

TOO LATE.

She lies so still the livelong day, She doth not move or speak;

I spoke her harshly yesternorn— Her agonized surprise,

And now each bitter word I said Accents my pain—

Who is the wiser? I, whose feet Must tread an earthly hell?

Though God forgive me in His grace When I have "crossed the bar,"

I dare not think that even there, Within the gates of gold,

The dear dead days of long ago, Whose tale was told above,

When in our hearts we felt the glow, The rosy dawn of love!

—Public Opinion.

PAMELA AND PRUE.

"Really, Miss Jardine, you ain't got any kind of tact with the poor child. He's as good as gold when Pamela is by."

"The shrill Yankee voice was raised into a scream of dismay and anger to reach the other end of the long dining-room of the 'Hotel de Bretagne,'

"John Jeremiah, git off that table this instant, I say! You've eaten enough food already to be ill for a week, and you so bad yesterday with all those sweets."

"What is the matter, ma?" asked Pamela, entering with languid grace. She spoke with a decided Yankee drawl,

"I guess he has been up to some mischief," she went on calmly. "What's he been up to now, ma?"

"Mrs. J. J. Sprague's face was a study as she stood struggling between anger at the very thought of the hapless governess perpetrating such an enormity, and the half admiring, half awed obedience she yielded in all matters to her calm-willed, beautiful daughter who had ruled her ever since she could walk."

"I'm just sure I don't know what I keep you for, Miss Jardine," she said, "you ain't no manner of use to me, as I see, and I'm sure that dear John Jeremiah hasn't learned—"

"Ma, don't talk so loudly, and there's Lord Acres outside," interposed the calm and beautiful Pamela, turning in the direction of the doorway,

"There he is," all in the same tone, as if this exhibition of loud vulgarity and petty insolence on her mother's part before her fastidious patrician lover in no way disconcerted her.

"Perhaps he felt it, and it reassured him, for he came forward more quickly and took the outstretched hand of his future mother-in-law, whose ruffled feelings subsided under this new excitement."

mother, and had caught John Jeremiah in his flight.

Miss Jardine had of course heard of the engagement. Mrs. J. J. Sprague had been far too proud and elated over it to keep it to herself;

"I want to introduce Lord Acres to you, Miss Jardine," she said; "I guess you two would like each other; she's real nice," with a bright laugh turning to her lover,

"Miss Jardine and Lord Acres bowed to each other, Miss Jardine's gray eyes resting quietly for a second on the sunburned face of the young man, who turned back, the instant he had acknowledged the introduction,

"What ever possessed you to introduce those two like that, Pamela?" asked her mother, disturbed and vexed, as later on she talked over her future son-in-law with her daughter.

"He didn't like it I think. He thought likely enough that you were mocking him; they are so easily ruffled up, men are. I saw him bite his lips under that dandy little mustache of his, and the back of his neck went quite red under the sun-brown. Besides, Pamela, she is only your brother's—"

"She is much better born than we are, ma," said the beautiful Pamela, carelessly. "Her people were once his equals, only they got poor and emigrated, and Cyril isn't that sort. He thinks a lot of himself, but isn't mean like that. I shouldn't have taken him if he were."

"Well, I don't like that Prue Jardine myself, and what all the men seem to see in her I can't make out. She hasn't a quarter of your beauty!"

"But a man would go on caring for her long after he had tired of me," said Pamela, languidly. "A man who had once loved her would love her to the end."

"Nonsense, Pam," said her mother, in indignation dropping into the old familiar appellation of the days before he had risen into fashionable society.

"I guess it isn't nonsense, ma," said Pamela, walking to the windows and looking across the great place upon which the Hotel de Bretagne faced.

"The sunshine of a perfect autumn afternoon flooded it, and through the golden light stirred the pulses of human life. There a squad of soldiers marching at ease back to barracks, their roving eyes glancing roguishly at the girls as they tripped across the square with their white 'bonnets' and big market baskets on their arms."

"What letter, Cyril?" she did not know that she was using the old familiar name. "I never had any letter," going on in a still, dull tone, as she suddenly knew perfectly well what had been.

"It is enough to make a man mad to see it. How can you put up with it—Miss Jardine?"

Prue, knowing perfectly what he had been on the point of saying, and understanding far better than even Pamela did how his fastidious refinement, natural and inherited, must be jarred upon by his future relation's vulgarity and ostentation, went on quietly:

"I do not mind it. I stay because of Pamela. She is as sweethearted as she is lovely."

"Yes," he said, his eyes still dark with the perplexity of finding her here. "I say he said, with a sudden laugh, 'do you ever remember the old days and want to go a visitin' back to Grigby's station?'"

"The short autumn afternoon was closing in; the golden lights had faded, and white, fairy-like mists were beginning to rise from the gardens that had once been deep moats, and crept like pale ghosts of those old dead days about the trees and bushes, as if they had stolen back to look once more on the grim and frowning walls which had once shut in the quaint, beautiful town, but which to-day were so covered by creepers and ivy, so garlanded with flowers, so picturesquely broken by the houses that had been built into their frowning gray strength that a writer who loved it had said that Dinan was like a young girl trying on a suit of old armor over her ball dress."

"Prue stopped as she spoke and looked about her. There was not a soul in sight for the moment. There was no sound save the distant voices of some children in the dusky valley below, and the stir of the wind as it rustled the yellowing leaves of the trees overhead and sent them drifting earthward."

"How chilly it is growing," she said with a little shiver. "It is time I took John Jeremiah in. He has a bad cold already."

"But John Jeremiah's cold did not rouse any interest or anxiety in the heart of Acres. He stood, pulling restlessly at the leaves of one of the shrubs that fringed the old fosse, looking down at her pale face with contracted brows, and as he looked the spell of her presence fell on him again, and he forgot everything except that she was to him the sweetest woman his heart had ever known."

"Prue," he said sharply, "why did you never answer my letter? Ah, heavens! How I waited, day after day, month after month!—And I had been such a fool. I had actually dared to hope when I left America that I might win you for my wife. But I think you might have sent me a line, just one line to say you were sorry. It would not have made it any easier to bear, perhaps, but it would have been a little less rough on me. And I loved you so!"

"What letter, Cyril?" she did not know that she was using the old familiar name. "I never had any letter," going on in a still, dull tone, as she suddenly knew perfectly well what had been.

"There was a dead pause. Only the wind rustled a little louder and more fretfully in the trees overhead, and one of the yellowing leaves fluttered down to Prue's feet."

"You never got my letter asking you to be my wife? And it did not come back, so I thought you had received it. And then I met John Grey in London one day, and he told me you were engaged to that Hill fellow, whom I always used to hate."

"Lie! Curse him! Grey had sworn to be even with me, because of that row we had about the tenderfoot he was swindling. Prue! Prue! Oh! And I still love you, Prue, as he read something in her face that made it as pale as the ghostly mist stealing about them. 'And you did care for me after all my darling!'"

"Pamela!" she cried. "Oh, how could we forget Pamela?"

"No, you won't," said his sister, turning slowly round to face him. "If you promise not to say a word to a soul about what you heard this afternoon, and never say a word, whatever happens, I'll give you the biggest toy ship that was ever made. I'll get it built for you by a real shipbuilder on the Clyde when we get round there."

"Then the eager light faded. 'I guess I'll want to talk about it to some one,' he said, in a depressed tone, 'I'll be lettin' it out; because there are a lot of things I should want to know—why she cried so and why the letter he mailed never went, and why John Grey was, an' why they both seemed so sorry for you; as if he couldn't love you both—'"

"I'll tell you what it is," John Jeremiah, who interrupted him suddenly, "you can just come and talk to me about it, and we'll try and invent answers ourselves to the questions you ask; only you musn't ask me too many questions, nor want to talk too much about it at all, with a queer little smile that was rather a quiver of the lips than a laugh."

"Early next morning, much to Mrs. J. J. Sprague's indignation. Prue left Dinan, urgent necessity recalling her to England, she said. It was Pamela who, in her calm way, smoothed down her mother's ruffled feelings and nipped in the bud an inclination of that good lady to refuse to let her go as untouched she was at her inconsiderate conduct toward the 'poor darling John Jeremiah.'"

"That young man, before whom his mother discussed most of the affairs of their daily life, sat listening with tightly shut mouth and eyes bright with such a keen desire to relieve himself of the secret weighing on him that Pamela took him out of the room to save him from the strain."

"I say, Pam," he said, when out of hearing, what makes you want her to go so? 'An' I didn't say a word, though I wanted to badly. Do you want her to go away so that Cyril shan't have you both to love? You're real greedy. I don't mind you loving him as well as me."

"You silly little goose!" exclaimed his sister rather sharply. But she put her arm round his shoulders as if her heart felt suddenly a comfort in the undivided affection of even this reprobate young brother of hers. Don't talk about things you don't understand. When you grow up I guess you'll find your life only big enough to hold one girl. They take an awful lot of room—they don't like to be cramped; it is like living in a house with some of the rooms shut up and locked; they always want to go into those, you see."

"Gladly, after the ordinary comforts of life are possessed, does not belong to any post, rank or condition. Great wealth involves immense care. It is care that kills. It is care that puts me in my condition. If wealth is intelligently used, there may come a certain happiness from its bestowal."

"Bread and butter is the first essential of life; that is, the first necessary stimulus to labor. Then men work hard that they may enjoy the surplus fruits of labor. With our standard of living and the products of civilization a little does not satisfy as a sufficient surplus. The native of Panama, who can count but ten, will labor hard to reach that goal of requirements, but that accomplishment satisfies."

"Why are successful Americans seldom satisfied unless with increased wealth already great?"

"Activity has become habit. They are accustomed to living faster than any where else in the world. Many men, too, are not educated to enjoy anything but the struggle itself. That education though will come in time."

"Cyclone in Mauritius."

"Everybody reads the Pittsburg Dispatch for the reason that it contains more news, general, special, and telegraphic; has more contributors and more special correspondents than any other newspaper between New York and Chicago. 83 1 6t.

anyway, if you don't mind, I would rather—"

"No, ma; I think I would rather be 'your serene highness,' I shall marry a prince."

"I wouldn't have married him if he would have made me a queen!" said Pamela, with a sudden, strange expression.—All the Year Round.

"Nearly Asphyxiated."

"A Narrow Escape Made by Three Families in Huntingdon."

"HUNTINGDON, Pa., January 2.—By the merest chance three families in this place narrowly escaped asphyxiation last night. The iron pipes laid many years ago by the first gas company in this town have never been replaced with new ones, and last night one of these old pipes broke, throwing an immense volume of gas into the street and into the cellars of nearby houses through the drains and sewers. The break in the main occurred near the middle of the block on Washington street, between Second and Third streets, nearly opposite the residence of Mr. H. E. Butz, editor of the Globe. The break was not discovered until this morning, when the family of Mr. John Lower, a prominent contractor, on arising discovered that something serious had occurred. Mr. Lower, who was barely able to get up, was seized with a violent attack of vomiting but succeeded in arousing Miss Annie Silkknitter, his housekeeper, and his little daughter, who were similarly afflicted, and in a short time in the open air all three had almost entirely recovered."

"The residences of Editor Butz, H. B. Dunn, esq., and the family of the late Harry Miller were all flooded with the dangerous gas, but not so strongly as that of Mr. Lower, which is accounted for by the fact that Mr. Lower's residence was not protected by a suitable trap at the entrance to the cellar drain. When the workmen came to repair the leaking pipe they tested the outflow of gas in the street with lighted matches, when instantly a huge geyser of flame shot up in the air, which, on a miniature scale, resembled a burning natural gas well."

"Wealth Does Not Bring Happiness."

"Senator Stanford is the reputed possessor of \$30,000,000. By his own estimate it will be trebled in three years. He has made it all, and his life is approaching the end of activity. He was asked this question, 'Does wealth give happiness?'"

"No," he answered with promptness, shaking his head slowly. "Happiness, after the ordinary comforts of life are possessed, does not belong to any post, rank or condition. Great wealth involves immense care. It is care that kills. It is care that puts me in my condition. If wealth is intelligently used, there may come a certain happiness from its bestowal."

"The return of the crinoline some time in the near future seems to be one of the accepted facts. Already, fashionable dressmakers are stiffening their dresses as far as the knees. They are also introducing in street dress the long abandoned facing of horse hair, in order to give the edge of the skirt the little flare necessary to make the ample skirt of to-day hang gracefully. One of the newest skirts for walking dresses while it follows the general outline of the bell skirt is the exact opposite of it in the way it is made. Instead of dispensing with seams, as in the case of the bell skirt, the modiste used as many as six in the new skirt and these are trimmed up half way or nearly their entire length with the narrow fur borders that edge the skirt. In order to give this skirt the proper effect, the gores must be of about equal size all round, and the fullness at the back is laid in a large, hollow box plait."

"It appears that the long shoulder seams are to be insisted upon by the dressmakers, and that woman will consent to be made at once stylish and ugly. The beautiful lines of the figure are again to be distorted and the hideous sloping shoulder effect restored to view. For the past fifteen years the dress of woman has tended more in the direction of truly artistic forms and compositions, and it says little for the taste and brains of the sex that its members should be willing, at the dressmakers' mandate, to return to the ridiculous styles of 1830—styles which made a beautiful woman ugly and added to the ugliness of one already neglected by Dame Nature. In spite of the resistance the dressmaker is rapidly pushing the 1830 effects, getting them by means of the broad revers which completely cover the full tops of the sleeves and thus hide the fact that the shoulders are not long. Undoubtedly madame's next bid will have the long shoulder seams without disguise."

"Outre effects are certainly the rage, for ox blood and hunter's green gloves are worn by women who never deviated from quiet tans and grays. Speaking of gloves, it is no longer fashionable to squeeze the hand so that it actually aches in order to give the impression of daintiness. Loosely fitting gloves are now de rigueur and certainly any hand whether it be large or small looks much better for this sensible cause. Muffs and millinery increase in size as the days grow longer. The former are sometimes actually absurd in their immense proportions. It doesn't look so badly on a large woman, but to see a slim little creature staggering along with a furry burden as large as a sheep may mark her as stylish, but appears ridiculous. The hats are inclining more and more and to the old time poke, and with wide revers, granny muffs and full skirts it only needs the hoop to make an 1830 fashion plate out of our fin de siecle girls. Crinoline is certain to be revived but let us enjoy the sweeping lines as we may. Empire cloaks, full, straight and Mother Hubbardish, are graceful and elegant, but they will have to go when wires and spring spread out the skirts underneath. Therefore let us revel in the joy of the present fashion and pray that the evil of hoops may be averted through the mandate of some mad dressmaker whose word is law in the feminine world."

"Some house keepers serve lemon with mutton, but most people prefer a combination of tart and sweet, as in mint sauce or fruit jellies."

"According to the Medical Recorder castor oil has not failed in any case to remove warts; it which was applied once a day for two to six weeks."

"Mrs. George Hearst, wife of the late Senator Hearst, of California, is the most heavily insured woman in the world. Her policy is for \$500,000."

"A piece of chamouis skin bound on the edges, shaped to fit the heel and kept in place by a piece of elastic rubber worn over the stockings, will save much mending."

"A use for salt recently given is to rub it into the roots of the hair, to remove dandruff. Rub it in lightly at night not using great quantity; in the morning it is all gone, only leaving a slight dampness."

"A nice way to keep wax for the work-baskets is to fill half shells of English walnuts with melted wax, fasten the two half shells closely together by one end. There will then be a small space at the other end, through which the thread will slip when the wax is being used."

"Both for day and evening wear the skirts seem short, with flounces and rouleaux reaching almost to the knees, the bodies we are now faithfully copying ending at the waist, with a belt, full and simple, occasionally crossing in front. The large puffed sleeves are over shadowed by capes; while the distig sleeve and peloric cape are the distinguishing features of day dresses."

"Mrs. Martha Joanne Read Nash Lamb, who died of pneumonia in New York on Monday, was born at Plainfield, Mass., on Aug. 13, 1828. She was married to Charles A. Lamb, of Ohio, in 1852. She founded the Chicago Home for the Friendless and the Half-orphan Asylum in the same city. She removed to New York in 1866. She was the author of many books, including a History of the City of New York, and from 1883 until her death was the editor of the 'Magazine of American History.'"

"Mrs. Lamb was a member of fifteen learned societies in this country and Europe."

"If you wish to know what is really the mode the place to take observations is on some fashionable thoroughfare. There one can see at a glance the prevailing styles, though it might take much longer to select the ultra effects among so many novelties as are displayed in the shops. Certain it is one would never suppose that the hideous purple veils that are on sale in the stores would ever become popular, but judging from the number seen they are certainly much worn despite their ugliness. A florid woman looks apoplectic in one and a pale woman becomes actually ghastly. Every one knows the dire influences of purple calcium lights on stage scenery and rouge, yet exactly the same effect is produced by these novel but hideous veils."

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