

DEFEAT.

Because she was lonely, and shabby and shy. Not "mothered" and petted like they, The little school girls tossed their heads in the air...

THE YOUNG CRIPPLE.

She was the youngest but one of a family of eight. Physically her life was and could be nothing save one long crucifixion. Crippled and deformed there stretched behind her a record of suffering, before her the prospect of greater torture still.

He had heard it played by more than one finished musician, but this was a different rendering. It was like the despairing cry of a lusty swimmer falling near the shore, or the wail of a lost soul striving to escape from the sea of torture and driven back by a host of fallen angels.

Not many days elapsed ere the doctor kept his promise, and Austin Marshall, tall and strong, held the small, wasted hand of the diminutive musician and wondered the while how the perfect soul his father had described had managed to find itself in that misshapen little body.

"I can never play in public," she answered briefly, with a painful flush that testified to her sensitive recognition of physical defects.

"I suppose because the minor harmonies are most perfect and least understood." The retort was so sudden and so unexpected that for once the wag of the family was left speechless and not quite certain whether some disguised slur on himself had not been subtly introduced, while Ida, feeling vaguely that those few words had sealed a compact of eternal friendship between Austin Marshall and herself, took up her violin again and dashed into a wild and characteristic Hungarian air whose reckless jubilee was shadowed by an underlying vein of sadness.

passed without Austin Marshall contriving to spend some time with the deformed musician, and as the days lapsed into weeks, and the weeks into months, it was noted that when Ida played alone her airs were more romantic than before.

But when the old doctor noticed the change he shook his head in apprehension, while tears of pity filled his eyes. His profession had trained him to read the longings of the heart as well as the infirmities of the tenement it inhabited, and if all he thought and dreaded were true—Had things been different! If Ida had not been distinctly isolated by nature from the sweetest gifts life can hold!

"I shall miss all this dreadfully when I'm away," Austin said as he turned over a pile of music for a particular duet. "I'm going north in a day or two, you know. Didn't I tell you?" he added answering the unspoken question.

What a marvelous change in the treatment of horses would quickly occur if men were treated exactly as they treat their horses! In that case Whips would be seldom used. Jerking the bit would cease; also Yelling, cursing, pounding and kicking.

A young farmer, who had great conceit, little discretion, and scarcely any education, presented himself once at a Presbyterian conference and said he wished to be ordained as a preacher. "I ain't had any great learnin'," he said, frankly, "but I reckon I'm called to preach. I've had a vision three nights runnin'; that's why I'm here."

One—By George, I never heard of a Chicago man that wouldn't blow and lie about his confounded town as though it was the only town on earth.

Behave yourself, and you will keep somebody else out of mischief. Opportunity sooner or later, comes to all who work and wish.

and the rustling of leaves. Inside sat the little cripple propped up with pillows, her pitiful vitality burning itself slowly away.

She knew she was dying, but the knowledge brought her no fear. Perhaps she believed that if eternity held for her worse tortures than she had yet endured she had served on earth an apprenticeship to pain long enough to fit her for it.

With treasured fingers she drew her bow across the strings, and recognized in the opening notes her favorite "Dieu," by Schubert, Austin softly followed, and in a moment was so absorbed he scarce noticed how her bowing became gradually weaker, until it faltered and stopped just before the concluding bars.

All of which proves how mean and foolish some men are.—Hallstead (Pa.) Herald.

A Dream Interpreted. A young farmer, who had great conceit, little discretion, and scarcely any education, presented himself once at a Presbyterian conference and said he wished to be ordained as a preacher.

Concerning Chicago Traits. One—By George, I never heard of a Chicago man that wouldn't blow and lie about his confounded town as though it was the only town on earth.

Give up money, give up science, give up earth itself, and all it contains, rather than do an immoral act.

A happy heart is worth more anywhere than a pedigree running back to the Mayflower.

A Visit to Washington.

The Capitol—Arlington—Marshall Hall—and Mt. Vernon as seen by a Howard Correspondent.

"Train!" cried the boys who were lounging around the platform of our little station, and we were apprised that the mail for Lock Haven was coming in on time.

Our lunch finished, and the familiar "all aboard" sounded, and again we were on our way, soon leaving the lumber city far in the distance.

The next morning our guide met us bright and early and off we were for Mt. Vernon, the Tomb of Washington Having been down on the river the previous evening, we went by rail to Alexandria where we transferred to the electric line running down King Street past the old Washington Church and its shady lawn, on down past the Marshall House where the daring Col. Ellsworth was shot after hauling down the confederate flag from the top of the house, during the conflict between the North and South.

Upon entering the grounds we went directly to the tomb, where rest the bodies of Washington and his wife. The vault is constructed of brick at the base of a little hill, and closed by a gate of iron bars.

Very truly yours, SIBYL

For and About Women.

Gail Hamilton has almost recovered from her long and painful illness, and is now at her home in Hamilton Mass.

Be careful in choice of color; black is ever the smartest, if you have a doubt and silver gray comes next best. Browns, blues and reds must be treated carefully and a bright plum color will insure success.

1. Don't imagine, if you yourself are short, and inclined to stoutness, that Julie will look well in the blouse that suits your slim sister. Avoid the blouse unless on a very tight, wellfitted lining.

Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt has at various times given several fine ambulances to the different New York hospitals. A good ambulance will cost nearly \$1,000, but with the springs, mattresses and other complete equipments with which Mrs. Vanderbilt fits the vehicles their cost is not under \$2,000 each.

Boas have come back, not only in fur, but in chiffon, ribbon and feathers. The last named are now quite short in some cases, and have for a fastening a little fur head, such as a mink, to hold them close at the throat.

The question which is now occupying the larger part of the attention of the makers of the mode is, perhaps, regarding the sleeves. Alas! slowly but surely they are decreasing in size. The styles selected by the young Duchess of Aosta on the occasion of her marriage gave the first impetus in this direction among the beamondees.