

SILVER SEAS.

Oh, moon, float in the Wind-tossed skies
A fairy bark from an unknown shore;
Hiding thy light white the storm-rack flies—

THE BRIERS IN BUD.

BY MARTHA MCCULLOCH WILLIAMS.

A glomer of gold and green lay over
The whole earth; new leaves dancing
In the level early sunshine dripped
Dew and sweet odors upon all below.

Miss Austin looked up to them with
shining eyes. "I thought you would
blossom for my birthday," she said,
holding up her face to shake into it

That was the end. She had sought
no explanation—only silently given
back his ring, his token, then walked
away with head upheld, dry-eyed,

For love meant to her perfect trust,
faith in the beloved against all earth
or heaven, or even himself. Whoso
had dared traduce him would have

It all came back to her as sharply
vivid as the lilting birds outside; so
vividly, indeed, that a woman, passing
in through the outer door brought with

With her clean print gown daintily
upheld in one hand, she turned to
greet the approaching horseman, who
started ever so little at sight of her

"Good morning, Miss Catherine!
See what I have brought you for your
birthday!" holding up as he spoke, a
nice string of silver perch.

"Of course I did; am on the way
home now. Equally, of course I
thought of you when we came to
divide the spoils."

"Good boy; he does not lack rever-
ence for his elders, though he is too
delicate to remind me that this is my
birthday, knowing that I ought to be

The last words came barely above
the breath. If Miss Austin heard
them she made no sign. Instead she
called, clear and soft, "Milly!"

to his, but dropping them after the
briefest gaze. Slight of herself her col-
or deepened too. It was worse than
ridiculous, this embarrassment before a

"Perhaps I have not studied her
tastes," young Armstrong said, sitting
straight in the saddle, his eyes shadowed

The words were quietly spoken, but
something in them told the young fel-
low not to question what lay under the

Presently she sat down by the big
fireplace, where a hickory log slowly
smouldered despite the warmth and

That ought to have made no dif-
ference in Joe's wooing. There could
be no thought of aught save good

Rejoicing, he said to himself that he
was free at last. No word had
ever crossed his lips that by any means

Certainly that was far from her pur-
pose. She had the womanliest love
of love. And despite her years she was

Always, that is, until now, when
she had learned in the same hour the
wrong that had left her a desolate soul

Love and lover had been slain.
Sweet youth wasted to long loveless
years by this woman's lie told in the

"Thirty-six," Miss Austin corrected
unfolding as she spoke a filmy hand-
kerchief, with her initials delicately

"Oh, it's nothin'—nothin' to speak
of," the other said, eagerly; "but I'm
glad you take it friendly. I've thought

Miss Austin smiled oddly. "We
never quarrelled," she said, fixing her
eyes full upon her visitor.

"No, no! Why should we? It was
just a falling away from each other—
as that used to be so near. I married,

A second Miss Austin's heart stood
still, her frame grew rigid, her breath
came hard. Then she drew a little

A swift whiteness settled about the
other woman's mouth. She said,
huskily: "Yes, you know he tended her
through that long spell of fever. She

Under and through the pain of it
ran wonder over this late frankness.
What had Mrs. Carroll to gain by it?

She looked at Miss Austin with
streaming eyes. "Don't say you envy
hearts that can break, Catherine.

That's why I'm so anxious to make
friends with you. It would do her a
seems, some of all their length with

In spite of her pain, Miss Austin
smiled a little at the eager mother's
transparent scheming. Evidently

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went to her own chamber, there to
pace the morning through.
She came down from it to the early
dinner with her mind firmly made up.

As to him, she had no ghost of spite
in it. If he loved her already, in spite
of her best efforts at disengagement,

In such mood roof and walls oppres-
sed her. She went slowly through
the garden, across the meadow

Slowly, slowly, with bent head, with
lagging foot, Miss Austin went through
it, and on to the bluff at whose foot

Listening, Miss Austin smiled
through a mist of tears. She knew,
oh! so well, the song, the singer, Joe

Not this other with early ashes alike
on head and heart.
Here, face to face with sun and sky

He bent solicitously across, and took
her hand between his own—the slim
ringless hand he hoped soon to claim.

His was a fine soul, full of the subtle
sympathies of silence. He asked
neither why nor wherefore of the tale,

Man is devoted to his hobby;
woman, to her hobby.

but loved her the more for this con-
stant tenderness, this keeping faith
with unfaith.
Very softly he raised the hand he
held, laid it against his cheek, and

Feeling his heart leap at the sight,
she said, softly: "We have been cruel
to each other—a formation high upon

On Cervo, one of the most northern
of the Azorean Islands, is an interesting
feature of nature—a formation high upon

During this terrible storm Columbus
and his crew made a vow that if they
were saved they would, on reaching

Accordingly, on entering the harbor
of Santa Maria on the 17th of February,
1493, Columbus sent one-half of the

The Governor of Santa Maria, how-
ever, claimed to be suspicious of the strange-
looking procession, fearful in fact, that

Meanwhile a high sea and a strong
wind had arisen and the Nina was
obliged to slip anchor. She is supposed

At each doorway hung a potiere of
the same shade, with the Greek border
in broad, white braid; over the plain

Many cures have been recommended
for stammering; here is one so simple
that even should it fail little is lost by

"I tried this remedy," said a sufferer,
"not having much faith in it. I must
confess, but willing to do almost any

Now, friends, try watering your horse
before feeding in the morning, thus
slaking his thirst and at the same time

We clip the following timely advice
from the Sportsman, and recommend it
to the attention of our farmer friends and

Your horse can do more work on less
feed and will be healthy much longer;
besides humanity demands his thought-
ful care.

Man is devoted to his hobby;
woman, to her hobby.

Toques are to be one important fea-
ture of the autumn millinery. This is
welcome news to the average woman
who has worn a toque in the past, but

The newest volume of the Census Re-
port contains some curious facts and
figures. We all know that woman is
not only the fairer and better sex, but,

White stockings are on sale in Broad-
way. These are two kinds. One sells
at \$4 a pair and the other at 25 cents.

SWEEEPING IN AND SWEEEPING OUT.
Write—"Did you notice, dear, at the
party last evening how grandly our

Under the heading, "A Room in
Denim," a writer in the "Upolsterer"
says: Denim comes in red as well as

Denim makes good portieres, for it
shakes off the dust and can be easily
washed; in the portiere a broad design

The wall paper was of a broad, bold
pattern in white and blue, the mantels
were of cherry, the frieze of blue enameled

In one window stood a round Japa-
nese jardiniere in blue and white por-
celain, and here and there on the wall

The winter bonnets are of small close
shapes, with crowns that touch the
head and add nothing to the size there-
of.

Velvet crowns are of delightful met-
allic colors wrought in silk stitches
that may be very rich and glowing or

Among the trimmings for bonnets,
and for round hats also, are wide black
velvet ribbons edged with white

The so-called gold bonnets, with
crowns of bullion embroidery, are very
effective with pleated brims of brown

Silver embroidery is in charmingly
delicate taste of velvets on very light
colors for evening and dress bonnets.

Miss Dudley, an English bicyclist,
holds the record for long-distance-riding
by women. She made the distance of

One may wear anything from a
50-cent muslin to a \$50 gauze, provided
it is pretty and stylishly made.