

CURFEW.

Over the fire, put out the lights,
The weary work of day is done,
The shadows of night are on vale and heights,
We may sleep and rest till another sun.

Cover the fire, put out the lights,
The tasks of the year are over and done,
We have trodden our valleys, and climbed our heights,
In life's hard fight we have lost or won.

Cover the fire, put out the lights,
Smile in the dark, when the day is done,
We are God's dear children, in days and nights,
And safe in His love our swift years run.

—Harper's Bazaar.

ROMANCE OF A READING ROOM.

A curious friendship sprang up between two frequenters of the reading room at Cooper Union a year or two ago. Both were in the habit of spending the better part of every evening there, and both had developed a preference for a particular table. At first it was the location of that table alone which attracted them, but in course of time they became accustomed to each other's company, and although perfect strangers, they felt acquainted, and as though they met by appointment.

One was a stout old Englishman, with a florid, stern face—one of those surly faces that usually go together with an honest and kindly heart. He was a well-read mechanic and a bachelor, and having, or pretending to have, an aversion for women and children, he passed his leisure hours either in the seclusion of his little hall bedroom or at Cooper Institute. The other was a dry-faced, beardless Dane, of forty, with blue eyes, of pellucid clearness, and long wavy locks, which adhered close to his head and neck. It was the childish and yet penetrating look of those crystalline eyes of his which first cast a spell over the gruff looking Englishman. He could not help gazing at them again and again, and as he tried to read his book or magazine he seemed to feel their soft, appealing gaze upon himself. At one moment he was on the verge of a quarrel, but no sooner had he met the Dane's eye than instead of resentment he felt like asking if he could not be of service to him.

As to the Scandinavian, the crusty look of his neighbor, far from repelling, had a sort of peculiar glamor for him. And so the two passed two or three hours at the same table six or seven nights in the week until they came to greet each other, at first with a slight nod, then with a more demonstrative one and finally with a bland "good evening."

One night as they sat reading, the Dane handed the Englishman a note which read as follows:

"Dear Sir: My heart is full to-night, and I wish to speak to some good man. Will you be my listener? I like you without knowing who you are; but so much the better. Would you mind having a cup of coffee with me?"

"With pleasure," was the Englishman's written reply.

Some five minutes later they were seated at a marble table in one of the Vienna cafes on Second avenue.

The Dane spoke English with perfect fluency, and although his pronunciation was labored and often incorrect, his grammar was irreproachable.

"I beg of you, don't set me down for a crank," he began. "I am tired of being called that."

"Whether you are one or not, I'm not going to call you names, sir," grumbled the Englishman.

"All right, then. This is my day of misery. Just a year ago Fate dealt me a blow—or, rather, played me a trick—under which I have been squirming and writhing ever since. To-day is the anniversary of an accident which may, after all, drive me mad. By the way, when you know me better you may find that I am no crank—not as yet, at least. Well, then, it is a love story I am going to recount to you—a love story of which I am the unhappy hero. Is it not amusing—a hero and yet defeated and miserable? Well, some three years ago I fell in love with a poor but accomplished Swedish girl in Copenhagen. Have you ever been in love, sir?"

"That's neither here or there. You just go on," snarled the Englishman.

"I beg your pardon, sir. I meant no offense. As to myself, I had been in love a dozen times before I met the Swedish young lady, and when I saw that I was infatuated with her I thought it was something like my previous romances—a passion of a week or a month, after which there is nothing but 'smoke, smoke,' as the hero of one of Turgenieff's novels puts it. Are you fond of Turgenieff? But excuse my impertinent questions. Well, I had made up my mind to be a bachelor. You wish to know why? Because I was the most forlorn fool in creation. In the first place, I had taken it into my head that I had been born to fill the universe with a new sort of sunshine—with the dazzling rays of my poetry. Accordingly, for me to marry and be bothered with a wife and children and the sordid details of family life would be a crime against the interests of humanity, don't you know."

"In the second place, I should get tired of my wife before the honeymoon was half over, and marriage would be eternal torture. I drew my conclusions—

do you know from what? From the brevity of my former passions. I was an idiot; the greatest on earth."

"No you weren't," the Englishman interrupted. "Alm."

"Yes I was. Well, the last girl I fell in love with was a singular sort of woman. She was not pretty. No, I wish she had been, for then I should have forgotten her long ago. But she was good—a genius of kindness—and it goes without saying that she was also called crazy. She loved me desperately, and I know it and that helped to spoil it all. I made a frank explanation to her and told her I liked her, but that my life belonged to humanity. Oh, the idiot that I was! She gave me a sad look and bade me farewell, and it is the last I have seen of her—in Europe, at least."

"I subsequently learned that she had emigrated to America and that was what brought me over here. Why? Because I could not live without her, because when she was gone I became aware of the real nature of my love for her. Ah, dear friend! I found when it was too late that I had never loved before. No other woman left an impression so deep, so cruel, so ineffaceable. And the feeling itself, too, seemed novel, unprecedented, so entirely unlike anything I had ever experienced before. It is still there (he pointed to his heart) and will be there to make life hell to me as long as I exist."

"I abandoned a thousand things that I held dear and came over here in search of her—in a quixotic search for her. Was it not foolish, seeing that I knew not even in what city she had settled? And yet—and here I come to the most appalling part of it—I did meet her in the city, and at the same time I did not; but I hope to come across her again, although I was chasing a golden sunset. But be it as it may I neither have the courage to give it up and to return to my home, nor do I enjoy a single hour's rest in this city."

"I had searched high and low for her in New York and in Chicago, where the Swedish colony is much larger, but all in vain. I had abandoned all hope and was nursing myself up to leave this country and to try to forget the whole episode as a romantic tale, which could never become invested in flesh and blood, when this very day a year ago I caught sight of her in an elevated train on Second avenue. Yes, I saw her seated by an open window—it was a beautiful day in September, like this. But it seemed fate and only intended it for a joke on me—for the most cruel joke it ever played upon a helpless being. Ah, only Tantius and myself are familiar with this kind of torture."

"Yes, she was in an uptown train while was on the opposite track. I looked at her back without recognizing her, but just as the two trains began to move in opposite directions, she faced about, and—and—it was she! Excuse me, dear stranger, you don't see me crying, do you? And there is no lump in my throat, either. I am not overcome as I tell you this—no more, at least, than usual, than every day, for my poor heart is always crushed every time I think of it—and when don't I think of it?"

"Did you call to her?" he Englishman queried.

"Did I! I came near jumping out of the window. But she did not hear me—at least, she did not seem to."

"I rushed out of the train at the very next station and idiotically boarded an uptown one, and—and I have been a wretch ever since."

"I have spent many whole days and many dollars riding up and down the same road in the hope of meeting her once more, but in vain, in vain."

The Englishman was deepy touched, although he tried not to show it. He came away with the Swedish girl's full name in his memorandum book and with a secret determination to do what he could for his eccentric friend. He thought the Dane had not conducted his search in a practical manner, and he decided in his mind to see if he could be more successful.

The idea of discovering the young woman and presenting her to his lover's friend took a firm grip upon the misanthropic bachelor's mind, and little by little became the great ambition of his lonely days. He had a little independence of two or three thousand dollars, and half of it he set aside for advertisements and other expenses which the pursuit of his all-absorbing object might involve. Having learned from the Dane that his beloved had taught French and embroidery he framed his advertisements, in the "want" columns of English and German dailies, accordingly, in addition to having "personal" notices inserted in the various Scandinavian weeklies of this country.

A month passed, another and a third. Every evening his landlady would hand him a pile of letters. They bore all sorts of signatures and plenty of Swedish names in their number, but the one name which had become his idea fixe was not there.

The two friends met at the library as usual and frequently took supper together. Their intimacy grew apace, through the Englishman listened more than he talked.

"You aren't a crank at all," he once reassured the Dane. "You're queer a little bit, that's about all. If you met your good lady and got married you might settle down."

"Ah, dear fellow," sighed the other, without the remotest suspicion of what the Englishman was doing for him.

One evening, as the mechanic sat rummaging through his bulky mail, he suddenly leaped to his feet. "Good! I've got her," he exclaimed, so loud that his landlady heard him through the door of his room and whispered

to her husband that their boarder was getting crankier every day.

He at once dispatched a letter to the Swedish young lady and next evening he called to see her.

When she heard the Dane's name she dropped her gaze.

"What is he doing in America?" she then inquired.

"He has come for you."

"For me?" she said, with a disconsolate shake of her head.

"Yes; for you. Why, are you married?" the blunt Englishman demanded, his heart sinking within him.

She shook her head more sadly than before.

"Very well then," her interlocutor fairly shouted. "Do you still love him? Will you marry him? He will die if you don't."

"How do you know?" She burst into tears and then sobbed, sobbing. "Is it really true, sir? Are you sure of what you say? Why did he not come himself? Where is he?"

"He is safe and sound; but look here, my friend, it is two weeks to Christmas—will you have patience to wait that long? Then I shall give the two of you the nicest dinner I ever ate. But promise me that you'll keep quiet and let me see you every once and awhile."

"But where is he?"

"No questions till Christmas or you won't see him at all."

When he met the Dane at the library that evening he thrust a note into his hand:

"Would you mind having Christmas dinner with me? Accept no other invitations."

At last the long awaited day arrived and the Englishman with a fast-beating heart received his Danish friend in his little bedroom.

"We shall have dinner with my landlady to-day," he said to him, "but first, I want you to accept a Christmas present which I have prepared for you as a token of our friendship. Come, it is in the parlor."

With this he opened the door and ushered his perplexed visitor into the presence for which his heart had been pining and yearning without cessation.

The two were married the same week, and immediately left for Copenhagen, where, judging from the long epistles which the Englishman receives from both, they live happily.

As to our British friend he still persists in inveighing against married life, but when he sits reading the endless rhapsodies on matrimonial felicity in his Danish letters, his crusty face becomes overspread with radiance and he seems to feel as if the writers of the effusive missives were his beloved children.—New York Advertiser.

ODD TOMESTONE.

Miniature Cotton Mill Over the Grave of a Former Mill Owner.

It has often been said that a monument which to some degree represents a man's life work, is his most fitting tombstone. Seldom, however, has an attempt been made to carry out this idea with such realistic exactness as was done a few years ago in Oak Grove Cemetery, at Fall River, Mass., by one of the large mill owners of that city.

As the visitor proceeds through the southeastern side of the cemetery, he sees a quaint little granite structure, looking at first glance in the distance like an enlarged doll's house, with windows and peaked roof, but as he draws near enough to catch the view of the great stone cotton mill in the city below the full significance of it flashes upon him. It is a mill, a miniature copy of the larger ones which are so distinctive a feature of Fall River.

It is a solid mass of stone, about nine feet high, seven and a half feet long, and four feet wide, representing a three-story building. The windows constitute the sole ornament of the monument, and their panes of highly polished stone stand out in marked contrast to the rougher finish of the rest of the structure. There are six windows in each tier on both sides of the little mill, while in front the row is varied by a central door. Such doors are placed on the different stories of the cotton print factories for ease in loading and unloading goods, and so minutely has the imitation been carried out that round keyholes have been drilled in the middle of each of the doors represented on the monument.

The man who conceived this curious tombstone was F. H. Stafford, formerly post owner of the Stafford Mills. It was his wish to have the work with which he was so long identified commemorated in this way, and accordingly the monument was erected soon after his death, in 1892.

No finer site for such a memorial could have been found in the whole cemetery, or, in fact, in all Fall River. It is on the brow of a high hill commanding a view of the southeastern portion of the city, where many of the mills are located. Nearly forty tall chimneys can be seen against the distant sky, and as many gray stone buildings, with their rows of windows visible now and then where the sunlight strikes their glistening panes. The majority of the mills in the city, including the Stafford Mills, are built with slightly sloping roofs, but one great structure seen from the cemetery in the foreground shows the sharp-peaked roof which had been chosen as more ornamental for the monument.—New York Times.

Paper Windows.

Paper has been used for a large variety of purposes, but one of the newest is for the glazing (if one may use the term) of windows. The new paper panes have the appearance of "milky glass." They intercept the light rays while letting the heat rays through. This feature is considered by the inventors to be a great advantage for greenhouses. Paper "glass" is cheap and is said to last for years.

GOSSIP FOR THE FAIR SEX.

ITEMS OF INTEREST ON NUMEROUS FEMININE TOPICS.

Dainty Candleshades—Used By the Best Tailors—Any Material Suitable for Ties—Newest Head Dresses—Etc., Etc.

DAINTY CANDLESHADES.

New and dainty candleshades are of white silk, embroidered with small blossoms, roses, forget-me-nots, pansies, buttercups and violets. The centre is encircled with a row of circular apertures through which peep out gem-like studs or crystal or colored beads. The little, glittering windows are odd and very effective.

USED BY THE BEST TAILORS.

Bourette, camel-hair fabrics and the slightly rough-surfaced materials to which so many popular grades of suiting belong are extensively used by the best tailors for handsome costumes. They are strictly tailor-made, and may have a jacket to match or not, according to fancy. The woman of means frequently follows her tailor's advice, and has the jacket made like the dress. The woman who cannot have just what she wants is satisfied with one or two handsome wraps that she can wear with any of her dresses.—New York Ledger.

ANY MATERIAL SUITABLE FOR TIES.

There is hardly anything that may not be worn now for ties for women. There are black satin ties, one thickness of the satin about four inches wide and hemmed all around with a narrow hem; ties of the same style in plaids or almost any plain color, all to be worn passing either once or twice around the neck, and then tying with an ordinary bow and ends in front. There are the stocks of all kinds and descriptions, with the four-in-hand tie front or the immensely long and wide ties which receive the anathemas of the men as they are worn by women, with uncovered ends; there are ribbons of all descriptions—plaids, plain red, plain green, any color, passing twice around the collar and tied in a bow or like a four-in-hand; there are the mull lace ties of all descriptions, and there are the riding ties of flannel. These last are very pretty, and because they are called riding ties it does not follow that they may not be worn for any kind of street wear. The bright scarlet is the most stylish, but the lighter colors of those soft flannel shades of blue and pink are very becoming. Red takes the lead in all kinds of neckwear, and it is hard pressed by green.—New York Times.

NEWEST HEAD DRESSES.

Some of the newest head-dresses—one cannot call them bonnets—are they enough to please the smallest man that ever sat behind a big hat. One of the absurd apologies for hats is a twist of white tulle, held in place by a twisted strand of pearls. This airy crown rests in the hair, leaving the top of the wearer's head uncovered. In the front a pearl and gold butterfly is poised.

Another "bonnet" has a crown—three inches square—of white satin, covered with lace and gemmed with turquoises. The brim is formed by a stiffened frill of white lace, caught back directly in front by a jewel, and a soft, curling black tip.

A wreath of cerise velvet and gold-spangled net has in front a knot of lace and an ornament, giving it the effect of one of the old-time turbans, minus the bulk of that curious headgear.

But ariest and prettiest of all is a twisted strand of pearls encircling the top-knot, and in front an Alsatian bow of pearled tulle and white roses.

THE "SMART" SILK UMBRELLA.

The favorite handle for the smart silk umbrella is ten inches in length, flat, and of pearl, encased in an open framework of chased silver. Other handles are of onyx, chrysolite or tortoise shell, made in the form of croquet mallets and golf clubs. Beautiful handles, which come from China and Japan, are of ivory, handsomely carved, representing odd figures of Rimona clad Oriental maidens, men in mushroom hats and boat-shaped shoes, or birds, fruits, flowers, etc. This artistic work, of course, brings a very high price. Some of the best French artists are devoting their time to painting China handles, which take a variety of forms, as well as the crooks and the balls. Turquoises, laminated with gold, and various kinds of enamels have also been pressed into the service, and wood, elaborately carved into the semblance of birds, beasts and fishes, makes striking tips of the modern "para-plui." Gun metal, with the monogram in pearls or gold, is extremely stylish and effective, and this dull, dark metal, when studded with bright jewels, is also very smart.

FRENCH BICYCLE COSTUME.

The feminine bicycle suit in France has become almost uniform. One sees so few costumes now, either in Paris or in the country, that, forgetting how common they once were in France, one regards them as something strange and bizarre. The various patterns of the entirely divided skirt have also been discarded in favor of the close, habit-like skirt, divided only behind, with the division concealed under heavy plaits. This is the model accepted now by the best tailors. It does not permit one to ride a machine with a cross-bar, the division being designed simply to help one in mounting and to enable the folds of the skirt to drop into place with no assistance. The short bolero does not appear now among smart habits, so, even the Frenchwoman has concluded that a tight-waist

effect is not desirable while wheeling; neither does one see much of those straight, loose jackets, which, in some few instances, appeared so smart, but in most cases suggested a form of dressing-sack dear to old and figureless German women; the blazer-jacket, with small revers and rolling collar, is preferred. This may be worn open or closed, with button-holes made on a flap, a better method—if one wishes to wear the jacket open—than having the button-holes made through the cloth. Boots with gaiter-tops are worn, and with a sailor or Alpine hat the French dame who bicycles presents a figure very different now from that of two years ago.

ORIENTAL WOMEN WEAVERS.

The somewhat popular conception of the oriental woman is rather erroneous. It is that of one who is destined to a life of utter luxury. Yet the simple truth is that the large majority of women in the East work quite as hard for their daily bread as do their sisters in the West—aye, even harder, for, as a rule, married women in the West are supported by their husbands, whereas in the East, married women are, as a rule, constrained to support not only themselves, but also their husbands and children.

This statement applies especially to the thousands of women in Turkey, Persia and other countries of the orient who make a living as weavers. The whole civilized world appreciates their handiwork, for none can match them in making tapestries, carpets and other gorgeous products of the loom. This is the age of machinery, but no machine has yet been invented which can do the marvelous work of these oriental weavers. Yet many of these women work for pitiful wages. After cleaning and preparing the wool and shaping it into a lovely piece of tapestry, all they receive is the equivalent of from two shillings to four shillings a week. The woman who can earn seven francs is considered a Croesus, and her husband esteems her so much that he never dreams of beating her. The money is always paid to the husband, and he invariably appropriates it.

They are very womanly, those weavers. Of gossip they are fond, and while they are at work their tongues are constantly going. Perhaps this is one reason why they have so obstinately refused to herd together in factories, where the constant whirl of machinery, not to speak of the surveillance of a foreman, would very probably compel them to keep silent. In order to fashion a first-class carpet or piece of tapestry, the weaver must not only have a memory which will prevent her from making the slightest mistake while copying the design, but she must also possess a lively imagination and a thoroughly developed artistic sense. For the first-class weaver does not copy, she creates. She invents her own designs, she combines the various tones, she chooses the dyes and the shades, and, finally, she obtains those effects which seem so charming to us of the West, and with good reason.—London Mail.

SHE DISLIKES MEN AND DOGS.

A woman who loathes the sight of men and dogs, and hates them both cordially, is Miss Angusta Main, a spinster farmer near Berlin, N. Y. As she told a Justice, who held her for the Grand Jury in \$1,000 bail for committing an assault on a male neighbor with intent to kill, she never sees men or dogs but what she aches to kill them. When she discovers a man on her premises, she drops all work and makes them skedaddle. If, when ordered away, the man or men do not hurry, she pushes them along with a pitchfork or any other implement that happens to be handy. As a consequence, the men folks give her plenty of room, and those who are acquainted with her gentle manners will almost go out of her way rather than cross her land.

Myron Beebe is the neighbor whom she attempted to slay, and who swore out the warrant for her arrest. For a long time he has dared to cross her premises to get water from a well. It saved him a long walk, and he took the chances. A few days ago, while Beebe was making the usual short cut to the well, Miss Main came out of her house with a big revolver, and without any parleying opened fire on the man. He ran for dear life, while the bullets whistled about his ears. When he got home he found that out of the six shots fired two had perforated the overalls which he wore, while another had torn the rim of his hat. The other three bullets came within such close proximity that their whistle still rings in his ears.

Miss Main has, since she took the farm, performed all the work on the place without any man's assistance, and does it well. She goes to market with a load of vegetables every week, and sells them herself. Every day she cleans out the stables, feeds the live stock and rubs down the horses. Only in harvest time does she seek outside help, and then she hires strapping young women. All the tramps who come in the county know of her and give her a wide berth.—Chicago Chronicle.

FASHION NOTES.

The cape is a popular shape for wraps, and some of the handsomest garments of the season still cling to this model.

A charming poke bonnet is very smart, and the lines are excellent. It is of medium size with wide brim of black velvet put on absolutely smooth. The crown is small, round and high, and the trimming consists of ostrich tips. There are ribbon strings, which are tied under the chin.

A hat which is pretty but rather startling to conservative eyes is of pale blue straw, trimmed with blue ribbon, edged with black. It is held on the

left side with a bunch of cherries, and on the right side is a vividly blue kingfisher holding a bunch of cherries in his bill. This hat made its appearance on a London stage.

The young woman who is devoted to the wheel is given to the wearing of a jacket blouse of corduroy, which is at once becoming, comfortable and appropriate. When she has secured these three characteristics in a garment she congratulates herself, and takes great pleasure in wearing what comes very near to being an ideal garment.

In the array of handsome silks lately received are delicate gray corded silks, with dainty figures of roses and violets woven on their glossy grounds; white watered silks brocaded with shaded carnations in delicate tones, and French silks in vivid colorings, whose designs are toned by a wonderful flim-like overweaving, which gives them a chine effect.

An exceedingly elegant and stylish visiting costume has a skirt of cross-barred velvet, the bars in light shades on dark ground. A wrap of velvet the color of the dark shade of the dress is almost covered with rich applique. It is made with a high flaring collar with an inner collar that fits the throat quite closely; the sleeves are in cape shape, and are simply masses of rich garniture.

Next to a complete fur wrap, which is, of course, the desire of almost every woman, the combination garment of velour and fur is most liked. Sometimes there are in addition to the collar and neck portion full length fronts of fur. This sort of wrap is very expensive, almost as much so as if made entirely of fur, but it is so handsome and stylish that many ladies like it nearly or quite as well as the all-fur garment.

It takes rather a strong head to carry some of the extreme novelties in large hats. One of the newest models suggests a small cart wheel, so wide is its periphery. Among the trimmings are very long ostrich plumes. These are supported so as to stand up to what is certainly an absurd height. In most cases hats of this class have the under side of the brim covered with velvet flowers, roses being the sort usually preferred.

The dolman has come back into fashion's list of approved garments. It is made on lines very similar to the old-time model, and is as stylish as it is uncomfortable. The done-up and tied-down feeling that accompanies the wearing of one of these garments is a most serious objection to its adoption. The jacket and the cape are every way more comfortable, and for young ladies much more stylish. The dolman is more appropriate for quite elderly persons.

Petunia cloth is popular trimmer with chinchilla. One gown of this color had the skirt trimmed with three bands of chinchilla. The blouse coat was pouched back and front, and drawn in at the waist by a flexible silver belt. The wide sailor collar and turnback cuffs were edged with chinchilla, while a little vest of ruche white chiffon and lace with a jabot fastened with paste pine completed it. The hat was of petunia cloth and velvet trimmed with gray plumes and a silver clasp.

Navy to Have a Sailing Ship.

Probably for the first time in a full half century, the navy department has opened proposals for building a full-rigged ship, without steam power. This craft is wanted for the instruction of the cadets at Annapolis in seamanship and navigation according to the old fashion. According to the department's plan she is to be of 1,175 tons displacement and her measurements are: Length, 175 feet; beam, 27 feet; draft, 17.5. She will spread 20,000 square feet of canvas and her hull will be of yellow pine sheathing over steel frames, all coppered. The department submitted an estimate of \$250,000 for this ship, but Congress cut the figure in half, so it was no matter of surprise that none of the bidders offered to build the ship complete within the small limit set by Congress, but submitted plans that would require a large amount of supplementary work to complete the vessel after it is turned over to the government.

How She Took Down the Line.

A Philadelphia lady tells this story to the Record of that city: "We had at one time in our employ a very green young woman, whose nationality is typified by an emblem of the same verdant color. This young woman, like the one your story speaks of, also came to us through an intelligence (?) office. She showed her intelligence on the first day of her service in our family. She was told to go out in the yard and take down the clothes line, which was stretched among half a dozen posts set up for that purpose. She was at the job for so long a time that we began to wonder what on earth was the matter with her. We went out to see what she was doing, and there we found her working away vigorously with a spade. She had already dug up three of the posts, and had almost completed the work on a fourth when we found her. She didn't stay with us long."

Coats-of-Arms.

The use of coats-of-arms as a badge for different families did not come into practice till the twelfth century. The Germans are said to have originated it, while the French developed the science. In the early days it was customary for a knight to adopt any device which suited him, and his sons either inherited the device or chose one of their own, as best suited their taste.

Good-Natured People.

Some people win a reputation for being good-humored because they lack the backbone to fight when they are imposed upon.—Atchison (Kan.) Globe.