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Ob, now and then there comes a day When all our skies are ! -ight, An 1 all of life's appointed way Is bathed in golden light . When roses hide no thorns beneath , When love has no alloy ; And zephyrs full of perfume breathe From out the hills of joy.

The present is a floeting thing-The past will live for aye, And all its store of pleasures bring Forever and a day. And softer shall the echoes come From time's receding shore ; Each will glean a pleasure fros The days that are no more.

Ob, memories of such, awake ! And glad the weary Now : A wreath of recollectious make To crown the dreamer s brow, Ob, silent voice and vanished hand, Bring back the golden sheaves The ripple of the waters and The laughter of the leaves.

- Nixon Waterman, in Chicago Journal,

SEVEN DAYS.

BY KATE PUTNAM OSGOOP.

T was a hot day in early summer. The tide of mountain travel had not yet set in for the season in for the season, and Nina Cald-well was the only well was the only 00 > passenger in the

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musty old stage coach which had jogged heavily along for twelve weary miles. The journey was enlivened by simoons of dust that strengthened the camel-like suggestions of the four gaunt jaded horses. The young lady who sat in state alone in this uncomfortable vehicle was thoroughly worn out with heat and headache, and, worst of all, bored with her own society.

Nina Caldwell was eighteen and very pretty. She was also exceedingly spoiled, and subject to occasional fits left her sister and brother-in-law, a turn?" week in advance of the time appointed. and was now reaping the benefit of that rash net.

She had leisure and to spare for bitter reflection. She tried to read, into somber depression.

"Whos, Jeminy! Whos, there !" Nina started and looked around in neighboring field came the low of apbewilderment. A moment later the proaching cattle. driver's sunburned face appeared at the door. She must have slept a behind her, little.

"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 rroundines at a glance. Maple " a storining-place famine."

. mere tarm house, wh. areamed of lingering. By sojourn here a good so she had decided-to joined her.

Under the great maple, from which

us to

"The story is entertaining. But the legal gentleman, Merrick Bryce was eroine-" and Nina made a little taken aback. "Beware of generalheroine-" and Nina made a little ities," he mused, and made his peace grimace. "Exactly my ideal," smiled Mr. as best he might. . . .

The last evening of their week's

tete-a-tete had arrived. Once more

Bryce seemed moody, and showed a

"Merely a breath from the Palace

"Yes," she said, wondering still

"Then-do you care for me? You

"As for me, I envy the earth be-

"You know it already," she mur-

"This is the hour of my triumph!

What has become of your dislike and

She felt in a half deam, controlled

"It is I who am a fool-and worse !

Miss Caldwell !" abruptly, to restore

"Mr. Bryce?" with her usual man-

"The stage-coach is due," taking

The coach came lumbering up. A

"That is the one I am engaged to,"

"And that is the one I am engaged

From the inside appeared three

"Fred and Ethel," exclaimed Nins.

After mutual handshakings, Fred

"So you have been flirting here

these seven days by yourselves? Well,

I can assure you that your own Char-

ley and the future Mrs. Bryce have

taken ample revenge for their wrongs."

On the stairs she met Mr. Bryce.

"Poetical justice," mused Nina, as

"Nina, forgive me," he whispered,

"and four mistakes may be set right.

She withdrew her hand, but her

heart sang as she continued on hap

way. In her thoughts she was going

over a ballef interview with her broth fr-in-law.

your ball-room engagement with Char-

ley Fernald, Nina," he had said. "Miss Nellie Linwood is much better

You know I never approved of

"And my prospective mother-in law," said Mr. Bryce. "What a happy

other figures, a young couple and an

said Nins, meditatively, to Mr. Bryce.

to," responded Mr. Bryce with equal

young man sprang off, and assisted a

pretty blonde girl to alight.

out his watch. "Shall we go to the

neath your feet. What if I have known

you but seven days? That is the talk

heart, and that it belongs to me."

must answer," as she sat in confused

"Yes"-just audible.

Suddenly he started.

of Truth," he said in reply to her

questioning glance. Do you dare

give up the contest."

enter it ?"

more.

silence.

mured.

pride?"

ner.

piazza?"

calmness.

elderly lady.

whispered to Nina :

she started for her room.

We are not the only culprits."

family.

by her voice.

her to herself.

Bryce. "I wonder how many men have said that," flashed Nina. "She is abso-lutely slavish. Most women, thank they sat under the lo_ast trees. Mr. heaven, have a little pride left." "But she has so much heart. Perrepressed excitement.

haps, though, you object to that?" 'Oh, I have none at all.'

"You are to be congratuluted. It has always been my misfortune to possess too much."

Nina had taken a great dislike to Mr. Bryce. He had a vesations way of involving her in a discussion which left her angry and bewildered. She felt tempted to goaway, but pride and convenience alike forbade. For seven days she must endure it. She would remain in her room, or seek the fields and woods. As this seemed a trampless country (even tramps disdained it, thought Nina bitterly) the idea was practicable.

The next morning she had her break-fast sent up to her. Then she slipped out of doors to a fragrant nook she had discovered. But the air was vitisted by a cigar, where Mr. Bryce sat smoking. He rose and tossed it away.

"I have something of yours. Commeud my honor that I have not pressed the spring." He had in reality examined it, and knew that it contained merely a woman's picture. But she believed it, as she took the missing locket. There was a truce established, and

time even passed pleasan ly there in the locust shade.

"I am going fishing to-day," he said presently. "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 sav-

age-by the pangs of hunger?" "I understand," replied Nina, laughing at his rueful look and tone. "And if you are successful. I will reof unreason. In one of these she had tract my criticism. When do you re-

"To-morrow night."

Toward evening Nins, with an odd

feeling of loneliness, was sitting beside a laughing little stream, shaded by elus and alders, a long-legged bird yawned, counted the flies, attacked stood near by, balancing bimself some caramels and finally relapsed thoughtfully on one foot, and eyeing her cautiously, while at intervals he uttered a long plaintive cry. From a

"Picturesque, rather," said a voice

"Mr. Bryce!" she started. "Is it

possibly you are here." "I am here to be congratulated and

generally laurel-erowned," he answered with a lazy laugh. "I have left at Maple Hotel the result of my labor, and to-morrow | "secared from

"But your two days hing?" "Reduced to one." She colored in of herself, and turned assisted of herself, and turned assisted of her ?" he said, looking at her with a saide.

"A little-why?"

TRAGEDY OF DRESS. SACRIFIZES FOR FASHION.

Men Are as Bad as Women, Says Talmage-Effort to Be in Style.

TEXT: "Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair and the wearing of gold or of putting on of ap-parel, but let it be the hidden man of the heart."—I Peter iii., 3, 4.

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 greee. That we should all, as far as our means allow us, be beautifully and gracefully appareled is proved by the fact that God never made a wave but He gilded it with golden sunbeams, or a tree but He gratanded it with blossoms, or a sky but He studded it with stars, or al-lowed even the smoke of a furnace to ascend but He columned and turneted and domed and scrolled it into outlines of indescribable gracefulness. When I see the apple orand scrolled it into outlines of indescribable gracefulness. When I see the apple or-chards of the spring and the pageaatry of the autumnal forests. I come to the conclu-sion that, if nature does ever join the church, while she may be a Quaker in the slience of her worship, she never will be a Quaker in the style of her dress. Why the notches of a fern leaf or the stamen of a water lily? Why, when the day departs, does it let the folding doors of heaven stay open so long when it might go in so quickly? One summer morning I saw an army of a

one summer morning I saw an army of a million spears, each one adorned with a diamond of the first water-I mean the grass, with the dew on it. When the prodigal came home, his father not "riy put a coat on his back, but jewelry on his hand. Christ wore a beard. Paul, the bachelor apostle, not afflicted with any continue. "If a woman have long hair, it is a glory unto her."

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 beautiful law, will wear white. I say the things as a background to my sermon to show you that I have no prim, precise, prudish or cast iron theories on the subject of human apparel. But the goddess of fashion has set up her throne in this world, and at the sound of the timbrels we are all expected to fall down and worship. The Old and New Testament of her Bible are This goddess of fashion has become a of the Lord of heaven and earth, and it is high time that we unlimbered our batteries against this idolatry. When I come to count the victims of fashion, I find as many masculine as feminine. Mon make an easy tirade against woman, as though she were the chief worshiper at this idolatrous shrine, and no doubt some men in the more consultances nast of the new shore. conspicuous part of the pew have already cast glances at the more retired part of the pew, their look a prophecy of generous dis-tribution. My sermon shall be as appropriate for one end of the pew as for the other. Men are as much the idolators of fashion as women, but they sacrifice on a different part of the altar, With men the fashion coes to clears and clubrows and saching

part of the altar, With men the fashion goes to cigars and clubrooms and yachting parties and wine suppers. In the United States the men chew up and smoke \$100,-000,000 worth of tobacco every year. That is their fashion. In London not long ago a man died who started in life with \$750,000, man died who started in life with \$750,000, but he ate it all up in gluttonies, sending his agents to all parts of the earth for some rare delicacy for the palate, sometimes one object. If food d sting him \$300 or \$400. He ate up his whole fortune and had only a guines left. With that he bought a woodcock and had it dressed in the very best style, ate it, gave two hours for digestion, then walked out on Westminster bridge and threw himself ont on Westminster bridge and threw himself into the Thames and died, doing on a large scale what you and I have often seen done on a small scale. But men do not abstain from millinery and elaboration of skirt through any superiority of humility. It is only because such appendages would be a blockade to business. What would sashes and trains three and a half yards long do in a stock market? And yet men are the dis ciples of fashion just as much as women. Some of them wear boots so tight they can hardly walk in the paths of righteousness. And there are men who buy expensive suits of clothes and never pay for them, and who go through the streets in great stripes of color like animated checkerboards. I say these things because I want to show you that I am impartial in my discourse, and that both sexes, in the language of the surro gate's office, shall "share and share alike. surro-As God may help me, I shall show you what are the destroying and deathful influences of inordinate fashion. The first baneful influence I notice is in fraud, illimitable and ghastly. Do you know that Arnold of the revolution proposed to sell his country in order to get money to support his wife's wardrobe? I declare here before God and this people that the effort to keep up expensive establishments in this country is sending more business men to temporal perdition than all other causes combined. What was it that sent Gilman to the penitentiary and Philadelphia Morton to the watering of stock, and the life insurance presidents to perjured statements about their assets, and has completely upset our American finances? What was it that over-threw the United States secretary at Washington, the crash of whose fall shook the continent? But why should I go to these fa mous defaultings to show what men will de in order to keep up great home style and ex-pensive wardrobe when you and I know ores of men who are put to their wits' end and are lashed from January to December in the attempt? Our politicians may theorize until the expiration of their terms of of fice as to the best way of improving our monetary condition in this country. It will be of uo use, and things will be no better until we can learn to put on our heads and backs and feet and hands no more than we can pay for. There are clerks in stores and banks on limited salaries who, in the vain attempt to keep the wardrobe of their family as showy as other folks' wardrobes, are dying of muffs and diamonds and shawls and high hats, and they have nothing left except what they give to cigars and wine suppers, and they die be-fore their time, and they will expect us min-isters to preach about them as though they were the victims of early platy and after a isters to preach about them as though they were the victims of early piety, and after a high class funeral, with silver handles at the side of the coffin of extraordinary bright-ness, it will be found out that the under-taker is cheated out of his legitimate ex-penses. Do not send to me to preach the funeral sermon of a man who dies like that. Iuneral sermon of a man who dies like that. I will blurt out the whole truth and tell that he was strangled to death by his wife's rib-bons. Our countries are dressed to death. You are not surprised to find that the put-ting up one public building in New York cost millions of dollars more than it ought to have cost when you find that the man who gray out the contrast and that the man who gave out the contracts paid more than \$5000 for his daughter's wedding dress. Cashmeres of a thousand dollars each are not rare on Broadway. It is estimated that there are 10,600 women in these two cities who have expended on their personal array \$4000 a year. What are men to do in order to keep up such home wardrohes? Steal? That is the such home wardrobes? Steal? That is the only respectable thing they can do! During the last fifteen years there have been in-numerable fine businesses shipwrecked on the wardrobe. The temptation comes in this way: A man thinks more of his family than of all the world outside, and if they spend the evening in describing to him the superior wardrobe of the family across the street that they cannot bear the sight of the man is thrown on his gallantry and on his pride of family, and without translating his feedings into plain language he goes into ax-

tortion and issuing false stock and skillful tortion and issuing take stock and skillful penmanship in writing somebody else's name at the foot of a promissory note, 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. Ob, for some new Shakespeare to arise and write the tragedy of human cluthes!

Will you forgive me if I say in tersest shaps possible that some of the men have to force and o perjure and to swindle to pay for their vives' dresses. I will say it whether you forgive me or not!

Again, inordinate inshion is the foe of all Christiau almsgiving. Men and women put so much in personal display that they often have nothing for God and the cause of suf-fering humanity. A Christian man cracking his Palais Royal glove across the back by shutting up his hand to hide the cent he puts shutting up his hand to hidethe cent he puts into the poorbox. A Christian woman, at the story of the Hottentots, crying copious tears into a \$25 handkerohiet and then giv-ing a two cent piece to the collection, thrust-ing it under bills so people will not know but it was a \$10 goldpiece. One hundred doi-lars for incense to fashion ; two cents for God God gives us ninety cents out of every dollar. The other ten cents by command of His Bible belong to Him. Is not God liberal according to Him. Jamot God liberal according to His tithing system laid down in the Old Testament? Is not God liberal in giving us ninety cents out of a dollar when He takes but ten? We do not like that. We want to have ninety-nine cents for ourselves and one for God.

Now, I would a great deal rather steal ten cents from you than from God. I think one cents from you than from God. I think one reason why a great many people do not get along in worldly accumulation faster is be-cause 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 rake the whole dollar, and I will give it to the man or woman who is honest with Me." The greatest obstacle to charity in the Chris-tian church to day is the fast that man tian church to-isy is the fact that men expend so much money on their table, and women so much on their dress, they have got mothing left for the work of God and the world's betterment. In my first settlement at Belleville, N. J., the cause of missions was being presented one Sabbath, and a plea for the charity of the people was being made, when an old Christian man in the audience for the ch lost his balance and said right out in the midst of the sermon, "Mr. Talmage, how are we to give liberally to those grand and glori-ous causes when our families dress as they do?" I did not answer that question. It was the only time in my life when I had

Again, inordinate fashion is distraction to public worship. You know very well there are a good many people who come to church just as they go to the races to see who will come out first. What a flutter it makes in church when some woman with extraordi-nary display of fashion comes in ! "What a love of a bonnet." says one. "What a per-fect fright." says 500. For the most merci-less critics in the world are fashion critics. Men and women with souls to be saved pass-ing the hour in wondering where that man got his cravat or what store that woman patronizes.

In many of our churches the preliminary In many of our churches the preliminary exercises are taken up with the discussion of wardrobes. It is plitable. Is it not won-derful that the Lord does not strike the meeting houses with lightning? What dis-traction of public worship' Dying men and and women, whose bolies are soon to be turned into dust, yet before three worlds strutting like peacocks, the await question of the soul's destiny submerged by the ques-tion of navy blue velvet and long fan train skirt, long enoug to drag up the church aisle, the husaand's store, office, shop, fac-tory, fortune and the admiration of half the people in the building! Men and women come late to church to show their clothes. People sitting down in a pew or taking up a hymnbook, all absorbed at the same time in hymnbe personal array, to sing .

Ness, my work, and, hrwesh May Winty, Thy better portion trace. Bise from transitory things Toward heaven, thy native place.

I adopt the Episcopalian prayer and say, Good Lord, deliver us !" Insatiate fashion also belittles the intel-

Our minds are enlarged or they dwindle just in proportion to the importance of the subject on which we constantly dwell. Can you imagine anything more dwarfing to I see men on the street who, judging ion? from their elaboration, must have taken two hours to arrange their apparel. After a few years of that kind of absorption, which years of that sind anguitying glasses will be powerful enough to make the man's characvisible? They all land in idiocy. I have seen men at the summer watering laces, through fashion, the mere wreck of what they once were. Sallow of cheek, Meagre of limb, Hollow at the chest, Showing no animation save in rushing across room to pick up a lady's fan. Simpering along the corridors the same compliments they simpered twenty years ago. A New York lawyer at United States Hotel, Saratoga, within our hearing, rushed across a room to say to a sensible woman, "You are as sweet as peaches!" The fools of fashion are myriad. Fashion not only destroys the body, but it makes idiotic the intellect. "You are Yet, my friends, I have given you only the milder phase of this evil. It shuts a great multitude out of heaven. The first peal of thunder that shook Sinai declared, "Thou shalt have no other God before Me," and you will have to choose between the goldess of fashion and the Christian Gol. There are a great many seats in heaven, and they are all easy seats, but not one seat for the devotee of fashion. Heaven is for meek and quiet spirits. Heaven is for those who think more of their souls than of their bolies. Heaven is for those who have more joy in Christian charity than in dry goods religion Why, if you, with your idolatry of fashion, should somehow get into heaven, you would be for putting a French roof on the "house of many mansions." Give up this idelatry of fashion or give up heaven. What would you do standing beside the Countess of Huntington, whose joy it was to build chapsis for the poor, or with that Caristian woman of Boston who fed 1500 children of the street at Fancuil Hall on New Year's day, giving out as a sort of doxology at the end of the meeting a pair of shoes to each one of them, or those Dorcases of modern society who have consecrated their needles to the Lord, and who will get eternal reward for every stitch they take? Oh, men and women, give up the idolatry of fashion! The rivairies and the competi-tions of such a life are a stupendous wretchedness. You will always find some one with brighter array and with more palatial residence, and with lavender kid gloves that make a tighter fit. And if you buy this thing and wear it you will wish you had bought something else and worn if. And the frets of such a life will bring the crow's feet to your temples before they are due, and when you come to die you will have a miserable time. I have seen men and women of fash-ion die, and I never saw one of them die well. The trappings off, there they lay on the tumbled pillow, and there were just two things that bothered them - 1 wasted life and a coming eternity. I could not pacify for their body, mind and soul had be cify thom, for their body, mind and soul had been ex-hausted in the worship of fashion, and they could not appreciate the gospel. When I knelt by their bedside, they were mumbling out their regrets and saying "O God!" O God!" Their garments hung up in the warfrobe, never again to be seen by them. Without any exception, so far as my mem-ory serves me, they died without hops and went into sternity unpremared went into eternity unprepared The most ghastly deathbeds on earth are theone where a man dies of delirium tremens and the other where a woman dies after hav-ing sacrificed all her faculties of body, mind and soul in the worship of fashion. friends, we must appear in judgment to an-swer for what we have worn on our bodies as well as for what repentences we have exercised with our souls. On that day I see coming in Beau Brum-mel of the last century, without his cloak, like which all England got a cloak, and with-out his came, like which all England got a came, without his snuffbox, like which all England got a snuffbox-he, the top

England got a snuffbox-he, the fop at ages, particular about everything be morals, and Aaron Burr without the is that down to old age he showed in pro-prove his early wicked gallantries, and salom without his hair, and Marchis Pompadour without her titles, and Arnold, the belie of Wall street, when was the center of fashion, without her peries of vesture. And in great haggardness they shall avay into eternal expatriation, while and the queens of heavenly society will be vashed and a little coat for Samuel a temple, and Grandmother Lois, the as temple, and Grandmother Lois, the as trens of Timothy, who initiated her vi-and Mary, who gave Jesus Christ to world, and many of yon, the wives mothers and sisters and daughters of present Christian church, who, through tribulation, are entering into the kingdb God. Christ announced who would up the royal family of heaven when He "Whosever donth the will of God, the is My brother, My sister, My mother.

The Wonderful Guif Stream. People who visit the east coast

Florida, and especially the Ind River and the Lake Worth regi often wonder why the climate of section is so delightful at all th of the year and so different in nost every particular from what would expect in those latitudes. explanation is simple enough. lifference between northern semitropical Flo Ida, apart from atitudinal distance, is due to slevation of the former and the ance from it of the Gulf strea The waters of the Gulf of Mer emper the immediate coast h Their effect does not extend far and. The stream is pressed close the east coast shore along Dade Co ty by the Bahama banks. Atlan steamships southward bound, avoid the force of the current, sta in so near the shore that they can tome points be hailed from la The Gulf stream is an old story, it is a great fact. This vast, d blue ocean river, a thousand th the volume of the Mississippi. thirty miles wide, 2,000. feet de and has a velocity of five miles hour the year round. The tempe ture of the stream is eighty-four grees, or nine degrees higher t the waters of the ocean through which it flows. The trade w blowing nine-tenths of the time, w ter and summer from the eastwa bear the stratum of warm air fora by the Gulf stream westward ac the land. This is why the east of is milder and more equable than west coast in the same latitu With the Gulf stream are found th other equalizing agencies-the tr winds, the Everglades, with a wi surface preventing a land bre and the zone of high barometric pa are. The midsummer heat, might otherwise be ninety-five grees, is reduced to something eighty-eight degrees. The mid ter chill, which might get down

thirty degrees, is warmed up to so La like forty degrees.

A Government Puppy. A propos of the distribution of seed from the Department of Agricultur which was under discussion in th House recently, Rep esentative Tuc er, of Virginia, to d a story. He sa that down in Appomattox Coun there lived an old farmer to whom! had on several occasions sent pac-ages of seeds and shipments of fi from the Fish Commission, with which to stock the creeks and 1 on on his place. One court day, wh the Representative was in town, h farmer friend approached and in confidential way said: "Tuck, you sent me seeds and fish two or thr times, and I am very much oblig to you for them, but there is other thing I wish you would do you can."

"My idea of the battle of life, he said suddenly, "is to treat the mind and body to their utmost, and then Nina looked astonished. There was a certain latent weariness about him which she had never seen before.

of fools. Nine say that you have a

One summer morning I saw an army of a sentimentality, admired the arrangement of a woman's hair when he said in his epistic, There will be a fashion in heaven as on

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 disdainfully at her recumbant enemy, a man of about thirty, and, so far as could be judged from his position, desidedly good-looking. His hair was light and close cut, his forchead square, and his mouth, even in sleep, and under the shadow of his mustache, wore The merits of his figure-rather of the massive order-were undeniable.

On a bench near Nina was a book. She took it up. On the flyleaf was written, Merrick Bryce. Undoubtedly his, she thought, as she turned it over.

Meanwhile the late sleeper had awakened. Ou the plazza sat the prettiest shivered in her thin dress. girl he had ever seen, with black, willful hair, and eyes-but the book-tis pared to put it over her shoulders. book, monopolized those. Just then little escaped them.

He arose and sauntered away, while will try it outside." she was vexed to find herself speculating about him.

est place in the world. To call it a "one-horse concern" would be rank flattery. It was the merest equine fraction. And if there were ever justifiable homicide, it would have been assuredly in the taking off of the compounder of its pies and puddings. Nina's cerculean mood deepened to

nightmare supper, which she enjoyed in solitary state with Mr. Bryce, marveling, the while, to behold his appetite. There seemed a certain antagonism between them, the more unfortunate since they would be thrown on each other's society for several days.

Nina explained her position. She was in advance of friends obliged to tion-and then-" delay their arrival (!) after which they were all going to the mountains. Mr. Bryce remarked that his own case was somewhat similar. His party, also, was delayed -- they were to have met himself as best he could with fishing.

"Odious people," thought Nina pettishly. "It is wonderful how many rain has abated." such there are in the world, and how one always meets them. Ethel would say it served me right-a married sissay it served me right—a married sis-ter is so unsympathetic. But I will never own to homenickness." "Lo I have found a place for my foot—not being a Chicago girl..." "I am a Chicago girl..." sne hastily interposed, with a flash of the eyes.

ance with Mr. Bryce on the basis of the book aforesaid. They discussed its characters and incidents.

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

In a novel I should rescue you from them-stolid as they really are. What glared hot in the sunshine, she looked do they know of 'the weariness, the fever and the fret' that vex humanity? However, a novel incident is at hand, worn with age, but still vigorous enough to work us woe. The storm ! Look at the west."

The sky was piled in black and leaden masses. As she looked at it a a look of imperturbable good humor. quick lightning flash made her start. "That vacant house youder will

shelter us," said Bryce. "Only we must make haste.

They reached it as the first thunder rolled around the hills. Enormous hatistones rattled on the roof, and a cold wind suddenly arose. Nina, over hitherto been considered one of my heated by her violennt exertion, now

Bryce threw of his coat, and pre-

"You ought, Miss Caldwell," he urged she looked up, and he saw that they as she objected. "I am used to roughwere dark gray. His own light brown ing it, and run no risk whatever, but ones were keen though indolent, and it is dangerous for you. Very well, imperturbably, as she still refused. "I

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

"Come in, and I will do as you wish."

They looked into each other's eyes as he wrapped the covering about her. He half smiled.

"Shall we call this Eden or the arkf Or, perhaps, a desert island? I should indigo at the sight of the conglomerate build you a hut with tools saved from the shipwreck, and bring you fruit and goats' milk. Possibly we should have rescued an ice cream freezer." "And I could braid our hats and do

the esthetic generally," laughed Mina. "And some day-it always ends so a wandering vessel in search of a

cocoanut cargo, or something) of the kind, would take us back to /civiliza-

Nina dropped hereyes, and/drummed

on a broken pane, "Is the shower over?" she asked, coldiy.

here yesterday and he was consoling as the double role of Noah and the dove," he rejoined hashi seeming un-consciousness of her a gered manner.

"I will send myself for the see if the He speedily returned, bearing a

green leaf in triumph.

He gave one glance at the small foot in its perfectly fitting, dainty boot. For the first time in the career of that

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. He is her guardian, and she declares that she believes he was going to marry her hecause she bothered him and he did not know how else to dispose of her.'

Nina could not refrain from a merry peal of inughter.

"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."

"But what makes you fancy, you absurd Fred, that there is anything between Mr. Bryce and me?"

The blindness of a bat has not distinguished characteristics, "responded Fred oracularly, "But there is Ethelwaiting for me. Tell me when you expect congratulations, ch. Nina?"

With which provoking speech he had left her to go her own way, with the result, altogether described, of a meeting with Mr. Bryce on the stairs, and some words uttered which changed the whole outlook of life for her. -Detroit Free Press.

Glasshlowers From Tauringia,

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.

The show window of this little factory displays a carious variety of works in glass. There are delicately wrought vases in many colors, thermometer tubes, surgical appliances; little double bulbed glasses with water in the lower bulb and gold fish in the upper.

The glass flowers are the pride and specialty of the proprietor. He was one of the earliest men in Germany to make them, says his voluble assistant, and they are really marvelous products of the glassblower's art. There are roses, red, white and yellow, with soft and pliant-looking petals, curiously like the genuine rose. There are sprays of lily of the valley, a plant in which the Germans specially delight; moss-rose buds, forget-me nots, and all of fifty other flowers that one may name. The glassblowers use ordinary illuminating gas, to which they communicate extra pressure by a simple device. They work with astonishing rapidity and nicety. - China, Glass and Lamps.

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

"What's that?" asked the Repr sentative.

"Well, I want a thoroughbr hound pup for my kennel, and thought maybe you folks up at Was ington could send it down to me ju as well as not, if I only asked for it

"Why, certainly," responded Tud er. "It will give me great pleasu to send the pup to you, and as so as I get back to Washington you m look out for him." The Represent tive said that, so far as he could se there was no reason why the Gover ment should not go into the busine of supplying the constitutents Congressmen with dogs to impro their breeds as well as seed to prove their crops and fish to add their food supply. "So," he c tinued, "I hunted up a thoroughbr hound pup, had him nicely crate prepaid the express charges and se him down. And you can bet th constituent is solid for Tucker." Washington Post.

Fruit Eating to Cure All Ilis.

A new society of cranks has ne started by a former lieutenant in th German army. His name is Wath He is the leader of a new "ism," a as such sailed recently from Francisco to Honolulu. The Fruit rians" is the name of the new socie he represents, and their beliefrather notion-is that modern civi zation is full of vanities and strang notions, and greatly needs reformin The members eat nothing but rip truit, eschew cooked lond of at kind, and drink only water. The are to live in huts, bare of the com forts of civilization, and go naked Ex-Lieut. Wathe intends to buy large tract of land in the Sandwic islands, or perhaps a small islan outright, for the purpose of found.m a colony.

Rubber Tires.

In the use of rubber tires for bi 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 re-spect should be had in applying the oil to bearings.