

OLD TIME FAVORITES

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

By Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Of the life of the late Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-1894) R. W. Griswold, the critic says: "Dr. Holmes was a poet of wit and humor and genial sentiment, with a style remarkable for its purity, terseness and point, and for an exquisite finish and grace. His lyrics ring and sparkle like extracts of silver, and his serious pieces arrest the attention by touches of the most genuine pathos and tenderness."

This is the ship of pearls, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purple wings
In gulf enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
When the cold sea-maids rise to sun
Their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed—
Its irized ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Boast in its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap! for years
From that dead lips a clearer note is born,
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings—
A voice that sings—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

A String of Beads and a Queen of the Adriatic.

A Charming Love Story of Old Venice, a Page and the Falling of a House of Cards.

THE whirl of a lathe fell upon the close, hot air of the narrow Venetian street, the Via Bardo, while the sharp cлик of hammer on chisel marked a stronger note in the industrial symphony.

Away toward the Grand Canal a blue-bellied fisherman cried his wares, and Mere Ricordo's shrill and kindly chatter rose and fell as children stopped and bought her cherries and apricots.

"The mother is in good spirits," said Pietro in the carpenter's shop, as he deftly inserted his sharp chisel between a cupid's wing, and carved a shred away to make the feathers still more dowdy.

The lathe hummed on, for Nelo, his comrade, worked by the piece, and wanted to earn enough to buy those corals which hung in Zeno's little shop across the bridge; he did not care to stop his wheel and gossip.

"She is in good spirits," continued Pietro, "because the American signora has taken a fancy to the little one, and declares she will take her to Paris and train her as her maid."

The lathe ceased turning so suddenly that the banister which was being carved was almost jerked out; then, with a touch on the iron clamp to see all was right, Nelo bent to his work again.

"Little Rosa herself is delighted; she was to have been put to the Venetian lace school, but prefers to see the world."

"The child is but sixteen," said another worker. "The signora will scarce have a maid so young as that."

"Have I not told you," said Pietro, getting up and strolling toward the door, "that the signora has taken a fancy to Rosa? And when these Americans take ideas into their heads they carry them through. Rosa has a pretty face, and the handsome eyes of the true Venetian." He rolled a cigarette with the air of a connoisseur. "Madame likes handsome faces about her, therefore the pretty Rosa is to accompany the signora to Paris."

"How soon?" it was Nelo who spoke now.

"In a fortnight—in a week—in three days—I do not know! Bah! what does it matter? There is the clock of San Marco striking! Good night, Nelo. You work as if the evil one turned your wheel!"

The merry Pietro passed out into the street. Other workers rose, stretched their wearied arms, shook their blue-washed blouses free of chips and turned homeward. Only Nelo worked on, his lathe humming steadily now that no disturbing tongue voiced news which interrupted the regularity of the guiding hand.

Then followed two days when the hum of the lathe sounded for longer hours in succession than ever before. Dare he offer the girl? But he had not bought it yet—could not until the four liras were saved out of the scanty wage. A fortnight—a week—three days—how long the idle words were full of torturing uncertainty.

"The little Rosa will come back a rich woman; her wages will be a thousand liras, I hear," said the gossiping Pietro. "She will save a fine dot while away, and come back when she is thirty."

"Thirty! When a woman is not worth looking at!"

"True, but then you must look at the dot!" And the workers laughed, all except Nelo, from whose lips came no sound.

At last the day came when the four liras were in his hand. He hurried to the little shop where those red beads hung so temptingly, and his heart beat high with hope, as he touched their smooth surface lovingly. How they would become the little Rosa! How her great eyes would sparkle with pleasure when Nelo told her they were for her very own!

A hundred times he rehearsed the scene as he sat at his work. He would watch her face as she opened the little parcel. Perhaps she would let him clasp them round her throat.

He had never told Rosa of his love except in a dumb, faithful way, as a dog man who serves his mistress and guards her always, satisfied with a careless word of approval or a passing smile. But to-night he would tell her, for he would soon be earning good wages, and was not to be his uncle's heir.

He checked the thought as unworthy, and in the days that followed the whirl of his wheel was the busiest in the shop, all the people wondered and whispered among themselves that it was strange the master should work at the lathe early and late. Had Nelo, then, the making of a miser in him?

Licetto Ricordo looked at him with tender, blue Venetian eyes.

"They reminded him of another pair that had laughed into his own in the moonlight on the canal, but they awoke no tender light in his own. He waited and trusted. Rosa must write soon.

Every morning he rose expectant, every night he looked for the morrow with unquenched hope.

Pietro stood in the doorway, rolling a cigarette in his strong brown fingers. His merry heart was saddened, for he alone of all the workers guessed the secret that hung heavy on Nelo's heart, the cloud that cast its shadow over his gentle face.

"The American signora has turned the child's head; she will not return," he sighed.

And as he sighed the cry of "La posta!" sounded hoarse and long drawn-out above the babel of voices. The letter had come; he handed it to Nelo, and left him.

Nelo turned into the darkness of the shop. The flimsy pink envelope bore a number of postmarks. He tore it apart, and it fell unheeded to the floor.

No one heard the cry that was wrung from his heart. They had left him alone with sorrow! She wrote lightly. He had thought too much of a moonlit night on the canal. There were maidens in plenty in the Calle to solace him. As for her, she was in no haste to return to dull Venice.

The chatter of Mere Ricordo as she bartered her fruits to the brown-eyed urubins floated in and out his heart. Rosa and he had played out there together, and one day he had bought her promise to be his little wife with a handful of cherries, he thought bitterly, as later he had bought it with a string of brightly colored beads.

He bent his head on his arms across the rough table, and two large tears fell down and mingled with the sweatings and the sweat.

How suddenly his house of cards had fallen!

He would forget—he must forget—but the dry sob that tracked him showed that the wound would be ill to heal. It drowned the sound of a light, soft step. He did not see the girl who entered and picked up the envelope, its gayness marred with the delaying postmarks. The first he knew of her presence was the pressure of a soft, warm arm, a whisper that was a caress.

"Tis I, thy naughty Rosa. Canst forgive me, Nelo? I did not know my heart."

And Nelo's joy was crowned.—New York News.

The Virtues of the Eskimo Dog.

Of the Eskimo dog I could write a book. In all probability descended from the wolf, it is the Eskimo's one domestic animal, but it is of as much value to him as all the domesticated animals of more favored races put together. It drags him and his family and their chattels from place to place; hauls to his door the meat of seal or walrus; leads him with unerring scent to the tiny orifice in the snow which indicates the breathing hole of a seal; drags him for miles in pursuit of the bear, and finally brings the huge brute to bay; rounds up the musk oxen till his master can come up for the kill, and then, perchance, in the darkness of some long winter night, when the hand of hunger grips the settlement relentlessly, he yields up his life to feed his master and his family, and his coat to keep them warm.

Though mixed now with other strains, so that black and reddish and spotted dogs are to be seen as well as the pure blooded grays and whites, this animal still retains to a large degree the strength, endurance and fierce lust for food when in pursuit of game that characterized its wild ancestors. Combined with these traits are an intelligence and faithfulness that make many of these animals the peer of any of their more favored brothers in more genial climates.—Commodore Robert E. Peary, in Leslie's Monthly.

Dotting His Washings.

A messenger boy, whose blue uniform had more than its usual number of grease spots, was taking nothing of a few torn pieces, came into the rear car of the "L" train and threw himself into one of the cross seats. Opposite was a woman old enough to have been his grandmother, though the idea of such a grandson would have shocked her. The boy whistled a bar or two of the latest Rialto success, but stopped when he noticed the look of pain on her face. He took off his cap, and pulling out a dirty handkerchief, began to polish the brass sign which said that he was No. 3114. The old woman was watching him closely. Presently it shone to his satisfaction and the cap was replaced on his curly head.

For a short time he was content with doing nothing. Then he loosened his faded red necktie and took off his collar. He moistened his handkerchief with his lips and began to scrub the piece of celluloid. As his handkerchief was as dirty as it well could be, the operation was hardly successful.

"What are you trying to do, boy?" asked the old woman, when she could no longer contain herself.

"This is Monday, so I'm dotting my washings," he answered, smiling. "You object any?"—New York Tribune.

Hobson's Choice.

Mr. Harper tells us all there is to be told about Thomas Hobson, the famous carrier between London and Cambridge, who died in 1631. It was from him that the proverb of "Hobson's choice," arose, meaning, of course, a choice which is no choice. "The saying arose from the lively stable business carried on by Hobson at Cambridge in addition to his carrying trade. He is, indeed, said to have been the first who made a business of letting out saddle horses. His practice, invariably followed, was to refuse to allow any horse in his stables to be taken out of its proper turn. That or none was his unfailing formula, when the Cambridge students, eager to pick and choose, would have selected their own fancy in horseflesh. Every customer was served alike, and his name—London Telegraph.

WOMAN'S REALM.

CLOTHES AND THE GIRL.

College Students Classified by One of Their Number.

"When a girl comes to a woman's college she usually decides upon the character of her unknown classmates, judging not by their voices, nor by their faces, nor even by their actions, but by the way they wear their clothes," says a woman's college student, who thereupon proceeds with her classification. "She ingeniously places these unfamiliar girls in four families, the Dowdies, the Primms, the motherly Miss Fortunes, and those delightful friends, the Ladies de Bonheurs.

"The first family and its relations are met everywhere. Their clothes are badly or indifferently put on; buttons are missing; tears are frequent; several loose pins hold the hair in place. One has no need to enumerate further. The lanky fingers could not but land in a smearsy paper with sentences loosely constructed, and the thoughts strung together. No use to inquire into her character; the thoughtlessness, the carelessness reflect the indifferent, don't care nature.

"As her opposites, the Misses Prim are a pleasant contrast. Their clothes shine with constant brushing; buttons and fasteners are abundant; and yet there is a stiffness, oftentimes amounting to hardness, in these demure sitting. Like the shoulders of their dresses their work is narrow. They do not come enough out of their shells to show their nature.

"The old toast runs 'Here's to Dame Fortune, may you never meet her daughter, Miss Fortune.' Yet there is something pleasing about these girls with the startling bands on their arms, and with their well-groomed appearance. Their English papers may often be careless, their moods changeable; in fact, it is hard to distinguish between these girls, who flatter themselves on living a la mode, but they are clean—and cleanliness is next to godliness.

And now, those girls and women who are extreme in nothing except, perhaps, in kindness. Their clothes are genial and friendly; if stylish they seem to have been made to give you pleasure; if unmet, you know it is a mistake. The cheerful attractiveness exudes a loving, thoughtful disposition. Their work cannot but be broad and sympathetic, their aim to help others.

"Psychologists say that habits formed before the age of twenty-one are not easily broken. The way girls dress during the years they spend in college is the keynote of their after character, at least the note sounded by the ordinary passer-by."—New York Tribune.

Like Yet Unlike.

"Have you ever noticed," she said, "how much the setting of a person has to do with your liking for them? I mean the place, or the people they are with. Some persons who are charming in one situation are not at all attractive in another, although they themselves may be precisely the same. I remember, for instance," she continued pensively, "falling in love in Germany, and falling very much out of it in London—all on account of the different point of view, for the man himself had not changed, but my German soldier baron, who seemed like a hero of romance in Germany, looked so queer and different from the Englishmen I knew when he came over to see me in civilian's dress, that all my liking for him vanished."

"Yes, I know how that is," answered the man to whom she was speaking. "I, too, had the same experience. I happened one year to spend a few weeks on the coast of Maine, and there was a little man, there in a pink sun-bonnet, who was too fetching for anything. She was spending the summer with her people, plain sort of parties who didn't much count. Well, we were great friends, and I came very near making a great fool of myself. Fortunately, however, I waited to make sure of my feelings, but I was most impatient for her return to New York, and called immediately. Well, I had a shock. Gowned in a New York street dress she was a different creature—and her home looked stuffy and altogether unattractive. I had intended asking my sisters to call upon her, but I gave up that idea at once, and, although I am by no means a fickle nature, that visit was my first and last, yet the girl was undoubtedly the same as the little man in the summer. It just shows, as you say, what creatures of circumstance we all are!"—New York Tribune.

Manners of Business Women.

A recent contributor to the Independent notes a marked improvement in the manners of the average business woman. She realizes the value of time, this writer thinks; she is prompt in her appointments, self possessed and dignified in her behavior and does not expect the lion's share of every bargain just because she is a woman. "Women are realizing," continues the article, "what men long ago found out—that propriety which is based on the recognition of mutual rights is a much finer thing and the product of a higher degree of civilization than the courtesy which is based on privilege. The former had manners of women in business in public generally proceeded, like the gaucherie of the countryman in the city, from ignorance of the forms and usages of the new environment rather than from any intention of being rude or selfish. As women gain self-knowledge they lose in self-consciousness, which is the root of all bad manners. In the isolation of the home women have no opportunity to cultivate the courtesy of intercourse and acquire the ease which comes from contact with men of many minds. When women first entered the business world they were apt to be brusque and overbearing or silly and flirtatious. Now they join the tact of the woman to the efficiency of the man and men no longer dread to do business with them."

To Succeed Socially.

When a woman has the courage to think for herself and to be original and honest she possesses the keynote to special success. The first vital step toward social success is personal magne-

them; that much coveted quality is to think and act for oneself. The next essential is to be a good listener. A good listener absorbs all the best things she hears, and casts aside the worth less things that would be of no use to her. To absorb the best of everything around you and make the best of your self is a quality that cannot be too highly commended.

Never copy or imitate any one else however much you may admire them for there is where you lose yourself in another's personality. Many women in reading a book that has created a stir in literary and other circles gush and rave about it simply because it is popular; would it not be much better to read a book intelligently and then let it do not interest you or you do not like it have the courage to say so, ever if you do differ with others?

It is in just such matters as the above that a woman shows she has the courage to think for herself and have original opinions. She then becomes interesting and to be interesting is to succeed socially.—American Queen

Beauty and Amability.

The woman who can control herself under the most trying circumstances is the woman who holds the strongest power over men.

The average man prizes permanent peace and content above the happiness of possessing a beautiful, attractive creature for a wife, and he knows that a bad-tempered woman and peace go not together.

The assertion from a woman that she has a bad temper, and is proud of it, has kept more than one worthy man from asking her to share his future as his wife.

No matter how beautiful and brainy and fascinating the bad tempered woman may be, or how lengthy her bank account, her power is infinitesimal compared with that of her amiable sister.

Amability is not only power, it is mental progression and health and happiness and long life to one's self and to one's friends and family.—New York News.

Egyptian Lace.

An Egyptian lace has many queer little figures in it, all idols and cats and strangely incongruous figures for lace work. In the pattern there are also wandering lines of gold, as though a big fly, harnessed with gold silk, had traveled over the surface.

An Egyptian skirt and blouse were made for a fashionable woman. The material was white silk and the Egyptian feature lay in the Oriental blouse and in the Oriental silk on the blouse. The style was plain, and the whole might be carried out in black, to the great delight of the woman who likes a handsome all-black gown.

The woman in all-black has many temptations this year, for they now have a way of combining colors that are harmonious to the last degree. The deep reds and the brighter reds, with a little white and some brown, are used in embroideries, and these are employed to trim the gowns of the season.

Lace Knots For the Hair.

Knots of lace make pretty hair ornaments. Inch wide lace is wired in the shape of a square bow, two loops and two ends. In the centre is fastened a tiny agrette and a small rhinestone ornament. Silver paillettes are sewed on the lace at intervals. Ribbon bows are left with one end unfastened that it may be wound round the coil of hair when the coiffure is small.

Rosettes of tulle are mounted on gilt wire pins and are very dainty in the hair.

Rosettes made of tulle are shown in pairs to be worn on dancing slippers. A small rhinestone ornament is fastened in the centre of each.

Ostrich pompons, small white mercury wings, tiny ostrich feathers and large white down pompons are the most popular hair ornaments in feathers.

Care of the Hair.

Many people are under the impression that a vigorous brushing of the hair at night and in the morning will have the effect of making the hair grow. This is a mistake. The brush should only be applied with a very gentle, almost caressing motion. Its only use is to impart gloss and make the hair smooth.

To properly brush the hair care should be taken to part it at the middle and gently brush downward on each side from parting to points, with long, even strokes.

Frequent massaging of the scalp will be found beneficial, and will do much toward promoting the growth of the hair.

Sweet Odored Sachets.

Dainty sachets for the corsets come in all sorts of floral shapes, with little sharp-pointed hooks upon them, all ready to attach to the whalebone garment. There are pannies of silk in natural colors, each petal padded with perfume, others having sweet rosebuds in thick clusters with velvet leaves, while four-leaf clovers are shown, and even the popular grapes in tiny bunches are pinned to embroidered corsets.

Small painted hearts about an inch in width are now furnished with the finer grades of corsets, as sachets are now considered a matter of course and are worn on all occasions.

Coral and Turquoise.

Between the present rage for coral and also for turquoise, there should be no question of becomingness, either to blonde or brunette, for if turquoise is considered admirably fitted to the blonde type of woman, so coral is considered one of the best things a brunette can wear to bring out the full beauty of her coloring, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. The jewelry show shows all sorts of novelties in coral and turquoise—dog collars, longsette chains mounted side-combs, barrettes, pendants and earrings.

Winter Gowns.

For evening much flit lace is worn, made with flowing sleeves and full bodies, clasped round the waist with smart belts. It is far better to select brown, or, if it suits you, red, for red is very well worn, especially if pleated and trimmed with chenille. White satin is always to the fore, and there is nothing better for evening wear now, but it should be soft and clinging and require much trimming, either in the form of boucés at the hem or embroidery all over.



New York City.—Tasteful house-owners may fairly be counted among the necessities of modern life. Little by little we have attained the French

rious ways. One of the pretty contrivances is the flexible side bag. There are many of these in the market, and they can be described as belonging to one or other of two grand divisions. First come the well-known beaded bags in different styles, the choice examples being in icy-clear frost beads or in a copper-colored bead, which is extremely showy. The second grand division of flexible bags includes those made of knitted links like chain armor or of overlapping plates like fish scales of different metals. Silver, steel, French gilt, gun metal are all used, but none are more novel than those made of plates of Berlin iron.



HOUSE COAT.

woman's idea that true economy is observed by the possession of gowns suited to all the occasions of life. Darning jackets render their wearers attractive while providing perfect ease are much to be desired because of those two facts, in addition to which their readiness often means slipping off the better gown for a brief rest and a consequent saving. This very attractive May Manfroy model is shown in pale blue flannel with trimming of heavy lace, but henrietta, cashmere, ribbons, veiling and silk are equally appropriate.

The coat is made with loose fronts, under-arm gores, a back with inverted pleats that is attached to a shallow yoke, a shawl collar and elbow sleeves. The fronts are lapped in double-breast style and are held by invisible fastenings. The sleeves are edged with graduated circular frills that are graceful in the extreme.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four and three-fourths yards twenty-seven inches wide, three and one-fourth yards thirty-two inches wide or three and one-eighth yards forty-four inches wide.

Voluntinous Skirts.

As the season advances the skirts of mildly become fuller and fuller. This the great creators of feminine fashions across the water have determined upon, and on this side the gowns of the fashionables already show the result of their decision. The voluntinous innovation is particularly noticeable in the evening gowns. Chiffons and mousseline de sole were never successful while scantiness was the vogue, and in soft fabrics the fullness is and ever was pretty. To the slight figure the full skirt is always becoming, and even in street costumes the finest and most supple cloth is gathered and pleated across the hips.

Beautiful Floral Fans.

Little fans which are popular are set solidly with flowers, violets, covering all of the fan part. The sticks are rolled, not folded, and tied with a ribbon. The fans are pretty little things.

A Seasonable Hat.

A seasonable hat, in rich crimson tones, has a wreath of crimson velvet holly leaves, with crimson velvet berries round the entire crown and down over the hair in the back.

Woman's Work Apron.

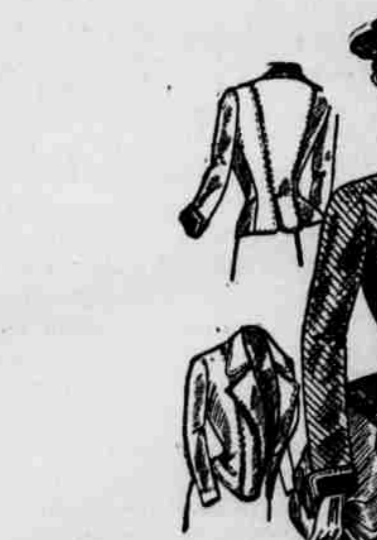
Every housewife, every artist and

Stylish snug-fitting jackets always

Woman's Jacket.

Stylish snug-fitting jackets always

JACKET FOR A WOMAN.



are fashionable and make ideal wraps for general wear. The smart May Manfroy model shown in the large drawing is shown in kersey cloth, in royal blue stitched in corticelli silk and finished with collar and cuffs of velvet edged with bands of white cloth, but all cloaking and suit materials are appropriate, as the design suits the odd coat and the entire costume equally well. When desired the fronts can be belled back to form revers as shown in the small sketch.

The jacket consists of fronts, side-fronts, under-arm gores, back and side-backs. When plain seams are preferred those at front and back are simply closed on indicated lines, the stitched tucks and underfacings, that form the slot seams, being omitted. The fronts are deeply faced and meet the collar that is sewed to the neck edge. When closed they are lapped in double-breasted style. At each hip is inserted a pocket that is finished with a pocket welt. The sleeves are two-seamed and finished with roll-over cuffs, but can be left plain if preferred.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is two and one-fourth yards forty-four inches wide or two and one-fourth yards fifty-one inches wide.

The Mission of the Shirt Yoke.

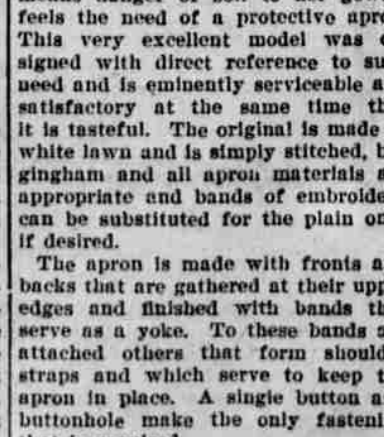
The skirt yoke is having immense popularity with girls and women inclined to "embonpoint." It gives a fresh starting point for pleats, and gathers or shirs, and keeps all redundant fulness away from the waist line. Nevertheless, it can easily be overdone, as is frequently the case when any mode is adopted with enthusiasm. Therefore, it is better to have one street dress only made in this way, as you will not have more than one gown rendered "old style" if it, or they, survive this season. Some dressmakers keep all tucks and pleats and paneling below the knee, but this is only to be recommended when a woman is uncommonly tall. To be slender and tall is the desideratum nowadays, and all the lines of dress are arranged to produce and enhance this effect.

Flexible Side Bags.

Provision for carrying the well-nigh indispensable mouchoir is made in va-

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