

LULLABY.
Low, low, by-low,
Dreamy eyes to slumber go,
I heard the moon-fay call, I know,
Droop thy tender eyelids so,
By-o, by-o.

Sor-y swing the ma-jor bough,
A cradle for the birds and thou
Nestling on thy mother's breast,
Cradled in that fragrant nest,
Sweetly rest, sweetly rest.

The fireflies gleam in grasses tall,
And over all the night dews fall,
Sweet and low the mock-birds call,
And dewy sleep has kissed thee, so
By-low, by-low.

—Ola Smith, in the Woman's Home Companion.

The Courtin' of "Glitters."

I christened her "Glitters" at first sight. She was wearing tremulous gold earrings fully two inches long, and they sparkled and glittered in the sunlight as she moved her dark, feather-crowned head. I suppose she wore a hat, but the effect was principally feather; also she had some sort of a bead chain round her neck—glass beads—and they flashed and glittered too.

Her real name was Jane Em'ly, but I never discovered that later. For the rest she was a fine, splendidly formed young woman. She might have passed for a Greek goddess—Juno, or her like—had she not sold flowers at Charing Cross and worn a brown merino skirt and loose white blouse, for she had really good classical features and a perfectly magnificent bust and throat.

I used to buy flowers in those days, great bunches of sweet, strong-smelling stocks, more delicate and fragrant pink carnations, masses of pale pink and deep crimson roses, for Cynthia loved flowers and I loved Cynthia.

My first acquaintance with "Glitters" had something sensational about it. I was nearly the hero of a street fight. A coster belaboring a small and excessively patient donkey had aroused my wrath, and the same stalwart gentleman was inviting me to take off my coat and have it out with him—and I itched to do it, too, although I wore black cloth—when "Glitters" intervened.

She swept out from the crowd of onlookers, a perfect hurricane in petticoats, and with black flashing tongue told the coster plainly what she thought of him. Before she had finished I felt sorry for the man—absolutely sorry. Here was a splendid young woman telling him the most unpleasing facts about himself, and the crowd being with "Glitters," applauded every point.

With the appearance of a leisurely policeman her harangue ceased, and as the crowd melted and a dejected coster drove a small donkey on, "Glitters" turned to me, flushed with triumph.

"That's all right, gov'nor; I kin do 'im any di, that lot—dirty beast. Will you 'ave a flower, sir?"

With this professional cry, "Glitters" returned to her normal occupation, and, as she skillfully wired a buttonhole of lilies of the valley for me, I endeavored to form some idea of her character. She evidently mistook me at first, for when I hinted out a wish for better acquaintance she flushed angrily and judged me by my clerical garments a netter of souls on the warpath.

"I ain't a-goin' to none of your missions—not me," she cried, with a fine burst of temper. "You parsons are all alike with your missions, tryin' to make us be like mealy mouthed humbugs, an' I don't want no truck with you or your likes."

It took a few seconds to convince "Glitters" of her mistake, and a hint about a young lady for whom I should need to buy flowers delighted her. Where's the woman who does not anticipate a love story? Before I had bought a bunch of delightful, fresh-smelling daffodils, "Glitters" was smiling archly, and when I turned to go, carrying my spoils, she proffered me a bunch of violets as a free-will offering, saying simply, "For your young lily, sir." The romance to her mind was concluded.

I told Cynthia all about the little adventure as she arranged the daffodils in a quaint, high brown jar, and she smiled prettily and tucked "Glitters" violets into the bosom of her dress. She was wearing a pale mauve frock, I remember, and looked delightfully pretty, as she always did. I contrasted her delicate pink and white loveliness with the flower girl's ruddy health and comely strength; both women made in the same mold, and yet the difference of all the world between them. I wondered vaguely if Cynthia would ever repent her promise to marry a poor clergyman, and sigh for the luxury of this west end drawing room when queening it in my east end vicarage in the remote future.

"You do love me, Cynthia, darling?" I cried, hungrily.

She moved gently toward me, her silk skirts rustling, the faint odor of her favorite perfume pervading the air. When she reached my side she kissed my forehead softly.

"Foolish boy," she whispered, "don't I love you with all my heart?"

I remember straining her in my arms till she laughed and plead for mercy.

My acquaintance with "Glitters" progressed. I learned that she was one of four sisters, all three married save herself. When I expressed surprise that she belonged to the army of bachelor-maids a toss of her head rewarded me.

"Wish I may die first," said "Glitters." "What's the blessed good of getting married? A lot of kids and more kicks than ha'pence."

Hee humming up, if crude, was fairly true. The position of the east end wife and mother has its drawbacks, and when she went on to tell me in strong and forcible language that one of her brothers-in-law was doing time for knocking his wife about and badly damaging her eye, and that another was rarely sober more than twice a week. I mentally agreed that celibacy had its advantages. Yet there was such womanliness in the girl's smile, and such generous hint in the swelling bust that one felt sorry for sweetness wasted.

Time passed, and with great diplomacy I managed to persuade "Glitters" to come to a big parish tea that was to signal my arrival at my new rectory. It was a far cry from Drury Lane to Stepney, but "Glitters" came, and, strange to say, escorted by a red-faced and hugely embarrassed young coster. She had previously asked me if I might bring a pal, but somehow or other I had expected to see another lady of plush and feathers.

When I made my next floral purchase, I laughingly rallied her on the subject. To my surprise, she flushed crimson.

"Git out," was her first smartly delivered retort; "I'm no such bloomin' fool as to marry. If ever you ketch me messin' abah't wi' that cov'e agin—"

Her silence was eloquent.

"Have you refused the poor fellow?" Oh, Glitters! Glitters! and after raising his hopes by letting him escort you! A nice-looking chap, too, broad and of good inches."

"Yes, he do look nobby," agreed "Glitters," with a slight sigh; then her voice hardened. "Praps I mayn't never see him no more—an' I wish I could sling my 'ook I do—but I won't never marry."

Her full lips closed sullenly, and I remembered the tragedy of a drunken father and sadly abused mother that must have darkened the girl's youth. Speech on the subject was useless, so I forebore.

It must have been some time in October when I ran across "Glitters" coster again. Yes, I know now it was October because my own wedding was fixed for the middle of December, and Cynthia had only just settled the date.

Poor coster boy, he had been hardly treated, for since our last meeting Fate, in the guise of a runaway van, had dashed him to the ground and crippled him for life. He was hobbling along on crutches, and told me he had only been out of the hospital a week. I forbore to speak to him of "Glitters"; that subject might be raw yet. When asked what he was going to do for a living, he spoke bravely on the subject of the sale of papers, looking curiously bright and contented. I marveled at his courage, and after asking him to come and look me up, turned on my heel and left him, wondering at the patience of the poor and the strange, pathetic resignation to trouble.

A fortnight later I was buying a great bunch of vivid autumn foliage—one read the date of the year in "Glitters" big basket—when I suddenly became conscious of a change in the girl's face. It had grown far softer, all its frank boldness gone. Also there was something delightful in her smile, a depth, a warmth lacking before. Her very voice had changed; it was not half so self-assertive, yet had more strength in it.

I looked at "Glitters." Her eyes fell before mine and a great wave dyed her face, even to the white throat barely hid by her kerchief. Then she smiled, a slow, conscious smile, and laughed a little nervously.

"'Ave some violets, sir; jist a penny bunch for the lily."

"Glitters," I remarked, sternly, "I am not to be put off in that crafty fashion. What have you been doing with yourself to look so happy?"

"Lord love you, sir—ow you do go on! Did you want the violets?"

Ah, the mystery was out, for, holding up a bunch of sweet purple violets, moist among green leaves, "Glitters" betrayed her secret.

"Why are you wearing a wedding ring, madam?" I asked, smiling.

"Dyer think I was a-goin' to see 'im down on his luck and not comfort 'im? Lay your life not. Why! I loved 'im all the time, but never so much as now. Thank yer, sir," for I had grasped her hands, and stood holding them tightly; "thank yer kind."

"And, Glitters, my dear, splendid girl, you are happy?" I cried; "really and truly happy?"

"'Appy?" her whole face lighted up. "S'elp me, Gawd, I'm 'appy—there, now, you've got it straight."

I took off my hat to this daughter of the people, as to a queen in her own right, and walked away, glad that I had seen how grand a woman can be. When I reached home I found a letter from Cynthia awaiting me. I knew the large handwriting, the blue crest, and the faint perfume that always clung to her notes, and I seized on it eagerly, for I had found her out when I called.

A quite short letter, merely breaking off the engagement on the score of the worldly wisdom of "mamma," and Cynthia's distaste for gray poverty and soup kitchens. I was stunned for a second, then I remembered how often I had met Lord Lu-

caster and Cynthia lately—and I saw clearly at last.

I tore up the letter into tiny fragments, and rather envied a certain crippled coster—Claude Askew, in London Free Lance.

WHAT WAS IT?

Horrible End of Tom White Seen by Friends Many Miles Distant.

A Mr. Erwell was staying at an old farmhouse, occupied by a Mr. George White and his wife, together with the former's aged mother. The younger son, Tom, was a naval engineer absent on a long voyage.

On a night toward the end of Mr. Erwell's stay, George White and his wife were spending the evening with a neighbor. Erwell and old Mrs. White sat before the wide, old-fashioned hearth of the kitchen, chatting over old times, and lapsing now and again into meditative silence.

In the midst of one such pause Mrs. White suddenly seized her companion by the arm, and pointing to the fire, said in an awe-struck voice, "Look!"

To his amazement, Erwell saw that the ruddy glow of the coal was slowly losing its color. Even as he looked, indeed, the fire became perfectly black.

Now there came a dull sound of hammering on metal. It ceased as abruptly as it began. A door opened at the back of the grate, and a man appeared, bearing in one hand a hammer; in the other a candle. It was Tom White, the naval engineer.

The figure came into the grate, looked around, placed the candle on the floor; then, taking a tool from his pocket, advanced to a corner of the fireplace, and seemed to be repairing something.

This finished, he took up the candle and returned to the door by which he had entered. It was shut.

He turned his head for a moment, and Erwell saw on his face a look of horror and dismay. Quickly he set down the candle, and, raising the hammer, beat on the door with all his might.

Desisting from this, he began to walk rapidly to and fro, a look of agony on his face. Next, he knelt for a moment, as if in prayer, but was quickly up again and frantically hammering on the door. And now he kept lifting his feet rapidly, as though the floor was burning them, and seemed to be gasping for breath. The candle melted to running grease, and suddenly Tom White fell to the floor, and on his face there was a look of terrible suffering. Twice he rolled over, then lay still. His limbs seemed to shiver up, an odor of burning filled the room—and suddenly the whole thing vanished. The fire resumed its ordinary light, and Erwell, rousing himself with an effort, gave a long, shuddering sigh, murmuring, "What a terrible dream!"

With that, he turned to the old lady by his side. She was dead!

About a month later Mr. George White received a letter from a foreign port detailing his brother's death under the following terrible circumstances:

On the eve of sailing from an Australian town, Tom White was ordered by the chief engineer to remedy a defect which had been discovered in the boiler's safety-valve. For this purpose the lad entered a small iron compartment immediately above the boiler and started work. Shortly afterward the captain passed by, and, unaware that any one was within, closed the door, which he found standing ajar. Poor Tom's fate was sealed!

Later in the day the vessel started, and when young White was missed and inquiries made about him, his shriveled body was found on the floor of the iron room!—From "A Sheaf of Ghost Stories," in Pearson's.

ROMAN SUPERSTITIONS.

Belief in the Evil Eye Grows on Those Who Live Among Them.

The strangest thing about life in Rome is that one not only does as the Romans do, but ends by thinking as the Romans think, feeling as the Romans feel. The best illustration I know of this is the mental attitude of the foreign residents toward certain superstitions, notably the belief in the evil eye—the *malocchio* or *jettatura*, as it is indifferently called, writes Maud Howe in the July Century. I never knew an Italian who did not hold more or less to these superstitions. Americans who have lived long in Rome either reluctantly admit that "there does seem to be something in it," or, if they are Roman born, quietly accept it as one of those things in heaven and earth of which philosophy fails to take account.

In certain respects the Italian is markedly free from superstition as compared with the Celt or the Scot; for instances, the fear of ghosts or spirits is so rare that I have never met with it; on the other hand, the belief in the value of dreams as guides to action is deep-rooted and widespread. The dreambook in some families is held hardly second in importance to the book of prayer. The Italian's eminently practical nature makes him utilize his dreams in "playing the lotto," as the buying of lottery tickets is called. To dream of certain things indicates that one will be lucky and should play. The choice of the number is the chief preoccupation of the hardened lottery player—by the number on a bank note that has been lost and found again, or the number of a cab which has brought one home from a delightful festivity.



CHIVALROUS MR. MARTIN.

"Women, my boy, have wings," said Gilbert Martin, of New York, known among his friends as "Old Sage," to a group in the Russell House recently, "and anybody who says they have not is sadly lacking in education. I don't like to hear woman disparaged, be it ever so slightly. These chaps who pose as cynics to gain the applause of those less brilliant always make me supremely tired. We do not judge women by the kind we can talk about in a grill room or the corner of a hotel lobby. Men who don't know are apt to say most anything about them as a sex, but it takes a man who knows to tell you anything right."

"Now, a little while ago, one of you boys remarked that women are extravagant. That was a mistake—a mistake inasmuch as they may be compared to men. The average woman, especially the young woman, against whom this kind of talk is mostly directed is not half so costly to herself or to any one else as the average man. She will live on a third as much, and live better into the bargain. It is easier for a woman to adapt herself to circumstances, and she will take what she has, make it go round and enjoy herself thoroughly."

"On the other hand, a man with the same means having less to pay for clothes than she has, will not make his money go round, will spend it foolishly and when it is gone plunge into debt as unthinkingly as he would lend to another unfortunate as much as he borrows. In the bachelor world it is a continual game of give and take, and the fellow who is not borrowing from his neighbor to go the month or week out is lending to some other chap.

"Let this same man get married—say his salary does not increase. There is another mouth to feed—another one to clothe; perhaps sickness to be met. That man will be, in nine cases out of ten, save money with all these incumbrances, or, at least, keep out of debt. Who is responsible for it? Not the man, surely. Make a canvass of your young married friends and see how many of them who were confirmed borrowers are now saving money since a woman took them in hand. It is man who is extravagant, not woman."—Detroit Free Press.

DOUBLE BELL SLEEVES.

This season the tailors make up tweed and mohair gowns with stylish trimmings of mixed black and white silk braid. This is used to outline the seams of a many-gored skirt. A light-weight cloth of mixed grayish color is so trimmed with this handsome French braid. The skirt has 11 gores and the front breadth has panel effect, continuing about the skirt in a graduated flounce. Each breadth or panel above the flounce is outlined by the wide silk braid.

The Eton jacket is bound with braid and a further decoration near the front edges is produced by a series of simulated buttonholes outlined by white silk braid and set off by a row of tailor buttons covered with the silk braid. The sleeves are decidedly odd. They are the so-called double-bell sleeves, slashed all the way up and topped by a shoulder cape or, rather, cap, which does not continue across either front or back of the pocket. Each of the sections of the double-bell sleeves and also the slashed shoulder caps are outlined with the wide braid. Four simulated buttonholes and as many tailor buttons are introduced in each shoulder cap.

There is a neat girle of the cloth; this is closed in front with a group of four buttons. The Eton shows a glimpse of oyster grain pongee shirt-waist, the full undersleeves of which swell out below the lowest section of the double-bell sleeves.

JAPANESE WRAPS.

The sweet and seductive kimono of Japan has taken firm hold of American fancy and it appears in as many forms as the ingenuity of American women can devise. We have with us the kimono tea-gown, the dressing-gown, combing-sacque, house-gown, opera cloak, medium-length wrap, bath robe, and a whole array of the most cunningly built little kimono jacket and boleros that ever feminine eyes feasted upon. This season the kimono reigns supreme, and of course it is the desire of every woman's heart to own a real Japanese or Chinese kimono, since the French and American materials made up in this style, however lovely, are never quite the same as the artistic triumphs produced by the skill of Oriental decorators and workman which, however, are very costly.

It is a fad to have a beautiful house gown or tea-gown of Japanese make, and these are selected in the most beautifully embroidered crepes and satins and silks, crepe being a favorite, as its beauty is so soft and delicate, as saak, is worn, too.—Harper's Bazar.

WOMAN'S TRUE REALM.

In the domain of the home women have for countless generations been distinguished as executives. The home is still woman's throne, though

it is no longer her kingdom. Women are using other units than the domestic as a means of influencing public opinion and of promoting public movements.

In the comparatively new field of the club—domestic, social, literary—women prove their great executive worth. In all such movements as the Young Women's Christian Association are seen their ability, both in raising money generously and in expending it with efficient economy. In cities, too, women are found at the heads of immense grammar schools, having a thousand and more pupils and twenty or more teachers. In at least one city and more than one State, at certain times a woman has been the superintendent of the whole public school system. In all domains, however, women are coming to prove their ability as efficient executives, not for a brief time, but as a form of permanent service.—Philadelphia Post.

HER OBSERVATIONS.
Light housekeeping means a heavy drain on domestic patience.

Lots of men as well as lots of women get their complexion out of a bottle.

A lack of mutuality in onion eating always contributes somewhat to domestic discord.

The man who takes a woman's "no" for a final answer, either lacks courage or is not in earnest.

The more we see of some men and women, the more we regret that race suicide is not compulsory.

Unhappy marriages, as a rule, may be epitomized in three words—matrimony, parsimony, alimony.

When she begins to protest against your wasting money on her, young man, it is time for you either to declare yourself or back up.—Woman's Magazine.

FEMININE FADS.

This feminine summer girl who is so fond of odd jewelry and dainty fluffs and frills is very frequently seen with a little black court-plaster patch on her face. In fact, such a highly favored fad is this wearing of the dainty mouche that many of the shops carry small boxes of these bits of black court-plaster cut in the shape of stars, crescents, clubs, spades, hearts and diamonds.

The most approved place for wearing the mouche is a trifle to the left of the left eye, and it is generally worn there to attract attention to the beauty of the eyes.

The little powder-puff so necessary to the summer girl is now hidden away in the center of a dainty lace-trimmed pocket-handkerchief. The powder-pocket is a small square patch pocket just large enough to hold the little woolen powder-puff.—Woman's Home Companion.

THEY MAKE THEM IDOLS.

Women are born worshippers; in their good little heart lies the most craving relish for greatness; it is even said each chooses her husband on the hypothesis of his being a great man—in his way. The good creatures, yet the foolish.—Caryle.

FASHION NOTES.
Mitts are not universally worn but many fashionable women have taken them up for wear with elbow sleeves. The Greek key design in braiding or embroidery is much favored by French dressmakers.

The indications are that the new shades called mulberry will be popular colorings in the autumn and that the warm browns and reseda greens will renew their last season's success.

Dove gray chiffon made over silver gauze combines beauty and service in a summer frock.

One of the latest innovations in ombre or shaded effects is shown in the shaded sashes which are of faintest hue about the waist, but gradually deepen to a dark shade of the same color at the ends.

The new coaching parasols are of very heavy silk in plain color, with exceedingly long wooden handles matching the silk in color and tied with a big bow of silk like the cover.

Sleeve frills have lost caste because of excessive popularity, and turned black linen is considered chic for are having great vogue as a sleeve finish.

Openwork English embroidery on black-line ties considered chic for mourning wear.

Horace Greeley and Mrs. Stanton.

There was once a passage of arms between Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the eminent woman suffragist, and Horace Greeley, on the occasion of a discourse by the former on the right of woman to the ballot. In the midst of her talk Greeley interposed, in his high-pitched falsetto voice:

"What would you do in time of war if you had the suffrage?"

This seemed like a poser, but the lady had been before the public too long to be disconcerted by an unexpected question, and she promptly replied:

"Just what you have done, Mr. Greeley—stay at home and urge others to go and fight."—Harper's Weekly.



FOR INK STAINS.
If the ink bottle happens to be overturned upon household linen, lose no time in placing a blotter beneath the stain, to soak up as much as possible, and press another from above. Then immerse the article in a deep vessel containing sweet milk. Wash well with soap and bleach in the sun.

WATCH THE TOWELS.
"Keep an eye on your towels," advises an experienced housewife. "Even the best of chambermaids will occasionally yield to the temptation of using a discarded one as duster, or to dry wash-basins and pitchers. Skin diseases and affections of the eye are often spread by this very means."

FOR THE SEWING MACHINE.
Empty the sewing machine oil can, fill with gasoline, flood every oiling place on the machine, run it rapidly, repeat process if necessary; then oil with best machine oil, and wonder, in your surprise at the result, why you did not do it sooner.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

FEATHER BEDS AND PILLOWS.
Feather beds and pillows are benefited, at this season, by a good airing and freshening on the grass. If there is a smart shower so much the better. If not the hose may be turned on them to advantage. As they dry beat light with a stick. Do not leave out over night. After they are partially dried the process may be completed on a roof or a ladder laid across supports of some sort.

ORANGES.
The riper an orange gets the more yellow it becomes. A dealer's test for a perfect orange is to press it, as you would a hard rubber ball. If you can make a slight indentation by pressing hard, but the pulp remains firm enough to rebound, the orange is all right.

Russet oranges are rich, but liable to spoil. When buying oranges by the box (and this is the best plan where you use a good many), get a repacked box instead of an original one. Thin-skinned, bright-colored oranges are the best. While the California, Florida and Arizona fruit are altogether the best for eating out of hand or on the table, the foreign oranges, Messina or Sicily, are considered best for marmalade.

GETTING RID OF HOUSEHOLD PESTS.

Rats and Mice.—Peppermint sprigs laid around shelves and places these pests frequent will drive them away. Chloride of lime sprinkled about is also effective.

Ants and Roaches.—Powdered borax scattered in their haunts is a "sure cure." One teaspoonful of tartar emetic mixed with one teaspoonful of sugar, and put where ants are troublesome, will drive them away in a day.

Fleas.—These may be driven away by scattering either lime or cayenne pepper in the places which they frequent. Oil of pennyroyal is also good.

Moths.—These may be prevented by the use of moth-balls, or bags made of crushed lavender and lemon-verbena with cloves and other pungent spice. Powdered borax, camphor and cedar-dust are all effective.

Flies and Mosquitoes.—The best preventive is tight screens and constant vigilance. Mosquitoes dislike lavender and green walnut. Fly-paper is made as follows: Take equal parts of melted resin and castor-oil, and spread while warm on strong, thick paper. Or use four ounces of quassa chips boiled in one point of water. When cold strain, then add water to make one pint, and two ounces of alcohol. Sweeten with sugar, and pour in saucers.

Bedbugs.—Use turpentine, corrosive sublimate, etc., but the surest method is to fumigate with sulphur.—Woman's Home Companion.

RECIPES.

Delicious Mash.—Haters of hash may find relief from this bugbear in a most appetizing and economical dish made as follows: Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, add two tablespoonfuls of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, two dashes of white pepper, and gradually one pint of milk, stirring steadily. When the whole is boiling

To Make French Dressing Quickly.—Put six tablespoonfuls of oil in a jar or jelly glass; add to it three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, half a teaspoonful of salt and a little pepper; cover the glass and shake violently and an emulsion will be produced immediately; pour over any salad and sprinkle over finely chopped parsley.

Roast Beef.—Have your butcher save an aitch bone for you. Off it you can cut some nice steak for breakfast, and roast the beef for dinner, by sprinkling with salt and a little flour on it, with some water in bottom of bakepan to keep lasting meat with. Roast one-half hour, or according to how well done you have your meats; when done lift out on platter and set roast pan on front of stove; when boiling stir in a little flour thickening to form the gravy; make flour thickening by dissolving two tablespoonfuls flour in cup of cold water.

Vanilla Ice Cream.—Two quarts and pint of milk, 6 eggs; beat eggs thoroughly and add milk; sweeten and flavor to taste; when ready to freeze add one-half pint of cream and pinch salt; freeze.