

A BEQUEST.

When I confront the death of that last day, Which, dead, shall be the birth of endless night. Then, true companion of the narrow way We walk together, not the tiny mist Of pebbles we pick up—the pinch of gold, The fruiting acres, or the little name I leave—would I that you should bless me for. Or cherish. Rather let me leave the old Endearments as a legacy, the same Eternally as now you know they are. —Aloysius Coll.

The Old Apple Tree.

I was disappointed in my friend. We had arranged to spend the day on the river. I had not met him for years, not since our Balliol days, until I saw him again after seven years at the 'varsity sports in the early spring. He was the same as ever, stanch and genuine and generous. It was he who had suggested and settled the details of our trip on the river. It was to be on June 15, and we were to have had a long, healthy, exhilarating day, with plenty of hard exercise and a long chat about old times.

The day came and I was in river-rig at the boathouse agreed upon half an hour earlier than we had mutually fixed. But Fry did not come. I know of nothing more irritating than to have to hang about for another fellow to turn up when one is alone like that. At last, I got a note by his servant.

His excuse for not coming seemed to me a flimsy one. His wife's father had fixed a sudden meeting of family trustees, and afterward he had to see his sister on business of consequence relating to a trust. However, whether it was an excuse or whether it was a reason, he was not coming with me for our projected river trip—that was clear. It was annoying, but I trust I am too philosophic to feel anything deeply that cannot be helped. I countermanded the pair-skill and had out a single canoe.

In five minutes I was "on the bosom of old Father Thames." The hackneyed words, as I thought of them, were in themselves a comfort, and as I paddled on I thought how a gay heart wants no friend. Solitude has charms deeper than society can afford. Out of my memory teemed troops of friends, and they were with me as I willed; they came at my call and vanished as I wished when thought of another suggested.

I was veritably festive in my loneliness. Everything was new to me, and yet familiar; the lazy cattle, knee-deep in the water, the trim villas festooned with roses and clematis, the laughing weirs, the fleets of graceful swans, the barges and the pleasure-boats, the pools where the water-lilies grew. How lovely it all was, and how sweet (since fate had willed it so) to enjoy it undisturbed and solitary!

"If this be loneliness," I thought, turning my canoe into a backwater of the main river, along which I had already paddled with the stream for several miles (I had passed through two locks), "I have been often lonelier among hosts of friends!" And I fear there was some conceit in the delight I enjoyed; cast thus upon my own resources I was proud of my buoyancy of spirit. I found myself ever and anon peopling the passing banks and woods with creatures of my own imagination, making of the whole landscape a background for the creation of an as yet unwritten romance. I wove fairy tales. I am a professed writer of romances, and I determined that the beings born of my river dream should awake and live in words on the shelves of libraries.

I was now in a lovely backwater more beautiful than the Thames itself. The bankside flowers were more abundant and nearer to me—indeed, they hedged me about. The pale blue eyes of innumerable forget-me-nots smiled upon me, wild roses and brambles bloomed and their thorns, the leaves of the osiers whispered everywhere, and weeping willows hung their arching boughs right across the narrow creek which it now pleased me to explore.

The water was clearer, too. Paddling slowly along between the lawns, I looked into the depths of the water, with all its wealth and wonder of plant-growth, the waving forests of submarine weed, where I could see shoals of minnows. Now and then a school of perch, startled by my paddle, darted into the shadow of the weed, and a huge jack, sulking in a deep green pool, made me long for a rod and line.

While thus engrossed, bending my head over the side of the canoe, in which I continued to drift slowly along, I failed to notice how narrow the creek had become, until suddenly I found myself close to a lady lying on a lawn—so close that I was almost touching her. She was quite at the edge of the grass, which slopped to the river. Half a dozen cushions were about her—her book lay open. I had never seen so glorious a picture, nor one that burst upon my vision so suddenly. She was in something white and dainty, her hat was hung on a branch, and the old, gnarled tree under whose shade she reclined was covered with apples. Her hair was tangled and golden, and her eyes full of light and laughter.

For a while I sat staring at her in bewilderment. Then I stammered, "Where am I?"

Her answer was perfectly calm, but it was not chill; no, her voice was so soft that the simplest words she uttered were a melody.

"You are in my father's garden," she said.

"And I—I—?"

"You are a trespasser." But she smiled as she said it, a smile that showed two rows of pearl, sparkling in the sunlight that dappled her face.

"And you?" I said. I know not what I said, but soon I asked her name, and she told me it was Eve.

"And this is Paradise," I answered, looking through the leaves of the old apple tree at all the beauties of the garden.

Then we talked. Of what? Of everything. Of solitude, of friendship, of books; I fear, of Canada—and of love.

Then she bade me go, and I could not. Nor would I if I could; and when at length I obeyed her and was about to go, she bade me stay.

So I stayed, and soon had moored my canoe and stood upon her lawn. I cannot tell how I of all men—modest almost to bashfulness—could have done so, but I did.

Of the flowers that grew wild there by the water's edge I made her a crown, and this I put upon her tangled golden hair. She was my queen there and thenceforth forever; and so I told her, the poets aiding me.

Two roses that I had not seen before bloomed on her face, and she ran away light-footed and lithe of limb, over the lawn into her father's house.

But I could not leave; I could not! I looked for her, but she did not come. Once I saw the curtains of a window drawn aside, and her face peering out upon me, but she would not come again.

Well, I stayed, that was all! How I had the impudence to do so I cannot tell—but I could not go.

She was a long while indoors. I heard her at the piano. I knew it was her touch, though I had never heard her before, but I was confident it was she. Besides, now and then the piano stopped suddenly, and I saw by the movement of the window curtains that she was peeping to see whether I had gone.

At last I grew ashamed of my intrusion, and, stooping from under the fruit-covered branches of the old apple tree, I went to my canoe, unfastened its moorings, and was about to withdraw.

But, as luck would have it, just as I was about to get into the canoe, she came out to me across the lawn. Her gesture to me was that I must go. I said what I felt, regardless of all order, of all propriety. "Eve," I said passionately, "you do not know me, nor who I am, nor I you; but I know this, that I love you. Yes, I love you, and shall love you forever. Your heart is my Eden. Do not shut the gates of this, my earthly paradise. I must, must see you again, and I will! Say that I may."

She looked down and blushed.

"May I?" I faltered.

She did not reply. But her silence was a better answer than words.

"When?"

"Tomorrow."

She looked so pretty when she said it that I was about to dare yet more. I had the temerity to formulate the idea that I would take her in my arms and steal from her lips a kiss, when I heard a shout—

"Hullo, old chap! Is that you?"

I looked up.

"What, Fry?" I cried. "Is it Fry? It is, by all that's wonderful!"

"I'm awfully sorry, my dear chap, that I couldn't join you on the river today. Abominably uncivil you must have thought me. But I didn't know you knew my sister."

He looked at her and he looked at me. I think we were both blushing.

"But you do know each other, don't you?" he said, for we both looked so awkward that he seemed to think he had made some faux pas.

"Oh, yes!" I said. "we know each other," and I stole a look at Eve. The glance she gave me was a grateful one.

Three months afterward there was a river-wedding, and, as we were rowed away from church in a galley manned by four strong oarsmen, and I handed her out of the canopied boat on to her father's lawn, the wedding-bells rang out merrily, for Eve and I were man and wife, and I gave her a husband's kiss under the old apple tree.—The Sketch.

Harsh-Voiced Canaries Exiled.

"Moulting is the crucial time for a canary's voice," writes Ida Shaper Hoxie in an article in Ladies' Home Journal. "Some birds lose the little that they have; others, of course blossom out into promising singers. As soon as a harsh tone is heard, out goes that unfortunate bird, for promising singers must never hear a harsh chirp. When I asked what became of the unfortunate I was told by the fanciers, 'Oh, we sell them, of course. You know they can sing in a way, and many people don't know the difference between a good singer and a bad one.' My mind went back to a certain canary I had had to live with once in America! I wondered what percentage of these outcasts who were huddled together in a cage out of hearing of the more favored birds and allowed to chirp as they please, go to America. One of the men who devotes all his time to the canaries, allowed me to spend several hours among his birds. I sat a long while trying to analyze the exquisite sounds that came from a dozen tiny cages with closed fronts hanging high on the wall. I could have gone to sleep had I chosen—the thrilling was so soft and sweet, not at all like the songs of our lusty-throated American birds.

Peculiarities are certain traits which your neighbor has which are different from your own traits.

NEW IDEAS IN TOILETTES

New York City.—The waist that closes at the back remains in favor, and is promised extended vogue. The very charming May Manton model



FANCY WAIST.

shown has the merit of being simple of construction, at the same time that it is sufficiently elaborate in effect to be appropriate for afternoon and informal evening wear. The original is of louisine silk, with cream guipure lace, and is made over the fitted lining, but all waist and gown materials are suitable, silk, wool and cotton, and the lining can be omitted whenever desirable. Silks and wools are better and more serviceable made over the foundation, but washable fabrics are preferable unlined.

The fitted foundation is snug and smooth and closes at the back together

yards of material twenty-one inches wide, two and a half yards twenty-seven inches wide, two and a quarter yards thirty-two inches wide or one and three-eighths yards forty-four inches wide will be required, with three-quarter yard for shield, stock collar, tie and cuffs, and one piece of velvet ribbon to trim as illustrated.

A Bolero With Wide Flowing Sleeves.
The up-to-date bolero is furnished with sleeves, and these are quite wide and generally flowing. Lace is the proper medium in which to carry out this stylish model. Any thick material would be inappropriate. There is a hard and fast line for the termination of lace bolero sleeves. They finish exactly half way between elbow and wrist. The same model can be executed in fine batiste. The all-over embroidered batiste is as costly as piece lace for a bolero or bolero. Still it is used, as is the plain batiste, because it is so beautiful and so well adapted to the purpose.

Trimming With Cretonne Applique.
A novel style of trimmings very much in vogue is applique cretonne. The design is simply outlined by a chain stitch, and many are the artistic variations to be attained thereby. On a white silk ground a rose pattern in soft shaded tints may be outlined in self-colored silks. Or a very pleasing effect is created by a fine gold cord defining the pattern.

Five-Gored Skirt With Habit Back.
The tendency of the latest skirts is to extreme snugness at the upper and pronounced flare at the lower portion. No style contributes to that end so perfectly as the habit back and the circular flounce, and the two com-



MISSES' SAILOR WAIST.

with the waist. The fronts proper are tucked to yoke depth and gathered at the waist line, but the backs are plain across the shoulders and show only slight fullness at the belt. The lace is applied over the material on indicated lines, the scalloped edge making an admirable effect over the plain waist. The sleeves are in bishop style, with pointed cuffs, and the neck is finished with a plain stock, to which are attached turn-over portions of lace.

To cut this waist for a woman of medium size three and a half yards of material twenty-one inches wide, three yards twenty-seven inches wide, two and a half yards thirty-two inches wide or two and an eighth yards forty-four inches wide will be required, with one and a half yards of lace seven and a half inches wide, and three-eighths yards of narrow edging to trim as illustrated.

Misses' Sailor Shirt Waist.

The shirt waist with sailor collar, and shield of contrasting color is, and will be, a favorite for young girls both for school and afternoon wear. For the school the materials chosen are chevot, linen, madras, flannel, cashmere and the like, for the more fancy waists silk of simple sorts, embroidered and plain cashmere in light colors. The May Manton model shown in the large drawing is suited to both uses and all the fabrics mentioned, but in the original is of moire louisine silk, showing lines and dots of blue on white, with trimming of blue velvet ribbon, and shield, tie and cuffs of white silk banded with blue. The foundation is a fitted lining, on which the waist proper is arranged that is eminently desirable when silk and wool fabrics are used, but which can be omitted when washable materials are selected. The lining closes at the centre front, and fits snugly to the figure, but the waist proper is drawn down in gathers at the waist line and blouses slightly at the front. The shield is attached to the lining, when it is used, to the waist, beneath the collar, when the waist is unlined, and is attached permanently at the right side, hooked into place at the left. The sailor collar is seamed to the neck of the blouse and the tie ends are attached beneath its points. The sleeves are in bishop style with narrow pointed cuffs.

To cut this waist for a girl of fourteen years of age three and a half

lined make a marked feature of advance models. The May Manton model shown is admirable in every way. Being cut in five gores it suits the great majority of figures and allows for remodeling the skirts of last season when so doing is desirable. The original is made of novelty material, in shades of brown and tan, with trimming of narrow brown braid over light tan, and includes the graceful and becoming flounce; but this last can be omitted and the skirt used plain; or, again, the material can be cut away beneath and the flounces seamed to the lower edge.

The five gores are carefully shaped and fitted without fullness at the belt and provide just the snugness required by fashion. The flounce falls in soft undulating folds and widens as it approaches the back, forming admirable lines. The placket can be at the centre back or left front seam as desired, but in either case should be provided with an ample underlap and an abundant supply of hooks and loops, that there may be no danger of gaping.

To cut this skirt for a woman of medium size thirteen yards of material twenty-one inches wide, ten and one-half yards twenty-seven inches wide, eight and seven-eighths yards thirty-two inches wide, seven and a quarter yards forty-four inches wide or six and three-quarter yards fifty inches wide will be required when flounce is used; nine yards twenty-one inches wide, seven yards twenty-



FIVE-GORED SKIRT.

seven inches wide, six and a half yards thirty-two inches wide, five and a half yards forty-four inches wide or five yards fifty inches wide when flounce is omitted.



Blouse Worn Mostly at Home.

The blouse is still with us, but is worn more in the home than with the outdoor toilet excepting for coats and skirts. Many tucked and corded blouses fasten at the back, leaving the pouted front entire. Coats are of varied types, but the extra long three-quarter shape is quite an accepted fashion for evening and carriage wear, and the fashionable opera wrap is in pelisse form, with bell sleeves, and a ruff takes the place of the high collar.

A Beauty Hint.

For one who loves a dainty bath there are many simple ways of medicating or perfuming it. Almond meal is always nice. Oatmeal sewed in a bag of cheese-cloth and then thrown in the water for a few moments is good for the complexion. Perfume tablets may now be purchased to make fragrant the bath. Everybody knows how valuable a few drops of household ammonia are for all cleansing purposes, but not every one knows how refreshing a tablespoonful of it is in the daily bath. For bathing the face to remove sunburn milk, buttermilk or lemon juice are all good. Very good, too, is the water, cold, in which a cucumber has been boiled.—Philadelphia Times.

Made Her Fortune in Oil.

A woman who has made a successful venture in oil is told of by the Woman's Journal, which says: "West Virginia has an oil queen. She is Mrs. Mary Ibrig, formerly of Sistersville, now living in the Tyler county field, where her venturesome spirit and good luck have been bringing in an income of about \$7000 a week for a month past. Mrs. Ibrig was formerly engaged in the shoe business; but, as it did not pay very well, she began to dabble in oil. She is reported to be developing, with success, what was considered a few months ago the most uncertain wild cat territory in the state, and she is preparing to sink new wells as soon as rigging can be hauled to her property. She has bought a handsome home in Parkersburg, and will direct her new interests from that place.

Makes Her Living as a Blacksmith.

Miss Cela Holbrook, daughter of Rufus Holbrook, has continued her father's blacksmith shop in Sherborn, Mass., employing assistants and carrying on the establishment. She is 19, but was only 17 when her father died, leaving his family in very poor circumstances. Her mother had died eight years earlier. Her brother and three sisters, all younger than herself, she supports by her business ability and enterprise. In addition to carrying on the shop she has taken a contract from the United States to carry the mail twice a day from the railroad station to the postoffice and return. In the summer she carries the mail on her bicycle; in the winter on foot, making forty miles' travel daily. Yet this young woman, who for two years has been practically the head of a family, when she comes of age will not be allowed to vote.

Out-of-the-Ordinary in Millinery.

A shade hat recently "created" for an automobile girl is substantial enough to be able to stand wind and dust and yet gracefully pretty. It is of yellow straw and has a scarf and bow of scarlet ribbon spotted and striped with white. There is a touch of black under the brim and at one side are several gold-painted dark quills.

A traveling hat of emerald green straw trimmed with black velvet is odd and very becoming to a fair-haired wearer.

For an outdoor fete is an original hat made entirely of wild oats and straw cunningly pleated in together, a huge bunch of ripe mulberries and their foliage give a quaint touch and a wonderfully tied bow of mulberry-colored velvet completes the very striking effect.

A shade hat of green horsehair, or crinoline, is the shade of the unripe almond. It is artfully trimmed with bunches of mulberries and leaves.

A veritable inspiration is a hat of cream-white embroidered lawn, the gracefully waved brim faced with rose-pink tulle. The only trimming is a big bow of black peau-de-soie and a high Spanish comb of jet.

Three Maple Costumes.

Black and white, black and white is still the cry. A white glaze silk gown recently made had a succession of shaped flounces piped with black and white striped silk mounted on net, giving a very light effect; and from the waist downward the skirt was threaded with black velvet, ending in long, tagged ends. A charming little bolero of shaped frills to match the skirt showed an underbed of net, striped with velvet, drawn in to the waist by a belt of mauve glaze.

A white voile was fitted to the waist by means of tiny tucks, with a wide plastron of tinted guipure showing between the triple box-pleats at the back, a deep shaped flounce cut up in tabs caught down over a wide band of guipure by tiny straps of cream velvet and gold buckles, and the bodice, carried out in the same style, had the upper part all of lace, a wide gold buckle defining the back of the waist.

A very smart gown was of black alpaca arranged in loops at the hem, piped with white glaze silk, the white repeated in the front seams and in the double loops of the pretty, quaint bolero; its deep square collar of ecru-embroidered batiste and the new ficelle lace had a tiny collar and revers of satin turning back from it, while the skirt was of white chiffon and the belt of silver.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Memory Book.

A good many young people and older people, too, have begun the delightful task of arranging a memory book to record the happy times they have had and the delightful people they have met. Its make-up is easier, it is of more general interest, and much less tedious than the old-fashioned journal, with its daily recount of often trivial and unimportant events. A large scrap book, strongly bound, with guards or extra strips between the leaves to admit the pastings and entry of souvenirs, is the first requisite. A pretty over-cover can be made of denim in blue, green or brown, or of the ordinary tan canvas, with the title in embroidered lettering in outline, or in gold running through the centre.

The title itself may be as fanciful and poetic as one wishes, so long as it is in harmony with the idea, "For Memory's Sake," "The Light of Other Days," etc. A spray of forget-me-nots or a scattering of the blossoms on the outside or on the fly-leaf inside gives a dainty suggestiveness. Let the cover be large enough to meet over the edges and bound with a neat braid or ribbon, stitched on and tied across the ends and at the front.

As this is a keepsake book for the years of after life, it is worth some trouble to make it pretty and attractive. The filling of the pages will be according to the tastes of the maker. A girl of 19 summers has made her memory book really a very dainty piece of work. She selected almost entirely social happenings, using invitations and other suggestive mementos. One whole page was given to a visit to a friend at Thanksgiving time. On the upper part of the large page was the tag which was on her trunk; under it, arranged in a design, were the little hand-painted dinner cards, and so on. Again, on a page commemorating a clambake, given on the rocks of a summer watering place, were some sprays of the seaweed that the clams were baked in, dried, pressed and fastened in the book by little strips of brightly tinted paper, etc.

The Memory Book for traveling should be much smaller—portfolio size—to admit of use on the steamer's deck, or on the long journeys by train. Many a delightful incident, with its accompanying souvenir, can be slipped into its pages for future fastening, that would otherwise be forgotten and lost forever in the crowd of experiences that follow.

"My Memory Book is the most precious thing I own," said a young fellow. "It has helped me through many a dismal evening in a lonely city room." Years added to its value, and in the library of the maturer man or woman successive numbers will stand like ledgers of the pleasure times of youth.—Washington Star.



The first asters of the season are out, a sure sign that fall fashions will soon be seen.

Flower crowns independent of leaves and foliage without flowers are features in millinery garniture.

The very latest novelty in corsets for bathing purposes, is made of perforated rubber mysteriously stiffened so that it answers all the requirements of a genuine corset.

White is always the most popular color in underwear, but during warm weather it is more than ever desirable when thin frocks are worn. In winter pink and blue garments are popular.

Cameo brooches have been rescued from the oblivion in which they have lived for some time past and serve a very useful purpose as belt and skirt fasteners. They are not usually worn as stock pins.

Persian patterns represent the latest idea in hosiery and many of the effects are especially pretty. Pale blue, pink or lavender groundworks, with odd Persian designs, are particularly well liked.

The newest petticoats are washable, and enchanting they are with their close tops and full bottoms, which are made to flounce and furbelow by mounting, in points or straight rows, narrow trimming-edged frills upon wider ones.

One of the newest hats is called the Napoleon, but it is greatly modified from any example of headgear associated with the little corporal. It has several points and is worn folded well back from the forehead. It shows the entire front of the coiffure.

In later years there has been a reaction in favor of cambric underwear, and the chemise is regaining popularity. It is to be found in the prettiest and daintiest of makes, French garments in the soft French nainsook, with the most delicate of embroidery, and less expensive and less fine garments of ordinary cambric, but still pretty and dainty. Some of these are made skirt length, trimmed on the lower edge, forming a combination garment.