

THE SLEEP.

Of all the thoughts of God that are borne inward into souls afar, Along the palmist's music deep, Now tell me if that say is...

MISS LIVINGSTON.

BY MARION HARLAND.

Miss Livingston had been one of the passengers on the Bavaria when she came into port after a rough voyage one week before I introduced you to her.

Her only brother had taken the house in Fifty-seventh Street, and had it fitted up, at her request with old furniture, bequeathed to her by her mother.

Miss Livingston had brought over with her divers cases filled with stuff accumulated in five years' residence and travels in foreign lands.

On the eve of the journey the two girls sat together in Sara's dressing-room, four feet upon the fender-stool that now supported Miss Livingston's Paris slippers, and talked until the stir and groan of the awakening city could be heard.

"I love him as I love my own soul—and more!" she said, her face agleam with strange pallid fire.

"Hadsomer than ever—and haughtier!" Mrs. Robert Livingston had reported to her husband after lunching with her sister-in-law that day.

"Sara was always sensible, interjected the husband of Miss Livingston's sister-in-law, dryly.

"Sara was always the most generous of women," rejoined her husband raising his glass with a gesture that, to a quick-witted or imaginative spectator, would have hinted at an inaudible toast and apostrophized pledge.

"It wasn't in the least like a confirmed old maid to cater so cleverly for my tastes and the children's complexions, Heigho! I suppose people will call your sister that. Seems to me that belles are not so apt to marry well as others."

"There are worse possibilities in women's lives than to be Sara Livingstons at any age," said the sententious auditor.

He never bickered with his pippin-cheeked Agnes, but neither would he have her belittle one he loved fondly in his way—which was also his sister's.

"You put me last!" pouted her confident. "The third place in your heart is better worth than the first in any other, but when the prince who will outrank us all steps into line, I shall be fourth—almost out in the cold."

She was a bewitching elf—this dearest girl friend of the belle. Brunette, petite, animated, supple, mercurial, nimble of brain, and facile of tongue, she a nonpareil of a foil to her stately mate.

She was an orphan, and dependent upon a fat, stinging great-aunt. The girls were intimate from the beginning of their school life to the evil day when Sara set out for California with her invalid mother.

As the time of departure drew near, a variance of sentiment became a clash of wills. Each of the privately plighted pair was proud; both were conscientious in belief and action.

So said Miss Livingston to her mother and to Vida. Mrs. Livingston never guessed the cause of the quarrel. She had confidence in her daughter.

When Sara told her that it was broken, there would be no need to mention it in her next letter to Robert. Things happened so providentially. And about wiles now? It seemed hardly worth while to call upon Gunther for the long seal-skin cloak he had sent to him for storage last spring.

Between her sobs, clinging to Sara with gushing tears and consoling caresses, Vida promised all that was asked—and much besides. What woman's ingenuity could devise and loving arts accomplish should be brought to bear upon the piffling lover to win him back to his allegiance.

"Only give me a few weeks—maybe a month or two. 'Time and I against any other two.' What chance has one man, however haughtily obstinate, against me—especially when his own heart is a traitor to his will?"

Away off in the monotonous sunshine of the Californian town, Sara awaited, first hopefully, then patiently, for news of the predicted change, noting reluctantly the growing infrequency of Morris's name in Vida's letters, yet never asked a question of how matters were going under the tender diplomacy of her ambassador.

Mrs. Robert Livingston's wits were practical, and a high-shouldered turkey-ben has more imagination. Had a modicum of tact compensated measurably for these deficiencies, she would have kept back her next observation:

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With blending grin and snarl, she told what a relief it was to her to be rid of a troublesome parasite.

"I could have told you why she wouldn't go with you to California. The Lord knows I tried hard to shake her off my hands then, but she was like a rock. She staid for a purpose, and so I told her.

"I have repaid you many benefits by such flagrant ingratitude, and done such discredit to the breeding learned from you." As she said it, she arose. "Sorry, also that you have put yourself to the inconvenience of coming out on a rainy day to tell me a story that concerns me less than it would have done a year ago.

"I am sorry to hear that your niece has repaid you many benefits by such flagrant ingratitude, and done such discredit to the breeding learned from you." As she said it, she arose.

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was strong enough to put away once and for all the memory of the falsest woman she had ever known; to trample upon the shards of tawdry clay idols.

"What is this that thou hast been fretting and fuming and lamenting and self-torturing on account of? Say it in a word: is it not because thou art not happy? Foolish soul! what act of Legislature was there that thou shouldst be happy? There is in man a higher than Happiness; he can do without happiness, and instead thereof find Blessedness.

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added strange gentleness to her countenance. Turning to reply to a casual speech of her escort in the vestibule, she found herself face to face with Rensselaer Morris.

"I had not heard that you were in America. I doubted my eyes when I saw you in church. When did you get back, and where are you staying or living? With you, I suppose?" looking at Robert Livingston, as one agitated query passed upon another.

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and overweighted heart. "I am glad! glad! Glad! that I forgave her before I heard of it!"

For and About Women.

The second Vassar graduate to receive from Yale the honor of the publication of her thesis at the expense of the university is Miss Laura J. Wylie, of the class of '77. Her subject was the "Evolution of English Criticism from Dryden to Coleridge."

Miss Wylie was for some time a resident of Bellefonte, Pa. Her father was the Presbyterian minister who preceded Dr. Laurie.

Better marry a praying sinner than a preaching saint.

Adelina Patti celebrated her 51st birthday Sunday at Hartford, Conn., by giving a dinner to a party of friends. Few women of her age present so youthful an appearance.

A pretty paper weight which is to be placed in a business man's Easter stocking by his sweetheart is an egg filled with plaster of paris, thus avoiding the danger of breakage. Around the bottom is a frill of muslin, such as Columbus wore, and on the head a cap like those we see in pictures of Columbus. The features painted as near a likeness as can be reached on the oval surface, and the whole will make a pretty remembrance of the world's fair year.

A woman with a happy disposition is far more to a man as a wife than the woman with a great fortune, for riches take wings. Worldly prosperity has a way of altering, and if once money vanishes the gloomy individual does naught but sit down and weep, having no word of encouragement for the husband, on whom the blow falls most heavily. The happy dispositioned wife will see a way out of the difficulty, or will accept matters as they are in a sweet spirit of cheerfulness that endows her husband's zeal and causes him to look upon her as the guiding star of his existence. If God has not given you such a disposition cultivate it as far as possible. It does no good to brood over one's troubles. It doesn't help matters out a bit. Be on the lookout for bright rays and you will certainly find them.

"Bows are ubiquitous," said madame; "they rival the grip; every one has them." No hat for the early spring will be in the mode unless it is crowned by one of the Virot bows, over which Paris has gone wild, or a Princess Tam, or at least a butterfly or a fustian.

A buckle and a bow in fact will constitute the trimming for most of the hats which smart folk put on in the beginning of the season. The Virot bow is always placed against the back of the hat, the jet buckle that confines it resting its edges on the hair.

It is made from a one-yard length of silk (preferably watered) cut on the bias and three-eighths in width. The edges are well turned in and blind stitched. The two ends of the silk are sewed together, so that the strip becomes a circle. It is folded then into four loops, two on either side, the upper ones a bit longer than the lower ones, and the lower edges of each loop drawn tighter than the upper edge—this compasses the extreme pointed effect.

Holding the loops firmly in place with the fingers the left loops are turned over the right ones, and the whole tied into an ordinary "tight knot." This forms the knot in the centre that confines and completes the bow, without any sewing to be done.

A jet buckle is fastened over this knot, or a few small rhinestone stick pins hold it in place. Wide ribbons can be used to make a Virot, but bias silk is preferable.

When such a bow is placed at the back only a low bunch of flowers is used in front, or in some cases simply a large buckle. As all the spring hats are to have decided crowns, even to cone shaped ones, a Virot bow does not appear singular.

Ribbons will be more popular than ever for trimming summer dresses, they say, now there are several new notions among them. A "perfectly lovely" sash ribbon is stiff enough to stand alone and has tiny bouquets of flowers powdered over a white ground, like the exquisite little sprigs on old Dresden china. The same design in black gros grain is also very effective, and another pretty novelty is a ribbon with a long white lace edge.

The spring wrap par excellence has it sewed on to the full cups of black moire. These jaunty little affairs are frequently finished in front by a mammoth cravat, but if we are wise in our prophecy the big bows are not destined for a very long run among the elect. The lace and leather bows are so much prettier and far more becoming. Speaking of neck trimmings a most charming affair is made of pleated moire ribbon, standing up quite full as a ruching. This bow has the advantage over the feather and lace ones of being damp proof, something of an item when one has spent time or money on a trivial bit of prettiness, which wills down directly when there is the slightest indication of rain.

Not to own a tailor gown this spring is to argue yourself deplorably old-fashioned, for severity is the thing and every eyelid, must be finished in real man fashion.

A very pretty dress was of summer silk in golden brown with narrow stripes of black and pale yellow. The bodice had a vest of pale yellow satin bordered on either side by coffee-colored lace jabots, a black satin collar imitating sleeves to the elbow meeting lace cuffs and a sort of pointed corslet in black satin just edged with yellow.

Every garment that extends below the waist line hangs in godets to the lower edge, apparently increasing the size of the figure.

The best remedy for ill-used tresses is strict care; glossy, vitiated tresses, kept in order by constant brushing, assume by degrees a better color.