

MADELINE.

Visions, visions of the night,
Wherefore are ye given?
Tempting is your fleeting light
As a glimpse of heaven;
Tempting, your but too brief smile,
Angels of my vision;
Linger, linger, then awhile,
Make my heart elysian.

Spirits, in your silent flight,
Tell what are ye teaching?
Priesthood of the starry night
Say what are ye preaching?
Why this music? Who are these
Looming now before me,
Born upon the wandering breeze,
Whispering softly o'er me?

Know ye little Madeline,
My sweet, my brown-eyed daughter?
Sings she now the songs divine,
O'er the living water,
Where the bright birds stoop to lave
In the crystal river—
In the iris-crested wave
Flowing on and ever?

Visions, visions of the night,
I would hear her story—
Bring her in your silent flight,
Bring her back in glory;
Bring her with her songs divine,
Though the angels sought her—
Little, laughing Madeline,
My sweet, my brown-eyed daughter,
—Robert Mackay, in the Home Magazine



SUNDAY morning, while Mrs. Wilkins was at church with Tommy, Mr. Wilkins, in defiance of the social ethics of Lake Hill, put on his overalls, and, rake in hand, attacked the carpet of dead leaves that covered his lawn. He knew that his wife would make a scene if she caught him, and he knew that his Sabbath-breaking would furnish another argument against suburban life, and he anticipated considerable gazing from his male neighbors, and yet, in spite of all these misgivings, he raked the leaves into rustling piles and watched with dogged satisfaction the columns of blue smoke that rose among the oaks from his unholy fires.

Wilkins had employed seven different "hired men" since spring. None had stayed more than a month, and none had carried away either the esteem or good will of Mrs. Wilkins. Most of them were worthless, some dishonest, some lazy and some lacked that regard for the proprieties which the woman of the house insisted upon. So it came to pass that Wilkins had a hard time getting to say nothing of keeping, a serviceable hired man, and when the leaves began to fall his lawns, gardens, vines and orchard were in sad case, his chicken-house needed repairs, his coal cellar was empty, his winter kindling was unchopped, and his loyalty to suburban life was tottering. Therefore he had defied all precedent and on Sunday morning attacked the work with his own hands.

When Wilkins felt sure that his wife hadn't guessed the probable truth he resolved to offer the man a job, and as the latter passed out the walk toward the road, he stopped him with:

"My friend, I like the way you work, and I like your looks, and if you'll stay I'll give you \$4 a week and your board, just to keep up the place, tend the chickens and the furnace."

"Thank you, sir, I'll try it," was the answer. "You don't keep a horse, and I won't have to go to town?"

"No. Just stay here on the place, and do whatever you see necessary," explained Wilkins, fully understanding the man's dislike to going into town.

"All right, sir. My name is James Green."

Wilkins showed the tall, gaunt fellow over the place and pointed out the room over the carriage house where he was to sleep. Tommy, who was ten years old, trotted after them, deeply interested in the stranger.

Of course Mrs. Wilkins didn't approve of her husband's choice. She "felt sure that there was something wrong" about Green and as days went by he proved himself a splendid gardener and a most useful person in divers unexpected ways, she was grievously disappointed. What enraged her most was Green's taciturnity. Every effort of the cook and house girl, prompted and encouraged by Mrs. Wilkins, failed to elicit a hint about himself. At meals he was as silent as the tomb.

that Mr. Wilkins had absolved him from any duty but such as he could find on the place.

He had been two months on the place before he spoke more than a dozen words to his employer. He had worked well, asked no favors, made no mistakes. Under his assiduous efforts the Wilkins place had taken on new signs of prosperity and beauty. Then he came to Wilkins one evening and said that he'd like to spend one day in Chicago. He wanted to buy some clothes, he said, and would like to have his pay. There was \$12 due him, and Wilkins had only a \$20 bill.

"All right, Green," said the big-hearted suburbanite, "here's a twenty. You can bring me back the change; and, let's see, here's my commutation ticket. It'll save you paying railroad fares."

Mrs. Wilkins overheard this talk, and when Green was out of hearing proclaimed her husband a fool, a wasteful, glibbie, stupid fool.

"That man Green will never come back," she snapped. "See him!" pointing across the lawn. "He's not even going toward the depot. He's a tramp, maybe a murderer, and he's gone off with your money, and your ticket. Wilkins, you're a simpleton."

Wilkins was a little doubtful when he noticed the course taken by his "model hired man." The next evening added to his misgiving, for at sundown Green had not returned. Mrs. Wilkins began to gloat when the 8 o'clock train had passed, and there was no sign of the missing gardener. Then the doorbell rang, and the girl announced "a lady to see Mr. Wilkins." He found a youngish woman, with much jewelry and very pink cheeks, smirking at him as he entered the parlor.

"Mister Wilkins," she began, "a lady fren' o' mine what lives out here tells me they a man workin' for youse, an' if I ain't much mistaken he's my husband. He's a tall, sandy feller, don't talk much, and—he's done time at Joliet, and—"

Mrs. Wilkins entered here.

"What do you want with him?" asked the lady of the house.

The visitor was beginning to explain when Wilkins heard footsteps falling faintly on the walk outside. He slipped quietly out of the room and into the yard. Green was coming up the back steps into the kitchen, when Wilkins stopped him with: "Well, I see you're back all right."

"Yes, sir," said the gardener, pulling out the railway ticket and \$8. "There's your change and the ticket."

Wilkins noticed that the latter wasn't punched.

"I walked," explained the man. "I don't like trains."

Wilkins led him across the lawn and told him that there was a woman in the parlor claiming to be his wife.

"A blonde, vulgar-looking woman?" said Green.

"Yes. She's in there now, talking to my wife."

"Well, sir, if you'll just let on that you didn't see me this evening, I'll be grateful. I'm tired now, and I don't want to see that woman, at least not to-night. Please say that I'm not here, and won't be back until to-morrow."

So Green slunk off to bed, and the blonde woman was sent away, promising to call again. In the morning Wilkins found Green's bed unrumpled. On the coverlet was a new leather whip, with a card inscribed "For Tommy. Good-bye." The Wilkinses never saw or heard of him again, and Mrs. Wilkins never knew that he had come home that night with the change and the ticket.

"I always knew he was a scamp," she said, proudly. "I knew he'd run away and he did."

"Well, I don't blame him," mused Wilkins, lighting his pipe and smiling at the memory of the blonde woman with the brummage jewelry. "I'd run away myself, under the same circumstances."—John H. Raftery, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

Ancient Saxon Monuments.

In the churchyard at Bewcastle, Cumberland, England, an isolated spot about twelve miles from any railway station, is a monument built 1230 years ago, bearing the inscription: "The first year of Egfrith, King of this realm," i. e., A. D., 670. Another inscription (Runic) on the west side says that it was set up as a "Standard of Victory in Memory of Aelchfrith, lately King" (of Northumbria), who played so important a part in the history of the time. An interesting account of the cross is given in Bishop Browne's work, "The Conversion of the Heptarchy." He says that the inscriptions "are the earliest examples known to be in existence of English literature," and, "looking to the importance in the history of the world of the conversion of England, there is no historical monument in these lands to compare with the Bewcastle Cross." The shaft as it stands, is a square pillar composed of a single block of gray freestone fourteen and one-half feet high. The cross head is gone, but when entire the monument must have been about twenty-one feet high.

What It Means.

Falling in love is getting exclusive in your affections.—New York Press.



New York City.—The novelty of the season is undoubtedly the shirt waist with pleats that run to or over the shoulders. The smart May Manton

shape they include deep cuffs, pointed exceptionally becoming. At the neck is a regulation stock that closes invisibly at the centre back.

To cut this waist for a woman of medium size two and one-eighth yards of material twenty-one inches wide, one and three-quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide, or one and three-eighth yards forty-four inches wide will be required for the waist; two and a half yards twenty-one inches wide, one and seven-eighth yards twenty-seven inches wide, or one and one-eighth yards forty-four inches wide for the bolero.



SHIRT WAIST.

example illustrated combines that feature with the new deep pointed cuffs and stock and is suited to all the season's waistings, madras, Oxfords, pique, chambrays, linen, batistes, silks, light weight flannels, albatross and the like, but in the original is of silk chambray in pale blue, stitched with white, and is held by white pearl buttons.

The fitted lining extends to the waist line only, but forms the foundation on which the waist is arranged. The fronts and back of the waist proper are laid in two pleats at each side, which meet at the shoulder seams. The fronts include the regulation box pleat and are gathered at the belt or left free and adjusted to the figure as preferred, but the pleated back is smooth and without fulness. When the plain back is substituted it is drawn down in gathers at the waist line. Ornamental stitching, simulating pointed bands, is shown on the fronts. The sleeves are in shirt style, but with deep pointed cuffs that lap over and are buttoned at the outside. At the neck is a novel pointed stock that matches the cuffs.

To cut this waist for a woman of medium size four yards of material twenty-one inches wide, three and sev-

They Jet For Lattice Centers.

The evening gown of black lace or dotted Brussels net is treated with paneling of embroidery. The panels are of white satin veiled with Chantilly lace medallions. Although the medallions are not large in size they are enhanced by edges of baby velvet ribbon applied in three rows. At intervals here and there the ribbons are joined with small jet ornaments, "paillettes," which make lattices of the delicate structure. This adds to the beauty of the lace ovals used in paneling the skirt.

Cuffs on Lawn Shirt Waists.

Many of the white lawn shirt waists are finished with wide cuffs made of alternating rows of insertion and lace, with a narrow ruffle of lace at the end and coming over one side of the opening. The cuffs fasten with three pearl buttons concealed by the lace ruffle.

Fancy Foliage on the Hats.

Gold and silver tissue is now used to make foliage of the most fancy variety, and if fruit effects, such as tiny berries, grapes and currants, form a part of the spray, pearls are employed for the latter.

Girls' Four-Gored Petticoat.

Little girls as well as their elders have need of well fitted underwear if the pretty frocks are to appear at their best. This carefully shaped petticoat was designed by May Manton with that fact in view and can be relied upon to give entire satisfaction. As shown it is of white cambric with frill



WATCHED THE COLUMNS OF BLUE SMOKE.

While he was bending over a russet mound of leaves he heard a voice: "Mister, I'll clean up that lawn for a meal."

It was a low, strong voice, musical of tone and so opportune that Wilkins let his rake fall and looked about. The stranger was a tall, lean young man, dusty from a long walk, but trim and clean as to clothes and person.

"I'll just go you," said Wilkins, opening the gate. The big fellow walked in, dropped his coat on the ground, and fell to work without a word. After getting back into his Sunday garments the man of the house watched his rescuer. The latter had laid aside his round, felt hat, disclosing a bullet head, closely shaved. The worker's clothes, new, cheap and coarse, ill fit the wearer, and as Wilkins watched him swiftly and silently clearing away the dead grass, weeds and leaves, his heart misgave him, and he murmured to himself:

"An ex-convict, I'll bet."

Mrs. Wilkins soon came home with Tommy and eyed the stranger askance. When she had noticed him eating heartily but decorously, and had observed that he knew the purposes of knife, fork and spoon, she darkly hinted to her husband that there was "something mysterious" about the new-

During the day he kept busy at the back of the two-acre lot, at night he sat in the barn doorway, telling stories to Tommy and smoking his pipe.

Between him and the boy there sprang up an extraordinary companionship. The man, silent with all others, began to tell his little comrade the rarest and most extraordinary stories of shipwreck, of battle, of wild beasts, birds and adventures of all kinds. He knew the habits of birds and insects, of reptiles and fishes, and these he explained to Tommy with infinite care until the boy came to dog his footsteps and sit beside him at all hours.

The carved wooden toys, plaited whips of horse hair and leather and deftly fashioned bows and arrows that Green made for Tommy were the wonder and envy of the boys of the neighborhood, but they convinced Wilkins that his hired man had spent much time in some penitentiary. Meanwhile, as day by day she failed to penetrate the atmosphere of mystery which surrounded him, Mrs. Wilkins grew more suspicious. When she found out that he didn't want to go to the village during the day, she contrived errands that would take him there. At last he quietly but positively refused to do her bidding, explaining

en-eighth yards twenty-seven inches wide, three yards thirty-two inches wide or two and one-eighth yards forty-four inches wide will be required.

Woman's Bolero Waist.

The bolero waist is a marked favorite of fashion, and is shown in many of the advance styles. The smart May Manton model shown in the large drawing is admirable in many ways, and is adapted to a variety of materials. The bolero, having no collar, makes it peculiarly desirable for wear beneath a wrap, while at the same time it gives sufficient of the jacket suggestion to be suited to street costumes designed for spring. As shown it makes part of a costume of satin-faced cloth in sage green, with the full waist of Liberty satin in a lighter shade of the same color, the trimming being folds of the satin, cross-stitched on with black corticelli silk, and at the ends by jeweled buttons.

The fitted lining closes at the centre front. On it are arranged the waist and the bolero, so that both are made in one. The full front and back of the waist are tucked to yoke depth then left free to take soft folds, the closing being effected at the left front where an opening is cut from the shoulder to waist line. The jacket is fitted by means of shoulder and under-arm seams only, and is cut away at the neck to reveal the chemisette. The sleeves are novel, while in bishop at the upper edge which render them

of needlework, but taffeta, Sicilian and gloria are all correct as well as the various white fabrics. When made from silk or wool a plisse flounce makes the best substitute for the embroidered one, although a bias ruffle, gathered, is correct.

The skirt is cut in four gores so providing a straight back that can be trusted to launder satisfactorily. To the lower edge is joined a deep gathered flounce that, in turn, is edged with a frill. The upper side is finished with a painted yoke-band, applied over the material that can be drawn up to the required size by means of tapes or ribbons.

To cut this petticoat for a girl of eight years of age three and a quarter yards of material twenty-one inches wide, two and three-quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide, two and a



GIRLS' FOUR-GORED PETTICOAT.

half yards thirty-six inches wide or one and a half yards forty-four inches wide will be required, with five yards of needlework for frill.