitting so closely that she needede no belt. It was simply turned in, with no addition whatsoever. Then a plaited collarette, particularly short at the shoulders, becoming straight down to the waist, both back and front, in a broad point, finished the costume. Her hat was dark brown velvet, with velvet loops and a few graceful wings at one side. There wasn't another woman near her simply dressed, and not another one, either, admirably suited to the busy surroundings she. EVA A. SCHUBERT.

THE UNMARRIED WOMAN.

Her Sphere for Usefulness is a Large One.

The position of the single woman has been rendered unjustly disagreeable because of a mistaken idea that she is superfluous so long as she is not mated. This theme has been rung so persistently that a woman may almost be pardoned if she comes to consider her existence a great mistake on the part of the Creator. However, the single woman is largely responsible for the public sentiment concerning her, because she fails to command the respect due to herself. Her work is generally performed without ostentation, and she accepts with quite too much meekness the unfair estimate that is passed upon her.

She is uncertain where she belongs in the social world; she is uncertain how to dress, and she shrinks from the thought of being thought intrusive. She may have had scores of lovers and refused them all, while her married friend accepted her first offer and never expected another. And she is sometimes driven to the conclusion that had she married the most insignificant or unworthy of her lovers, however little she cared for him, her position would have been superior in many ways to the present one. But this is very unjust, and the woman who complains that she has no place in the world has only to open her eyes, and in most instances she will readily see what is waiting for her.

With a Cup and Saucer.

I send my love a fragile China cup,
With purple violets painted round the rim,
Empty it is, but sweet thoughts fill it up,
And peep like tricksy elves above the brim.

Upon a saucer fashioned like a heart
Of palest tint, my dainty cup is set—
Dear emblem, symbolling life's better part—
How can she look upon it, and forget?

The charm I drop within the cup is such
That every draught a tender thought will bring;
The crinkled leaves wil brighten at her touch,
The flowers will know a mystic blossoming.

Poor pictured violets, that never grew
In ferny nooks, nor felt a summer shower!
To hearts that hate the false and love the true,
There is a sadness in a painted flower.

But go, my gift: and as my lady sips
Her creamy cocoa, or her fragrant tea,
Thy happy rim perchance may touch her lips,
And bring to her a fleeting thought of me!

—Florence May Alt.

A Poor Little God.

I feel very sorry for Love; don't you?
He's in such a pitiful plight;
He's deaf as a door-post, and speechless, too,
And then, he has lost his sight;
And if he sometimes misses the mark,
We need not feel much surprise,
For the poor little god has to shoot in the dark,
With no help from his sightless eyes.

I am utterly, hopelessly commonplace
Grey eyes—brown hair—an every-day face,
He thinks me pretty, clever and kind,
And that's how I know that Love is blind.

Sometimes we sit in the dusky hall,
By the bright wood-fire and the urgent call
Of the dinner gong sounds out loud and clear;
But he sits there, musing, and does not hear
Till he sees my petticoats disappearing,
And that's how I know Love's hard of hearing.

And sometimes, when he has been away,
And we meet again—in a raptuous way,
He stands for a moment holding my hand,
And can find no words, but I understand
The tender phrases that will not come,
And that's how I know that Love is dumb.

Poor little god! Groping so blindly!
Surely all men should treat you kindly!
And I declare that, for my part,
You've a home forever within my heart;
And I think I know of one lover true,
Who will give you a corner in his heart, too.

—Hilda Johnson.

Mothers and Mothers.

To be the mother of rosy, rollicking children, what happier fate could one desire? And yet there are those who "out-Herod" Herod in their determination to evade the responsibility of child rearing. "How I envy you your children!" said a kind hearted Christian woman to me, "but, oh, I never could assume such a responsibility!"

Responsibility? Fiddlesticks! What a flimsy covering for selfishness, in most cases. There is plenty of responsibility, but the thought is made too great a burden—too great a bugbear. When a mother has done all she can for her children—by example, precept and prayer—may she not leave the result to an All Wise Father, who knoweth and doeth all things well?

There are mothers and mothers, loving, sympathetic, spiritual mothers, and others who are mere physical mothers, and outside the ranks are those who dare not come in because of the responsibility.

A childless wife! Speak the words sadly; they know not what they miss. To be one with the Creator in the God given power of motherhood, to feel that we are objects of his special care, is it not sufficient? Let us then be glad of the responsibility.—Housekeeper.

Sub Rosa.

The white rose stands for purity,
The red rose stands for love,
The moss rose stands for the dealer
Who sells on tick the above.

What One Woman Sees.

If there is any kind of a girl under the sun that is a nuisance it is the one who has made an accidental discovery that she is possessed of at least one good point.

I suppose you have met her. She is usually around—in fact, she is everywhere. She sits beside you in the car, she shares your pew in church, sits in front of you at the matinee and shines forth at the cotillon. Wherever you go she haunts you like the ghost of your past misdeeds and flirtations.

If this nuisance possesses a pretty foot she spends just about two-thirds of her allowance in keeping it well shod; she fairly dotes on short, girlish skirts, and thinks trained dresses such a bother. She adopts slippers that tie, the kind that is always in a chronic state of "wanting tying," and, of course, when he ties the slipper, admiration for the foot will be awakened. Then she's always sure to stick her foot out just so you can stumble over it.

* * *

There's the girl with the pretty hands—she's quite as bad. She usually punctuates every remark with a wave of the aforesaid member. She goes in for card parties, piano and violin practice, visits the manicure, and thinks gloves "such a trial."

Then there's the girl with the good form, who affects tailor-made gowns worn so tight that you are in mortal dread, when in her presence, for fear of the buttons flying off. She's sure to pose, perhaps take to Delsartism.

And then there's she whose chief beauty is her hair. It's sure to tumble down at the most impossible times, and then she gets so awfully embarrassed, and gasps, when its lovely luxuriance covers her shoulders and she puts her hands convulsively to her head, looks around in bewilderment, and then rushes off to fix it, leaving the man in "admiration lost" at its beauty. And while he awaits her return he'll muse on the loveliness of her shiny locks, and smile softly at the "dear girl's" embarrassment. He'll be too stupid to think of the one sole hairpin, with "malice aforethought," that held the pretty roll of hair. To be sure, he will.

* * *

But it's the girl with the beautiful eyes that quite drives one frantic. They are a whole battery in themselves, and the man that can withstand the killing glances bestowed by these lovely orbs and come out heart whole and fancy free ought to be the center of attraction at a dime museum.

Notice the way she opens and closes them, the languorous glances, the stony stare that quickly changes to wide-eyed surprise. See, now she rolls them in frenzy, then suddenly lets the white lids fall, to show off the long lashes, and then as suddenly turning the full battery of their loveliness on him, and the man will either do one of two things with that girl when he gazes into the depths of those bright eyes—he'll either fall desperately in love then and there, or he'll rush from her presence, firm in his belief that he has been conversing with an escaped lunatic.

Ah, girls, cultivate your good points and you'll have nothing to fear; you'll outwit the real beauty six times out of ten.

HER DAUGHTER.

A Mother's Trials and Duties as a Chaperon.

Well, it is all arranged, and we are to leave our native country the next time the Teutonic sails out of New York harbor. I told Claire of the plans I had made, and at first I was very much afraid that there would be a scene as she looked up at me as though I had struck her, but all she said was "Oh, mother." Since that day she has gone about her usual occupations and taken part listlessly in the preparations for departure, but I can see her heart is not in the expected trip.

Yesterday, at Mrs. Hilary's tea, she looked so downcast that I was almost tempted to give up the whole thing and let her remain here, where, at least, her sweet face would not be clouded, and her spirits depressed. However, the sense of my duty to her came to the rescue, and I went bravely on, telling Emily and the others all about the good times I expected to have, though I was never for an instant blind to the vision of a girlish figure that sat near at hand, listlessly tapping her saucer with the little fanciful spoon, and with the bright eyes dim with unshed tears.

Sometimes I actually feel like a murderess, and I am one in a way, for have I not killed for the time being all the light-heartedness that was one of Claire's chief charms? Yet I know it will come back after a while, for youthful hearts are like rubber—capable of great extension without breaking—and the day is sure to come when my daughter will thank me for removing her from the baneful influence of this handsome, poverty-stricken young man.

Jack acts quite as silly as Claire about our going away, and either comes to the house and mopes, or is in a continual state of moody silence when we see him elsewhere. I had no idea he was so hard hit, and I think it quite as well that this absurd infatuation (for you can call it nothing else in a man of his years) be brought to an abrupt termination in the beginning. So far as eligibility is concerned, Jack stands without a flaw; but so long as Claire's heart is not involved, I do not mean to give him any opportunity to catch that member on the rebound, leaving me out in the cold altogether, with the unenviable part to play of mother-in-law to a one-time admirer. If he were fond of me before her return, and I think there was no if about it then, he will be so again, once she is out of sight and hearing, for the friendship of years is bound to weigh against the new acquaintance of a few short weeks.

As "Georgie" is to be one of the party, he makes it an excuse for calling at the most unusual and inopportune times with more questions to the minute than I ever thought his tiny brain could evolve. With great magnaminity he has invited us for a prolonged stay at his royal relative's upon our return to London in the Spring. We have had, however, the good sense to refuse, as these off-hand requests frequently cause much embarrassment to the unwilling host or hostess, who are quite ignorant of any such arrangement.

The Honorable Teddy likewise has chosen to spend the late winter days in Southern France, as our particularly severe weather has quite "done him up," to use his own expression. That man is a perfect mystery to me. I can't make out whether he is a superb simpleton or a deep-dyed knave who knows far more than he chooses to show. I incline somewhat to the latter opinion, as of late he has been quite attentive to me, so much so that society has remarked it and I have been thinking quite seriously what sort of royal emblem would be suitable to have embroidered on my lingerie and emblazoned on my carriage door if I should forget all about Jack and marry him.

Thinking to sound Jack one day, I dropped a casual hint regarding this gossip, and received for my pains an ungracious growl, the purport of which was: "The man is not the fool he looks; he is quite alive to the advantages to be derived from an alliance with a wealthy widow, and if he can't find anything better, you may not be surprised to have him offer you his untarnished name and empty pocket-book. It's a way his kind have."

Now I think that very mean of Jack. He might at least have let me think it was my personal attractions rather than my bank-book that lured on my English wooer; but that is Jack's blunt American way. No one could ever accuse him of being an Anglo-maniac, and I am very glad of it, for it is bad enough when it breaks out in one in whom you have no especial interest, but when you have a sort of regard for a man, as I have for Jack, you would rather they would be quite natural, even if sometimes a trifle rude.

Pitchers Galore.

An Atchison woman is going crazy on the souvenir pitcher fad. She has every shelf, cupboard, and closet in her house filled with pitchers, in sizes ranging from the kind fairies would use at tea parties, to one as big as a barn door. She trades off everything she can lay her hands on for pitchers, so that her family is eating out of pitchers, drinking out of pitchers, and washing their faces in pitchers. The woman is undoubtedly crazy, and her family is growing so.—Atchison Daily Globe.

Distance and Accessibility.

Head of firm: I can't have you arriving so late in the morning, sir. Where do you live?

New Clerk: At Lawnville, close to the city.

Head of Firm: Um! I see. Well, move further away, and come in on an express train.—New York Weekly.

A Sonnet.

I read boks band and good—some bad and good
At once: (good aims not always make good books;
Well-tempered spades turn up ill-smelling soils
In digging vineyards, even) books that prove
God's being so definitely, that man's doubt
Grows self-defined the other side the line,
Made Atheist by suggestion, moral books,
Exasperating to license; genial books,
Discounting from the human dignity;
And merry books, which set you weeping when
The sun shines—ay, and melancholy books,
Which make you laugh that anyone should weep
In this disjointed life for one wrong more.

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