

A FAILURE.

He cast his net at morn where fishers toiled,
At eve he drew it empty to the shore;
He took the diver's plunge into the sea,
But thence within his hand no pearl he bore.

The Major's Antipathy.

BY EVERARD JACK APPLETON.



HE Major came slowly down the steps of the Veteran Club house and turned homeward. The day was a warm one and the Major's wounds were apt to worry him a good deal in hot weather, but he held his handsome old head none the less high.

pretty face dimpling with happy smiles. "It means, little girl," replied the Major, slowly, taking her bright face between his two kindly old hands, "it means that my daughter has gone—"

man, who was coming up the street with a long, easy stride. "What—why, Dorothy—you!" he exclaimed, as he looked down into her white face; but he got no further, for the man was upon them. With another fierce exclamation of disgust and anger, for he recognized the Lieutenant as he turned the corner, and utterly desperate as to the consequences, he threw himself at the young officer. Halloway stepped quietly aside as he saw him coming; then, as the footpad missed his aim and hurled himself past the Lieutenant, the latter struck him a sharp, hard, scientific blow just below the ear, and doubling up like an empty sack he fell to the pavement without a sound.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

PLEASANT LITERATURE FOR FEMINE READERS.

THE NEW WOMAN'S GAIT. The fashionable feminine walk is a curious thing. It is a swinging from the hips, a throwing of both shoulders and arms, and a rattling pace that oftentimes puts the male companion to his breath's limit to keep up with it. —New Orleans Picayune.

that here, at least, the sexes can compete on terms of perfect equality. Yet, again, as a matter of plain fact, are the services of lady doctors much in request with their own sex—nay, even in those branches of the therapeutic art dealing with specially feminine ailments? Moreover, if the advanced woman's theory of exact professional equality and indifference as to sex is to be maintained, why should any barrier suggest itself to the consultation of medical women by men, any more than now exists to the calling in by women of the male practitioner? But is there no such barrier? Surely the mere statement of the case disposes of the parity argument.

Some Feathered Jokers. Have birds a sense of humor? Must not only be thoroughly acquainted with its habits, but be able to enjoy the doings of a mischief maker if the catbird is appreciated at its full worth. One as the writer was watching a thrush in a quiet grove where it was enjoying life in its own way, with occasional spurts of song to entertain a catbird appeared on the scene, but a little below it. Just then thrush began to sing. Instantly the catbird spread its legs a bit, showed wings slightly clear of its body, and one eye up at the thrush and another to the dulcet ear. The thrush sang short and instantly the catbird up the thrush's strain in a voice that was simply ridiculous. At that thrush eyed the catbird calmly and quiet was restored and then started once more on its song. Again it was interrupted by the mocker, and performance was repeated a third time, when the thrush gave it up and flew away.