

OLD-TIME FAVORITE.

THE UNCONQUERABLE SOUL.

By William Ernest Henley.

At the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
And where no gleams of glory lie,
Not one of my ungodly gods may peer
At me; and when my soul is raised,
As if a quill from some high heaven,
It is the soul of your unconquerable soul.

At the fall clutch of circumstance
I have not winced or cried aloud,
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

And when this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

Matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,<—
I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul.

ANOTHER INTERNATIONAL EPISODE.

BETTY RAWLINS had a bank account, and a huge one at that. But Betty had a greater fortune in her face, for she was as pretty as a spring beauty, and though she was perverse and pouty when she wanted to be she was ordinarily as sweet as a violet.

Betty lived in the summer time at Lowland Glen, not many miles beyond Fort Sherman, a big garage with enough young officers on duty to fill the ranks of a company had been forced to drop the sword at the shoulder of the King-Jorgensen. Betty loved the military—what girl doesn't?—and if the truth be told Betty's heart was set on marrying into the military, but she had made up her mind early that she couldn't think of looking at anything less than a colonel, and hence she thought of it she sighed, for the colonels in Uncle Sam's regulars are all so dreadfully old, and Betty is only nineteen, mind you.

There was young Roy Lanyard stationed at Fort Sherman. He was a good looking, Betty admitted to herself, and it wouldn't be a bit hard to love him, but Roy was only a captain, and nothing but a colonel could do. Captain Lanyard, to get to the middle of things at once, was as desperately in love with Betty as a young soldier just old enough to know his own mind can be. He didn't care a rap about Betty's bank account; fact, he never gave it a thought. It was just pretty Betty herself that he wanted, but he didn't dare say so.

Now Betty had another failing, not common among American girls, not enough to thoroughly understand at Yankee husbands are the best in the world, and that was a firm belief in the ideal condition in married life. Betty believed that which would come from a husband who was a combination of a Britishman and English army officer. The colonels are younger over there, and Betty to herself, "and they are all aristocratic family, and, oh, well, Britishmen are just too lovely for anything."

The summer colony at Lowland Glen is usually large that season. There are bunches of swell doings, as the army cousin of Betty would put it. The army officers from Fort Sherman were much in evidence, and one young captain in particular was very much in evidence in the vicinity of Betty Rawlins. Betty saw the colonel clearly, and how she did wish that the President would retire some hundreds of superior officers so that Roy Lanyard could take the abolition "Col." to the front part of a name.

One day there was excitement at Lowland Glen. Mrs. Calumet had invited two Englishmen, one of them an army officer, to spend the month with her at her summer home. The news reached Betty the morning after the arrival of the Calumet's two guests, pretty young women had told her about it. Let the girls alone for reading news of this kind. "And Betty," said one of her informants, "one of the Englishmen is a colonel in His Majesty's service, and young and old looking at that."

Betty's heart gave a thump. "At that," she murmured to herself. The next afternoon Betty met the Englishman at the Dexter Country Club. Her heart fluttered a little as she looked at the two men—the other was old and out of the running—was reduced to her. Colonel Reginald Southcote was his name. It fairly glowed with aristocracy and militarism. Betty knew that he was a simon-pure Britishman all right enough because his name, his accent and his clothes which didn't fit.

For the next week Colonel Reginald Southcote was Betty Rawlins's shadow. Betty Roy Lanyard looked on and envied. Betty gave him two weeks and about three words during that time. "No show for one of Uncle Sam's army officers when there's a dandy and aristocratic about," sighed poor Captain Lanyard. Colonel Reginald Southcote was not in finding out that Betty Rawlins had a pot of money and that she had the military. Betty asked him one day what his regiment was, and replied promptly: "I am the colonel of the Royal Yorkshire Regiment," said Betty had heard tales about Englishmen pretending to be what they were not, but the colonel looked honest enough when she went to a library the city and took down a British Army gazette from the shelf and found that all right, and the name of Reginald Southcote set down as the colonel thereof.

From that time Betty was very cordial to the colonel. She turned the conversation occasionally on the Royal Yorkshire Regiment, but she was mostly silent on the subject of field work, and Betty put it down to a man's reticence when it came to talking of his own acts on the field. Betty might not have liked him, but she knew that when she was talking up the colonel's regiment he

A LANGUAGE OF FLAME.

Signals Exchanged by Luminous Insects and Fishes of the South.

THE trawlerman who at night swings his lighted lantern high in air, sending a definite message to the anglers near several hundred yards away; the keeper of a lighthouse on a hazardous shore; the man who flashes from ship to ship or from ship to land a beam of light, all afford interesting examples of the adaptation by man of remarkable signal language possessed and employed by many animals that are voiceless or without other means of communication. That this language will ever be translated or perfectly understood is very doubtful, but the fact that it is a language is sufficiently remarkable to those familiar with it and who have watched the marvelous signals flashed across field and pasture in the lands where the lightgivers live.

That light is a signal the doubter may easily determine by taking one of the large beetles so common in the South and holding it up to an open window at night, when the signal will be answered by some free lightgiver, who responds to the call and hovers about with brilliant illumination. Recently the writer watched the brilliant luminous beetles in Texas. As night came on and the darkness became more dense, flashes of light appeared here and there, like diamonds against a black sky, then as meteors flashing across the field of vision, followed by others, until a veritable rain of fire appeared in a given direction. It occurred to some one to capture one of these lightgivers, and, as previously described, expose it before an open window, as one would hold a lantern. It was not long before the signal was answered; another lightgiver from out of the darkness flew toward it, demonstrating beyond question that the insect had signaled and had been answered.

The nature of these signals or flashlights is not well understood, but in variety, color, and power they are remarkable. There are over fourteen different species of Lampyris which possess this language of light, found in the Southern States, on the Islands of Cuba, Jamaica and Santo Domingo, especially the latter, in all their beauty. Some appear to give a permanent light; in others, it is fitful, all phases of change being observed. In these insects the light is situated in the last segments, and it is so powerful that when it is "turned on" at "full pressure," the entire surface appears to be illumined, a blaze of light. The lights differ in color. One beetle flashes a gleam of rich orange when flying, but under artificial light it appears to be yellow. This is not constant, but intermittent like the flash of a light-house. In one known as Photuris versicolor the light is a remarkable imitation of some lighthouses.

It appears as a minute spot, increasing gradually in volume and beauty, until it bursts forth in all its splendor to gradually fade away and disappear, being entirely under the control of the insect. This light is a brilliant green, and that it conveys some meaning is well shown by experiments, in which the light was responded to by other individuals. It might be assumed that the lights are possessed by the male alone, but such is not the case, both sexes having them. In some the light-emitting organs are larger in the male than in the female. Thus in the one known as Photuris the light appears to cover all the lower or ventral segments, from the fourth to fifth inclusive. In the one known as Lampyris the light in the female appears to be steady, while in the male it is variable, and at its full development a splendid brilliant green light.

The larva or imperfect form of some of these insects is remarkable for its lights, one having three—one upon the head, one at the tail, and the third at the base of the head and prothorax—so that from any position the little creature could exhibit its signal. There is also a difference in the time of exposure, suggesting the heliograph which flashes its signals. An observer counted the flashes of Luciola and found that there were thirty-six a minute, each flash lasting about one-fourth of a second.

The insect collectors of Vera Cruz understand so well that the lights are signals that they employ light to capture the beetles. A burning coil is fastened to the end of a long stick, which they wave to and fro, in a short time attracting the fire flies, which are easily caught in a hand net. The largest of these lightgivers is Pyrophorus, and those observed by the writer emitted a wonderful green light, so vivid that by holding it close to printed matter the latter could be read. The signals or lights are yellow spots just back of the eyes, while another light gleams from the first abdominal segment. Even the eggs of this insect are luminous, emitting a bluish light. That the light has a definite meaning as a sign language of nature is shown by its almost universal presence among a large number of animals which cannot utter sounds. A certain centipede, often caught by the writer, has a light at its head and one at the tail which gleam like emeralds. The insect is almost invisible to the naked eye, yet so brilliant is the light emitted by several that the writer would almost think that the grass where they lie was aflame.

Among the crabs lights are very common. In some the light pervades the entire body; again, it is confined to the eyes or the legs or a certain segment. The little Cyclops and Idotea are instances. In another the yellow green light is in the eye, the animal seeing and signaling with these organs. One of the starfish is a blaze of light, literally a fiery star; not constant, but steady from one portion to the other, seemingly at will, until the active animal blazes out as a star of fire. Peering down into the sea, the observer sometimes becomes witness to the signals of various animals. The writer was floating on the Bay of Avalon one night looking down into the water when he observed a light the size of

a ten-cent piece directly beneath. Gradually it increased in size until it became in a short time as large as a dinner plate, when it remained for a moment or two a striking object, then gradually diminishing to the original dimensions; it rose from the bottom to the surface, where it soon began to move about in a sinuous course, the light so intense that it resembled a coal of fire, throwing off phosphorescence or luminous matter which formed a train several inches behind it, soon apparently attracting others, which pursued it. The water was very thickly dark and dotted with these lights, which appeared to be chasing each other on the surface.

This living light was a minute worm almost invisible to the naked eye. The worms are noted for their strange lights. In some the light emitting organs are the feet, and several worms have lights of different colors. One of the fishes has two lights upon its head, one green, the other yellow, and that these strange beams do not have a special meaning or significance in the life of these creatures it is difficult to imagine.

Nearly all the marine animals are more or less phosphorescent. Wave the hand through the water at night and a blaze of light appears. The surf is a mass of light as far as the eye can see, and the writer has witnessed the sand so filled with luminosity that every footstep left a fiery imprint, or scraping the sand around it aroused such a blaze of phosphorescence that print could almost be read by it.

WHEN TO BE BORN.

Precious Stones Are Associated With the Signs of Nativity.

Old saws and superstitions associate precious stones with the signs of nativity. According to the old astrologers, the import of the different precious stones is altered somewhat when they are considered with reference to the planets, and only certain of the vast array of stones have potent influences. Thus classified, May, June and December are the months most lucky to be born in—lucky, that is so far as material benefits are considered. But other months augur good character influences, and no month of the twelve but offers some inducement to the mortal born within its orbit. Even October, with whose governing influences the opal is interwoven, endows her children with hope and strong optimistic leanings.

Birthday stones are fashionable just now. January's child has the garnet for a birthstone. With it go the attributes of integrity, generosity, and the power to attract many friends. February's nestlings must wear amethysts. The birth augur is a mild, pacific disposition, refined tastes and a smoothly, uneventful course through life. The bloodstone is identified with the career of the person born in March. It signifies wisdom, courage, self-control—all the dominating qualities.

April's child has for birthstone the diamond, typical of innocence and high-mindedness. The emerald has to do with the child born in May. It is a most favorable natal stone, signifying a future abounding in love and happiness. June has the agate as keystone to long life, wealth and felicity, with no modifying auguries to cloud the horoscope. July has for guiding star the ruby, imparting good temper, calmness, patience—the temperament that is content with a small share of life's vanities. August is coupled with the sardonyx and implies for that person born within its sphere strong love of family and many of the domestic virtues. Pride is indicated, but not arrogance. The sapphire, for September, insures its bearer a fine sense of justice and a philosophic temperament.

October has the opal for a birthstone. Its wards are born optimists, looking ever on the bright side and comfortable companions to live with. It is believed that most of the indomitable enthusiasts and visionaries come into the world in October. The child born in November is by nature loyal. The topaz is his ruling influence, signifying warm-heartedness and a propensity to put sentiment before business. December has the turquoise for a talisman. Children born within these thirty-one days are endowed with ability for getting on in the world. Success is their manifest destiny, not to be avoided. The old treatises on birthstones and their meanings are set forth in the involved, old-fashioned language that has gathered currency in many translations. —London Tit-Bits.

TELLING STORIES.

Peculiar Occupation of Residents of Jewish District on East Side.

In New York there are at least three people who earn their bread and butter by telling stories. They live in the Jewish district in the teeming east side, where they are known as marshalls, or jesters. Their services are especially in request in Hebrew circles when there is a birth, a marriage or a confirmation at the synagogue. On such eventful occasions the teller of tales is all conspicuous by his pleasant and entertaining ability. He takes what he can get in the way of remuneration, which varies according to the wealth of his audience. On occasions he will manage to collect as much as \$5, and on others not more than fifty cents for an hour or more's entertaining.

The profession of the marshalls is threefold in character. He can tell a first-rate story, sing a good song and compose verses and put them to melody to suit the particular festivity at which he presents himself. Dancing, however, is not one of his accomplishments. During a Hebrew marriage feast he will enter on his own invitation. On such occasions he is always welcome, and will be asked by either the bride or bridegroom to entertain the guests present.

His favorite instrument may be a cornet, harp or violin. Being a Jewish audience he will play on his particular instrument the weird old Hebrew melodies so beloved by his co-religionists, and conclude by adding some congratulatory rhymes and mottoes suitable for the occasion, not a few of his often clever sayings being created on the spot of the moment. Story telling, however, is his forte, and his allegories are listened to with the greatest interest by the assembled guests. The story he recites is usually of the fairy tale nature—the traditional couple, for instance, who wedded under Oriental skies and lived in peace and happiness thereafter, adding at the same time some apt reference to the newly married couple sitting before him, and so keep in touch with the sympathetic side of his listeners.

When finished telling the story the wandering entertainer proceeds to pass around his hat, which soon becomes weighty with the pennies, nickels and dimes poured into it, every one in the room contributing something. After the collection the marshalls invariably be asked to tell another story, or sing a song, and at its conclusion he is sure of an invitation to share in the wedding feast. Following the repast he will give a farewell song, after which he takes his leave and proceeds to some other house in the neighborhood where he knows a festivity of a like nature is in progress. —New York Times.

The Old Circus Man.

Every one who ever saw a country circus remembers the stout gentleman with the high silk hat and the diamond stud who was forever dashing about the circus grounds in a top-buggy, says Collier's Weekly. He belonged to a type now almost extinct, and his lineage passed away in this day of specialists. He was not a manager or an impresario or a theatrical magnet—he was a "showman," and his trade was the "show business." For nearly half the year he followed the white tents. Every morning he was up at break of day, harnessed his own horse, had the tents pitched, the ring made, and saw that the horses were groomed and the cages cleaned for the morning street parade. Incidentally, he usually had a wrangle with the mayor over the price he was to pay for the license, and quelled several riots between the town toughs and his own tentmen. He knew their quarrels and their love affairs, and he was of necessity mixed up in all of them. If we except the grand opera singers there is no class so difficult to handle as circus people. They lead a life of their own apart from the rest of the world, and it is a life ever full of variety, excitement, dramatic incident and real human interest.

Foreigners in France.

A French paper publishes some interesting statistics as to the number of foreigners in France. It appears that there are 485,700 Belgians; 238,420 Italians; 87,000 Germans; 14,200 Austrians; 17,200 Russians; 2,700 English; 17,200 Americans and about 100,000 Spaniards and Portuguese.

NEW IDEAS in TOILETTES.

New York City.—Yoke waists of all sorts are among the features of the season and are made exceedingly attractive with trimming and contrasting

ward, however short, and when it comes from the right tailor's hands it is graceful and by no means resembles a "drum." This is because of the special cut. The breadths all show a decided flare toward the hem, and careful goring and fitting are required to attain the desired end. If this is a lining this must also be flared to match. Featherbone or some other cording is introduced in the hem, and this keeps the skirt, which is short, from "falling in" around the ankles and seems to improve the general appearance.

A favored style. The "bib and apron" style is one of the most favored amongst the dress-makers just now; that is, the bodice has a deep rounded piece which is shaped like a bib coming from the collar, concealing all the front of the bodice, almost to the waist, usually edged with a quilling of ribbon or lace; while the front of the skirt has also a rounded apron-like piece (sometimes simulated only) bordered with a quilling, rounded off at the back, where long wash ends further help to carry out the idea of apron strings. It is, of course, a modification of the old tunic.

Tufted Vellings. Tufted vellings are in the market, and very delightfully they are to view—better still to possess. In fawn-color, smoke-gray, banana-color and willow green the effect seems particularly good, and it becomes difficult to make a choice. One can obtain tufted vellings in navy blue and black, the tints desired by so many women who do not wear light colors, except in wash-clothes. The tufted vellings are quite novel, much more so than the smooth finished velvets, velles and alpaca of the mohair type.

No vest Wrinkle in Gloves. A new glove that is attracting much attention has a loose wrist, long enough to extend a little more than one-third way to the elbow, but this loose wrist is worn turned over toward the hand to show a colored kid lining. In white, with a red lining, it is smart with white gloves, with red accessories, in the way of collars, girdles, a bright note in the hat or the gay little red heels that are being worn.

Stole Collar Waist.

Nothing escapes the stole collar. As a last resort it begins to make its appearance on fancy silk, and crepe de

eighteen inches wide for yoke and collar. Woman's Tucked Waist. Tucks of all widths and arranged in all possible ways are greatly in vogue and are most effective in the soft fashionable materials. The very charming May Manton waist, illustrated in the large drawing, shows them arranged in pointed groups and combined with a deeply pointed yoke that is exceedingly becoming. The original is made of white pongee stitched with corded silk, with a yoke of cream lace, but silk, wools, cottons and linens are all appropriate to the design.

The waist consists of a fitted lining, front, back and yoke. The front is tucked diagonally, and seamed at the centre and blouses slightly over the belt. The backs are drawn down snugly at the waist line, and are tucked on horizontal lines. The yoke is separate and arranged over the whole. When desired the lining can be omitted in both waist and sleeves. The sleeves are made with the upper portions which are tucked at the lower edge, and the full parts that are gathered at both upper and lower edge and are finished with straight cuffs at the wrists. At the neck is a regulation stock.

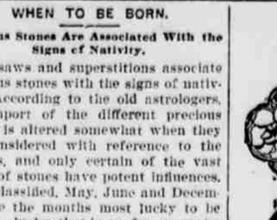
The quantity of material required for the medium size is four yards twenty-one inches wide, three and one-fourth yards twenty-seven inches wide, two and one-fourth yards thirty-four inches wide, with three-fourth yards of all-over lace.

A Warm Weather Collar.

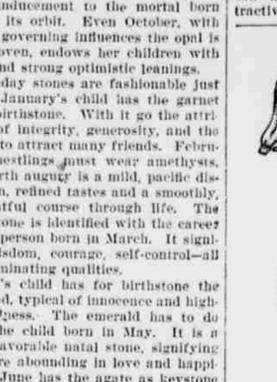
In close, hot weather it is a decided grievance to be obliged to impregnate the throat in a stiff, starched collar. It feels particularly oppressive under the chin, and it is to obviate this discomfort that a collar of a new pattern has been devised. This is as high as usual at the back, but the front slopes away beneath the chin. It is really stylish, and the drooping curve in front proves generally becoming to those who try it on. This collar measures two inches high in the back, but in front is only one inch high, beneath the chin. This is just the thing for warm weather.

The Boston Frock.

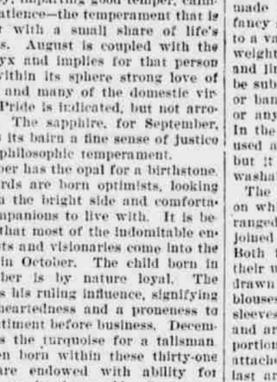
A well-cut "sussex" is not at all



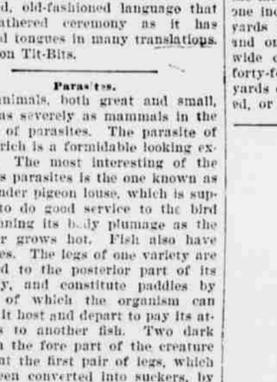
Yoke waist.



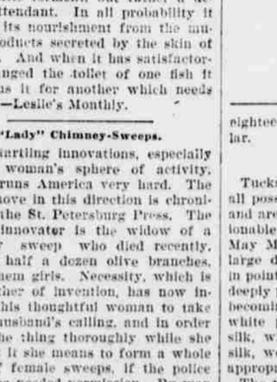
Tucked blouse.



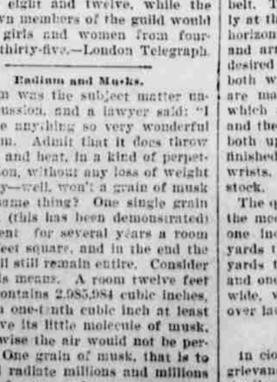
Stole collar waist.



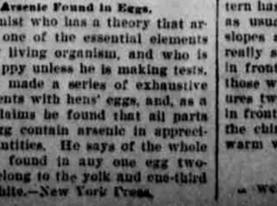
Warm weather collar.



Boston frock.



Well-cut sussex.



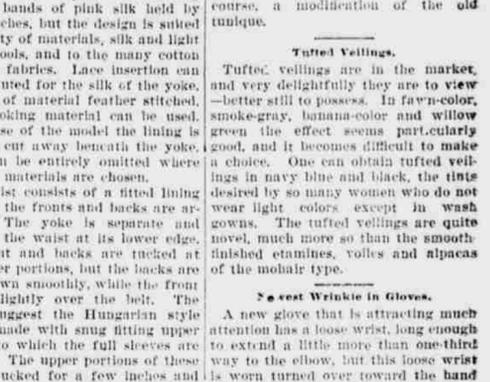
Fitted lining and tucked blouse.



Yoke waist.



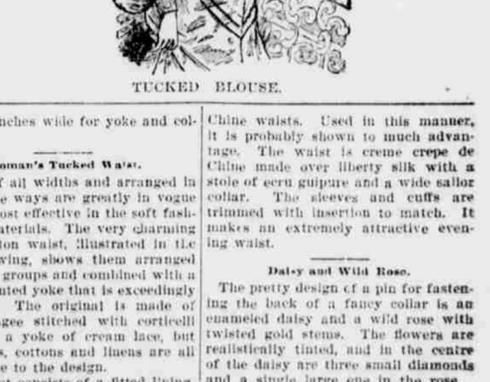
Tucked blouse.



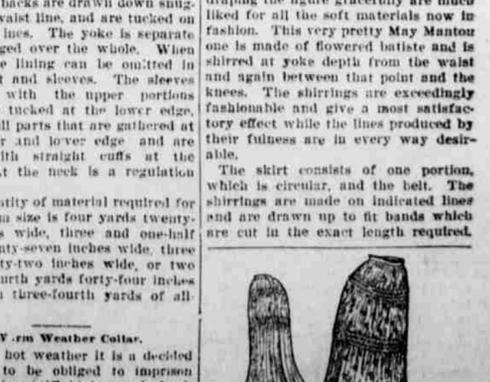
Stole collar waist.



Warm weather collar.



Boston frock.



Well-cut sussex.



Fitted lining and tucked blouse.