

MY DOG.

The curate thinks you have no soul; I know that he has none. But you, Dear friend, whose solemn self-control...

THE BAND.

I think the reason that Philip Barstow and I get on so well together is because we both crossed the prestidigitator's bridge at about the same time.

Barstow and I used to dine at the same club, but we give that up some time ago. Now we have a little side table at Sherry's or Martin's or even at Neeson's, where the stage is amply filled and the actors are usually well-dressed and often beautiful.

There was one thing that worried us a good deal then, and even now, there is plenty of time between the lighting of our cigars and the hour for starting for the play, we occasionally discuss it mildly.

It is a trifling matter of who is going to save our country and effect the most glorious war. The first time I saw her, she was resting between numbers, her hands lying idly on the keys.

Very early in July Barstow and I separated; he goes to Magnolia, where he meets nothing but Bostonians, and I go to Virginia, which Northerners avoid because they have a wrong idea that it is hot.

When we return in September we swap experiences that are supposed to bolster up our old arguments, and although we have done this for ten years, it has not made any difference in our views.

The door at the other end of the piazza leads into the bathroom, which is a little smaller than the dining-room, but equally severe in its lack of decoration.

servants are the kind who court you if they are women and if they are men throw their hats on the ground before they address you.

I had been at The Springs perhaps about a fortnight, and had quite an opportunity of knowing "The Band" at all, when quite by accident I became slightly acquainted.

"Good afternoon," said somebody, whom I knew by the voice to be no other than "The Band." A little discouraged, I walked about the rock and found her sitting with her back against the boulder.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" she said. Of course, there are several ways of saying: "Oh, it's you, is it?" but the way "The Band" said it, it sounded to me as though, while she was not thrilled with the sight of me, she was glad it was not one of several others.

"No, you're not, but it is so much better than the one I was taught on." "Who taught you?" I asked.

"My mother—that is, she taught me all she knew." "How long have you played—professionally I mean?"

"The word brought a smile to the girl's lips. "Professionally," she repeated, "I have been playing three years. But it seems—then she stopped. "Oh, I don't know how it seems. Why should I talk to you like this?"

"Because I'm old," I replied promptly, "and probably because we get on so far more than you are going to say those three years seem an eternity."

"Those three hours I play in the ball-room seem an eternity, if you insist on knowing just how I feel. You can't imagine how sweet and pretty my little bedroom at the top of the house seems after that long, hot day."

"You seem very fond of your little room," I suggested; "at least no one ever sees you out of it, except at the piano and in the dining-room. Why aren't you more sociable?"

now. Why, with that dollar-twenty shirt-waist and that duck skirt, she makes those girls of pinnaque dancing round there look like scullery maids.

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"I thought of asking you to walk back to the hotel," I suggested—"that is, after a while."

be wholly concealed from passers-by. Several times I spoke to her during the evening when she was at the piano in the ball-room, but she seemed to have forgotten our little talk entirely and was, I think, if any thing, more unresponsive than before.

It had always been the custom at The Springs to discontinue the music after the first of September, and a few of us men had even arranged for a list of benefits for the musicians just before their departure.

"You can't do anything," said Mrs. Simmons decidedly. "The girl may be as poor as a church-mouse—and I am quite willing to believe that she is the sole support of her mother—but I'm sorry for the crowd of people which has to offer her the proceeds."

And there the matter rested for the night. The next morning we sat about the porch and talked it over and over again, until I hit on an idea which met with everybody's approval. It seemed to me that as long as the girls were playing for other people to dance all summer, it would be a good thing to have one night when she could dance and the rest could play.

It was the first intention to have several of the ladies do the playing, but it was decided after a few days that the band of four girls should play the entire evening.

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heavy sleep. I turned in my cramped berth, and with drowsy eyes looked out to learn if I could see how far we had gone on our journey.

There was a little station made of clapboards, which at one time must have been painted red. Over the door there was a lantern lamp held in a rusty bracket, but the lamp was not lit, and, indeed, so far as I could see, there were no signs whatever of life about the place.

And then I was suddenly shaken roughly by the shoulder, and a very soiled and half-awake porter told me we were at Hodgenville. I hurried out of the car and found myself standing waiting for me on the bank just beyond the station.

"It was so good of you to come," she said. She wore a shirt-waist and a short duck skirt, and her eyes were as bright and her hair as clear and cool as the morning breeze that blew little wisps of hair across her forehead and about her ears.

"And so this is Hodgenville?" I asked. She nodded in the direction of the five houses. "Yes," she said, "that is Hodgenville. The big house that used to be white is our home."

"Nothing," she said, "but a few big farms. I wanted you to see Hodgenville, so that you could understand just what you did for me—just how much that dance meant to me and how well it meant to me."

"I suppose I must have looked a little surprised when she said the word 'Yankee,' because she at once tried to explain, and I think she found it very difficult.

"You see mother lives so far from the world and has been out of things for so long a time, and then you know it is not easy for very old people to forget. This bank we are standing on used to be the first terrace on our place."

"They used to call it Glenham Hall. It was quite a showplace then—the lawn ran way down there to where you see the creek. It was a kind of park, and here where we are standing mother says there used to be peacocks strutting about and young deer. I think it must have been lovely then, don't you?"

"Do you—do you have holly in New York?" she asked—"I mean at Christmas?" "Oh, yes," I said. "It comes in wreaths with a large red bow on each wreath."

"Our isn't nearly so grand as that, but mother and I thought we would send you some about Christmas time—that is, if you would care for it. The woods about here are full of it, but there is so little—"

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

All who joy would win, must share it. Happiness was born a twin.

—Bryon.

When piece gowns are worn, separate coats become necessary; consequently the prevalence of this style has resulted in a great variety of fall models in separate wraps.

For present wear nothing is more popular than circular capes, in many modifications, as well as the conventional shape. Of these the military is most practical.

Then there is a modification in a wrap for afternoon or evening use in cars. This should be trimmed with buttons, braid and sometimes embroidery.

Colored broadcloth separate coats for day wear are few. When a color is preferred, then the circular model is sought.

Lightweight tweed separate coats are smart looking, plainly tailored and in unobtrusive colorings. For business wear a thin dress these coats answer admirably when the time comes that snob protection is needed.

Mme. Lillian Blauvelt, who, at the age of 80 years, is still teaching music, said at a musical breakfast tendered to her prior to her departure from New York for Europe recently: "There are many reasons why I should advise all young girls to sing. Not the least important is that it is good for the physical health. I have known persons to have been saved from consumption by a course of singing lessons, which tends to establish the correct use of the voice, as well as stimulate the natural love for music. In everyone there is a germ of power to appreciate the finest music, and the easiest way to express that appreciation is with the voice."

The Parisian now wear ever so simple a little frock, but she spares no expense on the accessories thereof. There will be a dashing hat in one color effect, preferably the deep, bluish-violet parme shade, or one of the bow fir or willow greens, and this stunning hat will be matched by parasol, silk stockings and handbag, and usually there will be delicately embroidered gloves in the same shade drawn up over the arm.

Saratoga is agog at the new fashion of corseted men, which she has seen at the races have shown to be the latest departure in the smart set. From shoulder to hip an almost straight line exists in this new, unbound figure. A brassiere alone confines the curves on any well-developed form, and the princess lingerie line is made to suggest rather than to define the point which a trim 2 inch belt formerly adorned.

Take care of your kid gloves. If somebody sends you six pairs from Paris do not get them all into use at once. Cleaning is likely to injure the soft kid, and once cleaned white gloves yellow very quickly.

It is much better to wear a few pairs until they are worn out. Fine gloves in use should be kept wrapped in waxed paper. This keeps them from discoloring. It also helps to preserve the original soft pliable quality of the leather.

For Salad Dressing That Will Keep.—Beat four tablespoonfuls of butter until hot, stir in one of flour until smooth, add one cup of cream (either sweet or sour), and let boil, then set the saucepan into hot water. Beat together the yolks of three eggs, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful each of salt and dry mustard, add one-half cup of vinegar, then stir into the other mixture until it thickens. Bottle and it can be kept for weeks, ready for use. If too thick, add a little cream or vinegar to thin.

Nothing relieves the sting of mosquito bites or the itching of hives like bathing them in a weak solution of carbolic acid water.

The long scarf, stencilled, embroidered and painted, will be one of the most popular fashions of the year, but this time it will appear draped on the bodice and skirts of ball gowns.

A few handsome buttons on a suit are considered richer and smarter than many expensive ones.

Almost every home has a dictionary in which the meaning of words can be found. It is far more important for every home to have a reference book in which the meaning of symptoms of ill health is explained.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is a dictionary of the body. It answers the questions which are asked in every family concerning health and disease. Other dictionaries are costly. This is sent free on receipt of stamps of this expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the book bound in paper, or 31 stamps for cloth binding, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

When a woman who has "crying spells," which seem to be entirely unaccountable, and are generally attributed in a vague way to "nerves." A man hates to see a woman cry under any circumstances, and these bursts of tears awaken very little sympathy in him. They would if he understood all the weakness and misery that lie behind the tears. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has brightened many a home, given smiles for tears to many a woman just because it removes the cause of these nervous outbreaks. Disease of the delicate womanly organs will surely affect the entire nervous system. "Favorite Prescription" cures these diseases, and builds up a condition of sound health. For nervous, hysterical women there is no medicine to compare with "Favorite Prescription."

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