

FOR HIM WHO WAITS.

Everything comes in its own good time: It is we who get in a hurry. The wiles get crossed and our hearts grow sad...

AT THE END OF THE LANE.

When they reached the lane that led to the house on the knoll, Renshaw touched the driver on the shoulder. "I'll get out here," he said. The surrey stopped and Renshaw stepped to the ground.

Renshaw looked around him and laughed. Many years had passed since he had last been at that corner and it is well to greet old friends with a smile.

It had been eleven years since last he had walked through the lane. Previous to that, the house on the knoll had been his home for three other years—three years in which he had worked with brushes and canvas and had painted his name on the column of fame.

"Come now," he said to the moon, "tell me the secret of your attraction, that I may know the better how to paint you. Is it your pallor? No, for pallor is only a symptom. Is it your melancholy? No, for melancholy is a symptom, too. Then why are you so pale and why are you sad and why do you move them so? Ah, now I know! It is because you are extinct, because you are the ghost of what was once a life that will paint you shining on a tomb and again the world will applaud and wonder at my insight!"

Eleven years before, when Fame had called him with her silver trumpets, Mary was ten years old. "And twenty-one is a pretty age," thought Renshaw. "Would it were mine! They had been more than companions; they had been chums. He had gravely discussed his plans and pictures with her, and she had followed many of his dreams with a child's charity of vision—followed and sometimes outdistanced him. They had raced over the fields together, hunted butterflies which had afterward served as models for his 'Magic Cloud,' and on his Saturday excursions she had carried the paint-box, and he had taken an extra stool, so that she could sit by his side under the umbrella and watch the picture grow."

Renshaw sauntered toward the house on the knoll. I wonder which one of us will surprise the other to-night. If she is being married, it will be like a drama. And though I like the drama—ah, well, at least I may like the drama and to-morrow I could not even do that. He hummed a line from the contredanse:

And calm thy petty fear

"Now that is a curious thought," he mused, stopping and looking up at the stars. "Beauty, too, is romantic. It is rare enough to take us by surprise; it has its note of tragedy; the villain Age pursues it—ah, villain!" he whis-

pered, his mood and thought changing. "What have you done with my heart? And with a whimsical sigh, 'Not that I greatly care,' he added.

He was near enough to the house to hear the music of a dance inside and to see the shadows that came and went upon the blinds, and it struck Renshaw with a new significance that although his picture 'The Waltz' had crowned his reputation, he himself could not dance. "The reviewer cannot write a novel," he thought. "The critic cannot act. And perhaps I have painted too much of love. I have reduced it to the corners of the prism and the flourish of a brush. There is no illusion left." He looked up at the moon. "Ah, you ghostly ones!" he smiled, and he climbed the piazza steps of the house on the knoll.

The door was paneled with glass over which a curtain had been stretched, and the light in the hall shown through upon Renshaw's face. Blue-pale he seemed, in the rays of the lamp that filtered through the curtain, blue-pale and older than his years. "It is difficult to make an entrance without knowing the cue," he was thinking. "I wonder if Sarah still reigns in the kitchen." On the tips of his toes he walked around the piazza and peered in the kitchen window. "To the life," said he. He went to the kitchen door and opened it.

The kitchen was large, almost fabulous in its size, as though it were intended for the theater of an epic. Corners and cupboards were lost in its shadows and its area made its cleanliness the most apparent. Along one of the walls stood the range, its damper open and disclosing a fiery Maltese cross. With this rustled the stove was black and gave no indication of the fire that burned within. A clock ticked somewhere with an insistence which was magnified because the clock was hidden in darkness, the senses, cheated of sight, demanding more of the ear. Along another wall was a table and at this table stood a servant, adjusting a lamp which she had been trimming. "Ah, villain!" thought Renshaw, "what have you done with my Sarah?" And perhaps because of his sense of lost illusions, "and to me..." he thought, "and to me..."

Sarah, still bending over the lamp, turned it the wrong way and for a moment the kitchen was dark. Then, reversing the motion of the wheel, she turned the lamp up high and watched the wick to see if it were burning straight. Her face was well above the lamp and the shadows gave her a startled, almost a violent, look and accentuated the upward turn of her nose. Her eyes were far apart, her mouth large and yet tenderly shaped, although her face and body were thin to the point of emaciation. She stepped back and the shadows fell at once from her face, but a look of violence seemed to go more slowly, as if indeed it were loath to go at all.

"Good evening, my Lady Windowmere," said Renshaw, taking a step forward and bowing low. Once she had posed for him; he had called the picture 'Lady at Window,' and ever since she had insisted upon the title. "Mr. Renshaw!" she gasped. But, seeing his look of disappointment, she corrected herself. "Good evening, my lord!" She curtsied low, and then approaching curtsied again. In her air, in her carriage, and as though but darkly seen, was the genius of tragic-comedy, that strange gift of laughing in tears and weeping in mirth. "My poor Sarah!" thought Renshaw. And he winked his eye at her and placed his finger drolly on his lip.

"What's the matter?" she whispered. "Don't they know you're here?" "No, yet. I heard the noise and I thought I would come around and see what it was all about. And besides, I've got a present for you."

Deliberately and with a pretense of pride, he produced a brooch, a necklace and a bracelet in oxidized silver and amethysts. "They are," he said, "for My Lady Windowmere." He fitted the bracelet and necklace in place and pinned the brooch at her throat. With her head held back she looked at him with that stardust glance which was a part of her.

"How did you know I'd be here?" she said. "I knew," he said, and his voice was very knowing. "How did you know I wouldn't be married?" she asked.

"Because men are fools," he easily answered her. Her eyes opened wide. "You are right!" she nodded. "They are fools—all fools—but you."

"And I am not exempt," he said. "And now tell me what the party is for." He pointed to the door which led into the front of the house. "It's Mary's birthday." "Is she married?" "Married? No! Didn't I tell you that men are fools?" "But, at least," said Renshaw, "isn't there some one in particular?" Sarah, "He comes and he goes. Renshaw, stopping in the road. 'Could they have heard from the village? No, for I am sure that no one recognized me. What a coincidence! I try to surprise them and they respond by surprising me. I come five hundred miles to make a dramatic entrance and they advance the drama by setting the stage. . . . It would be curious if Mary were married to-night. . . . Ah, well; at least I would kiss the bride.'"

Two doors and a passageway separated the kitchen from the rest of the house. Sarah opened the first door and Renshaw followed her into the passage. The sound of dancing became more audible. "It is like a comedy," smiled Renshaw to himself. "The prelude has been played in the kitchen; the theater is darkened before the curtain rises; and now—" Sarah opened the second door and by a moment Renshaw was overwhelmed by the noise, the lights, and the warmth which assailed him. Then seeing Mr. and Mrs. Knowlton in the sitting-room, he made his way to them.

"See what Sarah has brought with the cake," he said, and bending over Mrs. Knowlton's chair, he kissed her.

She was a motherly woman of fifty-five, stout and somewhat deaf. Her voice was softly broken like a lute with a loose string, and she had a trick of silent

laughter in which her body shook and rocked itself as though in protest at the attempted solemnity of her expression. She was dressed in black satin, at which she seemed to be in awe, and around her neck was a gold chain which held a pair of eye-glasses that she seldom used, but which was always the finishing touch of her toilette. "You!" she laughed with the delight of a child.

Renshaw was already shaking hands with Mr. Knowlton. "Come now," he said, watching Sarah and the cake. "Isn't this a surprise?" "But I wish I had for years!" exclaimed Mr. Knowlton, his face lighting and his voice rambling over the room. Renshaw sat between them, and while they talked he looked from time to time at the company, some of whom he knew and to whom he sent a smile.

"But I wish they would not look so sad when their faces are in repose," he thought. "Or are they right and am I wrong? And is this life a sad and serious thing?" Another cry of delight interrupted him. He looked up and Mary was holding out her hand. "You have grown!" he said. He arose and, her hand still in his, she tried to guide him to the dancers in the next room. "But I can't dance," he said, "and besides—I would rather talk."

"And so would I," she said. "We'll walk around the piazza until the quadrille is finished. Will you wait for me out there?—I'll come and make some get you. I must find a veil to put over my head." He opened the door and stood framed in the darkness. Then he shut the door and walked across the piazza to peer up at the moon and the stars. "Back again," he said. "Did you miss me?" The leaves rustled on the branches. "The breeze sighs in the trees," quoth he, "and they whisper your name." He looked up at the shadows that swayed above him. "I wish you would spell it," he gently mocked. The door opened and he turned around. Mary was silhouetted against the light of the hall, the cascade of her skirt gleaming with the sheen of silk and her veiled hair shimmering like an aura. She closed the door and joined him. "Let us walk on the grass," he said. "It is dry, for I have tried it." She gathered her draperies around her, and placed her hand on his. "Truly," she said, "but has grown," thought he. "And what have you done since I went away, Mary?" he asked, aloud.

"Nothing," she said. "Then you have done better than I have," he answered her. "For I have taught my mind to paint, and now it cannot see; and I have taught my mind to express and now it cannot feel." "I saw your picture 'The Song of the Nightingale,'" she said. "Wasn't that seeing and feeling?" "Just paint and expression," he said. "An uncertain night, a trembling bush and a moon in an excited tremble. 'Paint a picture of her. Mary's face was upward turned and her eyes were glistening. Renshaw followed her glance. 'Ah, you ghostly ones!' he sadly smiled, his lips moving but making no sound. 'And ever since I saw it,' she said, 'when I think of it—at night—' They walked in silence for a time. The music of the violin was borne to them from the house and the music of the water floated toward them from the brook. Renshaw, abstracted and as though he were by himself, hummed a note or two and then pleasantly sang to the stars:

"Awake, then, oh, my dear,

Draw near and give a sign:

And calm thy petty fear.

For, oh, my heart is true.

And now my longing to eclipse

I'll place a kiss upon thy lips."

Mary's hand moved on his sleeve, but he noted it not and while he sang he kept his eyes upon the stars with that air of detachment which had lately grown upon him. Mary frowned a little to herself. "We must not go far," she said. "I am engaged for the next dance." "His eyes were on the darkness above. 'We are all engaged for the next dance, Mary,' he said, 'but we cannot always tell who our partners will be.'"

She seemed to miss his meaning. "I know at least who mine is going to be," she said. He turned to her then like a man who is pleased with the unexpected. "My word, but you have grown!" said he. He looked at the stars, which pleased him, and he looked at the brook, which pleased him, too. And then he looked at Mary with the same air of pleasure with which he had gazed at the brook and the stars.

"Let's go back," she said, "or they'll be looking for us." "Yes, Mary. As though unconscious of it, he took her hand. 'Let's run!' he whispered.

"They ran to the house. 'Wasn't that like old times?' he laughed, for thus they had run when she was a girl. Mary's breath was coming deeply and her eyes were very bright. "How you have grown!" he murmured, and, taking her cheeks between his palms, he kissed her.

Mary opened the door, but when she turned to look at him, expecting that his glance would still be upon her, he was gazing at the night and carelessly humming.

"And now my longing to eclipse

I'll place a kiss upon thy lips."

From the village came the first note of a bell. "Poor Sarah," thought Renshaw, looking toward the kitchen window. And "Poor Mary," he thought again. "I think I'll bring young Thompson to the point. He is sure of his prize; a fault that can soon be corrected." The idea fitted well his fancies and moods. "Deus ex machina," he smiled, and "Bless you, my children." The reverberations of the bell died in the distance. "Ten o'clock," thought Renshaw, entering the hall. "I have still an hour."

Mary had taken off her veil and was arranging her hair in front of a mirror. "Now that is strange," said Renshaw. He was standing at Mary's shoulder, watching her in the mirror while she arranged her hair. "What is strange?" she asked.

"The reflection of that young man who is eating cake in the corner. How he looks at us!"

"That's Frank Thompson," said Mary; "it's with him that I have the next dance." "Are you sure?" asked Renshaw. The quadrille had come to an end and a local wit was performing a trick with a match-box and a walking-stick. "Life is made up of tricks like that," thought Renshaw. "A little practice, a little deception, and a little patter—and hark, how the company applauds." And aloud he repeated, "Are you sure?" "Why, of course I'm sure," said Mary.

"Why shouldn't I be?" Their eyes met in the mirror. "No; let's make him jealous," whispered Renshaw. "He asked you for the dance because he knew that if he didn't, some one else would. And life is a dance, too, Mary. So let's make him jealous. Shall we?"

Mary's glance dropped for a moment, and for the third and last time that night she frowned to herself. "I will start by asking him to let me have the next dance with you," said Renshaw, half turning away.

"But you can't dance." "Oh, we'll sit it out," he said. "That's part of the play."

"But I don't think he will let you have it." "Pooh!" laughed Renshaw. "Watch!"

He gracefully sauntered out of her sight and reappeared with her mother on his arm. The two approached Thompson and after a minute's conversation Renshaw returned to Mary.

"Your mother is going to dance with him," he said, "so that we may talk over old times. Let us sit on the stairs. We shall be out of the way there and we can talk and watch at the same time."

A ruby lamp threw its glow upon her. "My Mary has grown to be a beauty," he thought, "and I don't wonder that Thompson is already watching us with the eyes of a dragon. I wish that I had the eyes of a dragon, too, but—" For already he had unconsciously begun to appraise the girl by his side in picture values and to analyze the shading and the texture of her beauty.

"Did you see the present I brought for Sarah?" he asked, changing the trend of his thoughts. "No!" And she was all attentive. "A present?"

He told her about it. "I brought three," he said. "One for Sarah; one for your mother; and one for you."

"For me?" she cried. "I shall feel better soon," he told himself, and he turned his face to the moon. "Ah, you ghostly ones!" he sighed. "What have we in common with them? But all the same," he added, "I'm glad there's no nightingale here. An uncertain night, a trembling bush, and a moon that's ready to weep—and I am all three."

Again the door opened and for the second time Mary appeared, silhouetted against the light. She saw where he was and walked over the grass toward him. "Mother is looking for you," she said, "I told her I'd find you."

In the darkness at the end of the lane, the surrey from the station turned around, one of its wheels screeching against the ground.

"What a hateful sound!" shuddered Mary. "No," he said. "It has come to take me away. But didn't I tell you that we would make Thompson jealous? And, Mary, I wish you all the happiness in the world, and—"

She placed her hand on his sleeve. "Don't," she said. "I told him 'No.'"

He looked at her and suddenly his eyes seemed blurred and his heart came to his throat. "And will you marry me?" he asked. His hand was fretting his watch-chain. She opened his arm as though it were a gate and lightly settled her head upon his shoulder. His arms closed around her. "My beautiful bird of God!" he gently cried.—By George Weston, in *Harper's Bazar*.

And smilingly, promptly she answered her, "No, Mr. Renshaw."

She looked at him and laughed, and ruefully he laughed with her. "How jealous he will be!" laughed Mary.

"But I meant it," he said. "Laughingly she shook her head. 'You tease!' he said. 'You know I meant it; and now give me a kiss and say, 'Yes.'"

And again she said, "No." Then falling into his previous mood she added, "You'll like it better if you don't get it. For the sweetest kisses—I've read somewhere—are those which a man can't have."

The music had stopped and young Thompson appeared before them. "I have the next dance, too," he said, "and I shan't give that one up, Mr. Renshaw. 'You were very good to let me have the last,' said the latter, rising. He looked down at Thompson and noted the earnestness of the younger man's expression and the arrangement of his hair, arched over his forehead like a tunnel. 'He lends himself to caricature,' thought Renshaw, walking away, "but at least I could not draw him as a toad. I'll give Mrs. Knowlton her present, and then—"

He searched his pocket for the cameo earrings and buckle which he had brought from Rome. One of the earrings was missing and he remembered then that something had dropped from his pocket when he drew out the locket. "It's in the hall by the side of the stairs," he thought, and he retraced his steps. Thompson and Mary were on the stairs.

"The locket is in the hall," he said, "and the earring he heard the young man asking her a question."

"Ah-ha!" murmured Renshaw to himself, hurrying away. "I thought I would bring him to the point." He placed the cameo in his pocket and went outside. The door behind him, he said, and he shut the door behind him. "I shall feel better soon," he told himself, and he turned his face to the moon. "Ah, you ghostly ones!" he sighed. "What have we in common with them? But all the same," he added, "I'm glad there's no nightingale here. An uncertain night, a trembling bush, and a moon that's ready to weep—and I am all three."

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Every seventh year, so science teaches, the vitality of the body is at its lowest. It is then most liable to be attacked by disease and less able to fight off such attacks. Just watch the record of deaths in your newspaper columns and note how many people die about forty-nine, the seventh recurring period of seven years. This is the climacteric period of human life. There is no doubt that the body may be fortified against disease, and physical vitality increased by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Thousands have proven the truth of this statement and have declared that they owe their lives to Dr. Pierce's wonderful "Discovery." Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are very effective in cleansing the body of foul accumulations which promote the development of disease.

"I should like to open an account at this bank, if you please." "We shall be glad to accommodate you, madam. What amount do you wish to deposit?" "O, but I mean a charge account, such as I have at the big dry goods stores."

"To look well you must be well. When the figure loses its roundness and the face its fairness, there is some disease at work which is robbing the body of its vitality. That disease will generally be found pressing upon the delicate womanly organs. The sure way to look well, therefore, is to get well, and the sure way to get well is to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Thousands of women have been cured by its use, and many have expressed wonder and delight at the restoration of their good looks, with the cure of local diseases. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets assist the action of "Favorite Prescription," when there is a constipated habit of body to be overcome.

"Johnny—Papa, would you be glad if I saved a dollar for you?" "Papa—Certainly, my son."

"Johnny—Well, I saved it for you, all right. You said if I brought a first-class report from my teacher this week you would give me a dollar, and I didn't bring it."

"Fair Critic—"Oh Mr. Smear, those ostriches over there are simply perfect! You should never paint anything but birds."

Artist (sadly)—"Those are not ostriches, madam. They are angels!"

—Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

DAILY THOUGHT.

Such a kindly autumn, so mercifully delaying the growth of summer I never yet have seen.—William Cullen Bryant.

Hallowe'en Party for Young Folks.—Begin the party with the game of visiting the witch's house. Signs can be pinned up in various places, pointing the way. Dress up an old witch on the plan of a scarecrow. She should have a brown cambric face, with painted features, a tall stick's hat of black cardboard, and sticks for arms. Her skirts can cover her feet, but she must have a cape over her shoulders. One of her arms must have a crooked end, such as can be provided by an old umbrella-handle. Her house may be an improvised tent in the corner of a room, or she may stand in front of draperies hanging between two rooms, so that someone may be stationed out of sight behind her.

Blindfold each person in turn, and give each one, as his turn comes, a kettle to place on the witch's hand, or, in other words, to hang on the umbrella-handle. Every time the kettle reaches the hand successfully, a fairy, personified by a tiny doll dressed in gauze, pointing the way from under the witch's cape or dropping a little packet into the kettle. The fairy is fastened to the end of a pair of tongs, which are handled by the helper behind the witch, so that they will drop the package into the kettle. Although the blindfolded person will not see the bestowal of the gift, the others will. The packet that the witch bestows may contain any souvenir that the hostess wishes to give. A good choice would be pop-corn balls wrapped in oiled paper, and afterward in yellow crepe paper, and decorated with a Jack-o'-lantern face in ink or water-colors. The guests need not realize that the gifts are eatable until after they have reached home.

When everyone has succeeded in placing a kettle in the witch's hand, give each a paper bag upon which some familiar nursery rhyme has been written, or the name of some popular childhood hero; as: Red Riding Hood or Yankee Doodle. After they have received the bags, ask them to join in the game of Apple Cap.

Dress a number of apples in gay caps of cloth or crepe paper, make after the pattern of dust-caps and tied with a bow under the chin. Make faces on the apples by pressing candies or beans into, to serve as features. Arrange to have each apple cap distinguished by some characteristic that will make it illustrate the lines written upon one of the bags. Each person is to find from among the apple caps sitting about on tables and chairs the one that belongs to his or her hero; as: Red Riding Hood or Yankee Doodle, for example, can have a feather stuck in his cap; Golden Locks can be distinguished by the yellow curls about her face, and Jack Horner can have a raisin in his mouth. Each hostess will be able to think of the characters most familiar in her locality, but below are a few suggestions:

Jack Horner (raisin in his mouth). Yankee Doodle (feather in his cap). Red Riding Hood (red hood). Golden Locks (yellow curls). Little Boy Blue (blue collar; small paper trumpet in mouth). Blue Beard (a beard of blue thread). Puss in Boots (cat face, thread whiskers, and paper ears; resting in a boot). Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe (paper spectacles; resting in a shoe).

Humpty Dumpty (an egg instead of an apple). Santa Claus (cap and bell, beard, and bag of toys). Miss Muffit (sitting on grass, beside toy spider). King Cole (crown; bit of coal for jewel in it).

To carry out the idea of the witch's day in the refreshments, place a big witch's kettle, cut out of a pumpkin, in the center of the table, and set on its rim a row of little witches with hickory-nut heads, witches' hats, and black crepe-paper gowns. To make these, glue two sticks together in the form of a cross, with a hickory-nut on the top of the upright. The cross-bar will form the arms, and the nut the head. Paste the gown of black paper about the body, and push the sharpened lower end of the upright into the pumpkin to hold the figure in place.

Hang the kettle itself from a tripod made of witches' brooms, either small brooms, or brooms made of bunches of twigs bound to a substantial stick. A row of little Jack-o'-lanterns (witches' lanterns) can lead from each corner of the table to the kettle in the center, with an occasional sign-post, stuck in a saucer, pointing the way to the witch's kitchen. These little lanterns are made like the ordinary pumpkin lantern, only out of orange-skins, with a bit of red flannel or a red candy for a tongue. The tripod is wound with vines and decorated with the orange lanterns and paper moths.

Before each plate stand small tripods similar to the central one, holding kettles cut from orange-skins. The small brooms for the tripods are easily made of meat-skewers, with a bunch of broom-straws or puffed feathers bound on one end. Fill each little kettle with candy, but so carefully covered with a neatly tucked-in paper that the guests are kept curious till the end of the meal as to what it contains. Run a black or yellow baby ribbon from each of the small tripods to one of the witches sitting on the edge of the large central kettle. On the end of each ribbon, hidden in the large central kettle, have a final surprise, such as a tiny doll or a toy clothes-pin dressed as a fairy; or a bat with inked peanut body and black paper wings, the witch's messenger; or a pussy-cat ball. These are black yarn balls which have been given eyes of white shoe-buttons, a little red nose of flannel, and whiskers of long threads.

Just before the guests leave the table, pass finger-bowls, in each of which is a little boat made of half a walnut-shell. In the bottom of the boat put a raisin-and-clove turtle. Use a large flat raisin for its body, a whole clove for the head, the small end of the clove for the tail, and clove-heads, with the bud part removed, for the feet. The paper bags used in the apple-cap game will be found very useful in keeping all the souvenirs of the day together.—By Eva Dean, in *Harper's Bazar*.

Albuminized Milk.—Beat up the white of an egg in a light; add a good-sized pinch of salt and four ounces of fresh, sterilized milk, and sugar if desired.

—Don't read an out-of-date paper. Get all the news in the WATCHMAN.