

OLD TIME FAVORITES

FATE.

By Mrs. Susan Mary Spalding.

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart,
And speak in different tongues, and have no thought
Each of the other's being, and no heed;
And these, o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death,
And all unconsciously shape every act,
And bend each wandering step to this one end—
That, one day, out of darkness they shall meet
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of life
So near by side by side, that should one turn
They need not stand acknowledged face to face,
And yet, with wistful eyes that never meet,
With groping hands that never cease, and lips
That are in vain to ears that never hear,
They seek each other all their weary days,
And die unsatisfied—and this is Fate!

A HERITAGE REGAINED.

A Story of a Birthright and a Marriage.

SIR JOSEPH JUDSON, of Arley Hall, sat in his library, absorbed and strangely moved by some grim thought. The time was long ago, and night—exactly 11 by the clock in the corner, which had just finished chiming.

"Fifteen years to-night," he muttered. "Fifteen years of torture, terrible dreams, dreadful whisperings from the past. I wonder what became of Hocklin."

As if in answer to the words a panel behind him slid back, and a man stepped out of the cavity thus revealed. He was short and thin. A broken nose told of conflict and a heavy fist.

He carefully closed the opening from which he had emerged, and crept toward the dropping figure by the table; then touched him on the shoulder. Whirling sharply around the baronet sprang to his feet, ghastrly and quivering.

"Horror!" he exclaimed. "You—Hocklin—alive?"

"I am afraid so," returned the other. "What do you want?"

"You, or money," said Hocklin, grinning.

"Not a penny—not a cent shall you have, unless to choke yourself with."

Hocklin folded his arms, stared straight before him, grinned broader and more scandalously, but said never a word.

He sank happily into his seat, nerveless and overwrought, covering his face with both hands, and uttering at sight of a spectre.

"Now, listen, my noble braggart! Five, ten, fifteen years since, there lived a rich old man and his granddaughter. She was an only child, and an orphan—weak and delicate, yet strong enough to come between her cousin and the fine estate of Arley. This cousin did not desire either of them to live. Why should he? The grandfather had already one foot in the grave, and a little management would soon help the other three with-out exciting suspicion. It did; and he was buried. That alone is worth a nose; or, to keep it from a tender neck, \$500. But there is more.

"Heart-broken and distracted at her loss, the girl, a maid of ten, pined and faded rapidly, which was the very thing she was wanted to do. Then the doctors interfered. Fresh air, new scenes, constant travel, might save her; she said; and had to be obeyed. So a kindly, harmless gentleman was found to take her abroad, and lose her, down a hole, in the sea, over a cliff, anywhere so she did not return. Accordingly they went away together, with a blessing and fond wishes. Presently the benevolent gentleman came back in mourning, with a funeral card, and to report a pained aunt, and the cousin went joyfully, a row of daisies, entered upon the property, now his, and enjoyed it to the full. Which, I venture to think, is worth at least another \$500, without expenses."

"By all the gods, no! It is a monstrous lie, devised to ruin me. Where are your proofs? Produce them if you can. The old man died naturally in his bed, and the girl—the girl—"

"Ay, what about the girl?" inquired Hocklin, as Sir Joseph paused and hesitated. "Supposing the story I have just told to be false, how is it you recognized dear Mr. Hocklin, the blameless, simple gentleman, who was blind with both eyes open, and too great a fool to know murder when he saw it? And why did the worthy physician refuse to be drunk with wine and the prospect of a big fee before he would give a certificate for a natural death? Believe me, I am most anxious to learn."

"Does any one know where you are, or what is the object of your visit?"

"Not a soul besides ourselves," responded the other coolly.

"And no one saw you enter?" His fingers were twitching excitedly near a pocket.

"I guarded well against that," came the prompt reply.

"Then," thundered the baronet, whipping out a pistol, and leveling it point-blank, "neither shall any one see you depart alive!"

There was a flash, a deafening report, a cry of rage and pain, and a crash of something falling. But it was only the weapon. As the trigger was pulled, a terrific blow sent it spinning among the cinders of the hearth, where it raised a small cloud of dust.

"You unhappy fool!" said Hocklin calmly, betraying no symptom of anger or impatience; "had that bullet taken effect my death would have been your doom. Before setting out, I took the precaution of putting in writing certain details of your history. These I sealed and gave to a friend. If I fail to claim them by a certain time, they will be delivered to the police, with what result you may imagine. Therefore, as your life depends on mine, let there be no more nonsense. And now for the money."

"You can't have it!" snapped Sir Joseph.

"Indeed!" exclaimed his companion blandly. "Why?"

"Because there is no such sum in the house."

"Precisely what I expected. I care

mine can soon alter that if you will but consent, and then let who dare breathe a syllable against my wife?"

"No," she said sadly, shaking her head. "It cannot be; for I myself should know and grieve, and a sorrowing bride is worse than no bride. I can say no more. You had better go."

"By all that's precious, not a yard!" declared Edward emphatically. "But where is Mr. Hocklin, Ada?"

"He is here!" announced that gentleman, who had been listening on the mat a considerable while, and who now quietly faced them. "Am I wanted?"

"Indeed you are, sir," replied Edward, striding forward threateningly. "I demand to be told the identity of this lady, at once, and fully. Should you decline—"

"Ada," interrupted Hocklin with some emotion and completely ignoring Edward, "I have intentionally overheard much of what has just passed between you two—not from any motive of distrust, or mere curiosity, but for your own benefit. My poor child, little did I dream that you imagined yourself to be without a name. But that such is happily not the case, these documents, which can be examined presently, will clearly demonstrate. They establish beyond question or doubt your birthright. Also how I became acquainted with you, and that instead of carrying out the gruesome orders given to me, I adapted you as my daughter, because I had learned to love you deeply, though not, perhaps, in the way Mr. Edward Farrell desires—a very excellent young fellow, by-the-by, but with a touchy temper and an unenvied tongue.

"The paper in the blue envelope is the statement of a charming baronet, acknowledging and confessing his manifold sins and wickedness. The little affair it refers to he did all by himself before I came on the scene, as you will perceive. What he does not refer to, however, is that he made an important appointment with me, which expired yesterday, and which, for some unaccountable reason, he failed to keep. At the time I arranged him a bad surprise if he was not there, and as he is a firm believer in ghosts, I somehow fancy he will be delighted to meet you, Ada. For which purpose, I therefore suggest that the three of us pay him a visit, which he ought to enjoy immensely!"

But Sir Joseph Judson did not receive them. When they arrived at Arley Hall, it was in a state of great commotion. Alarmed domestics were asking eager questions of each other. Lights flashed from various windows, then vanished and reappeared somewhere else. Rooms were overhauled, the grounds explored and lakes dredged. But the baronet had gone, as if swallowed up by space, and a person answering to his description was afterward discovered in New York with his brains lying beside him and an empty pistol in his hands to show why.

Yet the journey was not altogether fruitless. As Ada looked wonderingly about her, she became unusually disturbed. The sight of the hall assisted to send a flood of hazy reminiscence surging into her mind. Everything seemed strangely familiar. Ada Arley—Ada Arley—the words danced nistly before her eyes. What did they mean? Ah, she knew—her memory was restored—Ada Arley was her true name.

And when, in the summer, the church bells rang out a merry peal in honor of her wedding, the best and coolest man was a short, thin individual with a broken nose.—New York News.

WOMAN'S REALM.

A DISAPPEARING G.R.L.

A Type of Femininity That is Not Often Seen Nowadays.

It seems as if the piano had really "gone out" for good. It is only in flat houses that it is heard often enough to worry sensitive ears, and where, a few years ago, every miss over six years could thump distressingly from notes, now the majority of girls tell one that they "do not play the piano." They play the harp possibly, bridge probably, golf surely, but the piano seems to be suffering from a siege of neglect and a mania for professionalism. A few old-fashioned folks among us are beginning to feel that the reaction has gone almost too far.

No one, of course, wishes to see a return of the days when every girl, devoid of musical talent or not, was made to hammer out exercises and "pieces" on the long-suffering instrument—only, in most cases, to drop the whole thing with relief as soon as she married.

But it is becoming quite a rare thing nowadays to meet the girl who can unpretentiously sit down and play a pleasant tune, or accompany her own sweet, if small voice in sociable winter evenings at home, or with friends. We have semi-professional performers who can give exhibitions of skill a good deal above the comprehension of the multitude; but the homely, unostentatious, occasional player—where is she?

Very few girls who sing, either socially to accompany themselves, singing is quite a serious business with the damsels of to-day. They must have some one to accompany, and they must practise the songs with him or her husband, and they must have a suitable room with polished floor and somebody to turn over the pages before they will consent to delight our ears. In days now past every girl who sang played her own accompaniment as a matter of course, and did not always need music, either.

The elaboration of the modern accompaniment may have something to do with the present state of affairs; old-time "accompaniments" did not usurp the place of the melody, and demanded gymnastic displays of a high order from the player. But the gradual decline of the piano has more to do with the matter. The modern girl is so philanthropic and committee-minded, and game-possessed that she has no time for anything indoors. And perhaps it's just as well. The old-fashioned girl who "played" was a trial as a rule.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Sophisticated Debutante.

The debutante is young in years, of course, but her knowledge of the world is considerably greater than that of her mother and grandmother. She is aware that she is not the fashion just now, so she emulates her married sister to stimulate public attention. The mere man on being introduced to her suppresses a yawn and is trying to think of a suitable topic of conversation when she forestalls him with chaff about his past or her own future. She is abnormally healthy, plays every game with enthusiasm, and is full of suppressed mental excitement. She is never tired. She will dance till 4 a. m., and be riding at 9. Every man who has sat out three dances with the debutante knows more of her than her mother who has studied her for years. There is no environment she finds so trying as that of her own family, and she extricates herself from it as rapidly as possible.

Her sensations are delightful. She is always getting "thrills," and has delicious panics about nothing in particular, which she fancies are scandals. Though she is now brought out for the first time, she has so long brought herself forward that she has quite a clique of her own. She is so helplessly demure and dull when with her mother that the latter is quite surprised at her success, for she hears her praises from every quarter to which she herself has no affinity. Whatever her dress allowance, she expedites herself from it as rapidly as possible.

Her sensations are delightful. She is always getting "thrills," and has delicious panics about nothing in particular, which she fancies are scandals. Though she is now brought out for the first time, she has so long brought herself forward that she has quite a clique of her own. She is so helplessly demure and dull when with her mother that the latter is quite surprised at her success, for she hears her praises from every quarter to which she herself has no affinity. Whatever her dress allowance, she expedites herself from it as rapidly as possible.

The Voice of Experience.

The bride's mother was visiting her, and together they sat in the sewing room. The bride was fixing the sleeve lining of her husband's overcoat.

"Well, I think that's a neat job," remarked the bride, as she finished her task.

The mother examined it and shook her head solemnly.

"You don't like it?" suggested the bride.

"It's too well done," was the reply.

"Too well done?"

"Yes; it's a tailor's job."

"But if I can do it as well as a tailor—"

"Why, then, of course, you'll have to keep on doing things of that sort. Oh, I know all about it. I tried it myself when I was first married, and later I had to ruin two coats before I could break your father of the habit of bringing everything to me. Just listen to the voice of experience, daughter, and make a bungling job of that, even if you have to tear it out and do it over again. It's no trouble at all to discourage him now, but it will be a year or so later. It is of the utmost importance that a woman should begin married life right!"—Chicago Post.

Many Striking Vells.

The chiffon veil will have first place in lady's favor this summer, not only as a face covering, but also as a drape effect on hats.

Wide hemstitched borders will play a prominent part among the chic veillings of the coming season.

Veils with an applied border of another color are offered as novelties, but are not likely to become generally popular.

A border applied with strips of silk braid and another with lace medallions used to apply the border are very recent ideas in fancy veils, the latter being somewhat more attractive of the two.

Several rows of cat-stitching, forming a heavy border, is still another of the new spring veillings to be used for the purpose of hat draping. For the same purpose veils with heavily embroidered edges are well to the fore.

Less Laughter Nowadays.

A learned author has recently published a treatise on that mystery of all the ages, human laughter, and we regret to find it is his serious opinion that laughter is dying out among civilized peoples. Laughter, we are told, is caused by things which illustrate something in the nature of a defect, a failure to satisfy some standard requirement, as that of law or custom, provided that it is small enough to be viewed as a harmless plaything; or, as it is said later on, something which falls to comply with a social requirement, yet is so trivial that we do not feel called upon to judge the shortcoming severely. Starting with this axiom, is it not possible that with the advance of civilization and the general spreading of culture among all classes the time must come when there will be so very little "harmless infringement of the normal" that we shall find ourselves with nothing more to laugh at than the tedious anecdotes of our ancestors? Imagine a world where everyone is just as perfect and normal as one's self, and one is constantly convinced of a laughterless millennium. But we cannot constrain ourselves to agree with the author that laughter is dying out in this fashion. The vigor of laughter was to the youth of the world; but the chuckles of middle life and the spreading smile of old age are as sincere expressions of merriment as the most boisterous laughter.—London Globe.

Peasants Grafted on Hickory.

The Charleston (S. C.) News and Courier calls attention to the fact that in Chester County in its State they are grafting peacans on hickory sprouts. Such grafts grow at the rate of five feet a year, while seedlings grow very slowly. It is believed such grafts will begin to bear in four years, while seedling peacans will consume twice that time in getting to productiveness. Nor is this all. Seedling peacans are subject to attacks of "borers," while it is assumed that hickory stock would be proof against such attacks. Alabama is full of hickory sprouts, and if these sprouts can be turned into peacan trees, a new source of income will soon become available. Two old peacan trees in Virginia are considered worth \$1000 apiece, simply because they each yield annually the income of that sum.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

The Passing of "Separate" Waists.

Fashion has ordained that for the moment the so-called separate waists are not so smart as waists made of the material to match the skirt and coat. This decree should not be considered as at all when economy has to be considered, for any material list of silk, chiffon or any material always looks well with coat and skirt of cloth or novelty goods. With a waist of silk to match, however, and with one of white or some light color, a marked and decided change may be made so as to give the effect of having two or three gowns instead of one. In nuns' veiling or thin material, having a waist to match is a good investment, for the quantity required for a waist is small, and the gown is certainly smarter than when made with a waist of contrasting material. This rule applies to India silks or taffetas, but still does not by any means end the fashion of separate waists. With a pretty, smart waist and a becoming hat, a woman can make her own gown do duty for the afternoon, for luncheon or for any afternoon entertainment, and a fashion which is such a boon to the economical will not be allowed to go entirely out.

Evening gowns are not a necessity in many parts of the country, but in country or city there should be some gown for evening wear. The trouble taken to make the change in the afternoon is well repaid by the sense of refreshment and the consciousness of looking much better dressed. There are any number of cotton and wool materials that may not be in the very latest fashion, but which are extremely effective, and can be bought quite cheaply when they are out of season.—Harper's Bazar.

Fashions of Today

New York City.—Box pleats unquestionably make the most marked and individual feature of the season. This stylish blouse combines them with the

gown is of pale blue louisine. The skirt is laid in rather loose accordion pleats and sweeps the ground on all sides. The waist is also accordion pleated and draped with blue chiffon puffed in silver. The pointed neck yoke is of Venetian lace. The loose sleeves are a combination of louisine, chiffon and lace. The narrow girle is of blue velvet dotted with French knots in black. A few of the knots appear on the waist, giving it that necessary contrast which is the keynote to artistic dressing.

The flounces growing in importance. Flounces are growing in fussiness and importance day by day, especially where evening exigencies are concerned. A charming creation suitable to a fair debutante was arranged in delicate pink chiffon, its trained-skirt decked with three rows of flounces, each one thereof was stitched with narrow ribbon and lace. The bebe bodice was finished by a pointed peterline of the chiffon, dotted with diamonds and hemmed lace, and bore elbow sleeves, with handkerchief wing frills at their base.

The New Nightgown. The bishop nightgown is among the newest things in lingerie. It has an elaborate lace yoke, alike back and front. The gown slips over the head and is drawn up with ribbons.

Irish Lace and Fur. Irish lace and fur make a very pretty combination for an afternoon or evening hat. The lace is applied, or embedded in the fur, and no other trimming is required.

Lace Shoes. Shoes and slippers of all-over lace are much worn. The delicate white



BOX PLEATED BLOUSE.

fashionable big collar and loose sleeves and is essentially chic. As shown it is made of white pongee with collar shield and cuffs of twine colored lace over silk veiled with chiffon, and is daintily charming but all silks, soft wools, fine linen and cotton fabrics are appropriate and the design suits both the old waist and the costume.

The foundation is a smoothly fitted lining that closes at the centre front. On it are arranged the plain back, the shield and the box pleated fronts. The back is smooth across the shoulders and drawn down in gathers at the waist line, but the fronts are gathered and droop slightly and becomingly over the belt. The sleeves are box pleated at the shoulders to slightly below the elbows, then fall in soft puffs and are gathered into deep cuffs. The dress



Irish Lace and Fur.

Serviceable House Jacket.

ing is effected invisibly beneath the central pleat.

To cut this waist in the medium size four yards of material twenty-one inches wide, three and one-half yards twenty-seven inches wide, three and one-half yards thirty-two inches wide, or two yards forty-four inches wide will be required, with one and three-fourth yards of all-over lace for collar, shield and cuffs.



Woman's Hungarian Dress Sleeve.

The sleeve makes or mars the gown, admits of no argument. It is the feature of features and more surely than any other determines style and date. The excellent model illustrated is up to date, correct and smart and suited alike to the making of new gowns and to remodeling. The full length or Hungarian sleeve is shown with upper portion and puff of one material and the cuff of lace, the three-quarter sleeves has a cap of lace and the short sleeve is tucked; but the plain cap can be used with the full length sleeve or for the short one whenever preferred and combinations and materials can be varied again and again.

The foundation is a fitted lining. On it are arranged the puffs of the full length model, and it is cut off to give the required length for the deep elbow and short sleeves. The cap for the full length sleeve is tucked and the puff is gathered at both edges. When elbow length is desired, the puff is finished to droop becomingly over the lower edge.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is: For full length, two and five-eighth yards twenty-one inches wide, two and one-eighth yards twenty-seven inches wide, or one and five-eighth yards forty-four inches wide, with one-half yard of all-over lace for cuffs; for three-quarter length, one and five-eighth yards twenty-one inches wide, one and five-eighth yards twenty-seven inches wide, or one and one-eighth yards forty-four inches wide, with one-half yard of all-over



Woman's House Jacket.

Dainty house jackets are essential to comfort and to making that best appearance under all conditions which is every woman's duty to cultivate. The very pretty May Manton example shown in the large drawing is absolutely simple, and at the same time is attractive and becoming. The original is made of white lawn, with trimming of Valenciennes lace, but all washable fabrics are suitable as well as light weight wools and simple silks.

The jacket consists of fronts, back and side backs, with bell sleeves. Both the fronts and the back are tucked, the former to the yoke depth, the latter to the waist line, but fall in soft folds below the tucks. The sleeves are slightly flowing, but can be gathered into bands in bishop style, as shown in the small cut. At the neck is a standing collar with a turn-over portion of lace.

To cut this jacket in the medium size, four yards of material twenty-seven inches wide, three and one-fourth yards thirty-two inches wide, or two and one-fourth yards forty-four inches wide will be required, with three yards of insertion to trim as illustrated.



White Corals in the Latest and Smartest Touch in the Coral Line.

Molre eolienne is one of the loveliest of the comparatively inexpensive materials for dressy wear.

Jewel cases come in the form of a silvered padlock of good size. On the cover is the inscription, "Love laughs at locksmiths."

Blouses of heavy hand-span linen, with a plastron and cuffs of heavy altar lace, will be exceedingly smart this coming season.

Unique hair ornaments with a bar, ball ends and drooping chain are shown in all gold and in gold with coral balls and pendants.

Panama cloth, useful for trimmings and hats, has a shaggy surface mottled with white and green, white and brown and white and black.

Little pearl nets for the hair. It takes a girl with lots of beauty and dash to wear one. But on the right person they are positively fascinating.

Pretty among pin chainettes to fasten the eye enamelled watches to the waist is one that represents a four-leaved clover. This is enamelled to represent the real leaf and has an oval in the centre.

Very large, sprawling leaf patterns are very popular for the more exclusive dashing blouses of embroidered linen that are made to order. The ready-made models, however, show more quiet patterns.

Fancy adjustable buttons—offenseless Dresden effects on a white ground or pearl with a rim of gold—of quite large size down the front and on the sleeves, form decorative and novel feature of many of the new blouses.

Silver belts, chased, woven or in artistic medallions linked together, with ribbons running underneath, are reigning favorites in the modish world, and like bands of solid chased silver, they look exceedingly smart with dark cloth gowns.



Miss and Silver House Gown.

lace for caps; for short sleeves, one yard twenty-one inches wide, one yard twenty-seven inches wide, or one-half yard forty-four inches wide.