

IF MOTHER WOULD LISTEN.

If mother would listen to me, dears, She would freshen that faded gown...

A TASTE OF THE WORLD.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD. The room was full of the sweet smell of fresh linen...

There was no reply.

"I do," repeated Miss Nancy. "Unless I am mightily mistaken in you, if you have any heart..."

"Much obliged," said Sally. "If velvet carpets and antique rugs and hot-house flowers and diamonds..."

"You are speaking of the chaise, I suppose," said Sally Sylvester, if I didn't see fine possibilities in Del Griffiths...

"I suppose I couldn't, you poor little rose, you little blush-rose. Now I'll tell you what I'm going to do..."

"Ironing in a hot kitchen, instead of sailing on the open sea; walking in the dust, instead of driving on satin cushions..."

"That is just it, Sally. You want a crowd of admirers; you want to be in the mouth of a heartless, meaningless set..."

"You have some pretty prisms, that pink Chamberling gingham, some white cambrics. There are miles of ribbons in my boxes to knot and loop on them..."

"If ever I do marry any one," she said, in reply to Miss Nancy, who sat in a flag-bottomed chair at the low rose-gown window...

"Why, what hinders you having them now?" "I don't possess them, in the first place; when you've ironed all the other things, you don't feel like doing up more tucks and flutings and inserting and flouncings than you need, you know..."

"Not this part of it," said Sally, testing a hot flat-iron against her velvet cheek that bloomed with a redder rose just then. "Strange! And I like the kitchen so much!"

"That's because you sit in the parlor." "I never sit in the parlor. I haven't a parlor in my house." "Why, what kind of a house is it, then?"

"A very nice house. A house my great-grandfather built when they knew how to build houses. My father turned the drawing-rooms into a library; there's a reception and a music room, and some great ball-rooms, and a banquet-hall..."

over the sky, and left the night a deeper dusk behind it. "It is like happiness. It blazes and goes out, and all is blacker than before it came..."

"I should think something was going to happen, to hear you talk." "Something is." "How absurd you are, Del! Positively you make me creep. What is it can happen? When I come back..."

"Never will? What nonsense! Why not, I should like to know?" "You are going out fresh and single as a sweetbrier-rose. I don't know what artificial thing will be coming back..."

"What an opinion you have of me! I'm too flattered. I thought you'd be pleased that I was to have pleasure, and would write to me, and like to hear from me. But—good-night, sir!"

And she turned away swiftly, came back, and held her hand across the bank, and Del Griffiths caught it and held it with a kiss before she could snatch it back and run as if she were running away from herself...

The sea was swelling veiled and dark along the Scatiness Sands, and against the glow that came before the moon rose from her deep sea-caves to walk the water. Standing in the rich gloom, the young creature in her white and gold seemed the apparition of something beautiful and remote as the moon light..."

That is to say, Mr. Duncan McMurray was somewhat dazzled by the beautiful apparition, and "Who is this?" he said to the first man he met.

"The Sylvester? Oh, quite the last whim." "Worship follows goddesses, not whims," said Mr. McMurray. "Why, you're hard hit, old man, was the retort. 'You're not the first, however. Young Manners, and John—oh, the whole string of them have gone down like pins before her! She isn't twenty, and she winds old Sage round her little finger. She is some thing fresh, you see—dew on her, and all that, come from the country. Pet of Miss Featherstonhaugh's—old Miss Nancy, don't you know! Father was a clergyman—sweetheart in the hills—no money—dances like a sylph—rides like Die Vernon..."

"Quite incomparable. I never knew you to go down before bread-and-butter, Balcomb." "Glad you look at it in that way, Mack. Keep on—I shouldn't want to have the little Sylvester follow Rhody. I hope she is grateful for your solicitude," said Mr. McMurray. If there were any disdain on the lip, the triste mustache hid it, and he passed on with the air of one who wished there were not a girl in the world.

"Just a big brute, a big handsome brute," said Miss Nancy, when, some time later, he lounged by as Sally came up radiant from her dance. "No, Mr. Balcomb; it's quite unnecessary. I had rather not have him acquainted with Miss Sylvester."

"But, Miss Featherstonhaugh—" "Duncan McMurray is perfectly well aware of my disapproval of his career. And you may just tell him I am astonished at his presumption in asking to be presented to any girl under my care."

"But in a ballroom, my dear Miss Nancy." "A ballroom is the same to me as any other room. People don't cease to be accountable for their actions because they're dancing. Do you suppose I could see my sweet innocent Sally Sylvester whirling round the room in that fellow's arms?"

"I dare say he has whirled in those that are no better." "But not with my knowledge. And while I— My goodness! Sally! Mr. Balcomb!"

Some one else has presented Mr. McMurray while Miss Nancy was denouncing him; and Sally, ignorant of the whole affair, had smiled up gladly—for Miss Nancy, acting as duenna, had unmercifully kept at a distance that night every man whose record was not to her mind, and Sally's card had some woful gaps in it. And all at once, those that would have filled the gaps stared open-eyed to see this young being, whom they were not good enough to approach, clasped by McMurray's arm, his dark head bent above her fair one, and swinging down the dance in the long step that made his dance as carelessly perfect as everything else he did, confound him!

As for Sally, she knew nothing of the imprecatory thoughts of these others. She only knew if this were dancing she had never danced before. She only knew that the eyes bent on her, the dark glittering eyes, were admiring her with something sad and far away in the midst of the admiring pleasure; she knew that this was a man out of the great world, a man of experiences, who had seen life. And he had found her charming enough to ask for the next dance, and to sit out the following one, that is, to step through a window and walk up and down the long piazza, with the sea singing soft undertones to the band music, and land and rock dim beneath a mist of stars; and she wished Del could see her at that moment, and wondered what Sue Waterson would think of it all, and directly forgot about them both, as Mr. McMurray went on telling of the night at sea when the yacht was chased for a slaver while the real slaver got away, and she looked at him with a charmed wonder, as at the hero of a hundred fights. And he had not brought the story in by the shoulders either, but it had come about from her interest in the yacht, the Roc, which she had seen lying at anchor in the offing, and in the sea itself, which she had never seen till now three weeks ago.

She was in quite another world, at any rate entirely forgetful of this, when he himself led her back to the ball-room. "I fear you may hear some bitter music of which I shall be the theme. Don't believe all you hear. Perhaps there are worse men than I," he murmured in her ear; and with a low bow to Miss Featherstonhaugh—a bow half merriment, half mockery—he left Sally at Miss Nancy's side. After all, the place was not quite the wilderness it had seemed; he hardly thought he should say good-by in the morning.

"Well," said Miss Nancy, marching straight out of the room with her charge, "there never was anything to equal Duncan McMurray's impudence!" And she shut her mouth with a snap till she was in the seclusion of Sally's room, and there, throwing herself on the lounge, surveyed Sally from head to foot—the girl standing shamefaced and wondering and beautiful before her—and exclaimed: "I never, never, never would have brought you here if I had thought for one instant that that man, and such as he, could be along! To see you dancing with him, it made my blood run cold!"

"Why—why—what has he done?" Sally mustered courage to say. "What hasn't he done, you had better ask. I can't tell you the things he has done. They are not to be talked about. He has had a career that can't even be discussed. He is not received in a drawing-room in town. He is a thoroughly bad man, and that is enough. You must not dance with him, walk with him, speak with him again!"

"But, Miss Nancy, urged Sally, 'he told me not to believe all I heard.'" "Oh, of course he did, the wretch!—the—oh, there aren't words enough in the language to say what I think of him."

"But, Miss Nancy, dear Miss Nancy, how can you know," urged Sally once more—"how can you know" these things if they are not to be named? How can you be certain they're not falsehoods? They must be gossip. They may not be true. I'm sure he doesn't look that way. He seemed so kind, and he's very entertaining."

"Entertaining!" said Miss Nancy, with a laugh. "Of course he's entertaining. He's the most brilliant man I know. But he's evil-hearted." "But, Miss Nancy, dear Miss Nancy, how can you know," urged Sally once more—"how can you know" these things if they are not to be named? How can you be certain they're not falsehoods? They must be gossip. They may not be true. I'm sure he doesn't look that way. He seemed so kind, and he's very entertaining."

"Foolish Miss Nancy! Had she forgotten the days when she was young?—the sins of the world was a terra incognita, a dark unfamiliar region, that the wings of fancy must needs hover over, as they hover over all that is strange with portents, unexplained, unknown? Why, why had she not said that Mr. McMurray was a scholar, a Dryasdust, using his spare hours in deciphering the Kabala, a scholar who had a lofty disdain for girls and folly and youth? Why had she not said that he was good, so very good, so dull and good, that he read no light literature, did not know the names of the cards, did not know what flirting meant, did not know the meaning of mixed drinks, was prosaic, stupid, and, above all things, good? He did not know. I am not sure but that, even if she had, Sally Sylvester would not have wished to see if she could not conquer the scholar's disdain of girls, teach the good man how to flirt, bring St. Anthony himself prostrate at her feet. At all events, the most unlucky thing this faithful chaperon could have said, she did. The man was wicked. What wild dream was this flitting through the innocent little girl's brain—what wild dream of showing him what goodness was, to help him resist temptation, repress dark tendencies, to develop the beautiful things, the power for good, the strength, that there must be in his nature? Of course she did not consciously to herself resolve on any such undertaking; only it seemed as if some one ought to do so; it presented an alluring picture; it made her think of the man, and blush when she met him."

[To be continued.]

The American Won.

New York, July 25.—Ernest Raeber won the American championship Graeco-Roman wrestling this evening. M. Apollo, the French champion, left the stage in the third bout, claiming he had hurt his side. Apollo won the first bout and Raeber the second.

News of the Great Strike.

East Given in the Pittsburg Dispatch. Absolutely fair, impartial, and without any bias—but giving every detail of interest promptly and correctly. The best accounts of daily occurrences. The finest illustrations, giving real views of the situation.

A Queer Taste.

The old Romans had an adage which reads, "There is no accounting for tastes." That this maxim is as true to-day as it was when uttered 2,000 years ago we see proofs on every hand.

Mr. Burr's hobby is snakes. He hatches them out on his grounds, and as he will permit none to be killed, and particularly dots on large and vicious reptiles, his park is not a particularly attractive place to his neighbors.

Colonel Ewell, of Texas, chanced to meet Mr. Burr two years ago and they at once became friends, and the American was invited to Aldermaston Hall, as the snake lover's home is called.

"Wa-al," drawled the American, "I'll allow you have a right smart lot of snakes, such as they are, but if you'll come over to see me on the Sabine and put up for a week or two I'll show you snakes till you can't rest and they'll be snakes as are snakes."

"Bless me!" exclaimed the Englishman. "What do you call those extraordinary reptiles?" "Oh, different names. There's some dandy fellows we call copperheads; then there's moccasins, puff adders, pizen hoopnoses and sich, but I reckon the boss snake over on the Sabine is the rattler, more particular when they git to be ten feet long and 'bout as thick as your thigh."

"Why, you excite my curiosity," said the Englishman, "and if you return to Texas you could send me a consignment of the snakes you mention I should gladly pay you whatever the expense may be. But let me ask you do you think your Texas snakes would get along friendly with their English cousins?"

"Wa-al, that depend on how their English cousins treat 'em. Our Texas snakes are high toned and rather like a fight, but they never go out hunting a fuss, that I'll say for 'em, replied the colonel, who though not fond of snakes, felt that state pride compelled him to stand up for the Texas reptile.

Six months after that three frightened men left a number of crates marked "Texas snakes" at Mr. Burr's mansion. A letter preceded the consignment and in it Colonel Ewell, enjoined on the Englishman to "treat the snakes kindly till they got naturalized," and as he loved his life not to take them to his bosom "nor fool with their business ends."

The delighted naturalist took the crates down to the frog pond and let the hissing squirming creatures free. The snakes were famished, and Mr. Burr rubbed his hands as he pictured them feasting on frogs, but he was doomed to disappointment.

Instead of attacking the frogs the American snakes started for their "English cousins," incidentally swooping in a frog on the raid.

Three days after this Mr. Burr's man entered the library in great alarm and reported that the American snakes had killed and eaten everything in the pond including the ducks and young swans, and that some of the larger ones had started after the lambs in the park.

"We must keep the American reptiles in a separate inclosure till they get acclimated," said Mr. Burr.

At once every man on the place and every man who could be bribed by double pay to do the work started out with nets and pitchforks to corral the Texas snakes, but the snakes were not of the same way of thinking. They invaded the neighboring farms and entered the city of Reading and frightened the people out of their wits.

The magistrates had Mr. Burr arrested for encouraging a dangerous nuisance and all the country was up in arms.

I am aware that this reads as if it were fiction, but it is true in every detail and it was not till a year passed and the climate of the county killed the snakes that the people near Reading breathed easier or dared to venture out at night.

Mr. Burr still cultivates snakes, I learn, but they are of the harmless English variety.

The World of Women.

Italian straws in flapping shapies are deftly surmounted with slender, swallow-tailed bow ends, and occasionally a twist of gold rope.

Stonewall Jackson's widow devotes all her energies now to the education of her motherless grandchildren, Julia and Jackson Christian.

Still prettier was a frock of heliotrope taffeta with a trim in it of every color under the canopy. Black lace garniture kept the many lines in harmony.

Mrs. Hattie Brooks, of Maine, is conducting an extensive foundry and locomotive building establishment near Dunkirk, which turns out a locomotive a day.

Miss Frances E. Willard, who has been active in platform work for 20 years, is prevented from engaging therein at present by her devotion to a helpless mother.

Toilets of immaculate whiteness, from the top of the chignon parasol to the tips of the linen shoes, are in great favor "in the country" this summer. They are worn at all hours.

Rainbow bouques of ribbon gave a wonderfully gay and festive look to the costuming. I remember a gown of white silk muslin with pale, delicate green and pink and leaf brown and amber-ribbon ruches at the bottom of the skirt and at waist and throat and upon the puffed sleeves. A dress of white serge was sufficed and girdled with three shades of blue in the same way.

Modjeska has gone to her ranch in California for the summer with her husband, Count Bozenta. Her wealth is considerable and most of it is shrewdly invested. She does not look her age, which is dangerously near 50, and the marvel of her youthful demeanor and ripe beauty is that she has been a hard working actress for more than thirty years.

To prevent the hair from falling out, brush the hair with a tea-spoonful of dried sage, and boil it in a quart of soft water for twenty minutes. Strain it off and add a piece of borax the size of an English walnut; pulverize the borax. Put the sage tea, when cool, into a quart bottle; add the borax, shake well together, and keep in a cool place. Brush the hair thoroughly and rub the wash well on the head with the hand. Then, after a good hard rubbing, brush the hair well before the fire so it will become dry.

One pretty white suit flecked with little dashes of scarlet was worth particular attention. It had a short bell skirt and one of this season's funny little abbreviated waister's jackets opening over a scarlet silk blouse of just the shade of color the marseilles were washed with. It had a broad-brimmed hat of marseilles also, with no trimmings whatever but a few upright loops of scarlet ribbon.

Almost as pretty was a white pique skirt with a blue and white striped silk blouse, a white "garçon" jacket and a little chip hat with blue eyed grasses for its ornaments.

The outing dresses for girls are brighter and prettier this year than ever before. The designs are more elaborate and the coloring more striking, yet they are made of inexpensive materials. One of the prettiest outing dresses seen was made of white yachting linen. The skirt was made plain and short. The waist was cut to represent a blouse, and over it was worn a jacket of dark blue vicuña cloth. The jacket had wide revers of white silk, and a dark blue necktie was knotted at the neck. Another outing costume having the Russian blouse effect was made of dark blue duck. The skirt was plain but the blouse was trimmed with an exquisite gilt passementerie. The corselet belt was of solid bands of the passementerie.

An odd little suit for a boy is made of sage green vicuña cloth. The trousers are short and the coat is cut like a zouave jacket. It is worn over a full shirt waist of fine white cambric, with deep collar and cuffs edged with lace. A white starch sash is worn about the waist and hangs down with long ends. The dresses for little girls grow more and more simple in design. A dainty dress is made all in one of white China silk. The yoke is entirely of smoking-dome in yellow silk. The sleeves are full and puffed. At the edge of the dress are three rows of narrow yellow ribbon sewed on the silk with an embroidery stitch in white. With this dress is worn a large hat having a soft crown of yellow silk, with a white chip brim edged with white ostrich feather trimmings.

There is no reason girls, why you cannot go to college if you really want to. No matter if you have to wear old clothes and are 30 before you graduate; there will be plenty who are making the same sacrifices, and people whose opinion is worth caring for will only respect you the more. As a rule it is best to avoid running in debt; rather, go to College for a year at a time, teaching or doing some other work the alternate years. The experience will be of great value and heavy debts are things to be always avoided by one just starting out in life. In a large college there is always office work, such as copying, cataloguing, etc., that students can get to do in their leisure hours, also during vacation, and a bright girl can devise other ways to bring in a few dollars, which will be a help in meeting the various incidental expenses.

The women's colleges of the grade of Wellesley, Smith and Vassar are quite expensive. Tuition costs \$100 to \$150 and board from \$200 to \$400 more. The University of Michigan at Ann Arbor offers as good advantages as any to a girl who has only a little money. On entering the University a matriculation fee is paid of \$10 for residents of Michigan, or \$25 for those of other States; in addition a yearly fee is due, which varies in the different departments, but never exceeds \$25, and the fee for a diploma is \$10 apart from these expenses. Tuition is free. Board can be obtained at from \$3 to \$5 a week, but students often club together and reduce the cost from \$1.50 to \$2.50 a week. Books can always be obtained second hand, and \$25 ought to cover the expenses of books, stationery, etc.; \$200 should enable a girl to meet a year's college expenses quite comfortably.

Jefferson's Precepts.

Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself. Never buy what you don't want because it is cheap; it will be dear to you. We never repent for having eaten too little. How much pain the evils that never happened have cost us. Take things always by the smooth handle. When angry count 10 before you speak; if very angry, 100.