THE SONG OF THE PINES.

We are the masts of ships,
Nurtured for centuries;
Storm-wind and mountain-breeze
Taught us our harmonies,
Kissed us with mother lips.

See how the tender and stern
Heavens have bidden us rise,
Crying, "Behold the eyes
Of stars in the faithful skies:—
Lift up your heads and learn!"

Hear how the Sun doth laugh,
"Climb ye thus, sons of mine?
Seek ye for things divine?
Yours is the sunlight wine:—
Take of my warmth and quaff."

Cometh our bard, the Wind,
Bringing us songs, and saith:
"Nay, this is naught but breath;
Striving and love and death,
These I left, far behind!

"Gardens that feared my blast
Everywhere men, below:
Danger and toil and woe,
Wonders ye may not know,
All these I saw and passed.

"Nay, but new melody
Bring I to greet your ears.
Ye, without doubts or fears,
Not all in vain are the years;
Lo, I behold the Sea!"

Long hath it called to us
Here on our mountain-side.
Patient we wait, we bide,
Dreaming of waves and tide:
Do they not murmur thus?

Masts of the ship to be:—
This is the tryst we keep,
Hearing the unseen deep:
And we answer in our sleep.
We shall behold the Sea!

—Josephine Preston Peabody, in Youth's Companion.

THE TRAMP'S KISS.

A wet, boisterous night. Along a rain-sodden country road a man, with his hat brim pulled forward over his eyes, slowly plodded his way. He had left the city more than two hours before, and its lights had disappeared with the oncoming of the storm.

The weary pedestrian suddenly paused and leaned on the knobbly stick in his hand. No! he was not mistaken; the light he had seen emanated from a cottage window—a cottage that stood just off the turnpike. Surely every heart did not beat unresponsive to the cry of hunger and charity! Surely he was not doomed to die of starvation and fatigue in this, a Christian land!

The grimy fingers closed tightly about the stick, and the starving man approached the door of the little cottage. The sound of voices reached his ears as he stood for a moment irresolute. One was the deep, gruff voice of a man, and the other was that of a woman. He knocked gently upon the door. It was opened, and a stalwart yeoman appeared. The wayfarer's eyes wandered from the cozy fire to the repast on the table before it and from thence to the ruddy face above him.

"Well, what d'ye want?" snapped the cottager.

"A mouthful of food—I'm starving," replied the wayfarer.

"Food, eh! thet's allays the cry," snarled the other. "Why don't yer work fer it, same as Oi do? Ger away, or Oi'll set the dog on yer!" and the door was shut violently in the supplicant's face.

A low moan escaped his lips, and he leaned heavily against the trelliswork before the door. When at length he turned from the cottage and sought the open road a strange light had entered his sunken eyes—the light of desperation—madness! Wild, incoherent words fell from his lips; an exultant laugh gurgled in his throat. Hark! What was that? Something was approaching from behind.

Ah! that something was a cyclist. He could see the small, trembling light of the lamp and could hear the suckling sound of the tires on the wet road. The starving wretch stepped back beneath the shadow of a tree, and as the solitary cyclist drew near he placed himself directly in his path.

"Great Scott, my man! where the dickens have you sprung from?" ejaculated the rider, a young fellow, as he dropped lightly from his machine. "It's a good job I was going easy; if I hadn't either you or me, or both of us, would have been fitting subjects for surgical research by this!" and the speaker gave his broad shoulders a shake to dislodge the rain from his storm cape.

"I wanted you to stop," said the other, his words coming through his set teeth.

"Indeed, and for what reason?" interrogated the cyclist, trying to see the features of the last speaker.

"I—I want help," and the knobbly stick was lifted, undiscerned by the cyclist, a few inches from the ground.

"Help, did you say? Then you're on the road?' eh?"

"Call it that if you like, but—I'm starving!"

"Good heavens! Yes, now I see your face I don't doubt it! Here, old chap, for goodness sake go and get something to eat," and the young fellow plunged his hand in his pocket. Suddenly a thought seemed to strike him.

"But money would be no use to you," he said; "you want food, and you can't buy that any nearer than the town. Stay, I know. I am on my way to a house half a mile further up the road—the house is called 'The Hollies'—you can't mistake it; there are two turrets; besides, anyone will tell you which is Mr. Templeton's house. I will ride on—ah! I see you know Mr. Templeton; but you have no occasion to be afraid of him. He's a justice of the peace, I know, but he's got a soft heart—and if he hadn't, his daughter has. * * * Well, I'll just spin along and see there's something ready for you to eat when you arrive."

The young fellow had placed his foot on the step of his bicycle to mount when he felt the tramp's touch on his shoulder.

"Well?—you understand me, didn't ——"

"Yes, I understood you, but——"

"But what?"

"Who is this Mr. Templeton whom you just spoke about—is it Robert Templeton, the celebrated architect?"

"Yes."

"And is he related to you?"

A shade of annoyance crossed the young fellow's face, but only for an instant.

"No, not exactly—as yet," he replied with a laugh. "But I may be related to him before long—at least I hope so, as a son-in-law, you know."

"Ah! I had forgotten; he has a daughter."

The knobbly stick lay on the ground now, and its owner was trembling like a leaf. With an agile spring the cyclist seated himself in his saddle, and as his feet found the pedals he looked round over his shoulder.

"Don't forget," said he; "the house with the turrets. I will vouch there is a good, square meal awaiting you." And with that he rode away through the drenching rain.

Robert Templeton, the world-famed architect, sat in his study deep in thought. From some distant portion of the old house the sound of a girl's fresh, young voice, singing "Love's Old Sweet Song," reached his ears. Suddenly the song ceased, and Robert Templeton knew the dreaded moment had arrived—knew that Harold Franklin had called for his (Templeton's) answer.

He had promised to give it that very night—that very hour—and Franklin, anxious lover that he was, had braved the inclemency of that night to hear that which meant either life-long happiness for him or a dreary drag of "stale, flat and unprofitable" existence. Templeton rose from his chair and paced slowly about the room.

The story he had to tell Harold Franklin was inevitable. How would he receive that story? Would he, in his great love for Clarice, laugh the deception to scorn; or would he heap contumely upon the narrator's head and leave the girl who loved him forever? No, banish the latter thought! Harold Franklin was a true English gentleman—not one of the soulless creatures who sometimes pose as such—creatures of veneer and vapidity—but a man with a heart as sound as one of the oaks of his native land; a man who valued his fellow-creatures for their true mind-worth and not solely on account of their wealth of the world's goods.

Half an hour passed, and Templeton was still pacing about his study, when a firm step approached, and a knock sounded upon the door. Templeton went across and threw it wide open. His visitor was Harold Franklin.

"And so you have come for my answer, Harold?" said the architect, after their formal greeting.

"Yes, sir," replied the young fellow, with a quick look in the other's face.

Templeton placed a chair for his visitor and sat down facing him.

"But where is Clarice? It is necessary she, too, should hear what I have to say," he said.

"Clarice is acting the good Samaritan to a poor fellow I met on the road," said Franklin. "He was faint with hunger, so I presumed to invite him to bite and sup beneath your roof, Mr. Templeton. I trust my presumption did not overstep the bounds of my acquaintanceship with yourself ——"

"You did perfectly right, Harold," interposed the elder man. "And Clarice, you say, is attending to the poor fellow with her own hands?"

"Yes, sir; she preferred to do so."

A few minutes later Clarice Templeton entered the room, and both its male occupants were surprised to see her eyes were tearful. "You have been weeping, child?" said her father, as she sank down on the hassock at his side.

"Yes," she said softly; "it was something that poor man did and said when he was bidding me good night and thanking me for the food I had placed before him."

Robert Templeton was too much engrossed with his own thoughts to reply to what Clarice was saying.

"My child," he said, after a short pause, "it is only right that you should hear what I am now about to say. It is only right that the man who desires to make you his wife, and who is here tonight for my answer, should know your history—and mine."

The young lovers gazed wonderingly upon the speaker, and their hands sought each other's instinctively.

"History, sir! I scarcely understand you," said Franklin. "I know already that you, the most illustrious architect of the time, were, in your younger days, far poorer than you now are. Have you not told me often that your early struggles were fraught with privation? Your history, sir, is one that redounds to your credit."

"I do not refer to the struggles of my youth, Harold; it is something else—something which concerns Clarice. It is this: Clarice is not my daughter!"

The words were spoken at last.

"Not your daughter?" whispered the girl, her face blanching deathly pale.

"Sit down again, my child, and listen to my story. It is an old story—a common theme for novelists, but true in my case:

"Two brothers fell in love with one girl. One of the brothers is studious and aspiring; the other is wild and careless. The girl chooses the one who thought of tomorrow as a time of pleasure and hated the plodding life of industry. The brother who was studious guarded his secret well; none knew his heart was rent with unrequited love. He smiled and spoke commonplace words to the woman who had unconsciously broken his heart; but in the solitude of the night his thoughts would ever wander from his books to the dream that had been shattered.

"He left his native town and settled for a short time in Manchester. One day he received word that the brother who occupied the place he himself had often dreamed to fill had been arrested on a charge of forgery. The charge was well-founded, and eventually he was sentenced to 15 years' penal servitude.

"This was two years after his marriage and one year after his child was born. His wife never recovered from the shock, and when the husband had served but one year of his imprisonment she was laid to rest. I reached her side a few hours before she died. She begged that I would take care of the golden-haired prattler she was leaving behind—take care of her until he had served his period of imprisonment. I promised, and when the earth closed over the body of her I had loved I took the child away—the child that resembled the mother so much. You were that child, Clarice."

A silence fell on the ltttle group as Templeton finished speaking, and the golden head of Clarice had drooped forward until it found rest on the architect's knee.

"And what do you expect me to say, Mr. Templeton?" asked Franklin at length.

"I expect to hear you say what your heart prompts you to say."

"My heart prompts me to say that nothing you have told me tonight has altered my love for Clarice, and I repeat again—I love her dearly, and she loves me; we ask your consent to our marriage."

"And I give it, Harold," said Templeton, taking Franklin's hand and wringing it. The young fellow stooped and raised Clarice from her dejected attitude, kissed her streaming face, and they passed slowly, side by side, from the room.

An hour later the lovers stood at the end of the wooded drive bidding each other good night. The rain had ceased falling.

"And to think, Harold, that I, who have always felt proud of my parentage, should be so disillusioned; to think that I am the daughter of a felon!" and as the words fell from Clarice Templeton's lips she sought to check the sobs that filled her bosom. Franklin drew her throbbing form closer to his side.

"Nay, sweetheart, let not the news trouble you so. You are not to blame for what your father did, and he, perhaps, by this is sorrowing for his past cruelty and wickedness. However, let us try to forget him and the past and be happy in our mutual love and the golden days to come."

Engrossed as the lovers were, neither of them were cognizant of the proximity of a third person—a man, who crouched in the shadow of the trees.

"Yes, forget him and the past," murmured the latter; "it is only right that you should. As for him!——" and the crouching figure stole softly away.

"But tell me, Clarice," said Franklin, "tell me the cause of the tears I saw in your eyes when you joined your father (I shall always call him such) and me in his study."

"It was the poor man—the tramp——"

"He did not frighten you?" broke in Franklin.

"Frighten me, Harold! No, something quite different. He said I reminded him of one he loved—a daughter who is lost to him forever—and—and he asked me to—to kiss him, Harold."

"And you did?" queried Franklin, smilingly.

"Yes, I couldn't refuse. Besides, he was an old man, you know."

* * * * * * *

The following day there was found in a pool some miles away the dead body of an unknown man. It was the tramp.—Tit-Bits.

Bangkok, an Eastern Venice.

Bangkok, Siam, is variously called by those people who revel in comparisons, the "Venice of the East" and the "Constantinople of Asia;" in the first instance, because of the many canals that run through the city, and in the second, because of the hundreds of wretched and owner less pariah dogs that roam its streets with impunity. There is much truth in both comparisons. Certainly, Bangkok is the home of the gaunt and ugly pariah dog, which spends its life foraging and getting just enough to keep life in its mangy carcass, multiplying meantime with the fecundity of cats and a tropical clime, because Buddhist's doctrine forbids its killing. Outcast dogs are not the only pests whose multiplication in Bangkok may be charged to Buddhism: more noisy crows perch of an early morning on your window-casing and the tree immediately beyond it than in the space of a day hover near the Towers of Silence at Bombay awaiting the pleasure of the vultures that feed on the last earthly remains of those who have died in the faith of the Parsee.—Harper's Weekly.

Domestic Thrills.

"Have you ever experienced the excitement of being aroused from sleep in a house at night when it was on fire?"

"No, but I have several times gone through the excitement upon my wife's announcement of her belief that the baby had swallowed her thimble."—Chicago News.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

NEW YORK CITY (Special).—Blouses in the style shown below may be worn with a straight full or gored skirt for school, outing or general wear. French blue and white serge is here prettily

GIRL'S BLOUSE.

united, mixed braid in the same coloring forming the trimming. The blouse is simply shaped with underarm and shoulder seams, the lower edge being completed with a hem, through which elastic is drawn to regulate the fullness. The fronts are cut away in V shape to disclose the braid-trimmed shield, a box plait being applied below, through which the closing is made with small mock amethyst buttons and buttonholes. The standing collar, which is joined to the shield, closes in centre back; the shield, being sewed to the right front, is closed invisibly under lapel of sailor collar on left. The sailor collar, with gracefully curved lapels, is a pretty feature of the blouse. The one-seamed sleeves, gathered top and bottom, are finished at the wrists by deep round cuffs. Attractive combinations may be effected by the mode or one material only may be used. Flannel, cheviot, tweed, serge or light weight cloth, pique, duck or Madras are appropriate materials, while braid, plain or ruched ribbon, gimp insertion or embroidery may be used for decoration.

To make this blouse for a girl of ten years it will require one and one-half yards of material forty-four inches wide.

Useful With Clinging Skirts.

With clinging skirts, the old-time fashion of over-skirt drapery has been successfully revived this season. The style presented in the large engraving is one of the most graceful, and forms part of a costume of fawn-colored cloth, trimmed with applique embroidery in black and white silk. The drapery is of circular shaping, single darts at each side of the centre seam fitting it closely at the top. The closure is made at top of the centre seam, with double buttons and loops or single buttons and buttonholes, if so preferred. The drapery may be open in front either partly or to the waistline, in which case no placket need be made in the back. The drapery is curved high at the sides, and may be laid in jabot-like box pleats or allowed to fall free in pretty ripples all around the sides and back.

Overskirts in this style prove desirable for remodelling gowns, as they do not always match the underskirt, and the same fabric is introduced on part of the bodice yoke, sleeves, collar, etc.

To make this skirt in the medium size will require two and one-half yards of material forty-four inches wide.

Strings For Summer Bonnets.

Fashion seems on the way to adopt strings much more generally than was deemed possible at the beginning of the season. During the spring season, at least, wide strings of Mechlin tulle, tied in a big bow under the chin, were extremely fashionable, and there is no doubt that they will be maintained throughout the summer.

Tulle strings may be applied to any kind of hat, toque or capote, even those wherein tulle does not enter as a trimming, when they are fastened to the back of the brim in a little pouf. Rather more than two yards are required. Capelines and capotes have the monopoly of ribbon strings in satin, faille or velvet. Wide ribbon strings are exceptional, and velvet is chosen; one inch width is sufficient. Greek and other fancy nets are sometimes substituted for tulle, being of a less perishable nature; they are often favored for economic motives, but the fragile material is more becoming.

Smart Summer Slippers.

That fall fashions move in a circle is attested by the fact that we are destined to wear as the smart slipper of the season a shape and material seen oft before. The slipper is either black patent leather or dull finished French kid, with a red heel and lining of red silk. There is nothing surprisingly new about all this save the three pretty points that run upon the instep and the oval buckle of imitation diamonds and rubies that are fastened at the base of these points. So chaste but chic a style of foot covering naturally cannot be worn without new hoisery, and the stockings are undeniably very pretty. A perfectly plain black stocking is now quite unfashionable. Ankles must display pin stripes of interwoven silk in three colors and close set or openwork woven over a color, or checks that are most elaborate, or a powdering of minute colored flowers.

Silks For Summer.

China or India silks are to be more fashionable this year than they have been for a very long time. They are certainly much cooler than the taffetas, or, for that matter, than almost any other material in the market. They are exquisite in coloring, and, besides, have a great variety of designs entirely different from those used on the taffetas, except the black figured ones that have much the same designs, lacking, however, the stiffness and body of the taffetas. Many of the figured China silks are comparatively inexpensive, and almost all wear well. They must be made up either with a silk lining or with a very good cotton lining, while the taffeta silks have the advantage of not needing a lining.—Harper's Bazar.

POINTED DRAPERY FOR CLINGING SKIRTS.

To Make a Fashionable Toque.

A few yards of tulle, more yards of fine wire and a bunch of flowers form a good recipe for a fashionable toque. Simple enough in the abstract, yet no one but the most artistic milliner can bring anything like success out of this combination.

A Cape With Scalloped Edge.

This charming Parisian model is of dove-gray broadcloth, embroidered all over with black and white mixed braid. Corded folds of black satin finish the edges, a full pleating of black mousseline de soie over a gathered frill of white taffeta silk falling softly underneath. A lining of white taffeta daintly finishes the inside, and at the neck is worn a full bow of mousseline. The cape is fitted smoothly at the top by single darts taken up at the shoulders, the backs meeting in a centre seam. The sectional collar is prettily scalloped on its upper edge and flares becomingly, rounding away from the front.

Stylish capes this season are made of guipure lace and perforated cloth over silk or satin of contrasting colors. Capes of poplin, satin, velvet, armure, venetian and broadcloth may match or contrast widely with the skirt. Great elaboration of detail is permissible in the ornamentation of these dressy top garments, insertion, lace, braid or passementerie, ruchings and pleatings of ribbon and mousseline often being seen all on one cape.

WOMAN'S CAPE.

To make this cape for a woman of medium size will require one and three-quarter yards of material twenty-four inches wide.

AN EXPANSIONIST.

Expansion is all right, my boy;
I know, for I have tried.
Just listen what it's done for me
And see if I have lied.
When I first started to expand
I measured thirty inch;
But I got a job directly—
Counting votes—it was a cinch.
When I expanded six inch more
I got elected then
Assistant tax-assessor
By majority of ten.
Six more inches made me burgess;
Six more made me county clerk;
Six more made me judge of probate;
After that 'twas easy work.
Six more inches made me counsel
For the Squawtown-valley road;
Six more landed me in Congress—
If they didn't I'll be blowed.
Sixty inch and still expanding,
But retired, as you see;
And you couldn't even tempt me
With a thousand-dollar fee.
So don't let alarmists scare you,
And don't lay awake at night
Worrying about expansion,
For expansion is all right.

—Judge.

HUMOROUS.

It seems strange that a fellow isn't "in the swim" when society throws him overboard.

"Give me some striking example of the coalescion of minute individual particles." "A sandbag, sir."

"Our bank is sure to fall," said the cashier, pocketing all the available assets, "as it is rapidly losing its balance."

"Love makes the world go round." "No; love only keeps people from noticing whether the world goes round or not."

Lives there a boy with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
As on his bed shone morning's light,
"I wisht the school burnt down last night."

Visiting Uncle—There is no beast that has a roar as terrifying as has the lion. Small Niece—Did you ever hear papa when dinner wasn't ready on time.

"Then I told him what I thought of him." "In good, plain language, I presume?" "Well, yes. In fact, some of my expressions were positively military."

Mrs. Van Twiller (who mistakes Dr. Jovial for a physician)—And where do you practice doctor? The Rev. Dr. Jovial—Ah, madam, I do not practice; I only preach.

A pilot on one of the Mississippi river boats, on being asked if he knew where all the shoals and rocks in the river were, replied: "Faith, I don't, but I know where they ain't."

When smiling summer comes again
And jocund daisies grow,
We'll have to cut the waving grass
Where once we shoveled snow;
We'll have to hear the same sad wail,
When men are brought together:
There's no vacation for the man
Who kicks about the weather.

"My boy says his ambition is to grow up to be a man just like his father." "I wouldn't let that worry me. When I was your boy's age I had a burning desire to be a pirate."

Mr. Crimsonbeak—Do you believe in the saying, "It never rains but it pours?" Mrs. Crimsonbeak—Indeed, I do! A man always loses his temper and his collar button at the same time.

"And you are busy, are you?" interrogated the customer as he paid his check to the restaurant proprietor. "Busy! Why, I'm so rushed I don't get a chance to go out to get a bite to eat!" was the unguarded reply.

Sniffins—Cadderby is wearing a look of importance lately. Has he been made a member of the firm he works for? Koffner—No; but he's been given a position which carries with it the privilege of bossing the office boy.

World's Greatest Rudder.

One of the largest rudders that has ever been cast in the world has been finished by the Pennsylvania Steel Casting company of Chester for the American line steamer Rhynland, now on Cramps' dry dock undergoing repairs. The rudder, which was cast in a solid piece, weighed over 43,000 pounds, and the sternpost, which was made at the same time, weighed 9000 pounds. Heretofore rudders have been made in two pieces and afterward riveted into a solid piece, but the Chester company cast without difficulty the rudder in one solid mass, which experts claim makes more effective this necessary part of the vessel.

The art of casting the rudder is a trade secret which not even the British or German steel makers have yet been able to discover. Rudders for foreign-built vessels are now being shipped from Chester to Europe.

John Haug, the surveyor at this port for Lloyds' Register of Shipping, stated that no European workers of steel could have made a rudder the size of the Rhynland's in one solid piece. He also stated that a larger rudder could have been made if it had been necessary, and the work was an achievement in steel-making which the foreigners have yet to learn from the Americans.—Philadelphia Record.

And the Bird Came Back.

Jones' hobby was carrier pigeons. He aired it and them on every occasion. This was one of the occasions.

Smith had hobbies, but they were not pigeons. So when Jones offered to bet a supper that his finest bird would come back, no matter where he was released, Smith took the bet, likewise the bird, and departed.

Arriving at Philadelphia, he clipped the birds wings and set him free.

A week passed. The night of the dinner came. Jones was late. His face was sad and gloomy as he entered the club dining room. Smith was correspondingly radiant.

"Bird back?" asked Smith, full of latent glee.

"Yes," said Jones, slowly, "but his feet are awfully sore."

Smith paid for the dinner.—New York World.