

NOW AND THEN.

Oh, now and then comes a day
When all our skies are bright,
And all life's appointed way
Is bathed in golden light.

SEVEN DAYS.

BY KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.



It was a hot day in early summer. The tide of mountain travel had not yet set in for the season, and Nina Caldwell was the only passenger in the dusty old stage coach which had jugged heavily along for twelve weary miles.

Nina Caldwell was eighteen and very pretty. She was also exceedingly spoiled, and subject to occasional fits of unreason. In one of these she had left her sister and brother-in-law, a week in advance of the time appointed, and was now reaping the benefit of that rash act.

She had leisure and to spare for bitter reflection. She tried to read, yawned, counted the flies, attacked some caramels and finally relapsed into somber depression. "Who, Jeminy! Who, there?" Nina started and looked around in bewilderment.

"Here you are, miss, Maple Hotel. Stop half an hour, then change with coach from Greene. Goin' to stay, though, you be?" Nina, even in alighting, took in her surroundings at a glance. Maple Hotel was a storeroom place.

Under the great maple, from which the house was named, a gentleman lay asleep, his straw hat and newspaper beside him. "The only cool place," thought Nina. "How intensely selfish."

From the piazza, the yellow paint glazed hot in the sunshine, she looked disdainfully at her recumbent enemy, a man of about thirty, and so far as could be judged from his position, decidedly good-looking.

"The story is entertaining. But the heroine—" and Nina made a little grimace. "Exactly my ideal," smiled Mr. Bryce.

"I wonder how many men have said that," flashed Nina. "She is absolutely slavish. Most women, thank heaven, have a little pride left."

"You are to be congratulated. It has always been my misfortune to possess too much." Nina had taken a great dislike to Mr. Bryce. He had a vexatious way of involving her in a discussion which left her angry and bewildered.

"What is the attraction in fishing? The idea, after centuries of civilization, of reverting to the original savage." "Shall I confess that I am driven by the same motive that urges the savage—by the pangs of hunger?"

"I understand," replied Nina, laughing at his rueful look and tone. "And if you are successful, I will retract my criticism. When do you return?"

"To-morrow night." Toward evening Nina, with an odd feeling of loneliness, was sitting beside a laughing little stream, shaded by elms and alders, a long-legged bird stood near by, balancing himself thoughtfully on one foot, and eyeing her cautiously.

"But your two days' thing?" "Reduced to one," she answered. "You are afraid of them?" he said, looking at her with a smile.

"A little—why?" "Most city girls are—or seem so." "No affectation, I assure you. Think what horrors they must appear to us—all horns and hoofs."

"You ought, Miss Caldwell," he urged as she objected. "I am used to roughing it, and run no risk whatever, but it is dangerous for you. Very well," imperturbably, as she still refused, "I will try it outside."

He suited his action to the word. This was more than she could bear. She went to the door where he stood coolly among the hailstone.

legal gentleman, Merrick Bryce was taken aback. "Beware of generalities," he mused, and made his peace as best he might.

"My idea of the battle of life, he said suddenly, 'is to treat the mind and body to their utmost, and then give up the contest.'" Nina looked astonished.

"This is the hour of my triumph! What has become of your dislike and pride?" She felt in a half-dream, controlled by her voice.

"The stage-coach is due," taking out his watch. "Shall we go to the piazza?" The coach came lumbering up. A young man sprang off, and assisted a pretty blonde girl to alight.

"That is the one I am engaged to," said Nina, meditatively, to Mr. Bryce. "And that is the one I am engaged to," responded Mr. Bryce with equal calmness.

"So you have been flirting here these seven days by yourselves? Well, I can assure you that your own Charley and the future Mrs. Bryce have taken ample revenge for their wrongs."

"You know I never approved of your ball-room engagement with Charley Fernald, Nina," he had said. "Miss Nellie Linwood is much better suited to him. She is perfectly shallow and rattle-headed. Fancy her telling us ingeniously that she and Mr. Bryce were engaged, but did not care anything for each other."

"Now, this Mr. Bryce, so far as I can judge on so very short an acquaintance, seems to be a good sort of fellow, and one who will keep you in order. Oh, no use to flash your eyes—you need it."

There is settled now upon the edge of the German quarter in New York a little colony of artistic and scientific glassblowers from Thuringia. The colonists say they are the first and only persons to undertake in the United States exactly such work as they are doing.

Charles Lamb, the English essayist, was buried in Edmonton churchyard.

TRAGEDY OF DRESS.

SACRIFICES FOR FASHION. Men Are as Bad as Women, Says Tallmage—Effort to Be Made.

"Whose alorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair and the wearing of gold or of putting on of apparel, but let it be the hidden man of the heart."—I Peter III, 3, 4.

That we should all be clad is proved by the opening of the first wardrobe in paradise, with its apparel of dark green. That we should all, as far as our means allow us, be beautifully and gracefully apparelled is proved by the fact that God never made a wave but He gilded it with golden sunbeams, or a tree but He varnished it with blossoms, or a star but He studded it with stars, or an arrow but He culminated and turreted and domed and scolloped it into outlines of indescribable gracefulness.

There will be a fashion in heaven as on earth, but it will be a different kind of fashion. It will decide the color of the dress, and the population of that country, by a beautiful law, will wear white. I say these things as a background to my sermon to show you that I have no pride, prejudice, or cast iron theories on the subject of human apparel.

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England got a snuffbox—he, the top of ages, particular about everything but morals, and Aaron Burr without the snuffbox that down to old age he showed in pride his early wicked gallantries, and salom without his hair, and Marchese Pompadour without her titles, and Arnold, the belle of Wall street, who was the center of fashion, without her peris of yesteryear.

Again, inordinate fashion is the foe of all Christian almsgiving. Men and women put so much in personal adorning, and they all go down together—the husband to the prison, the wife to the sewing machine, the children to be taken care of by those who were called poor relations. Oh, for some new Shakespeare to arise and write the tragedy of human clothes!

Now, I would a great deal rather steal ten cents from you than God. I think one reason why a great many people do not get along in worldly accumulation faster is because they do not observe this divine rule, God says, "Well, if that man is not satisfied with ninety cents of a dollar, then I will take the whole dollar, and I will give it to the man or woman who is honest with Me."

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Rubber Tires. In the use of rubber tires for cycles it must be borne in mind that no oil, varnish or grease should be allowed to touch them. Oil is an enemy to rubber. Care in this respect should be had in applying oil to bearings.