THE RIPPLING RIVER OF RHYME. From the beautiful mountains of Makestream-The rippling River of Rhyme.

Believe, Through the fruitful Valley of Dreams, Where the blossoming shore slopes low And is lost in the tide that gleams, Flows the wonderful river that winds its

way With a song that is all sublime, As it glimmers in glory and tells a sweet

As it glimmers in glory and story— The rippling River of Rhyme.

O! the land of the lily, the realm of the rose, The theme of a thousand sighs; The birth of the blush when the blood The birth of the bissh when the block finsh. The light of love in the eyes; The silvery veil of the mellow moon, The tints of the twilight time Are over and under the waves of wondes That ripple the River of Rhyme.

 Would you wander away on this wonderful stream
 Inter hyperate the shimmering sails, And along on its surface glide?

 Then 'tis well that you know, if you're eager to go,
 O' boatman, set the shimmering sails, And let us journeying be;

 That a poet must be your guide.
 Thit ta poet must be your guide.

 He will take you into his golden boat, You will sail in a dream on the slumberow.
 Thit he and it we have in the world's attune-Arthur Lewis Tubbs, in the Philadelphia Bulletin.

The next night came-a night of all

delightfully hard and well packed and a glorious full moon shining down as whitely as if a rain of silver were del-

uging the whole world! "Couldn't be better weather!" said the captain. "Job, where are the

"Dunno," quoth Job, indifferently.

"There's them old jinglers in the gar-ret that used to belong to Deacon Joe Westerbrook that was in the revolu-tionary war, and there's the two cow-bells that Mary Ann might scour up with ashes—" "Pshaw!" said the captain, "do you take me for Rip Van Winkle? There's a pretty little string somewhere, for I saw them when Mrs. Westerbrook went out day before yesterday." "I hain't seen nothin' on 'em," said Job.

"Come, come, don't make yourself out any stupider than you be by na-ture, Job," said the farmer, laughing,

"Come along, my fue fellow," said the captain jocosely,collaring Job and marching bim off in the drection of the old red barn under the hill. "We

don't need any lantern in this bright moonlight, that is one comfort."

Old Billy, renowned for his kicking qualifications, blinked sagely around at them from his stall, and Tom, the

little gray pony, who was destined to figure in the cutter shafts that night,

entered the big, frosty, fragrant barn. "Where are the stairs?" demanded

"There ain't none," said Job. "It's

"Stuff and nonsense!" ejaculated the

captain in accents of supreme con-tempt. "You great cowardly lout, stay where you are, then, and Ill go

He sprang nimbly up the rounds of

Where is it?" he called.

they

set up a low, friendly whinny as

the captain.

a ladder."

tempt.

myself."

stay

the captain. sleighbells?"

Job.



A New England winter scene-the him? Miss Sibyl don't really care for him? Miss Subyl don't feally care for him—she's only dazzled like." Max Crossley frowned slightly; hon-est Job was not exactly the kind of Ganymede he cared to have meddle hemlock forests all draped with er-mine fringes of snow-the hills and valleys white as if they were coated with pearl, while from the farmhouse Ganymede he cared to have meddle with his love affairs. "Miss Harrington must choose for herself, Job," he said, and Job went back to his work, secretly wondering how a young lady gifted with ordinary common sense could hesitate for a mochimneys in the gray thickets of leafenimieys in the gray threaders on that less maples under the rocks a blue spiral of spoke went wreathing and curling up into the steely January sky, and the sunset, reflected on the myriad tiny window panes of the western and the sunset, reflected on the myriad tiny window panes of the western front, made an orange sparkle of brightness that supplied the otherwise lacking element of color to the frigid ment between the captain and Mr. Max Crossley. nights propitious for sleighing expedi-tions and rustic love making, the roads

landscape. Farmer Westerbrook had just brought in an armful of snow-crusted logs from the woodpile at the north end of the house, throwing them down on the ample stone hearth with a noise like a small earthquake, when

noise like a small earthquake, when Sibyl Harrington started up. "Five o'clock! Oh, I hadn't an idea it was so late. I must be going." "Allow me to accompany you, Miss

Harrington." "You will let me see you home, Sibvl?'

Captain Meredith and Max Crossley both spoke at once and rose simul-taneously, but Sibyl shock her head. "I would prefer to walk alone," she

said, gayly. "And about the sleighing party to-

morrow night?" said Max auxiously. "I-I have half promised Captain Meredith," said the village beauty, her long eyelashes drooping and a delicate shade of rose suffusing her cheek.

"But, Sibyl, I thought it was an un-derstood matter between you and me three good weeks ago!" Max exclaimed

nevertheless, for the captain's airs and graces were fast wearing out his welcome, and he secretly sympathized with the much-afficited Job. "I guess they's out in the barn chamber. You th contracting brows. "Was it? I am sure I had forgotten it!" better go with him, captain, if you ex-port to find 'em—our Job's dreadful thick-headed when he chooses to be."

Max was silent. Captain Meredith's smooth, softly intoned voice filled up the silence. "I exact no promises," he said gal-

lantly; "but if I am not punctual to the hour and the spot Miss Harrington may draw her own conclusions.

And Sibyl went out, her light footsteps making a low, pleasant music on the brittle snow.

the brittle show. She was very pretty, this gazelle-eyed New England damsel, with big blue eyes turning to a limpid purple whenever she was in the least excited; hair short, hung in a golden fringe over her broad, low forehead, and the sweetest of rosy mouths, with three sentinel dimples on cheeks and chin! Max Crossley had loved her ever since they were children together, and Cap-tain Meredith, who had come down to a ladder." "Up with you, then, "said Moredith, but Job shrank steadfastly back. "I wouldn't for \$50," said Job. "Old Michael Westerbrook hung him-self from the middle beam 14 years ago, and folks say he stands up there with a rope around his neck every moonlight night." pass the holidays with his cousins, the Westerbrooks, had been caught in the meshes of that bronze-gold hair and the interlacing network of the lashes that overhung the purple-blue eyes and had prolonged his visit into January.

"Upon my word, she's a regular beauty," said the captain, staring through the tiny window panes at the retreating footsteps of Miss Harring-ton ton. Max Crossley looked quickly up at him, as if he would have particularly

ladder and disappeared through the trap-door. liked to knock him over the andirons in among the logs; but perhaps he thought better of it, for he refrained "The ghost? Right under the mid-dle beam by the windy was the place "A beauty," went on the captain, "A beauty," went on the captain, where-'

be at Mr. Harrington's at half-past seven!" "Don't worry!" hoarsely bawled Job. "Miss Sibyl won't wait very long afore Mr. Max'll be on hand." The captain danced up and down the barn floor in an ecstacy of rage as Job disappeared over the crest of the bill "Dure was no use celling for hill. There was no use calling for help. He knew very well that if he had possessed the lungs of Boreas he nad possessed the lungs of Doreas he could not have made anyone hear. He sat shivering at the sound of Kicking Billy's feet among his snug bed of straw and thinking how disagreeably a bar of moonlight which streamed down from a crack in the apex of the roof, resembled a tall, white figure tranding under the centre hear. He the roof, resembled a tall, white figure standing under the centre beam. He could almost fancy the rope round its neck — pshaw! And the captain jumped up again, with starting dew on his temples, even in the freezing atmosphere of the barn chamber. What was to be done? he asked him-self. And Echo, if Echo had had any common sense. would have answered.

"Just nothing at all!" Job had out-witted him. He might and probably would "settle" with Job for the fu ture, but for the present Job had manifestly the advantage of him. And pretty Sibyl and Max Crossley, with his red cutter and great chestnut-col-ored horse! The captain executed an impromptu series of gymnastics in the hay as he reflected on all these things.

hay as he reflected on all these things. "I won't wait another minute for him," said Sibyl Harrington, coloring up with the tears in her blue eyes. "Go on, girls; I shall spend the even-ing at home." "There's plenty of room for you in our sleigh, Sibyl," coaxed her brother, a great good-humored athlete, with red whiskers and dimples like her own. "Bessy Brown will be glad to have

"Bessy Brown will be glad to have you along." "No, she will not, either," pouted

No, she will hot, ether, pointed Sibyl. "As if I were going to spoil all her fun! No; if I can't have an es-cort of my own I'll stay at home and mend stockings. And I never-never will speak to Captain Meredith again!" Hosea Harrington was just opening his month to argue the matter with his sister once more when the door opened and in walked Max Crossley. Sibyl jumped up, radiantly; she never had been so glad to see honest Max in all her life before.

"Not gone yet, Sibyl? Where is

the captain?" "I don't know," said Sibyl, tartly, "and I don't care. Am I Captain

"and I don't care. Am I Captain Meredith's keeper?" "Of course," said Max, "I can't ex-pect to make myself as agreeable as the city captain, but—" "The captain! the captain!" cried Sibyl, a little irritably. "I'm sick of the sound of his name! I never want to see him again! What a nice new cutter this is, and how cozy the wolf robes are!" robes are!"

"Sibyl," whispered Max, as he touched up the horse and felt her nest-ling close to him, "is it for always?" "Yes, always," she answered.

.

"Je-rusalem!" said Farmer Westerbrook.

It was past ten o'clock at night, and It was past ten o clock at high and the old gentleman had come out, as he always did the last thing before retir-ing to rest, to see that Job had not set the barn on fire and that the dumb members of his family were all safe and comfortable. "I do believe that's and comfortable. "I do believe that's old Mike Westerbrook's ghost come to life again, poundin' like all possessed on the barn chamber floor!'

on the barn chamber floor!" "It's me-e! It's me-e-e!" bawled the captain, forgetting all the nicer distinctions of grammar in his delight at the prospects of release; "unfasten the trap-door; let me out!" Slowly the farmer lifted the ladder and adjusted it in its place. With rheumatic awk wardness he climbed the creaking grounds and undid the hook

creaking grounds and undid the hook from its hasp. "How in all creation came you

here?" he demanded. "Why, I thou you was out a sleigh-ridin' with with the gals!

"It was all the doing of that villain, Job!" gasped the infuriated captain, Job!" gasped the infuriated captain, his teeth chattering with mingled rage and cold. "I won't stand this sort of thing. I'll leave the place tomorrow!" "As you please," said the farmer, to whom the prospect of losing his guest was not altogether unpleasant. "I'm

was not altogether unpleasant. "I'm dreadful sorry this should have hap-pened though, and I'll talk seriously

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

THE LATEST DESIGNS FOR BETWEEN-SEA-SONS' COSTUMES.

NEW YORK CITY (Special).-While excessive use of silk and velvet upon the costumes designed for little girls is undoubtedly in questionable taste,

and are all in style, but silk is more commonly reserved for matrons and elderly folk. To make this gown eight yards of material forty-five inches wide will be required.

required.

A Skirt With Circular Ruffles A skirt With Circular Ruffies. A very stylish costume of silk and wool novelty goods has the skirt fin-ished with circular ruffles, with a coat above it, very long at the back, and cut away in front to show a Yandyke waistcoat of dark velvet, the long points of the gilet falling six or eight inches below the belt. The coat is for with merge of the seme of si finished with revers of the same vel-vet, and around the coat is a high fur collar.

Cheviots Wear Well.

Cheviots easily retain the vantage ground among materials for all-around wear. Both solid colors and melanges are in vogue, but the former is more in evidence in the finest qualities, more especially when a full costume is un-der consideration. Cheviots in designs and weights that are exact counterparts of materials for gentlemen's wear chosen for separate skirts and jacket suits.

Fancy waists including two or three

the newest features and can be relied

Latest Novelty in Waists. AFTERNOON GOWN FOR A GIRL materials are among the latest novel-ties offered and are alike suited to entire gowns and the separate bodice that fills so many needs. The model illustrated includes all the newest fortunes, and one he relied writes May Manton, trimmings com posed of one or both are greatly in vogue and give entirely satisfactory results. The little frock shown is at once serviceable and dressy and can be made from any woolen material and

plain or plaid, and in any color pre-ferred. As illustrated cashmere in rich Cuban red is chosen, the trim ming frills of black satin ribbon and the yoke white broadcloth decorated



LADIES' HOUSE GOWN.

wilh the same tiny frills while at the of palest gray net with guimpe of waist is worn a sash of much wider iridescent sequins, the edges are finished with trimming which includes

satin ribbon. The waist lining fits snugly and to-gether with the outer portion closes at the centre back. On it are ar-ranged the yoke and the waist proper, the fronts of which are tucked over the shoulders and are extended to form the old raver. The sleaves are the gether with the outer portion closes the fronts of which are tucked over the shoulders and are extended to form the old raver. The sleaves are the slow of the sleaves are the slow of the sleaves are the slow of the

FIELD AND FOREST CALL.

There is a field, that leans upon two hills. Foamed o'er with flowers, and twinkling with clear rills; That, in its girdle of wild acres, bears The anodyne of rest that cures all cares; Wherein soft wind and sun and sound are blent, And fragrance—as in some old instrument Sweet chords—calm things, that nature's magic spell

magic spell Distils from heaven's azure crucible, Anu pours on earth to make the sick mind well. There lies the path, they say-Come away! Come away!

There is a forest, lying 'twixt two streams, Sung through of birds and haunted of dim dreams; That in its league-long hand of trunk and leaf Lifts a green wand that charms away all grief; Wrought of quaint silence and the stealth of things Vague, whispering touches, gleams and twit-terings. Dews and cool shadows—that the mystic south

soul Of nature permeates with suave control--And waves o'er earth to make the sad heart

whole. There lies the road, they say-Come away! Come away! —Madison Cawein.

HUMOROUS.

"It is a bad plan to rake up o'd quarrels." "Yes, at our house we can always find plenty of new ones." Weary Watkins-Don't you wish we didn't haf to eat? Hungry Hig-gins-An' have nothin' to live fer? Huh!

"Now that his father is dead I sup pose Goodby - will spend all his money." "Oh, no; he gets married tomorrow,"

Pa-What's baby crying for, Dolly? Dolly-Just 'cos I showed her how to eat her cake.

Aunt Jane-It's so pleasant to have a baby in the house. Walker-How can it be pleasant when there is a con-tinual squall?

Friend - So the editor sends you his paper tree? Poet-Yes; he says I needn't subscribe if I won't contribute any more.

"Marie, I thought your doctor told you that you were not strong enough to ride a bike?" "Yes; but I went to another doctor."

Hicks-Do you have running water in that new suburban cottage of yours? Wicks-No, but we have yours? water in the cellar!

"Nothing so hard but search will find it

out," The poet writes—untrue, beyond a doubt; When she the truth would hide, no bard nor Can learn the figures of a woman's age.

"This is a ticklish undertaking,"

said the fly as he skirmished out across the bald spot on the head of the irritable old gentleman.

Pastor-Have you seriously consid-ered the great question of life, Mary? Girl Parishioner - None of the young men has asked me yet, sir.

Teacher-In this stanza, what is meant by the line, "The shades of night were falling fast?" Bright Scholar-The people were pulling down the blinds.

Miss De Style-Oh, Major! Did you ever go to a military ball? Old Veteran-No, my dear young lady; in those days I had a military ball come to me. It nearly took my leg off!

She--I do so hate to see a man walk-ing along the sidewalk with his wife him. He-Perhaps that is his only chance to get ahead of her, poor man.

The Lady—You here again? The Tramp—Yes, kind lady. "Well, I won't help you again. I don't believe you've done a thing all winter!" "In-deed I have, mum; I just done thirty days

Judge—Do you know the prose-cutor in this case? Witness--Yes, sir. Judge—What can you say of his veracity? Witness-Well, your honor, he was once a life insurance agent and— Judge—That will do. Case discussed lismissed.

Why He Was Puzzled.

Bilkins and his wife occupied seats the dress circle. The curtain had in the dress circle. The curtain had jn to gone up for the second act, the first scene showing the heroine in street costume. As Eilkins rested his gaze upon the woman his face wore a puzzled expression. Several times he next housing glances at the program

took hurried glances at the program

be thrown away on any of the country bumpkins who vegetate among these wildernesses. Job, you young villain, are those boots of mine blacked yet?" Farmer Westerbrook's hired boy,

who had just come in to warm his em purpled hands at the merry, red blaze, looked glum. "No, they ain't," said Job, brusque-

ly.

"Well, what's the reason?"

"''Cause I ain't 'ad time."

"See that you find time, then, and that quickly, too!" said the captain. And Job glowered after him as he

went gayly up the stairs. "I just wish I had the servin' of

"I just wish I had the servin' of him out," said Job, gloomily, "It's Job, do this,' aud 'Job, do that,' and 'Job, where's the warm water?' and 'Job, what the deuce do you mean by lettin' my fire go out?' as if I was his bond slave, and not a red cent has he guy me vet-no, nor so much as a pleasan I wonder if he means to stay

here always." "You and I are equally partial to him, Job," said Max Crossley, laughing.

"I heard him talking with Miss "I heard him talking with Miss Sibyl about goin' sleigh ridin' tomor-row night," said Job, shrewdly. "I should jes' like to put Kicking Billy in the shafts, I would, if it waren't for Miss Sibyl. He don't know noth-in' about horses, that there militia cap'n don't." And Lok shukkled

And Job chuckled.

"I say, Mr. Crossley," he resumed, "why don't you get beforehand with

"Blockhead! I mean the string of bells.

"Look for 'em yourself," said Job, "Look for 'em yourself," said Job, salking. "I don't know where they be, and what's more, I don't care." "I'll settle with you, my fine fellow, when I come down!" said the captain

threateningly, as he groped about in the dim light which was admitted by a cobweb window at either end of the barn chamber.

"Don't hurry yourself, cap'n," re-joined Job, in a jeering mood. As the captain plunged into a dark corner, there was a jingle, and the string of bells suspended from a nail hit him directly on the neck, so like the grasp of death-cold fingers that he could not but start.

"Oh!" said the captain, nervously. "Here they are. Catch 'em, Job! Hal-lo! Where's the trap-door?"

And it took the militia man fully 60 seconds or more to realize that the trap-door was closed and fastened on lower side. He rushed to the

the lower side. He rushed to the window and threw it up, only to see Job speeding up the hill. "Hal-lo-o-oal" yelled Captain Mere-dith. "Come back, you scoundrel! you ill-conditioned lout! you imp of evil!

Job turned round and executed that peculiar gyration of the fingers in con-nection with the nasal protuberance which is supposed to express the ex-traction of econe tremity of scorn. "You'll find the ladder on the barn

"You'll find the ladder on the barn floor, cap'n," hooted this young rebel. "And don't be afeard o' the ghost. It's very harmless if you let it alone." "But, Job - Job, come back - I'm to

to Job.'

"So will I," gnashed the captain. "The break every bone in his body." But Job, wiser in his generation than the children of light, had taken and the chief of the second se kitchen fire. "You've lost your chance, captain,"

"You've lost your chance, captain," said she, good humoredly. "Doreas Smith has just gone by on her way home from the sleighing party, and she says Max Crossley brought Sibyl Har-rington in his new cutter, and they're

engaged." The captain went home the next day according to program, and Mrs. Max Crossley has never seen him since. And when the affair came off Job got a piece of wedding cake big enough to give him the dyspepsia for a week.

The Conductor Misunderstood

"There is a sort of audacity," says woman in the Chicago Inter Ocean, a woman in the Chicago Inter Ocean, "which is almost admirable. I really felt provoked when the conductor on a North Side car persistently carried me two blocks beyond my destination, especially as I had been energetically signalling him for several minutes. "Why did you not stop when you saw me waving my hand?" I demanded. The conductor (he was young, good looking and Irish) bowed low in con-trit on. "But upon me honor, ma"am, I t ought ye was throwing me a kiss," he said." The sleeves are served.

form the old revers. The sleeves are snug fitting but finished with puffs at the shoulders so preserving the de-sired childish effect.

satin ribbon

red childish enect. The skirt is gored and fits smoothly cross the front and over the hips, all he fulness being arranged at the the fulness being arranged at the back. Round the bottom are three rows of the velvet ribbon which cross and form an effective trimming for the front.

To make this gown for a girl eight years two and one-half yards of material forty-four inches wide will be required.

Stylish House Gowr

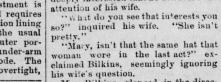
No combination of colors is more No combination of colors is more fashionable or more delightful to the eye than Parma violet and black. The attractive and stylish house gown, il-lustrated in the large engraving, unites soft wool Henrietta in the former shade with trimmings of black and in every way suited to all informal home wear. The yoke, which is a feature of the season, is of black Liberty satin laid in tucks and a ruche of the same trims in tucks and a ruche of the same trims the skirt and edges the frills, but the narrow bands, and the waist ribbon are both of velvet.

are both of velvet. The fitted lining is snug but not over tight, and extends only slightly below the waist line. To it are at-tached the yoke, the full graceful fronts and the Watteau back, which tached the yoke, the full graceful fronts and the Watteau back, which always lends dignity to the wearer. The sleeves are small enough for style, yet not sufficiently tight to mean in-convenience or annoyance. Cashmere, challie, dray d''ete, light weight serge, French flannel and

he had in his hand. He became so deeply interested that he attracted the While stylish in the extreme and

While stylish in the extreme and elaborate in effect, the adjustment is in reality quite simple and requires no special skill. The foundation liming fits snugly and is cut with the usual pieces and seams, but the outer portions show shoulder and under-arm seams only after the latest mode. The sleeves are small, but not overtight.

FANCY WAIST FOR A WOMAN. and the neck is finished with a deep



Mrs. Bilkins glanced in the direction of the stage. "I think it is," she replied, "but what of it?"

'Oh, nothing, only it seems so odd." "What does?" "Why, that she should still be wear-

ing the same hat," exclaimed Bilkins. "The program says there is a lapse of two years between the first and second acts."-Ohio State Journal.

The Rise of Humble Families

Magazine there is a suggestive can introduce there is a suggestive article about the history of families, in π hich the writer shows that nearly all great families rise from humble origin, marry into the aristocracy, and then either end with an heiress or did. In any case there are not fifty out. male pedigrees today that go back to the conquest. An instance of thir curious fact occurs in the ancient far-ily of the Lucys of Charlecote, W wickshire, which is represented only by an heiress. MissChristin on her marriage, kept her ow on her marriage, kept her ow and her hasband took hers that the family cognomen r disappear. It was Lucy v with Shakespeare for deer s