SUMMER LOVE

I.

A year ago, one summer day,
They stood upon the shore together
And watched the dark blue waves at play;
Ah, it was love's most charming weather
As smiling as the morn was she,
Pleased with his vows of constancy.

II.

And as they gazed upon the wave
A shell came tumbling from the waters,
Whereon in rainbow tints was traced
Some love song of old Ocean's daughters.
Laughing, she asked, her eyes down bent,
"What message have the mermaids sent?"

III.

She picked it up, and to her ear
Gayly she held the sea's bright jewel.
Then cast it down, with look austere,
Crying, "Such words are false and cruel!"
"What did it say, that evil shell?"
He asked the maid—she would not tell.

IV

But when the sun had sunk to rest
And night winds rustled in the clover,
And to his bramble-covered nest
Fluttered on tired wings the plover,
He found the shell, and harked, and cried,
"A lie!" and flung it in the tide.

V

The golden days flew swiftly by,
(They speed so fast in love's bright weather!)
No cloud disturbed the placid sky
'Neath which their hearts were bound together.
They sighed, they kissed, in shady nook,
Or mossy bank, by rippling brook.

VI.

Oft when the yellow moon was low,
And mystic shadows filled the gloaming,
In love's oblivion they'd go
And listen to the mill dam, foaming,
Or seek the turnstile in the lane
To weave the lovers' daisy-chain.

VII.

Entranced with love so deep, so rare,
The turtle doves forgot their cooing
The rabbit from his leafy lair
Looked quite bewildered at such wooing;
The crickets in the moonlit grove
Listened in silence to their love.

VIII.

But every smile begets a tear;
They met, they loved, to part in sorrow;
Forever? Nay, for one short year
("Next year" is but a long "to-morrow.")
Then would they wander hand in hand
Again upon that shell-strewn sand.

IX

'Tis summer time; a year has flown;
Beneath the stars the waves are breaking.
The rabbit sits upon a stone,
His ears in expectation quaking
The turtle doves, the crickets, too,
Are here to greet those lovers true

X

But see, the sky is darkening fast.
The night wind bellows his disclosures;
A shell upon the beach is cast,
While mermaids chant in mournful measure,
Ah, lovers, far apart to-night,
'Twas "Summer Love"—the shell tells right

THOMAS FROST.

GAME OF LIVING WHIST.

Most Popular of Summer Evening Diversions—In Moonlight on the Lawn.

The game of living whist is as popular this summer for evening entertainment on the lawn as open air performances of plays have been for two or three years past. The plan is this: The cards are represented by young women and men, who are dressed

QUEEN OF HEARTS.

in appropriate costumes, and whose suit and value are clearly indicated. There must, of course, be fifty-two cards, half men and half women, four persons to play the hand, and a page or herald for each player. The guests are seated about three sides of a large space on the lawn, and from the fourth side come the cards. They wander in and out in fantastic march, with no rule, in mazes of dainty costumes

ACE OF CLUBS.

and gleaming colors, making a charming sight. This is the shuffle. Then the dealer points each one to his or her place as they pass him by in indiscriminate disorder.

The hand should have been played over and a record of plays made, beforehand, and each card should know to which hand he or she belongs, so there may be no real confusion. They are thus arranged in the four hands on the open side of the square, with the player of each hand standing before his men. The leader holds his list in his hand and calls out what card he will lead—the king of spades, perhaps. The small herald blows his trumpet and leads out the king and each of the other cards follows him in the like state, led by the herald from his own hand till the four meet in the hollow square below the spectators and the pages retire.

The four in the center then dance a little figure, something adapted from the minuet, quadrille, lancers or any fancy dance. The three conquered cards then bow low to the winner, who leads them off to make way for the next trick, and so on—each time the little dance, and the stately march and the fanfare of trumpets. This goes on until the hand is all played, when the winners of the game stand up together and the whole procession files by, bowing as they pass, and on to the open lawn again, where they go through marches and counter marches, the four small heralds ahead.

So much for the general order of the performance. As to details, there are many to be considered. The first is as to the arrangement of the sexes in the distribution of the cards. Of course the aces should be the four handsomest young women to be found, the kings and knaves should be men—the kings tall and the knaves of medium height—and the queen a woman. As to the rest of the performances, one way is to make all the black cards young men and the red ones young girls.

The matter of costumes, too, is important. They may be very simple, or again, as elaborate as one desires. The aces should be entirely gowned in white, with a large red or black figure to indicate the suit to which she belongs on the front of each one's skirt, or on a sash across the breast. The kings and queens should appear in some attempt at a court dress, how elaborate to be settled by the means at one's disposal.

In a case where the strictest economy is desired, all of the young girls performing except, of course, the honor cards, may dress in simple white gowns from their own wardrobes, and merely wear a broad white sash across the shoulder.

On the other hand, where the question of expense is not so important, the liveliest fancy may have full sway and many charming costumes may be devised to add to the beauty and picturesqueness of the scene; the four aces in white gowns, with no decorations except, perhaps, a gold or silver border, the queens in royal robes and ermine, the kings in equally gorgeous raiment bearing scepters, and the knaves as knights or court gentlemen.

The suit spots on scarfs and dresses should be as large as possible, that the audience at a little distance may recognize the value of a card at once.—Philadelphia Press.

IT BOTHERED GEORGIE.

His Clara's Bathing Suit Causes a Serious Quarrel.

New York Recorder: I have just heard of a quarrel that has taken place between an engaged couple, and all about a bathing suit.

The young lady made it and felt very proud of her work, so much so that she showed it to her fiance.

"Where's the rest of it?" he inquired with a panic-stricken face.

"The rest of it? It's all here."

"Do you mean to tell me, Clara Waters, that you are going to wear a thing like that in public?"

"Why, George, I don't know what you mean! Do you dare say that I'm immodest?"

"N-no! but it seems awfully short to me."

"Short? Well, the idea of such a thing! Why, the skirt comes two inches below the knee—and I wear—a—trunks and stockings. Why, I'll just be loaded down with clothes!"

"But I don't see the need of—a—showing—a—why, they have suits that come down to the ankle, you know, and"——

"George Henry Hoyt, don't be such an idiot! Do you think I'm going to wear those bloomers and look like a pauper from Blackwell's Island? Humph! You'd better lock me up and be done with it!"

And they drifted apart—temporarily.

MARIA BARBERI.

How the Poor and Penitent Girl Spends Her Time at Sing Sing.

Within prison walls, in simple faith, a penitent breathes the Litany.

"Holy Mary, Mother of God," in a stranger's tongue echoes through the corridors.

"Mother most pure," for those who come to scoff.

"Mother most chaste," for those who come to pray.

"Virgin most merciful," falls the voice; but the mind is beyond the Alps in Italy.

"Queen of angels," though her heart is at home.

Bend low, Maria, and in your own sweet tongue say, with us: "Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come"—and lisp it as you did in childish days—"Thy will be done"—in far off Basilicata.

"Hail, holy Queen, Mother of Mercy"—in the hillside village. You remember—"our life, our sweetness and our hope in other days—all hail! To thee we cry, we poor, banished children of Eve.

"To thee we sigh, weeping and mourning in this vale of tears."

SHE DREAMS OF LIBERTY.

This woman dwells in shadow—this murderess of Cataldo. She prays for light in "L'Ave Maria della sera." She wakes, and looks on prison walls; and sleeps and dreams of liberty, of other days and brighter skies; she dreams of friends and Italy.

"Oh Madre clemete e pia
Salva, Salva la tua Maria."

Now, this simplicity of faith may not be up to date. The girl may be ignorant and stupid. She may be the producer of centuries of war and decades of bad government, but she is as she is, and at the mercy of the law.

"Benedittem! Padre," "God knows," said the girl, "I never had hatred against anyone. For Cataldo, I pray for him. I wish good to his family. I am a poor girl. Friends and the world are good when you are happy, but when you are in prison, God and the Madonna are near."

HE BIDS HER NOT DESPAIR.

"God never abandons the prisoner," said the priest.

"It is so," she answered, simply. "I take joy in this. I found myself in prison. I thought to be buried alive. I tried to sleep, but could not. Then I took my rosary in my hand and prayed. I put the rosary around my neck and slept. Then awakening again, the rosary, because God heard the prayer of the prisoner. Then I prayed again to have the judge have compassion on me, and the Madonna to save me."

"Be not afraid, my child," said the priest. "God will count your tears."

"It is so," she said again. "I am so melancholy at times. Two nights ago the moon shone in the prison yard. Then my thoughts were back in Italy. In the old home among my friends. I remembered how happy I was. I recalled my companions and my liberty and my little prayers. But the Blessed Mother is the consoler of the afflicted."

CONFIDES IN THE HOLY MOTHER.

"What do you say to the Madonna?" said the priest.

"Oh, father, when you are in prison you have many things to tell the Madonna. I say 'Our Father,' and 'Hail Mary,' but sometimes I cannot finish because I weep against my will. In Italy I was religious; in this country, careless." And then, in the manner of a child, with her hand on her breast, she said: "Padre, I need a prayer."

"Have you no hatred for the judge?" said the priest.

"One who has suffered as I have can have no hatred. For me, I have no enemies. I wish all happiness. For the 'Americanos,' heartfelt thanks for their sympathy for a friendless girl. For the Countess di Brazza, my deepest love," and the poor girl choked up with tears and put her hand above her heart.

SHE WAITS AND HOPES AND PRAYS.

This is Maria Barberi to Father Ferretti, a fellow countryman and her spiritual adviser.

But she waits and hopes, this girl. She comes of a nervous, passionate race. For the mere privilege of living her fathers fought invading hordes for centuries. The villainous Bourbons deprived them of their right to learning, and ignorance is their heritage.

The wild justice of nature righted every wrong, for they found it nowhere else. And if this poor girl so revenged herself, let us say with her, "Ad firmandum cor sincerum," and say it from the heart.

The shades of evening fall as the padre leaves her. The moonlight streams over the barricades and glorifies the cross in the room. The tolling of the evening bells is to her the tolling of a dream. She's again in distant Italy, and "L'Ave Maria della sera" are the words she says.—New York Journal.

Foreign Converse.

Etiquette requires in Chinese conversation that each should compliment the other and depreciate himself and all his belongings. It is affirmed that the following is not an exaggeration:

"What is your honorable name?"

"My insignificant appellation is Chang."

"Where is your magnificent palace?"

"My contemptible hut is at Luchan."

"How many are your illustrious children?"

"My vile, worthless brats are five."

"How is the health of your distinguished spouse?"

"My mean, good-for-nothing old woman is well."—Tid-Bits.

Just a Bit Ahead.

El Liberal: Doctor—"From now you may let your husband have a glass of beer a day—you understand."

Wife—"Yes, doctor, just one glass a day."

Doctor (a week later)—"Now, I hope you have kept strictly to that one glass a day that I allowed your husband to take?"

Wife—"Most decidedly, doctor—only he is four weeks in advance with his allowance."

FACE IS CHANGED.

THREE DISTINCT STAGES CAN BE SEEN IN WHEELMEN.

"Bicycle Face" Is a Fact—Wheelwomen Are Not Excepted in the Natural Peculiarity Noted Among Those Who Ride.

Everybody who had not thought seriously about the bicycle face before attention was called to it seems to have done so since, and many have given an opinion as to its cause. Very few have disputed its existence, and there few are, mainly the unobserving non-wheelmen. An old rider and phrenologist thus accounts for this peculiarity among wheelmen, says a writer in the New York Sun:

"Although only rarely any one has sought to analyze it," said he, "the so-called bicycle face has, nevertheless, existed from the time the first bicycle was mounted, and it prevails among women as well as among men. Quite one stage of this strained expression is recognized by most people—that which wreaths the faces of cyclers in the streets. As a matter of fact, the bicycle face appears in at least three distinct stages, each being mingled with a sense of fear and responsibility. The beginner is bent on keeping a perpendicular, and fears injury from falling. The road wheelman is engrossed with street traffic, and fears a collision, and the mind of the race track expert is focused on pedaling in the most effective way, and he fears the humiliation of defeat.

"The varying intensity of this distracted facial expression is easily accounted for, if we apply the rules of phrenology to the peculiar mental and physical make-up of individual wheelmen. Those who learn to ride soonest and who look most pleasant while practicing often have wide heads just behind the ears, showing large combativeness. This faculty gives them grit and determination.

"If with large combativeness the pupil's head is narrow where the hat touches above the ears, showing small cautiousness, he is likely to have more valor than discretion, and any amount of tumbling will not tease him. Such a person might learn to ride nicely with two or three lessons and look happy all the while. Let cautiousness be large and combativeness small, and the pupil may require ten times that number of lessons and then not be able to ride confidently. The majority of wheelmen have these characteristics plainly marked, usually with cautiousness in the foreground. The beginner's look of distress corresponds to the development of these two organs. This is face No. 1, indicates no care and no signs of bodily fatigue, but rather surprise and a sense of self-reliance.

"Face No. 2, commonest of all, is that of the road wheelman threading his way among carts, dogs, pedestrians, and what not. He of that class which has the round or 'pumpkin' head, which often signifies an excess of cautiousness, is almost sure to look extremely uncomfortable awhile. Women, with heads of this shape, would seldom dare to ride a crowded thoroughfare. When a cyclist's head, instead of being broad at cautiousness, is flat and sloping one may expect to see a daring, reckless rider. The countenance will be quite undisturbed and natural. His sense of fear is a blank. Fire engines and cable cars are toys to him until they have passed over his body. Fortunately there are few of this type. The road cyclist is no longer taxed with any appreciable effort to keep the equilibrium. He has launched out for himself and must be governed by strict laws. Cautiousness tells him that to forget himself may cost a broken arm or six months on the island; hence his face, naturally enough, bespeaks constant responsibility. According as this tension is removed from his mind, his features relax.

"Generally speaking, in very rare cases is the bicycle face brought about by physical exhaustion, except among wheelmen who make century runs or race against time. But even at the outset of a race those who are contesting always wear an unnatural cast of countenance. No traces of stage No. 1 are found in it, and the serious face of stage No. 2 is replaced by one of grim determination and anxiety to get first prize. This constitutes the third stage, the most injurious of all. Before the period of exhaustion arrives racing men are controlled chiefly by the phrenological organs of appropriativeness and firmness. The former is where the back of the head broad and flat near the top, and the latter gives rise to the crown of the head directly above the ears. When these two faculties co-operate the face reflects obstinate tenacity of purpose and a longing to come out victorious. The face usually grows more and more painful and inhuman as signs of muscular fatigue appear.

"The bicycle face, therefore, is but an outward evidence of mental or physical strain, governed and induced by the mental and physical make-up of the person. If everybody were to walk at three or four times the usual pace, making the liability of collision with each other that number of times greater than at present, there would soon develop what might be called the pavement face. The faster pace at which we run has not yet shown the more agonizing will his face become. The bicycle face is almost unknown in the country and in small cities, where a wheelman need give no special attention to his course, never having to dodge carriages and street cars. Even scorching fails to produce it when engaged in a sort of nonchalant expression which is often very hideous. The humped, or, as it is called, cat-on-the-back-yard-fence posture, while primarily not responsible for the awkward physiognomy, again subdivides the malady and makes it more apparent.

"One's temperament plays an important part in his ability to look calm and serene while riding. A wheelman of the mental temperament, or one who has more brains than body, will ride slowly and with great care, and he may be anxious and nervous.

"It is wrong to attribute the bicycle face to an incessant tax upon any special organ or organs of the brain, caused by an effort, conscious or unconscious, to keep one's balance. Every wheelman knows that a wheel practically maintains its own equilibrium, if in motion, and kept in motion. Everything that tends to absorb the rider's mind will add a new hue to his countenance. The bloomer should soften the features of women cyclers, so far as being hampered with clothing is concerned; but no one should expect wheelmen to wear a teetotally reformed phiz and a bland expression all the year round so long as they are obliged to cope with coal carts and the legion of extras that throng the avenues of a big city."

HIRING A BEAU.

The London Servant Maid Pays Sixpence for a Soldier.

The London servant maid is a natural born philosopher and social economist, of whom the nineteenth century and her suffrage demanding sisters have every reason to be proud. She is the working woman who has emancipated herself from some of the ancient and false sentiments of society with a calmness that makes one gasp and laugh, admire her common sense and wonder if this is what we are coming to in the course of time.

Now, the London servant maid is about the hardest worked domestic in Europe, particularly she who ministers to the needs of the boarding house and hotel inhabitants. Her hours are long, her wages rarely over $8 a month, and with no gas, furnace heat, dumb waiters, stationary bath, and few carpet sweepers in the houses where she serves, her labors are rather on the dray horse order. Yet, in spite of it all, she is a cheerful, polite person, who is not troubled by the knowledge that the attractions of the colonies every year wean away the braveest and best of English non servants, that the scarcity of sweethearts and husbands for the British maidens is beginning to alarm the students of sociology, and that Cupid has become a vulgar little banker, in place of a winged, arrow shooting god of love.

When her day's work is over, or her free afternoons come around, and her thoughts turn lightly to the joys of a stroll in the park, a bus ride, or a punket up the river in the natural wholesome recreation of masculine society, she does not sit at her attic window and sulk in loneliness. She does her hair in a trim and tissed bang, arrays herself in all the fascinating variety of incongruous color in which the English woman of every class revels, and calling at the nearest barracks, hires a soldier to take her on an airing.

Mary Anne has found an occupation for Tommy Atkins in days of peace, and on the payment of sixpence he is her property for an hour. He must attend her in all the glory of scarlet coat, brass buttons, jaunty muffin cap, cotton gloves and little furnished cane, give her his arm as they walk down Piccadilly and otherwise show her her full sixpence worth of courtesies and gallant attentions. They divide the expense of his fares and ginger ale treats and from the array of manly wit and beauty offered in the average barracks yard, Mary Anne is keen to select the tallest of England's defenders, the one with the straightest legs, broadest shoulders and deepest chest.

Recognizing his own beauty, the attractive grandeur of his swagger and the premium put on his coat and profession, Tommy is sometimes apt to overestimate his value. But Mary Anne is a hard-handed business woman, who, in self defense, has fixed the rates she will offer and give. For the exclusive joy of her soldier's society she will pay eight or ten pence, otherwise Tommy can let out half his smiles and his soft arm to another housemaid at the usual exposure rate, and everybody is satisfied, but no crowding beyond this is allowed, and the use of his arm is an unwritten law in her side of the bargain, the right elbow falling to the first applicant.

When Mary Anne's social ambitions are sustained by the plumpness of her pocketbook, she is apt to indulge herself in the extravagance of a petty officer's society, for which she must pay the whole of a shilling an hour and bear the cost of treats—often enough, in spite of the sordid arrangements, romance springs up in the turning of a six-penny piece, and Tommy generously offers to bestow his beauty, society and half his sixpence on Mary Anne free of charge, if she will have the arrangement ratified in some quiet Soho or Hammersmith church, where clergyman's fees are not exorbitant.

MILLICENT ARROWPOINT.

FOR MAIDS THAT ARE SHY.

It Is So Unique a Quality in These Days That the Possessor Should Be Proud.

Let no young woman be disturbed over the fact that she is shy, for to be shy, if one is shy prettily, is to be very charming, says the Philadelphia Times. Having become satisfied of the truth of this, don't at once be overcome by it and rush to a wrong extreme for to be shy in one's self must be shy gracefully, so the following hints will, no doubt, be gratefully received by many a girl who, having gotten over her shyness, wishes she hadn't, although they are directed to the girl who is naturally shy, and who, at the drop of a hat, feels she must come scarlet if she even thinks anybody is looking at her, whose heart beats fast when she is spoken to and whose limbs actually tremble so when she has to come into a room where there are strangers that she is really miserable instead of happy. Be shy by "second intent" if you can, say.

The pretty pink that comes into the cheeks is very attractive. There is no larger compliment in the world than that same pink and a dropping of the eyes at his regard. Don't try to face out that shy feeling in the town way. If the eyelids just won't keep up, let them stay down till you are more at ease. Don't feel that you must force yourself to behave like the girls who are quite at ease; that will be to make yourself affected and heartless, and to take the pretty tremble out of the voice and put an ugly strained simple there instead. "Yes" and "no" will do very well if they are all you can say, but be sure to say them as best you can without letting yourself be silly because you can do no better. The person you are talking to will see that genuine shyness is the matter and will like you all the better for it.

It is a great mistake to try to cover shyness by a kind of crossness that makes the other person think himself to blame for your silence. It is much better to look up honestly at him, even if your eyes are all full of tears, because you feel yourself so awkward and stupid, and confess that you are frightened. You may depend upon it he will be at once so thoughtful, so kind and so well pleased with you that you will be at ease in less than no time. The shy girl often finds herself left alone, and this making her feel she is not a "success" causes her to suffer the more. Then her face takes on a look of sulky distress that makes her noticeable and not attractive. Don't let yourself feel that way. You are fortunate to get a chance to be by yourself a little while, and if you only take it that way it will probably be only for a little while. Just sit with your hands clasped in your lap; don't let them flutter about; timidity is not pretty. Look at the other having a good time and think how fine it is to get a chance to sit still without being expected to do anything yourself. This is sure to make you forget your own lack of ease, and then half the battle is gained—gained very prettily, too.

Detachable Front.

One of the many styles of blouse fronts, now as much in evidence on gowns of whatever material, is here illustrated. The

circular yoke is made of cream colored lace bordered with black satin ribbon edged with jet, from which depend three strips of ribbon tipped with bows.

The full front may be composed of chiffon or any delicately textured material finished with epaulettes and bows of ribbon on the shoulders.

Satin ribbon forms the belt, which is made in crush style.

Not To-day.

Boston Transcript: Visitor—"And is your mistress so very ill? I am exceedingly sorry. Do they think she will die to-day?"

Maid servant—"She be very bad, mum, but she can't die to-day. This is cook's day off."

THE VEGETABLE WOMAN.

Fliegende Blaetter: He—"Anna, here is the vegetable woman."
She (slamming the door)—"Nonsense! That is the milliner with my new bonnet."

WAISTING TIME.

There is one thing we never lose in our store, and that is "time." Money is lost on slow sales and "carried over stock." We propose to cut the prices to the cost of merely

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5 dozen white Lawn and Percale Shirt Waists, soft collars, worth $1.00, Monday **25c**

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5 dozen handsomely embroidered white Lawn Waists, soft collars, formerly sold at $2, $2.50, $3.50 and $4.75, Monday's price **$1**

50 Separate Skirts, in Brilliantine and French Serge, very full, with three box pleats, in black, lined throughout, formerly sold at $6.75 and $7.50, Monday's price **$3.75**

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