

PRAY FOR ME.
Pray for me, love, at dawn, what time
For thee my prayers arise,
That, hand in hand, our vows may climb
The steep path through the skies.
Pray for me, love at eventide,
So shall the words we say
Meet in the mist, and side by side
Sweep up the beaten way.
That every time I kneel for thee
May my unhallowed prayer,
Coming in such good company,
Find sweet acceptance there.
—Pall Mall Budget.

A BICYCLE CHASE.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.



MILO WARREN was making a call on a girl to whom he was fondly attached, although he had never told her so. But this was a case where actions speak louder than words, and—leave a girl alone for finding out if a young man regards her with favor. Every girl is clairvoyant where affairs of the heart are concerned.
They were talking about their birthdays, and the pleasant custom of giving presents at such a time.
"Let me see," said Milo, thoughtfully, "did you say your birthday came in September, Miss Nellie?"
"I did not say," remarked Miss Nellie, demurely.
"Then it was December, wasn't it? Some lucky fellow will be giving you a diamond, perhaps."
"Or a souvenir spoon," laughed Nellie; "you know they made jewel- spoons for birthday gifts, but all the girls changed their birthdays to December, and the young men could not stand the expense, and then they sent a petition to the manufacturers, asking them to discontinue the custom, so no more spoons are in the market."
"I—I—I—really wish you would tell me when your natal day arrives. I might at least send you a bunch of roses, in remembrance of all the—the—happy days we have spent together. Is it this month, Miss Nellie?"
"You remind me of the parlor games, 'is it this? Is it that?'" said Miss Nellie, and then fearing that the young man was becoming sentimental she turned the conversation to other subjects.
But the next day Milo Warren dropped casually into the store where Miss Nellie Newton's best brother was engaged as bookkeeper, and inquired when she would appear, if that young man would take lunch with him.
"Certainly," was the brusque reply from a month full of pens, "I'll meet thee at Philippi—I mean at Hunger & Co.'s—in an hour."
He was there, and at the pleasant spread of good things provided Milo Warren pronounced this conundrum:
"If you like a girl awfully, but haven't told her so, and you think she maybe likes you awfully—no, I don't mean that—but if that girl has a birthday and you want to make her a present, and she won't tell you when it is—the birthday, you know—oh, hang it all, I'm everlastingly mixed up. Can't you help a fellow out?"
Lyman Newton laid aside his knife and fork and looking Milo in the face, asked seriously:
"Any insanity in your family, Milo?"
"None that I ever heard of outside of my own case," was the depressed answer.
"Reducing your heroes to a plain statement, then, you want to give a girl of your acquaintance a birthday present?"
"Exactly."
"Is she an Old Woman?"
"What do you mean?" roared Warren, turning red, "I'll thank you to speak with respect of my friends—besides I—"
"Oh, no harm done; don't get riled so easily. I wanted to know if she belonged to the past age or the present. I take it then that she's a New Woman?"
"I understand now. Yes, I believe she has advanced opinions, but she isn't one of those dreadful creatures that advocate the wearing of bloomers. Nellie is the soul of womanly modesty and—"
"Nellie?" Do I know this bright particular star?"
"Why, of course you do—I quite forgot—she's your own sister!"
"Well, I like that! And you want to make her a birthday present and don't know the day. Sorry, old fellow, but I can't help you out. Nellie would take my head off if I told."
That ended the lunch, but an unforeseen thing happened. Just as Milo Warren left his company at the corner he saw an urchin he knew. It was the indiction known as Nellie's youngest brother, age seven, capacity for mischief, seven times seven, precocity unlimited by any period of time.
Milo, with malice prepense, engaged the dear child in a surfeit of sweets, and then asked, as if the idea was not of the least consequence and had just occurred to him:
"When does Sister Nellie have a birthday?"
The dear child looked at him for a moment, drew his mouth around under his ear, elevated both eyebrows and said in a confiding, infantile voice:
"What'll you give to know?"
Advantageous terms being made, the boy poked his mouth for a whistle, thought better of it and gave

the following Saturday as his sister's birthday.
"An' if yer want to make yourself solid—see, just send her a real stunner of a bike."
"What! A bicycle! Does she ride?"
"How kin she? I reckon she kin learn, mister. You just send that bike—there ain't nothin' Nell wants wuss nor that."
With this advice, and being sworn to secrecy, the small terror bowled himself off.
It gave Milo Warren something to do to purchase that bicycle and have it delivered to Miss Nellie on her birthday in an anonymous manner. He expected it back every hour for about a week, but it did not come, and he felt safe. The small brother had not betrayed him after all.
But after a little he began to wish he had, for Miss Nellie had evidently mounted that bicycle and ridden out of his life. He called, but she was out on her bicycle, no matter what the hour was, noon or night, and he got himself run over on the street and knocked down daily by dashing out from sidewalk corners to see who the rider was, and getting hurt for his pains. When he could stand it no longer, he came to a sudden resolve—he would buy a bicycle for himself, and perhaps be able to find Nellie.
And now began an exciting chase for life and liberty, for at one moment the amateur bicyclist was under the foot of a trampling horse, the next he was running over a wrathful pedestrian, and he usually ended his experiences by picking up his frisky steed and carrying it to the shop for repairs.
And all this time he never caught a glimpse of Nellie, but he was inclined to think he divined the cause. Judging from his own experience in learning to ride a bicycle, Nellie might be exercising her own fractions acquisition on some remote roadway outside the city limits—or, dreadful thought, might even be laid up herself for repairs. He called on the bookkeeper brother, but found him busy and non-committal. So he waited and tried to possess his soul with patience, and learn to ride a bicycle without the zig-zag motion that had endangered the lives of the populace and nearly caused his arrest by the police.
Then he made the discovery that if he gave his wheel its head, it would behave much better than when he guided it carefully, to the end that it traversed both sides of the street at once. After acting like a thing possessed it learned to behave, and he found himself skimming along like a bird on the wing, with an exultant sense of freedom and delight, and he longed to see Nellie and tell her what he had been trying to say for months—that he loved her!
And at that moment there whizzed past him a vision in bloomers, one of those dreadful New Women of whom he had heard, and now was a-see. He almost bit that it was disloyalty to gentle little Nellie to even look at such an apparition; but somehow she looked so quaint in her saucy jacket and baggy trousers, her neatly-gaitered feet were so pert and independent, that Milo looked and looked again, and then he gave a great whoop, and took after the flying wheel like a streak of lightning.
His confidence stood him in stead of skill. He went spinning along in fine style until he reached a parallel with the girl in bloomers, then he leaned over to speak to her, toppled, and fell in a heap, but not before he had gasped "Nellie!"
That young lady skillfully eluded the wreck, made a fancy run and turn, and as Milo gathered himself up, said pleasantly:
"Why, Mr. Warren, I didn't know that you rode a wheel."
"I don't," said the young man ruefully, feeling of his elbow to determine whether it was dislocated or merely abraded, "but you, Miss Nellie, are quite an expert."
Miss Nellie murmured something about the wheel being a present from her brother, and that she had not cared to ride, but did just to please him.
"But you ought to see my little brother ride," she said, with enthusiasm; "he rides the wheel when I am not using it, and he makes it spin. Why he rides standing up, and I'm so afraid something will happen to him."
Milo was walking along, leading his wheel, as if he preferred that way, and Miss Nellie gave him several exhibitions of her skill, and each moment made a stronger and more lasting impression on the poor fellow's heart. But even bicycle courtship comes to an end, and they were at Nellie's home, and he must leave her, unless—he asked for a glass of water, and before it was brought he sat down with the wheel on the sidewalk.
It was a sudden and most effective stroke of art. Nellie cried, and asked if he was killed anywhere; Mrs. Newton brought camphor; they got him into the house, and then he was able to speak, and said what was true enough—that he had lost his head for a moment.
The two most expert cyclists on the avenue are Milo and Nellie. You will recognize her by her brown bloomer suit, which is much admired, and he by the glad smile which mantles his expressive countenance. Nellie knows now who gave her the wheel, and Milo has had another example of the total depravity of the small brother. Nellie's birthday comes in January, but to expedite matters the imp changed it to July. However, all's well that ends well.—Detroit Free Press.

Oysters Are Sensitive.

It is the belief of oyster catchers that oysters are peculiarly sensitive to sudden jags. The careful oysterman never chops wood on board, lest he kill the oysters, and he dreads a thunderstorm.—Chicago Record.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

PLEASANT LITERATURE FOR FEMINE READERS.

MRS. CLEVELAND'S ECONOMY.

One of Mrs. Cleveland's virtues which seems hitherto to have escaped the public notice is her economy. It is said that she spends less than \$1000 a year on her wardrobe, and this with all her beautiful new gowns and her faultless and never-fading freshness in every detail of costume that bespeak a genius for management.—New Orleans Picayune.

THE PLACKET-HOLE.

The placket-hole is a feature in feminine attire that is deserving of discipline. You rarely ever see one that is quite correct, and when you do you wonder how it happened. There is the belt, the skirt waistband and the skirt band and placket-hole all fighting with each other to see which can disrupt the union, if any union there be. Fashion allows a silver safety-pin, designed after a modest and un-suggestive pattern, and as an expediency this is allowable to try to effect a reconciliation between these contending forces in attire, but even that sometimes fails.—New York World.

BURNESE GIRLS.

In every household the daughter has her appointed work. In all but the richer merchants' houses the daughter's duty is to bring the water from the well evening and morning. It is the gossiping place of the village, this well, and as the sun sets there come running down all the girls of the village. As they fill their jars they lean over the curb and talk, and it is here that are told the latest news, the latest flirtation, the latest marriage, the little scandal of the place. Very few men come. Water-carrying is got their duty, and there is a proper time and place for flirtation. So the girls have the well almost to themselves.

Almost every girl will weave. In every house there will be a loom, where the girls weave their dresses and those of their parent. And very many girls will have stalls in the bazaar, but of this I will speak later. Other duties are the husking of the rice and the making of cheeroots. Of course, in the richer households there will be servants to do all this; but even in them the daughter will frequently weave, either for herself or for her parents. Almost every girl will do something, if it be only to pass the time.—Blackwood's Magazine.

THE AFRICAN DUTCH GIRL.

Cobus, the Hottentot, has brought an iron bucket from the wagon, and at the margin of the well he fills it with water for the meise, who already has soap, a towel and a comb. Taking off her sun bonnet, she washes her face and hands; then, unfettering her stout plait of fair brown hair, she leans forward, and using the calm surface of the water as a mirror, she combs out the somewhat tangled locks. Again the brown hair is coiled into a neat plait, drawn tightly from her temples, and her toilet is completed. As she ties on her sun bonnet again the Boer comes up, pats her broad back and looks admiringly at the now refreshed face.

Two hundred years of South Africa have little altered the old Batavian type. The eyes are blue, but of small brilliancy, the cheeks too broad and flat for English taste, and the young figure is already stiff, waistless and heavy. Yet in this far-off back country women folk are scarce and in much request, and already, at eighteen, Anna Stuurmann has found a mate. Next to her brother's wagon there stands the wagon of her betrothed—Cornelis Kloppe, who is just now away in the grass plains a little to the north, shooting springboks with the younger Stuurmanns.

This wagon is newly repaired, smart and gaily painted, and is destined in another month or two, after the flocks have been recruited in the Bushmanland Trekveldt, to become the home of the Boer maiden. The combined families are to trek to Calvina village, where the marriage will take place, and thenceforth Anna becomes mistress of her own man and wagon.—Blackwood's Magazine.

WIDOWS' MOURNING.

An authority says widows should wear crape-covered dresses and a widow's cap a year and a day in the English fashion. The mourning period for widows lasts two years, and in half of the second year the Henrietta cloth and grenadine gowns should be worn simply trimmed with crape. The first dress cannot be made too severe in style, yet it follows the present fashions very nearly. Box-pleats of crape, a wide double box-pleat down the front and back, are sufficient trimming in the second year. A yoke of crape and a draped or folded collar and belt are also excellent trimmings. For tall women a deep fold of crape around the foot of the skirt as a border is becoming, as it shortens the apparent height. Smaller and shorter women have a narrow fold of crape down each seam of the voluminous skirt, or else a broad panel of crape down each side breadth. Three milliner's folds of crape around the foot of the skirt are also liked.

A feature of mourning dress worn only by widows is the turned-over collar and cuffs of white organdie or other transparent white lawn, which they wear on all occasions during their use of crape. These are about two inches and a half wide, with an inch-wide hem turned up on the outside.

The widow's bonnet is merely a foundation for holding the veil. It is a frame fitted to the head quite

closely, and neatly covered with crape. The use of the white crimped pad called the widow's ruche is a matter of personal choice; it is adopted or discarded by young or elderly women alike. The veil of English crape is about three yards long, hanging below the knees in front and perhaps a trifle shorter in the back. The hems are a third of a yard deep. It requires a skilful milliner to arrange it properly on the small frame of the bonnet. The strings are of black gros grain ribbon.—Harper's Bazar.

POLITICS IN GERMANY.

"Die Frauenbewegung" is rapidly gaining ground in Germany. The haus-frau is laying aside her knitting needles and taking up her pen to write her name upon the petitions which are rolling in upon the Reichstag asking that women be allowed to form themselves into political bodies. They are now permitted to make speeches, and, it is said, that in addition to the industrial class which has long desired suffrage, women of a higher rank and station are giving the movement much encouragement.

Women in Germany seem to have done less talking than their American sisters, but they have not been napping, for they evidently have outstripped the women of other lands in throwing off the burdens of housework by patronizing the public washhouses and kitchens. They seem to do this, too, without getting little Johann's knickerbockers on his kleine Marie or putting their thumbs over the plums in their neighbor's pie, as might be expected of an "emancipate frau."
Baroness Von Gibecki is one of the most prominent women suffragists of Germany. She is a journalist and is joint editor with Frau Caner of a woman's paper devoted to suffrage. According to a writer in the Queen, she is tall, fair and stately, possesses great literary ability and originality of thought. She is as good, as wise and as modest as she is attractive.—New York Press.

FASHION NOTES.

Black lace gowns will be relieved with bright colored bows.

A youthful hat with a poke-shaped brim is covered with loose, soft frills of white lace.

A poppy-shaped hat of rose pink straw is trimmed with rose gauze and silk rose pink poppies.

A black silk parasol with yellow lace figures inserted in it and a border of yellow lace is very much liked.

A stylish waist for a crepon gown has a sailor collar and wide box plait of white satin edged with point-de-Bruge.

A gown for wear at the seaside is of navy blue serge with a blouse waist mounted on a rounded yoke of white serge striped with blue.

Black silk muslin fichus, very large and full, are also worn with linen gowns, and the frilled ends are usually drawn through the belt.

Black silk blouses with enormous sleeves and sailor collar, braid-stitched with white or pale lilac, are worn with afternoon costumes of half mourning.

For thin materials it is always best to make the skirt separate from the under skirt, as the graceful floating effect is maintained, and moreover it can easily be pressed.

Black, brightened with any of the popular colors, is in the height of fashion, and thin black made up over color is among the most becoming and stylish of combinations.

Among the simple gowns for young girls is one of silk crepon for afternoon wear, trimmed with an insertion of lace around the full skirt and between the box plait on the waist.

The simplest cotton dresses are made of gingham or of cotton duck, and have a shirt waist with gathered front, yoke back, very full gathered sleeves, deep cuffs and high turn-over collar.

A gown of embroidered muslin over shot silk shows the close-fitting sleeves, which are to come later, disguised by lace capelets over the shoulders and finished with a frill of lace at the elbow.

White chiffon waists are worn with white taffeta, moire and crepon skirts, making the daintiest sort of summer gowns for afternoon wear. A pretty example has a sort of stole collar of white net embroidered with fine sequins in black, silver and pearls.

The latest military importation is a framework bonnet with sets of adjustable trimmings. There are jet and iridescent pins and butterflies, and they adorn it, front, back and sides, as the wearer fancies, and the change allows it to correspond with any gown.

Remnants of satin, white, tinted and of fancy patterns, are sold for yokes and belts and other accessories. Sometimes the satin is covered with lace or net, and especially is this mode followed in sleeves which are made with Queen Anne puffs and gathered at the elbow with ruffles overlaid with lace.

Alpaca and mohair fabrics are again in fashion, being worn for summer traveling dresses. They are absolutely dust resisting, and they are light in weight, cool enough for hot weather, and yet sufficiently protecting for the cool summer days. They come in black, in gray, and in changeable effects. Velvet or satin ribbon is much used as a trimming for these gowns.

Skirts are severely plain as regards trimmings, in spite of attempts made to popularize garments with fan-like insertions and other patchy arrangements. But if the up-to-date jupes are simplicity itself, this lack of ornament is replaced by the enormous volume of my lady's petticoats. Nine yards of material—double width—is the usual quantity of stuff now used for an ordinary dress.

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

"On a String"—Easy to Find Out—The Election of the Future—A Fruitless Quest, Etc., Etc.

He tells you what a string of fish From out the waves he drew; But, ah! instead of stringing them He doubtless stringing you! —Town Topics.

A FRUITLESS QUEST.
City Boarder—"Didn't you advertise that you had plenty of fruit?"
Jerseyman—"That's right. The old woman's got over a hundred cans of it."—Puck.

EASY TO FIND OUT.
Wyll—"I wonder where Higbee gets his money?"
Mack—"I don't know, but I will soon learn. My wife's curiosity is aroused."—Harlem Life.

THE ELECTION OF THE FUTURE.
Candidate—"I can't understand why my support was not greater at the polls."
Manager—"I am told a great many of the voters had nothing to wear."—Town Topics.

SOMEWHAT FRIGID.
Huggins—"Isn't Miss Bosting rather cold?"
Kissam—"Cold? All she needs is some pemican and a relief expedition to be a regular Arctic exploration."—Puck.

THE POINT OF VIEW.
The Sentimentalist—"Doesn't Miss Dove look as if she was very sweet and tender?"
The Gourmet—"Yes, indeed! As if all she needed to make her perfect was a few mushrooms."—Judge.

ABOVE AND BELOW.
Husband—"We must be more economical in the use of coal."
Wife (a Vassar graduate)—"There are untold billions of tons of coal just beneath the earth's surface, and—"
Husband—"And one or two big corporations just above."—New York Weekly.

PRESCRIBING HIS OWN MEDICINE.
Irate Party—"Young man, have you made any provision for your family? Is your life insured?"
Agent—"I—er—"
Irate Party—"Well, it don't make any difference just now. But you'd better get it insured before you call here again."—Puck.

SAFER, TOO.
Visitor—"How long has this feud continued?"
Mountaineer—"Bout thirty yeahs, sah."
Visitor—"Why doesn't the law step in and settle it?"
Mountaineer—"Well, sah, it's bettah to let it run on, sah, till only one gentleman is left, sah, and then we'll hang him."—Chicago Record.

IT SPREADS HEALTH.
"Why was Mr. Pestle so cool to Mr. Wheeler? I thought they were great friends."
"So they were; but Mr. Wheeler has lately become a bicycle agent, and Mr. Pestle insists that he has ruined his business."
"Why, is Mr. Pestle also a bicycle agent?"
"No; he is a druggist."—Harper's Bazar.

AN APPRECIATED SUTOR.
He—"Your father and mother have noticed that I am er-calling on you quite frequently, haven't they?"
She—"They couldn't very well help it."
"Are they mad?"
"Not a bit."
"Truly?"
"Certainly. They know it isn't my fault that you come so much."—New York Weekly.

A FRANK LOVER.
He—"Carrie, do you know, darling, that you are the only girl I ever—"
She—"There, that will do. Don't tell me any of your fairy stories."
He—"But hear me out. You are the only girl, Isay, that I ever thought was fool enough to love me."
She—"Which shows that I was made for you. Yes, Charley, I think you may buy that ring as soon as you like."—Boston Transcript.

GOOD OF A GUARANTEE.
Mr. Trotter—"Look here, didn't you guarantee that you would train that kicking horse of mine so that I could drive him just as well as you could?"
Celebrated Horse Trainer—"Certainly."
Mr. Trotter—"But he kicked my buggy to pieces as soon as I got home."
Celebrated Horse Trainer—"Well he kicked mine to pieces about five minutes before."—Frank Leslie's Weekly.

IT MADE "SLEEPY" SICK AT HEART.
"Talk about your brotherhood of man," said Sleepy Ike, the dusty wanderer, to his companion, "there ain't no such thing. I've lost faith in human nature."
"How's that, Sleepy?"
"Just now I went to that big house the other side of the creek and asked the mistress if I couldn't eat some grass in her front yard. She said no, I'd spoil the lawn, but that grass was too long on the tennis courts, and I might have some there. Such things just break my heart."—New York Tribune.

A SHORTHAND JOKER.

Lawley (expert shorthand reporter)—"I say, James, the boy from the newspaper office has called for the report of that lecture. Is it finished?"
James (a novice)—"All but a short sentence in the middle of it, and I can't for the life of me make out my notes what it is."
Lawley—"Oh, just put in 'great applause' and let it go."
James acts on the suggestion, and the lecture is sent for publication with the doctored part reading: "Friends, I will detain you but a few moments longer. (Great applause.)"—Tit-Bits.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.
Mrs. Pongoby presents herself to Madame Valerie, the modiste, to select an error in the monumental gown for her summer costume.
"Madame will notice that the ribbon on the chalice gown is colored eighty-five cents a yard, and yet precisely the same ribbon was used! A mistake, of course!" murmurs Mrs. Pongoby, suspiciously sweet tones, a steady glimmer in her eye the while.
"Ah!" cries Madame, "What stupid bookkeeper is mine! Of course it is a mistake, my dear Mrs. Pongoby. I am desolated it should occur to me. I will rectify it at once. Both ribbons should have been charged at \$1.00.—Truth.

FAULT OF HER SISTER.
"Bridget, I want a pound of sugar, bag of salt, two ounces of pepper, loaf of bread and a pound of butter. Do you think you can remember that all, or shall I write them down?"
"Sure, mam, I kin remember every one of the other. When I hev bread, I want butter, and when I hev butter, I want pepper and salt."
"All right. Go, and don't be long."
Bridget was not long. She came back in a very short time, but with an empty basket.
"Why, where is the sugar?"
"I couldn't remember wanst of it, mam."
"Why, I thought you could remember each article by the color of it."
"Faith, mam, I had nothin' to remember the first one by."—Eagle Bazar.

An Extraordinary Document.
Governor, N. Y., lost a political citizen by the death of Albert B. Cady. He was born in Merikiner County, 1811, and went to Governor's office the county was mostly wild. Since his death the following interesting document was found among his private papers:
"I am to-day eighty-four years old and have never had a quarrel with a man or woman since I arrived at manhood. I have always succeeded in paying my way in the world. I never earned a dollar in money; never paid a cent in interest; never gave my name to a person; never was never fed a lawyer a dollar, and usually acted as my own counsel. So far as I know, I am at peace with mankind, and if I have enemies I do not who they are."
This remarkable retrospect was written on April 16 last, and is legible. Mr. White had formerly enjoyed the distinction of being the oldest living graduate of the Grand New Wesleyan Seminary, which some decades was a famous school of learning.—New York Press.

Smallest Homestead Land Grant.
What is beyond doubt the smallest body of land ever granted by the United States as a homestead, Dade, the extreme southeastern tip of the State of Florida, east of a small island in the northern Lake Worth. This island is less than one-fourth of an acre in extent, yet the claim for it was in the United States Land Office Gainesville; that proof was by J. J. Haley, of Rhode Island, and the owner took possession of the island cost him \$5.37, \$5 for the fee and thirty-seven cents for the land. The homestead is better situated, situated about one mile from the ocean, whose tide flows in a lake from an inlet about a mile from the island. Mr. Haley from \$80 per month from the land, as the island is just in the green and loggerhead turtles into the lake from the ocean and there he catches them.—Free Press.

A Ring of Pure Gold.
Dr. O. D. Norton wears a pure gold ring that has never left his finger since 1810. In that year he was his got the gold fever and was promising to send back the gold he found. He changed to the successful ones, and it was few months till Dr. Norton's letter inclosing a lot of gold. This he had made into a ring which he has worn ever since, which is now but one-third of an ounce. The sender, by the way, is now President of the Scientific of California.—Cincinnati Star.

Good Country Roads.
A Western contemporary says: "The improvement of country roads is not necessary to get better roads; it is necessary to get better roads; the taxes levied to-day are not far from this city on a per mile has been spent for thirty years without the improvement of the roads. These national communities waste money of such a waste, but it is rare that country roads are a disgrace to the road-makers."—New York Sun.