

THE WOUND.

Fling the gay stuffs above it, The scar that the wound has left; Hide it with glowing flowers, With fingers quick and deft; Speak as if never a weapon, Held in a reckless hand, Had struck a blow so cruel; The world will understand, The world will look and lightly Say it all forgot; The sneer, the lie, the treason, Are all as they were not, Change in the law of nature, And love and faith and trust Are things too fair and dainty To tread life's common dust. Only when all is over, The curtain drawn o'er the play; When the voice has hushed its pleading, The snare has died away; When the corpse is decked for burial, And things show as they are, Deep, red and angry, as at first, I think they'll find the scar. —All the Year Round.

KADOUR AND KATEL.

Kadour-ben-Cherifa, sergeant major in a native regiment of tirailleurs, was almost dying the evening they carried him to Ripper's sawmill on the Sauerbach, and for five long weeks, racked by the pain of his wounds and burning with fever, he lived as though in a dream. At times he thought himself still in the thick of battle, shouting and leaping through the flaxfields of Wissembourg, or, again, he was away off in Algeria, in the house of his father, the caid of the Matnatas.

At last one day he opened his eyes and became vaguely conscious of a bright, calm, white curtained room, with green branches swaying outside its windows in the soft, tempered sunshine, and near his bed a silent little sister of charity, but a little sister without beads or silver cross or blue veil; only two heavy braids she had, falling down over a velvet bodice. From time to time some one would call out, "Kate! Kate!" and the girl would go away on tiptoe, and the wounded boy could hear in the distance a sonorous young voice, as refreshing to listen to as the brook running under the sawmill's windows.

Kadour-ben-Cherifa has been ill a long time, but the Ripperts have taken such good care of him that his wounds are healed, and they have hidden him so well that the Prussians have not found him to send him to die of cold in the Mayence prisons. Now he commences to talk, to show his white teeth and to take a few steps around the room, letting one of his sleeves—the one with a wide, gaping hole in the midst of its embroideries—fall empty over a well dressed and bandaged but still impotent arm. Every day Katel carries a wicker chair down into the little sawmill garden for the convalescent and finds for him the sunniest corner, along the wall, where the grapes ripen quickest, and Kadour, who, being a caid's son, was educated at the Arabian college in Algiers, thanks her in somewhat barbarous French, well sprinkled with bono bezzefs and macach bonos.

Without realizing it, the young Arab is under a spell. This easy gaiety of a Frankish girl, whose life is as free as a bird's, without enveloping veils out of doors or barred windows at home, astonishes and enchants him. So different from this is the cloistered life of the women of his land—the little white masked, musk perfumed Moorish women. Katel, on her side, finds Kadour a trifle too black, but he seems so good, so brave, and he does so detest the Prussians! One thing only troubles her. Off there in that Algeria of African men have the right to marry several wives. Katel cannot understand that at all, so when the Algerian, to tease her, says in his jargon: "Kadour marry soon. He take four wives—four!" Katel becomes very angry.

"Oh, what a wicked Kadour! What a heathen!" Then the Arab laughs a hearty boy's laugh, but suddenly he becomes serious again and is mute before the young girl, opening upon her eyes so wide—so wide you would think he wished to carry her away in their gaze.

It was thus that the loves of Kadour and Katel commenced.

Now that he is well, Kadour has returned to his father, and you can imagine if there has been merrymaking in his honor in the land of the Matnatas. The reed flutes and little Arab drums have played their prettiest airs to receive him. As the old caid, who was sitting before his door, saw in the distance coming down the cactus alley this beloved son whom he thought dead, he shook under his woolen burnoose as though with a chill. For a whole month there was an uninterrupted series of dif-fas, of fantasias, in the tribe. The caids and agas of the neighborhood disputed with each other the honor of having Kadour-ben-Cherifa for their guest, and every evening in the Moorish cafes they would make him tell them over and over again of the great battles in which he had taken part.

But all these honors, all this feasting, do not make Kadour the happier. In the paternal abode, surrounded though he be by all the associations of his boyhood—his horses, his dogs, his guns—there is something always lacking—Kate's cheery words and pleasant laughter. The perpetual chatter of the Arabian women, which used to cause his heart to beat so quickly, now wearies and annoys him. He no longer admires headresses of color and gold, and his trousers of rose colored satin, and his turban of long braids, and his sword, without pearls or garnets, and his girdle intermingled with three hundred and thirty-three in a little rooming garden.

But what would? In the next tribe to his there are beautiful black eyes watching him from behind the barred windows of the aga's dwelling—beautiful eyes so elongated with kohl that their every glance is an indolent caress. But Kadour no longer cares for eyes like that. What he dreams of, what he longs for, is Katel's kind look, which used to make the tour of his room so quickly to see that nothing was lacking for his comfort and in which the life was

always dancing like light in the blue depths of water drops.

Little by little, however, the charm of blue eyes wears off; that tender charm intermingled in his mind with the first experiences of convalescence, its first walks out of doors and with the climate of France, so soft and temperate. Kadour has finally forgotten Katel. In the whole Chelif valley nothing is talked of but his approaching marriage with Yamina, the daughter of the aga of Dzen-del.

One morning a long line of mules could be seen on the road leading to the town. It is Kadour-ben-Cherifa, who is going with his father to select the wedding gifts. The whole day is spent in the bazaars examining burnouses all shot with silver, rich carpets from Smyrna, amber necklaces and earrings, and as he handles all these pretty jewels, these drifts of silk and shimmering stuffs, Kadour thinks only of Yamina. The orient has completely reconquered him, but more from the force of habit and the influence of the place and surrounding objects than by any bond of the heart.

At the close of the day the mules, drawn up in line, laden with closely packed hampers of finery, were descending one of the outer streets of the town when on approaching the Arabian office they were stopped by a crowd assembled in the street. It was a band of emigrants that had just arrived. As nothing had been made ready to receive them, the poor things had come to the office to protest and question. The more disheartened remained seated on their boxes, wearied from the journey, annoyed by the curiosity of the crowd, and over all these exiled ones, like an additional touch of sadness, shone the rays of the setting sun.

Night was coming on to make still more wretched for them the mystery of this unknown land and the discomfort of their arrival. Kadour looked at them mechanically. But all at once a deep emotion arose in his heart. The costumes of the old peasants, the velvet bodices of the women, all those heads the color of ripe wheat—and here his dream takes actual shape; he has just recognized the pretty features, the thick braids and the smile of Katel. She is there, a few paces from him, with the old man Ripper, the mother and the little ones—all so far away from their sawmill and the Sauerbach that still runs by the little abandoned home.

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"Kadour!" "Kate!"

He has become very pale; she has blushed a little.

So, then, it is all arranged. The caid's house is large, and while waiting for a piece of land to be allotted to them the family will install themselves there. Quickly the mother gathers together the bundles scattered around her and calls the little ones, who are already at play with the stranger children. They are all crammed into the hampers with the stuffs, and Katel laughs with all her heart to find herself so tall, seated high up in the Arabian saddle.

Kadour laughs, too, less loudly though, with a feeling of deep, contained happiness. As night is coming on and it is cold, he envelops his companion in a fine striped burnoose, which drapes its shimmering folds and fringes around her. Motionless and straight in her lofty seat, she looks like some blond Mussulman girl who has left her veils behind her. Kadour thinks of it as he looks at her. And then there come to him mad ideas, a thousand wild projects. Already he has determined to release the aga's daughter from her word to him.

He will marry Katel—no one but Katel. Who knows? Perhaps some day they will again be returning thus from the town—they two, alone in a lane of laurel roses, she laughing in her high perch on the mule, he by her bridle as now. And feverish, deep in his dreams, he starts to give the signal for departure, but Katel stops him in her sweet voice: "Not yet—my husband is coming. We must wait for him."

Katel was married. Poor Kadour!—From the French of Alphonse Daudet in Short Stories.

His Reward.

Richwood, a little town south of here, is all agog, not only in colored circles, but also among the white brethren. The trouble is that a certain colored brother who takes an active part in religious circles, and in whom his associates have placed implicit confidence, has been detected having a piece of sticky fly paper in his hat when he went to take up the collection at the church. All the coins that were dropped upon the fly paper stand there, and it is amazing how the big pieces crowded the little ones off. When the audience had been solicited, this smooth individual would advance toward the pulpit and turn his hat upside down over that of another who had been soliciting the audience on the other side of the house. All the coins that dropped belonged to the church, and that which remained in the hat was to remunerate him for the good he had done in the blessed work.—Bucyrus (O.) Dispatch.

Like Unto Like.

Lord Ward, who was a remarkably absentminded man, was in the habit of speaking his thoughts aloud. He once gave Dr. — a lift in his cab, and thinking aloud as usual he exclaimed: "Confound this fellow! I wish I hadn't picked him up. He'll expect me to ask him to dinner." Dr. — was rather surprised at first, but remembering the strange habit of his companion exclaimed: "I wish I were not driving with this old bore. He'll be asking me to dinner, and I do not know how to get off." Lord Ward was in his turn astonished, but recollecting his own absence of mind laughed heartily and apologized.—London Gentlewoman.

Boston's Distinction.

Foreigner—I have always heard of your city as one of the most enlightened and progressive in America. Proud Bostonian—Enlightened and progressive! Sir, it is the most highly civilized city on earth.—Chicago Tribune.

TOILETS FOR MOURNING.

Unexpected Signs of Grief That Warm Weather May Develop.

The Eton jacket is too convenient to become quickly obsolete and is used in many of the spring costumes for misses and young women. A French model of a mourning gown is shown having an Eton jacket, although it seems rather too flippant a style for the appropriate expression of grief. The round bell skirt is trimmed with bias bands of crape, and the skirt, which opens over



MOURNING COSTUME.

A full crape vest, is bordered with the same trimming. Tight crape cuffs extend to the elbow, while crape epaulets fall over the puff that forms the upper part of the sleeve. Crape is still the orthodox material for mourning, although it is so unserviceable a stuff. Woolen crape and crepons, henrietta, serge, camel's hair and all dull finished black cloths are employed, while some beautiful black silk crepons are shown among the new spring goods, having a narrow plain silk stripe, or a silk stripe with a sort of ruffled effect, or the goods, instead of being striped, are sprinkled with plain silk flecks. For warm weather grenadine, nun's veiling and plain black silk net may also be used. Ample veils of the latter are far better for summer wear than the suffocating crape ones and are quite as complete mourning.

The custom of wearing black hists or tulle ruchings next the neck and wrists is one to be followed with caution, as the dye is usually not fast in those materials and is apt to come off upon the skin under the influence of warmth or dampness. A fold of dull china silk or a plaiting of silk net is a safer finish to adopt.

A spring mourning toilet is shown made of dull finished and woolen material. It has a round bell skirt trimmed with three bias bands of crape of different widths. The plain corsage has a short basque and open in front over a full vest of black gauze confined by a crape girdle. The full cloth sleeves are trimmed with crape. A triple crape accompanies the gown, the two lower capes of cloth and the upper one of crape. They are mounted on a yoke which is concealed by a cloth collar continued down the front edges of the cape in the form of crape revers. The bonnet, with its trimming and strings, is of crape and has a ruching of white crape beneath the close brim.

JUDIC CHOLET.

FOR USE AND ORNAMENT.

A Doll Bonbon Box That Only Costs \$3 or \$4.

The source of decorative novelties seems to be unending. Every month brings out on the fancy counters of the shops a fresh assortment of small articles more or less useful and ornamental. One of the latest things is a flat pocket pinholder, made of brown silk, in imitation of the flat side of a chestnut and rather larger than the Span-



NOVELTY BONBON BOX.

ish chestnuts seen in the markets. The pins are stuck in around the edge. The tiny decorated rolling pins, etc., once popular for key racks, have been superseded by wood or composition oak and maple leaves, painted and veined in the natural colors. Several small gilt hooks are fastened on the face of the leaf to hold the keys, and the leaf is hung up by the stem. Something decidedly new are the white applique letters now for sale at the notion counters. They are about three-quarters of an inch long and are embroidered, but have no background, and are intended to save the labor of embroidering initials on household linen and underwear. The idea is a novel but practical one.

Voluntinous lampshades are still popular, but ingenuity has been almost exhausted on them, and every combination of china silk, lace and crape has been tried over and over. Some new ones are shown made of crape paper in shades of lavender, ornamented with a large cluster of purple and white flag lilies or iris, also made of paper. The same scheme might be more cheerfully carried out in pale yellow, since there are yellow irises in nature. These military lamp shades are not satisfactory on the whole, however, as they are too flimsy to be trusted in the neighborhood of fire.

A doll bonbon box is a rather attractive novelty which, trivial as it may seem, sells at between \$3 and \$4. The foundation is a rather tall, round box, to the lid of which is fastened the upper half of a doll's body, with head and arms complete. The skirt is secured to the waist of the doll and is made just the right length and circumference to cover the box when the lid is on. These dolls are dressed in various styles—one in gray, a Quaker, with a silk bonnet and a kerchief; another in lace and muslin, with a hat and a tiny basket of flowers. The prettiest are the "folly" costumes of satin and ribbons, hung with little bells. The dress is in two colors, of course, black and orange, blue and white, and turquoise and gold being the most effective combinations.

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