

THE STONE'S JOKE.

On Guernsey's Island, huge, alone,
Before a cavern lay a stone,
Upon its surface, carved, a record
In antique letters none could read.

At length a stranger scaled the cliff,
In ogham, rune, and hieroglyph,
Well schooled, he bent his learned head
Above the stone, and thus he read:

"To him who turns me o'er, I say
His toil shall not be thrown away."
They came with lever, jack and chain,
They heaved and hauled with might and main.

They pried the stone with rope and crow
To find the hoard concealed below.
At last it turned. The mottled, pined
And soil-discolored under-side.

Another ancient legend here;
And thus the scholar read once more:
"Kind friends, attend! Through year and year
On one poor side I've languished here
And begged the boon for which I yearned—
That some one turn me. Thanks, I'm
turned."
—Arthur Guiterman, in the New York Times.

IN RHODA'S ROOM.

By Charlotte Sedgwick.

"Haven't I help you, dear?" David came half an hour ago. Mrs. Cox stopped on the threshold in dismay. "O, Rhoda, what a dreadful room!"

The girl at the dressing-table laughed. "Isn't it? Another good room gone wrong! But come in, mommy, come in. I guess you can make it, somehow. Jump! I'd like you to tie my sash, if you will, please." Mrs. Cox's deft fingers fashioned the broad red ribbon into a graceful bow, its fringed ends falling to the hem of Rhoda's white frock. Rhoda, with her head over her shoulder, studied the effect in the glass. "You do just the thing—the sturdiest bow, mommy!" she commended. "Is my hair all right?"

"It looks very well," the mother decided. "But, dear, why don't you have a place for everything, and—"

"Oh, I have," Rhoda insisted, with a sweeping gesture of both hands. "This dressing-table is it. I think you'll find everything here, unless it's my other slipper." She thrust out a foot clad only in a red silk stocking. "You don't happen to see that other slipper anywhere, do you, Mrs. Cox?"

"Where do you usually keep your slippers?" that lady asked.

"Oh, I don't keep them anywhere," Rhoda walked. "They won't stay. They're—what do you call it?—nomadic. I found this one under the bed."

Mrs. Cox knelt and peered under the bed. "No, it isn't here," she said; "but here is my blue veil, Rhoda."

"Mean thing!" Rhoda scolded. "If just wrinkles under that bed every chance it gets. I suppose I'll have to wear my black slippers."

Her mother was searching the shoe-bag on the closet door. "See!" she boasted, holding up a red shoe with a big, shining buckle. "But you really ought to be ashamed, dear."

"I am," said Rhoda, looking crushed. "To think of a shoe of mine being found in a shoe-bag! It humiliates me. But don't look so solemn, mommy, please! I'm going to reform. I am. To-morrow, you'll see!"

"Hello!" shouted a voice at the foot of the stairs. "You weren't going to a party to-night, were you?"

"Yes, David, in one minute" Rhoda called. "Now I wonder where my red fan is. Could it be in the shoe-bag, do you think, Mrs. Cox?"

"Or under the bed?"

"Mommy, I'm surprised! You're positively malicious!" preached Rhoda, who was plowing through her dressing-table drawer and tossing the contents in all directions. "Where can the miserable thing be?"

"Good-by, Dolly, I must leave you!" sang the voice below, threateningly.

Rhoda caught up a palm-leaf fan from the window-seat. "I'll take this," she said.

She gave her mother a quick little hug and kiss, and ran down the stairs. "Oh, good evening, David!" she said, serenely. "Have you been waiting? I'm so sorry!"

"Only a little matter of an hour or two," said David, politely. "But it was worth it," he added, taking her wrap and fan, "and if we run I guess maybe we can get there in time for the last dance."

Rhoda laughed. "Good night, mother!" she cried. "Now please don't do anything to that room. Just turn the lights out, and it won't show. And I'm going to reform—to-morrow!"

"That seems to have a sweet, familiar sound," mused Mrs. Cox, who was standing at the head of the stairs. "I wonder where I could have heard it before. Good night, my children! Have the very best time you ever had in your lives again!" And she turned back into the riotous room, where, sinking into the least engaged chair, which a tennis skirt and a lace petticoat hospitably shared with her, she considered the condition which confronted her. Where should she begin?

The stately old maids' chest appeared to be suffering the most. One of its tall, gilded canisters were sportively flaunting a crimson cap, the other bore aloft a pair of white hat wreathed with yellow roses; on its lid were the contents of a broken candy-box were hobnobbing with the spoons of an overturned work-basket, while letters, gloves, books, tennis-balls and withered flowers added to the reeeco effect. Every one of its drawers was open and overflowing with tumbled heaps of cambric, lace and embroidery.

"You poor old thing!" Mrs. Cox spoke aloud in her amusement, as she hurried to render first aid to the injured chest. The frivolous little new dressing-table came next, then the desk, then the room at large. The onslaught was quick, practiced, thorough. Before it shoes retired to the shoe-bag, soiled clothing to the clothes-hamper, dresses to the closet hook; the white parasol and the tennis-racket got on the bed; the sprawling bath-gown came down from the screen.

"When at last the room looked fresh and restful in its perfect order, its good genius drew a long breath and paused a moment, with hand raised, to turn out the gas.

She extinguished one jet and slowly lowered the other to a dim point, only to bring it flaring back again at full head.

For a moment longer she hesitated, wrinkling her smooth forehead in doubt; then, with a queer little smile on her lips and the light of resolution

over into it this spring, you know, and it was done all over for me. Now, you stand here, while I turn up the gas, or you'll fall over some furniture."

There was a minute's silence, and then a breadth of light fell along the hall floor. Mrs. Cox held her breath. "O-h-h!" Rhoda's voice was full of chagrin. "O Margie, isn't it just awful? I didn't remember that it looked so bad. I was in such a hurry! And mother usually looks after it. Haven't I been a little pig to her?" The voice was remorseful now.

"And I remember—I told her not to to-night. But I thought—well, I said I was going to reform to-morrow, but I reckon it will have to be to-night, if we want a place to sleep. How do you like my room, Miss Inness? Oh, sit down! There's a spot on the floor that isn't occupied."

The breadth of light suddenly narrowed and vanished, and peals of girlish laughter came faintly down the hall.

In the morning Mr. Cox was the last one to leave his room. At Rhoda's door he paused an instant, nodded, and ran down-stairs, singing, with feeling:

"My object all sublime,
I shall achieve in time;
To let the punishment fit the crime,
The punishment—"

"What's that you're singing?" demanded Rhoda, as he appeared on the veranda.

"Oh—ah—it's merely a little ditty I learned once," he explained. "How do you do, Margery? You didn't have the nightmare, or anything?"

Rhoda was watching him. "I believe you put her up to it," she said.

"To the nightmare?" Miss Inness, I protest!" he cried. Rhoda slipped her hand through his arm. "When you look so innocent-like I have my doubts," she laughed. "Didn't you put mother up to—?"

"!" Mr. Cox looked grieved.

"Nevie!" It was original sin—ask her. Thought it was a shabby trick, myself. For our wife and mother, Rhoda, that little lady over there in the white dress does show surprising lack of feeling sometimes—surprising! But I say, Rhoda, I noticed something a little—well, queer about your room as I came by. Do you think its orderliness is an acute attack, or—"

"Chronic," pronounced Rhoda, standing on tiptoe to kiss him.—Youth's Companion.

Pennsylvania's Largest Oak.

Dr. U. S. G. Bieber is the owner of the largest white oak tree in Pennsylvania. This beautiful specimen of a tree stands almost in the centre of a large field in Maxatawny township, about one mile and a half from Kutztown. The circumference of the trunk at the level of the ground is thirty-two feet; circumference four feet from the ground, nineteen feet ten inches; circumference six feet from the ground, eighteen feet four inches; greatest spread of branches four feet, 104 feet; height of tree (estimated), seventy-three feet eight inches. Its small height as compared with its great spread of branches might indicate that it always has been a field tree and that it either stood in an opening before the white oak took possession of the soil or that it started since the civilized settlers cleared the ground. Though the trunk is hollow and there is an opening into it on the northern side near the ground, there appears to be no reason why this giant oak might not, with proper care, last for centuries. Considering the vast spread of its branches there is no other Pennsylvania tree approaching it in size which is at once so symmetrical and so beautiful.—Philadelphia Press.

"Too Much Rush."

Years ago, when the West was young and untrodden by railroads and the great lakes, with their steamboats, afforded the only means of communication with the East, a Western manufacturer was coming up the lakes late in the fall with his winter's stock of coal and iron. In the Straits of Mackinac, where a northwest gale was tearing down and putting white caps on the waves, he saw coming down on the gale what appeared to be a tree torn from its rooting, but which as it came nearer proved to be a large bush in the prow of a canoe in the stern of which sat an Indian, able only to guide his frail craft, but unable to get forward and take down his sail. As the canoe drew past the steamer the Indian, pointing forward, yelled out: "Too much bush; too much bush."

The story aptly fits the cases of men who put overweening confidence in their business capacity and embark in enterprises too large for their own means to carry.—St. Paul Dispatch.

Mollere Under Nemesis.

Henceforward even the commemorative tablet cannot be accepted as conclusive evidence of the fact which it records. The discovery has just been made that there are two Molleres in Paris marked with tablets relating to "in this house Mollere was born." Still worse, they introduce confusion as to the date of that event, one of them stating it to have taken place in 1620 and the other in 1622. One of these houses is at the Rue du Pont Neuf and the other at a corner of the Rue St. Honore and Sauval. Mollere seems to have uncommon ill-luck with his dates. It is not long since two houses in the Rue Richelieu claimed to have been that in which he died, and the dispute was only settled after difficult negotiation. There is a dramatic nemesis about the idea of the father of French comedy himself becoming a comedy of errors.—London Globe.

Mysterious Jones.

Who is the Man with the Cigar?
His Name is Jones.
Is he a Good Man?
Yes; but he has one Bad Fault.
What is the Fault?
He Heeds about the Beauty of the Town He Came From. He says it is a Little Town, but the People are Honest and do not try to Skin You. When they Take You by the Hand they Shake it Heartily and you Know they Mean it.
Is he Going Back there to Live?
Oh, no! He may Go Back on a Short Visit, but you could not Keep Him There with a Gatling Gun.
Why does he Talk One Way and Act Another?
You may Search Us, Child.—Detroit Tribune.

Woman's Realm

Painted Toys.
Do not buy painted wooden toys for the babies, says an authority. During our early years of life we closely resemble the lower animals in bringing everything to the test of taste. Some toy manufacturers state that the colors they use are harmless, but without questioning their veracity one may say that the inside of little children can very well dispense with paint.

Meaning of Dressing.
To be well dressed does not necessitate an abundance of clothing. It rather means a few things carefully chosen and treated with close attention. One well-fitting gown is worth more than half a dozen different ones, no matter what their material. But with it there must be plenty of the little but necessary things that distinguish the well-groomed woman from the frump. It is the old story of the small details of which every department of life is built up—the absence of good results when they are neglected and the transformation caused by brushing them up.

Japanese Garden.
What to Eat describes a miniature Japanese garden which has been arranged with fine effect in the bow window of a New York City dining room. The garden is built on a foundation consisting of a tiled receptacle about four inches high. "On one side is a pebbly beach with two toy junk boats drawn up high on the beach. Through the centre of the box is an elevation of earth, planted with delicate moss, miniature trees and ferns. A tiny, carved Japanese house, ivory storks, men, women and images, are arranged about the green. This is protected by a large lantern of fantastic design hung with tassels, which hangs above the garden, and through which the electric light gives a soft glow."

Collars and Cuffs.
It is a great collar and cuff day. Sleeves fitted to the elbow have widened the cuffs so that the little turnover, quite out of the swim, has given place to the wide one ornate with needlework of embroidery or lace silk, or with both combined. The wide turnover collar of linen, silk or leather is popular, and at its best is often embroidered in eyelet sprigs or other open patterns. Hardanger work, with some change, continues prevalent. The new collars, cuffs, belts, bands for trimming, waists and gowns, have a heavy lacwork introduced with the conservative characteristic of the Scandinavian stitch. A host of women are rolling at this needlework, making for themselves fiery that, in the stores, would be prohibitive in price.—Newark Advertiser.

Fashionable Gowns.
Among the new colors are a fime green and a softened strawberry one, the latter making an ideal cloak when trimmed with silken braids to match and having a vest of satin, traced with gold and shaded pinks. One picture it over a white evening dress, and over a chiffon to match its success would be assured.

Chiffon dresses for evening continue pre-eminently attractive when trimmed with ribbons or tucks or floral garlands, but the more economical will consider favorably evening dresses made of pompadour taffeta with lace bertha and high belts of some plain color.

Skirts are still gathered round the hips. Nearly all the skirts are cut on the cross, and there is no doubt that cashmere is among the materials trying for a top place.

A Marriage in China.
A Chinese marriage is a solemn ceremony—no talk, no levity, and much crying. After the exchange of presents the bride is dressed with much care in brocade or silk, her eyelashes are painted in deep black, and she wears a heavy red veil attached to a scarlet headpiece, from which imitation pearls hang over her forehead. A feast is spread upon a table to which the bride, being led by five or her friends. They are seated at the table, but no one eats. When the mother starts crying the maids follow, and the bride joins in the chorus. The bridegroom now enters with four friends. They pick up the throne on which the bride sits, and preceded by the bridegroom, form a procession and walk around the room or into an adjoining room, signifying that he is carrying her away to his own home. The guests then throw rice at the happy couple, a custom we have borrowed from them.

Get In Touch.
Get in touch with the joy centre of your being—which is as real and beautiful as a well of sparkling spring water, and which will refresh you completely if you only give it the chance.

Joy is one of the greatest germ-killers in existence. It is a positive radiator force, irresistible and compelling—before which all discouragements and ills go down in utter defeat. A good dose of joy will do more for you than any tonic or medicine you can name.

Joy! Sing it and say it! Think it and pray it!

"And, above all things, smile! Smile though you cannot see any cause for smiling. Smile, though a burden of sorrow seems crushing you to the earth. Smile, though grief tugs at your heartstrings. If your days are gray and your tasks burdened—smile! Smile until you awaken that joy centre which lives at the core of you. And after you have once awakened it—keep on stimulating it daily with your persistent practice of joy."

Infants' Fashions.
Infants' fashions change just as often as those of older people, and they are quite as important, says the Newark Advertiser. The baby who starts in to have things nice and neat cannot help to have the habit thrust upon it in after days. Infants' wearing apparel and its accessories are, perhaps

Timely Fashion Hints

New York City.—As has been truly said the chemisette model has become such a favorite that it outnumbers almost every other sort of any gathering and coiffure garnitures abroad? We read: "Flowers—roses in particular—are affected as clusters, wreaths and semi-wreaths, a novel ornament being a large ring of shaded pink roses laid flat upon the crown of the head. The coiffure also being quite flat, without a suggestion of a topknot, while in front of the wreath the hair is pushed well forward over the forehead."

A Bolero Suit.
Among the linen gowns offered for very moderate prices was a bolero suit of oyster white linen tulle. The short skirt was seven-gored, a very late model, and was light-fitted over the hips, flaring very wide at the hem. All the gores were stitched with three rows of stitching and the deep hem was similarly treated.

The Leading Color.
The leading color is white, in various shades—pure white or chalk, sand, tulle, and so forth; then comes blue, in numerous gradations from the palest flax flowers to the bright bluebell. Pale pink is in great favor, and always gives a refined aspect.

A Wearable Gown.
A gown of heavy butcher's linen in a creamy shade had a skirt embroidered in long, slender lozenges of broderie Anglaise. The shirt waist blouse was likewise embroidered.

Fancy Pleated Eton.
The fancy Eton is one of those attractive little wraps which gain added favor with each week of the season. It is so dainty, generally becoming and attractive, and fills so evident a need that it can be relied upon to be worn not alone during the present season, but for the earlier weeks of the autumn. Here is one that is quite novel, and is finished with a big collar which can be of the material, of the favorite embroidered muslin, of linen or of plume. The pleated portions provide becoming fullness, while the loose sleeves do away with all possible anxiety to the fate of those worn beneath. In this instance the coat is made of sage green taffeta, simply

ing of fashionable women. Here is a most attractive waist that can be made high or low neck as occasion demands and with elbow or full length sleeves, being quite charming in both forms in the illustration. The materials are pale blue chiffon blouse with chemisette and cuffs of sheer white batiste inset with Valenciennes banding and flounced sleeves of the lace over batiste foundations; but the mode is one that is adapted to all the fashionable silk and wool materials and also to the handsome muslins and the like which are made with equal elaboration. The chemisette illustrated is both smart and dainty, but any all-over material may be used, or muslin embroidered by hand, which is, perhaps, the best of all.

The waist is made over a fitted lining and is closed at the centre front. On this lining are arranged the chemisette and the waist portions, the closing of the chemisette being made at the left shoulder of the waist. In

A LATE DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.



visibly beneath the edge of the right front. The sleeves consist of frills of lace arranged over foundations with the slashed over portions over them and the long cuffs, which are faced on to the fitted lining. At the waist is worn a full belt that is shaped to form the girle.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is two and three-quarter yards twenty-one, two and one-quarter yards twenty-seven, and one and three-eighth yards forty-four inches wide, with two yards twenty-seven inches wide for chemisette and sleeve foundations, nine yards of lace, nine yards of insertion and five-eighth yards of silk for the belt to make as illustrated in the medium size.

A Touch of Persian.
One can do wonders with Persian embroidery this year. It comes in all colors and it is any width one pleases. For the trimming of a smart jacket the three-inch width is good. It should be used to border the sleeves, be they small at the cuff or else, and it should be used around the collar and down the front; mid, perhaps, if it be becoming, all the way around the back. One can do such a very great deal with a wide band of Persian.

Daintiness Required.
The tea-gown must be daintiness itself, whether it be of simple dainty cut in round length for comfort or of exquisite lingerie. The newest tea-gown is very full and shows a rippling flounce frilled at the foot. A new idea is the rainbow effect introduced at the foot of an all-white tea-gown. To obtain it, add a detachable flounce formed of three layers of chiffon or of mousseline of different colors.

Artificial Flowers.
Shall we also see the artificial flowers which are so greatly admired for dresses

yards twenty-seven or two and one-eighth yards forty-four inches wide, with one-half yard twenty-seven inches wide for the collar and one and one-quarter yards of banding.

