

THE DAY'S DEMAND.

God give us men. A time like this demand strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands.

BETWEEN THE LIGHTS.

Love! my Love! the sunset splendor Left the world an hour ago;

Love! my Love! at evening music Apart and lone, save for your dream, Memory past and present fusing

Love! my Love! in purple drifting, Summer dusk the valley fills;

Love! my Love! in purple drifting, Summer dusk the valley fills;

AN IRONY OF FATE.

Being the Story of Mrs. Ormiston's Match-Making.

BY NELLIE E. C. SCOTT.

Mrs. John Ormiston and her friend, Annie Churchill, sat together upon the piazza of the Ormiston residence in a delightful atmosphere of confidence and good-fellowship.

It had seemed a little strange at first this meeting after their long separation, but now every vestige of constraint had disappeared, and the day had been filled with amusing reminiscences.

"Yes, we all loved him because of his curling chestnut locks, and his dark eyes and domineering ways," replied Mrs. Ormiston.

"That's right; don't be coerced," "I shan't."

"By the way, what's become of Frank Warren?" asked Mrs. Ormiston.

"Even that unmaidenly thought has occurred to me. But it won't happen. A man's constancy is seldom of three years' duration, unless it has some thing to look forward to; although—pardon my egotism—I think his would stand the test if anyone's did."

Three months after that talk on the piazza Mrs. Ormiston started on a visit to Sorrelton, her old home.

At Frank Warren's boarding place, in Dixville, she was told that the young man was not expected home until 6.45 that evening, so Mrs. Ormiston decided in the interval to call upon and take tea with a cousin of her husband, Miss Sarah Clark.

It was in fact, after the 7.20 train had gone that he made his appearance. He recognized his visitor at once and readily assented to her request that he accompany her in her walk to the station, as she had something to say to him.

"I understand, and I thank you," he said gravely, and then they parted.

Mrs. Ormiston was very much surprised when she returned home a week later to find no one awaiting her at the station, for John had never before failed to perform this duty, even after the briefest of absences.

Not another word. He did not even address her as his wife, did not say where he was going, did not even express a regret for the happy years they had spent together.

nothing could hurt her now, since the blow of blows had fallen:

My DEAR COUSIN: I think you would better look more closely after your wife's movements.

This finished, Julia threw herself up on the bed, and gave way to her misery. Surely, there had never been such a wretched woman before, she thought.

Her anger grew warmer as she nursed it. How unjust, how unmanly of him, to forsake his wife at the first breath of suspicion!

She sat down at her desk and wrote a letter to the runaway—a letter as cold and as cutting as she knew how to make it, ending by telling him that she would not seek the return of an unwilling mate, but would leave the place at once and go to earn her living.

"I won't touch a penny of it," she said, bitterly, "he doesn't know me yet."

The postman's whistle interrupted her musings, and her heart almost stood still as she held out her hand for the letter, for it might be from John!

"Mr. Dear Mrs. Ormiston," it ran, "no doubt you are anxious to hear what results followed from our recent interview."

act upon this discovery, and that fate was kind to me. Sincerely your friend, FRANK WARREN.

Late in the afternoon, when everything was in readiness for her departure on the morrow, Julie started for a walk along the quiet way for, now there was nothing more to be done, it seemed that she should go wild in the silent, empty house.

"Julie, what does that devilish letter of Sarah's mean? Who was it she saw you with in Dixville? She was mistaken, wasn't she?" he asked without giving her time to answer.

"John Ormiston! Now I never shall speak to you so long as—Love another man better than you! Well, it wouldn't be a hard thing to do, for I hate you, and—and all the rest of the abominable sex, except poor papa."

"Oh," said Julie, "go away!" "I won't," said John. "I never meant to do that—but what would you do if you were jealous? Wouldn't you make a fool of yourself, too?" he inquired, with startling distinctness.

"You see, John," she said, after telling the story in detail, "I thought my mission was to make people happy, but in this case they wouldn't be made happy, and so I didn't succeed."

"Why, what a bright idea!" said she.—Times.

Civil engineers say the wings of the butterfly display the greatest possible lightness combined with the greatest possible strength.

Physiology and Hygiene.—A Word to Parents.

At this particular time, book agents are busily engaged in many places inducing school boards to adopt, under the new free text book law, unrevised and inferior physiologies.

Parents should keep a strict watch on this innovation of using charts instead of text books in the hands of the pupils.

This warning teaching to which every pupil is entitled, is apt to be specially neglected in the primary grades; while it is in these grades that it should be most carefully taught.

Probably no part of the body is so little thought of as the eyes, and no part is so deserving of attention.

When children have what is called a cold in the eyes, it is because they have caught a cold in the body, and the remedy is to cure the cold, when the eyes will recover likewise.

For and About Women.

Mrs. Phelps-Stokes recently bought a tablecloth and napkins at a woman's exchange for which she paid nearly \$300.

That the Anglo-maniac wears "boots" and "coats" and "petticoats" instead of shoes, jackets and skirts; "nibs" instead of bathes; never telegraphs, but "wires," and says "I fancy," but under no circumstances "I guess."

The polka dot promises to gain in popularity as cool weather advances. Fabrics, ribbons, silks and garnitures of every description exhibit the polka-dot pattern.

Women, says a well-known physician are breaking down more rapidly than men. The reason of this is that they allow themselves to take less real rest.

Velvet collarettes separate from the gown are among the autumn novelties for completing street costumes.

Cafe noir is the darkest shade of brown that will be worn this season. Uji or mud color is one of the latest.

Sleeves, as a rule, will be simple repetitions of those worn during the summer, subject to slight variations on account of changes in fabric.

The most conspicuous shades among the new colors are blue and brown, though green will not lose its standing in the new goods.

That silver toilet ware is no longer the correct caper, but that every girl who knows what is what is making a collection of brushes, mirrors and toilet boxes of yellow ivory.