

THE CHOICE.

[Sarah K. Bolton in Judge.] Two Jacqueminots were in the vase, One bud with leaves unsealed, And one whose velvet open face Its yellow heart revealed.

MOLLY'S BLUNDERS.

"Sure, Molly's the most unfortunate crayther that iver you see," said Donal, "for misundrestandint gintale conversay-shun intirely. Sure, no matter what yer're pleased to say, she'll take it in its literary sense. Like as when, in spakin' of the great shower of rain we had, the praste said 'the windys of heaven were opened,' 'It's right your riverence is,' says Molly, 'for, faith, I heard the smushin of one of the panes.' And if the stupid gurl wasn't after gazin up into the skoi to see if the windys had been shut!

What I need is a fatboat, and there's no time for the gettin of that, for I'm sinkin deeper iver minute." "By the same token, it's this that I've brought the door for," says she. With that she laid the door of our cottage flat-wise on the bog, and I managed to crawl upon it and to get safe to sound land.

ivery one and askin and askin more questions than a praste with the catechism. "But he didn't forget Molly's ribbon, don't you be talkin—an illegant one it was, with a rid satin shtripe and roses blossom in all over it. Thin he said, 'Donal, come in; let me see you take a turn at the dancin,' but though there was a harper an a fiddler on the grounds there was no one dancin' 'And why is this?' says his honor. "If your honor pleases," says I, 'it's because the poor people of this country have little time, money or heart to spend on the dancin'.

"But his honor didn't have the house put into the state of defince, at all at all. Instid of that, he ordered it lighted from garret to cellar, and tould the servants to hurry and set out a big supper, and me to run for Fayther McClosky to come in and make a speche of welcome for his company. And Fayther McClosky arrived in the nick of time, and come out on the balcony with his honor just as the byes marched up foreinst the house. 'And,' says he, 'his honor has heard of your kind intentions to give him a surprise party,' says he, 'and has pervided a little supper, to which he bids you all welcome.

The Leaves of Autumn. Why They Take on Their Gorgeous Variegated Color. What causes the leaves to turn red and yellow in the autumn? Nine persons out of ten answer hastily, "the frost." As a matter of fact, the frost has nothing to do with it. Leaves turn in color simply because that is the natural way for a leaf to ripen. A leaf turns just as a peach, a pear or an apple does.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. Skirts are not much more than half as wide as they were, perhaps, a couple of years ago; three and a-half yards around the hem at the bottom, and with no golet at the side, is now the correct proportion. There is no wane of the popularity of the jacket, bolero and Eton, still very short and worn in self colors over vests and blouses of fleecy texture and light tints. The wide corset is as much in favor as is the pearl neck chain, only the pearls are reserved for the few who can afford them. Anyone can have a belt.