

THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR.

O winter wind, indulgent blow. O sun, be warm and bright, Thon, kindly stars, keep watch below...

CAPTAIN BENJAMIN.

"The Salvationists have got a new captain," said Miss Revel, leaning forward to look through the fine veil of mist-like rain...

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"Who is he?" asked Miss Revel. "Who are any these Salvationists? I believe he began the world as the son of a college President, then he was a tramp for ten years or so...

"Is there someone here to see me?" she said, looking about her with large eyes, dazzled by the change from the yellow gas-light. "Oh it is you, Lieutenant."

"It does not matter about me," said the brown lieutenant; "here is Captain Benjamin." Theora moved a gracious step forward and extended her hand towards something long and black which erected itself out of the thicket of the shade...

"So that is the materialistic explanation of an undeniable fact?" said Miss Revel; "your reverse process, I suppose, is what the Bible calls possession by the devil?" She laughed a little as she spoke, because she did not wish to give the effect of being shocked...

"I suppose it's a new experience for you to feel yourself a subject of prayer?" said Dr. Hurlbut, as he stood under the gaslight hat in hand, taking leave of his hostess. Theora was conscious of a shock. "I suppose it is," she answered with a faint smile...

kept the house full, during a large part of the year, with people who would "take an interest;" for herself, she was personally acquainted with every child, and with most of the grown-ups, within a half-mile radius...

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Miss Revel was rather relieved when Dr. Hurlbut had left her; there was a certain little more human than his calm analysis of men and things; yet, against her will, she found herself analyzing Captain Benjamin very much after Dr. Hurlbut's fashion...

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room; and the wide stretch of lawn to the river, with the clear reach of blue sky above it, had never appeared so attractive to Theora, through the low, wide casement, as at this moment, when she saw Captain Benjamin's close-cut dark head silhouetted against the sunshine, like the stem of an ancient misal on his golden background.

It was a handsome head, as she had always been more or less aware; close-trimmed and of military cretness, with a straight, regular profile that might have been carved in some rare stone—she found it disconcerting, all through the somewhat disconcerting interview that followed, in the effort to locate the particular kind of stone out of which Captain Benjamin's head might have been carved. It would be of a clear olive color, so dark as to conceal pallor, she thought, and yet—a certain kind of onyx, she believed, with a soft, clear light behind it, would not be a bad simile.

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Theora did not attend to him very closely; her eye had been caught by two figures who stood under the drippings of the scroll-work on the front of the station; the brown lieutenant nearest to the weather. As she had seen it first, so now she beheld it for the last time—the dark, thin face, above the lieutenant's red-crossed bonnet, gleaming with unheeded raindrops; but now the wistful, patient, dog-like fidelity and sorrow were written on the face not only of the woman. Something smote Theora suddenly on the heart.

"Let me out," she called to the coachman, who stood near, his hands in the pockets of his shiny rubber garment. "Let me out; there is something I have forgotten."

"Your common sense?" hovered as a suggestion on Dr. Hurlbut's lips; but he knew her too well to let it escape from them.

"My dear Theora, you will take your death," said Mrs. Revel, feebly; but Theora, in her long blue traveling cloak, had already laid her hands upon the arm of the brown lieutenant, and noted the name of joy that leaped at her approach into the eyes of Captain Benjamin.

"Come," she said, imperatively, "I must speak to you;" and when they were within the shelter of the waiting-room, she pressed into the hard brown palm something soft and silky to the touch.

"He is not well," said Theora, hurriedly; "I want him to have every comfort, every luxury. Write to me about him; let me know what he needs; he will have it, as if he were my own brother."

The brown lieutenant looked at the trust confided to her, and added up mentally the amount of the notes, with business-like exactness, before she replied.

"Yes," she said, afterwards, "you may do this for him; it is very hard to know any one whom you love is suffering for food, because what he has to do is to tempt his appetite; I will let you do this for him Miss Revel. God gives me the nursing of him, and that is best of all. Yes, I will let you; it will not be very long."

"I do you the justice, Captain Benjamin, to believe most fully in your entire sincerity and your desire to benefit me; but I think you do less than justice to a religious feeling which may be real, although it is not expressed from your own. I am not exacting an irreligious woman, as you should know by this time; and you do not seem to be so sure of your own faith as you do in your repentance—yet."

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FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

The uses of lemons are manifold, and the more we employ them the better we shall find ourselves. For all people in sickness or in health, lemonade is not only a safe but a remarkable drink. It is a specific against worms and skin complaints.

The good carriage of a young woman has much to do with the impression she creates in public, and in some noble English families—where physical-culture professors were known—a drill master used to supplement the governess' instruction how to hold back the shoulders and how to keep the chin in. Gone are the days of "back-board" in young ladies' academies; but the girl recognizes the advantage of a "good sitting" up, which they never seem to lose in after years.

The round waist holds its place in fashion's ranks and is still very much favored, both on day and evening gowns for slender women and young ladies. The inspired ideas of French designers are particularly manifest among these graceful and remarkable chie models, for their pretty belt ribbons or soft Directorate sashes wound twice around the waist and crossed over in pretty waists with very narrow effects with short crumpled or vandyked skirts with postillion backs, or Russian blouse backs and open jacket front.

There seems to be an inevitable tendency in the V-shaped vestures and perpendicular effects of every sort to elongate the short one, should always be kept in mind no matter what the various changes and changes of fashion may be, or however becoming certain styles may prove to be. Women who are so finely proportioned that they may follow by them.

Time passed, and summer returned; and Dr. Hurlbut drew his horse aside, one morning, from the great gates of Reveling, which he had been about to enter.

"It is fitting that a mere mortal should give place to the chariot of Aurora," he said, as Miss Revel in her dog-cart passed through the gates, and he waved his hand in salute.

"I am only going out to the cemetery," replied Miss Revel, with a grave sincerity, which seemed to have brought home from her travels, and which the doctor found more disconcerting than her former jesting gaiety.

"How wonderfully well you have looked ever since your return!" he said, with more meaning than met the ear; "your winter improved you greatly."

Dr. Hurlbut sat motionless, following her with his eyes. "To the cemetery?" he said, presently, "where that fellow lies, near to her own father. Such folly!" But at least she did not make any such an evil as that, a few cart-loads of flowers are a small consideration.

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