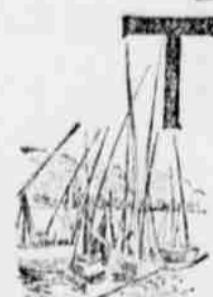


THE LESSON OF NATURE.

There's a wealth of lovely pictures in this blessed world of ours—
There's the rainbow in the heavens, after spring and summer showers,
With its wondrous hues prismatic, with its perfect arching grace,
From the south of its beauty to the distant misty base.
There's the sunrise o'er the mountains in the shimmering August days,
There's the sunset in the valley in a veil of bluish haze,
There's the river flowing gently from the upland to the sea,
Now all golden in the sunlight, in the shadow silvery.
There's the meadow full of stover, and the cattle grazing there—
All is silent, all is peaceful, all is free from every care.
There's the vista through the woodland, with its gorgeous autumn hues,
There's the twinkling star appearing through the deepening evening blue.
There's the vast untroubled ocean, with a fair unclouded sky,
There's the dancing wave awinking as the ships go sailing by,
There's the garden with its flowers, with its roses all in bloom,
There's the very soul of purity, the first fresh fall of snow.
And they come and go forever in a never-ending train,
And we mortals, gazing on them, know they're sure to come again,
"The message of Jehovah, to his people— you and me—"
"Take this promise that I give you of your immortality!"
—John K. Bangs, in Harper's Bazar.

THE VOICE THAT CALLED



HE men in the club-room had been telling stories and the available stock of narratives having given out we were casting about for more. "Yes," said my friend, the director of and partner in a noted ocean steamship line, "I have had quite a few remarkable incidents happen to me in my day, especially when I was sailing one of the two ships belonging to the—line, and my partner the other," with a retrospective smile as he thought of the extensive number of vessels he controlled.
"But I think the most trying experience I ever knew took place even before then, when I was a youngster of twenty and very proud of being trusted with a ship while still so young.
"You see, I was a clergyman's son and my family looked upon my desire to follow the sea as utter foolishness, but after I had run away a dozen times or so and been followed and brought back just as many, my father thought he might as well let me have my own way, so he took me down to Liverpool.
"I was no sooner touched the pier and in the due form to an old friend of his, who was the head of a great merchantman line running to the West Indies and back. I was only fourteen then and I believe the idea was that I should tire of the labor and hardships of sea life and be glad to beg for home again; when this happened I was of course to be let go, for friend-ship's sake, and would be started off to college in due order; a year or so behind my proper time, but still not irredeemably late.
"The old captain smiled again and a twinkling lightened his eye as though he was very much amused internally, but his voice was as dry as ever and not the shadow of a smile transgressed the club rule which prohibited a member from laughing at his own stories. Some of the listeners stirred a little lazily as he paused, and Wilson, who was always the leader, nodded to him to continue.
"Well," he replied, "I disappointed my father and enjoyed a sea life so much that my captain gave fine accounts of me and my father's friend took a great liking to me and often had me to spend a week at his home when the ship was in port, and I fearing to be late in joining her again, had shortened my home visit and was waiting for the day of starting. His wife was kind to me, too, and he had a little daughter, who—but that's anticipating.
"The years of my apprenticeship passed and the proud moment when I received my papers as a 'master mariner' arrived. Then I was given a ship, although my youth made this a very unusual thing, and sent off to the West Indies. Of course, I was supplied with an old and experienced first mate, and it was probably due as much to his care and watchfulness as to my own skill that the voyage passed off without an accident or mishap of any kind, but I was as proud as a hen with her first batch of chickens, and the head of the firm showed his confidence in my abilities in a manner which came very near to losing him a daughter.
"Arthur, my boy," he said to me some days before I sailed again, "I'm going out with you. I'm going to take my wife and daughter along, too; we all fancy the trip, and it struck me that we would go with you instead of as a passenger vessel. My wife has made the trip on a merchantman many a time when we were younger and my daughter is very anxious to try it. You can let the ladies have the 'wife's cabin,' can't you?"
"In those days every merchantman ship was supplied with a little cabin for the use of the captain's wife, although they stopped the practice soon after and forbade the men to carry their families with them. Of course, I was very willing to have my friends as passengers, although I was a little nervous at the thought of my employer being in the ship with me and

having his sharp old eyes taking notice of my every movement.
"But I need not have been anxious on this account, for the day before we sailed the old gentleman was disabled with an attack of gout and he decided that he must stay at home.
"But there is no good for the old lady and my little girl to do so," he told me when I went to say good-by; "they can go along with you, and I shall insist upon this. Another trip will make the season too late and I think the voyage will benefit them. I put them in your care and trust you with them."
"So the two ladies went out with me, the only women on board the ship, and we had hardly got out of the channel before the mother was taken sick.
"It's queer for such an old sailor as I," she murmured faintly as I assisted her down below, "but I suppose I'm out of practice."
"She got enough practice in the miseries of seasickness that trip to last her some time, poor thing, and in the mean time the daughter, who, while her mother slept, invariably came up on deck, renewed her old friendship with me. I had not seen much of her for some years, since she had been at school during my brief visits at her home, and we found the recalling of old times delightful.
"Every night, even after her mother had recovered partially, we promenaded the deck together and our friendship grew apace. One night, when the older lady was below, suffering with a headache, we talked until very late and she told me queer tales of ghosts and sleep walkers and the like. She had been filled with these stories while at school and we enjoyed them as only very young people do enjoy listening to and telling of horrors.
"Among other things she told me of an experience she had once had herself in the sleep walking line, in which she had climbed down a ladder placed at a second story window and reached the ground in safety, but still fast asleep.
"While we talked we alternately paced the deck and leaned over the side, watching the phosphorescent flashes in the water and talking as young idiots will of the moonlight and the beauty of the stars and she suddenly said:
"How delightful it would be to walk out on that pole (pointing to the main boom) and leap off into the silvery water."
"She spoke lightly, but I shivered from an unexplainable presentiment of evil, and she, catching the influence of my mood, shuddered suddenly and hastily turned the subject. We talked for awhile longer, but the pleasure of our conversation had somehow been spoiled by that careless remark, and she soon bade me good night and went below.
"After she had gone I made a tour of the ship, according to my custom, and finding nothing to need my presence, I went to bed myself.
"After the fashion of youth, my feet no sooner touched the pillow than I was sound asleep, and it seemed to me that only a moment had passed before I was roused suddenly by a voice which called to me, "Come!"
"I did not recognize the voice as that of any one on the ship, but it was so full of terror, so thrilled with a quivering fear, that I sat up hastily, trembling and listening for the slightest sound. The wind was rising and I could hear it whistling softly, with the eerie sound which it always has at night and at sea, but I could hear nothing else, and I was about dozing when that call came again.
"This time it sounded as though it were further off, but its appeal for help was just as clear to my brain, and I hesitated no longer. Hastily slipping into my clothing, I dashed up the companion, and as I touched the deck I heard it plainly once more.
"Come," it pleaded, in a lingering cry, and as I stood straining my eyes to pierce the stormy darkness which had succeeded the brilliant moonlight it seemed to die away in the direction of the mainboom. At the same time I saw, or fancied I saw, a glimmer of something white creeping slowly along the boom, and upon coming nearer I saw that it was a woman's figure, slender and graceful and clothed in something long and white and flowing. The form was quite erect, and it seemed to glide along the dangerous way without a falter or even so much as a feeling for footing in the darkness; the arms were spread widely in a similar attitude to that which a rope walker assumes when crossing a slack rope, and the head was thrown back, as though the gaze was directed to the threatening sky.
"My first thought was of the supernatural, and for a moment I stood still, struck with the dumb terror which such a fancy causes, while the form, which had been near the mast when I first desisted it, went steadily on toward the end of the boom; then, as I tried to rouse myself, I felt a touch upon my arm, and the mate, who was then on watch, spoke to me, his face white with horror and his voice shaking.
"What do you think of it, sir?" he asked, falteringly. "I saw it come up the cabin stairs and go out there, and it climbed up on the boom without seeming to need hands at all. I think Miss Alice must be dead, and that's her ghost, sir."
"At the mention of Alice's name I shook off his hand and made a leap for the boom myself, for her talk of sleep-walking and her remark of how nice it would be to walk along the boom and jump into the water had suddenly recurred to me, and like a flash I realized that she was walking in her sleep, going out to her death in the sea, which was tossing roughly, with now and then a wave breaking over the side.
"I knew that my post was on deck; that I should have been called some

time since; I knew that the rising wind and sea needed my presence and all my skill; I knew that a captain's first duty is to his ship; but, there, ahead of me, steadily nearing the end of the boom, steadily progressing on the road which leads down to the dark valley, was this girl, and no one but myself to save her, and could I reach her in time?
"I tried to call her name aloud, to shout, to scream even, but the strong agony of the moment had deprived me of my voice and no sound came from my straining throat. Perhaps it was just as well, for if I had succeeded in waking her she would inevitably have fallen in the terror of finding herself in such a position; she had not a steady head when awake. But I was desperate and as she leaped far out above the water, after a ghastly awful second in which her form was clearly shown against the dark sky by a flash of lightning so vivid that I saw even her long eyelashes lying back against her white cheek and was so impressed with the pattern of the lace on her robe, that I could draw its leaves and flowers now, I leaped too.
"I landed, thanks to the Providence which guards such foolhardy actions, on the very end of the boom, and as she flew past me I caught a hold of her gown. The impetus of her fall upset my balance and we both fell, but in falling I managed to grasp the boom and there we swung, I holding on to life with one hand, she clasped in my other arm.
"The shock awakened her, and, beside herself with terror at her unknown position, she struggled madly and strove to free herself from my embrace, while scream after scream scared the men on deck until all thought of duty was forgotten and the ship was practically unmanned.
"Sailors are invariably superstitious and not a few of them really thought that the white form was a ghost and that the screams were mine, as I was carried off to the region which is supposed to await those who meddle with the spirits from another world.
"At last, after perhaps a minute which seemed to me an eternity, I grew desperate, and finding that I was still voiceless and could not reassure her I drew her closely to me, squeezed her frail form until she ceased to struggle, then, pressing my chin to the hollow of her throat, I completed the work of silencing her. She grew rigid, her arms fell limply down, one of them striking my face a gentle blow in its sudden descent, and the next lightning flash showed me that she had fainted.
"With a great sigh of thankfulness, mingled with a curse that I had been forced to thus hurt her in order to save her, I began to work my way toward the ship. God only knows how, with my one free hand, stiff with fatigue, and growing useless with the long strain, until I was just giving up in despair and thinking bitterly that I should be compelled to let go and drop back into the seething water. I felt a rope, seized it and somehow by the aid of that Power which watches over us and which we all neglect save in times of distress, drew myself up onto the boom and clung there breathless, exhausted, but saved.
"Once my breath had returned I was fully conscious of the disorder on the deck, and with a mighty effort I struggled to my knees, made my way along the boom, bruised and beaten by its wild swaying, and finally faced the demoralized crew with shaking limbs and a heart beating to suffocation but with a stern face.
"At sight of me appearing before them suddenly in the weird light of the storm they shrunk back, and one dashed down to his bunk, but here my voice came back to me, and I think the strong adjuration I yelled after him did more to reassure the rest than anything else which I could have done.
"Turning to the mate, who stood by speechless with mingled shame and fear, I delivered the fainting girl to him, telling him to carry her below, rouse her mother and return as quickly as possible, and then, barefooted and half clothed as I was, I forgot all else for the time being in thinking of the ship, which was running madly before the wind and taking in more water than she could carry safely for long.
"The storm which was upon us was one of the worst I ever saw—and I have been in many a wild storm—and it was two days and a night later before I could find time to go below and ask after Alice, yet through all my anxiety and the exhausting labor I never forgot her and the recollection of her white still face, after I had choked her into unconsciousness, haunted me the whole time.
"When at last the storm abated and I felt free to leave the ship to the care of the mate, who had been completely upset by his scare and the remorse which followed it, I was almost light-headed, and the fancy that her small, cold, clinging fingers were always pulling at my arms, holding me back from my duty, nearly maddened me.
"When I got below, her mother told me that Alice was very ill, had been wildly delirious for twenty-four hours after that dreadful shock, but was, she hoped, beyond danger now, and she even allowed me to see her for a moment, as she lay in her berth, thrown from side to side by the tossing ship, but still as death herself.
"I know all about it now," she whispered faintly, "and you saved my life at the risk of your own."
"The captain was silent a moment, and more than one of us blew his nose vigorously; even the captain himself was pale, and his voice trembled as he continued:
"Well, boys, that finished it. I was weak and tired, and the strain had been hard on me. I cried like a baby, and I think I stooped and kissed her dear pale face before I went away and her mother didn't object at all. Ten

seconds later I was as sound asleep as I had been when that voice awakened me two days—or, rather, nights—before, and when I woke up again it all seemed like a dream. But I had Alice's illness (for she was sick for weeks) and this gray patch above my forehead to prove its reality, and then the cruel mark on Alice's throat, the spot where I had braised it with my chin, was to be seen for months.
"Did it ever go away? Oh, yes, and she recovered fully after—ah," rising and preparing to depart, "that reminds me I told her I'd be home early. You see, I married her when we got home again."—Chicago News.
A Spider Farm.
A sirup bittler has improved upon the prison lesson of Bruce. He has taken the spider into partnership in the working of one of his most important departments. Flies, cockroaches and other insects, attracted by his sweets, and encouraged by the genial air of his bottling room, used to interfere with his work, get into his bottles, steal his goods and "worry him to death." He has recruited the spider against his foes and vanquished them.
Some 6000 spiders now make their home on the ceiling and walls of his bottling department. Their webs are everywhere and they behave themselves with great intelligence.
Said the bottler to an interviewer: "These creatures know more than a great many people. Spiders do not care for sweet things and never drop into my vats or get into my bottles. I never disturb them except to feed them occasionally. They appear to know my call, and will come out and feed from my hand, or take a fly from my finger.
"They shut themselves up during most of the winter months in the little nests you see stuck like daubs of mud about the ceiling. When winter comes I brush away all the webs; they prefer to weave new ones every spring.
"Each May they reappear ready to unravel the silken fabric that is stored in their bodies. It is just about then that the flies have hatched their first crop of flies would soon give out.
"I have only been running this spider farm two years, but I find my little partners indispensable; they will not culture in the place a single fly or insect that is a plunderer of sweets and sirups."—Atlanta Constitution.
A Big Trout Farm Planned.
Dr. F. J. Bethel, a well known dentist of Bakersfield, is at the Baldwin. He spoke yesterday of his recent trip to Seattle.
"While in Seattle," said Dr. Bethel, "I learned of an immense trout hatchery to be established at Orillin, on Spring Brook, about four miles north of Kent and thirteen miles from Seattle, on the Northern Pacific. Spring Brook is a branch of Black River, and at the place chosen for the enterprise it is the purpose of the company operating it to construct dams, where there are the most springs, on the brook bottom. This insures a constant supply of fresh water, and several miles of artificial lakes will thus be secured. When the trout have attained a certain age they will be transferred to the lake next below, and so on to the end, when they will be fit for market. Fifty acres of land will be covered by these lakes. It is also the purpose of the management to allow fishing in the lowest lake and charge fishermen for what they catch. The hatchery is to be known as the Spring Brook Trout Farm, and will be the largest in the United States."—San Francisco Chronicle.
A Dog Messenger.
William Denning, the Naugatuck blacksmith, is the owner of a black water spaniel that any one might be proud of. From time to time Mr. Denning has taught him to carry papers for him, and also to remember names. Strange as it may seem the dog appears to know George from John, and will take a paper to either one named without making a mistake. This morning the intelligence of the dog was put to some practical use. Mrs. Denning was taken sick at her home on the trotting park, and gave a letter to the dog and told him to take it to Will. The dog seemed to understand, and shortly after arrived at the blacksmith shop at the corner of Water street and Hubber avenue with the message in his mouth, which he delivered in almost as good condition as Uncle Sam could have done. After reading the letter, which told of his wife's sickness, Mr. Denning went home, arriving there in less time than it would have taken him if the message had been delivered in the usual way.—Hartford Times.
An Odd Nesting Place.
If you walk along the road in Loch Sheldrake you will observe in the garden of one of the residences a pair of boys' weatherbeaten trousers hanging on the clothesline. This, in itself, is no curiosity, but if you knew that in one of its legs a bird had built its tiny nest and reared six little ones, you might open your eyes.
This is the case, and as the owner of the trousers is too humane to disturb the ingenious little builder, the trousers remain there in all sorts of weather. In showing them to visitors the owner tells how the bird, while they were still damp, carried in its little sticks and threads and arranged them inside, and, when not disturbed, brought its mate and reared their little brood.
The trousers will probably adorn the garden until the snows fall. Perhaps some belated sparrow may then find a cozy home in the forsaken nest and bring its family to occupy it for the winter.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

PLEASANT LITERATURE FOR FEMINE READERS.

INCREDIBLE SUMS FOR SLIPPERS.

The London West End Shoemaker lately mentioned that almost incredible sums are sometimes expended on slippers. Thus, not long ago a countess had a pair made, ornamented with rubies, emeralds and diamonds, costing \$22,500. But at a masked ball given by the Duke of Manchester some years ago a lady impersonating Cinderella wore a pair of slippers adorned with jewelry valued at over \$65,000.

AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOICES.

The voice of the average woman about us is not pleasant; it is not round and flute-like said Dr. G. W. Shimm in a recent address. A harsh, strident quality is taking the place of the low, soft, rich quality which belongs to them, and which all might have if they sought it. One reason is the lack of proper training as girls grow up, and another is the odd habit many have of talking each other down, not waiting for the completion of sentences, and unconsciously raising the voice in the effort to do so.

THE QUEEN IS LIBERAL.

All the English papers are talking about the cashmere shawl, the jeweled bracelet and other costly presents which Miss McNeill received from the Queen and royal family on the occasion of her marriage to the Duke of Argyll, near fifty years her senior. Not one of them, however, makes mention of the fact that the Queen, in accordance with traditional custom and usage, furnished the trousseau of the bride besides presenting her with a check for \$5000. The Queen does this for each of her maids of honor or bedchamber women that may happen to wed with Victoria's consent during their term of office, and Princess Louise's new mother-in-law is no exception to the rule.—Chicago Tribune.

THE ALPACA PETTICOAT.

With many people the alpaca petticoat is taking the place of the silk one on account of its wiriness, which makes it more efficient than the silk in holding out the wide skirts which fashion decrees women shall wear this season, and also because it assists in keeping the effect of a tight fit about the waist and the many godelts at the feet. A deep flounce at the bottom of the petticoat, instead of steels, has a little hair cloth in the hem. Often these alpaca skirts must be worn with lawns and batistes, in which case they are of white alpaca, and an extra flounce of lawn edged with Valenciennes lace is basted on the alpaca flounce. This gives the thin gown a beautiful foundation and keeps the extreme fashionable cut more nearly perfect.—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

THE NEWEST MATERIALS.

Butcher's linen, in a sort of medium blue, is one of the new materials for outing suits.
Duck, in a mixture of silk and linen, is used for this purpose, but suits made of this material are expensive.
Pique is still the rage, and although stiff and not always becoming, possesses a certain style of its own in its crisp, natty freshness.
Changeable mohair is the latest thing for skirts and dress lining; it is an excellent substitute for silk when that material is found too expensive. This mohair is of light weight and sufficiently wiry to set out the dress.
Rustle cambrie is another excellent dress lining, and although of closer texture, resembles greatly the old old-fashioned paper cambrie once used. The soft finished percaline is quite out as it is useless as long as the present fashion of inflated skirt continues.

HEROIC DOLLY MADISON.

The march of improvement in that part of Washington formerly known as Georgetown, and older by many years than other parts of the city, has compelled the destruction of the tomb of Benjamin Homans, in the old Presbyterian Cemetery, in connection with whom Dolly Madison's heroic feat in 1814 was performed. Homans was Chief Clerk of the War Department during the War of 1812, and at the time the British invaded the capital, upon his own responsibility, he sent two wagon loads of documents to the canal-boat of Captain Daniel Collins, and placed two armed soldiers on guard, telling them to allow no one to come on board. A little later a beautiful lady, who proved to be Dolly Madison, drove down to the boat and gave one of the crew a trunk, telling him to take great care of it, and that he should be rewarded. Among the articles in the trunk was the canvas of Peale's portrait of Washington, then hanging in the White House, but now in the Senate wing of the Capitol. Then Homans gave the order to Sherwood to take the boat up the canal and not wait for the captain, who had gone to Washington. The boat, accordingly, was headed for a point near the Hominy House, a well-known establishment in those days, and in the barn there the documents were stored until danger was passed. That night the Capitol was burned, and the documents saved were among the most valuable belonging to the Nation.—Argonaut.

LOTS OF CHOICE IN SKIRTS.

Fashion is anything but arbitrary this season, and, if you except sleeves, is about as democratic a go-as-you-please dame as you ever encountered. There are the skirts for instance. Anything from a three gore to a nine

may be worn, and its wearer counted "stylish," if she has that indefinable something about her, the lack of which would render any gown not stylish. Then there are skirts with no gores at all. Just six or seven breadths of wide material sewed up and fastened to a band. Of course, such dresses are of the sheerest material, like organdy and swiss and mull, which do not take kindly to much "goring," since they must be made up without lining. Most charming dresses are made of these thin materials, the skirts having only a wide hem, and the waists stopping under a crush belt of the same, are of plainly made overhanging blouse pattern with a bit of lace at the wrist and throat. The under slip is usually of some tinted material, satine or silesta, with a simple foot ruffle and a rounded throat with elbow sleeves. A thin gown like that is cheapness itself, and a child might launder it. It is only when the thin goods is made up with silk linings and perishable lace trimmings that such dresses become so amazingly costly.
Very few women seem to realize that a plainly made gown, which looks easy enough to be comfortable, and airy enough to be cool, while perhaps being neither, will give to those who look at her the idea that she is both, and the immediate temperature is thereby lowered a degree or two. A tailor-made gown, by the very closeness of its fit and trimness of make, carries a suspicion of warmth, even though it be of the thinness of lightweight woolen.—Washington Star.
FASHION NOTES.
Just now the craze is for black skirts in almost everything.
Henrietta cloth is shown this season in more than forty shades.
No cotton gown seems finished without ribbon somewhere about it.
White chollies and crepons are good materials for use in the autumn.
Wiry vicronex mixtures are the most useful and popular goods for bicycling.
All French gowns now fasten at the back, and skirts and sleeves are wider than ever.
Some of the new black hose are shot with different colored silks. Some of the tan color are also shot with green, blue or rose.
For country use and tennis are some natty little outing boots laced with silk cord and finished with finely corrugated soles.
The newest setting for diamonds is white enamel. This enhances the brilliancy of the stone and the setting hardly shows.
Cashmere coloring, a soft blending of many colors and a tendency to the designs found in old cashmere shawls, is just now popular.
The favorite foot covering just now is the Juliet or Diana shoe, with a graceful instep, elastic sides and a shapely yet solid heel.
A dainty little cape has a heavy pattern cut out of black silk, jet edged and applied on to black net, the whole being mounted over violet silk.
A velvet ribbon, edged with a fine single row of cut jet spangles, makes an effective and becoming flat garniture for silk and silk and wool gowns.
The latest thing in dress gloves for women is an exact copy of a man's dress glove. It is of heavy white kid, and buttons with two big pearl buttons.
The latest fashion is to discard paper for walls and hang the rooms with cretonne, satin cloth, pongee, holland, denim and, in fact, any material but paper.
As must be the case when large hats are favored, leghorns in both black and white are freely shown. High-crown leghorns are very desirable and more picturesque than those of seasons past.
Visiting card cases made of petunia colored satin or pomegranate hues of moire silk bound with tiny clasps of silver or silver gilt are very pretty. They are lined with pale heliotrope or tri-colored silk to suit varied tastes.
An entirely new design of capes is made to reach to the elbow and flare straight to the collar. Its foundation is changeable taffeta silk, and it is finished at the edge with a thick rose ruching, the edges of the ruching being pinked out.
The two extremes in size are evident this season in the hats and bonnets, the one being very large and the other correspondingly small. Between these two extremes lie the toque shapes and small round hats that will be much worn for early spring.
Green is a color that has recently laid hold on the fancy of the well dressed, yet it bids fair to enjoy continued favor, and for the afternoon at-home or a smart calling suit nothing quite takes precedence of a well-built green velvet toilet.
A visiting gown is of tan crepon with a silk thread in the warp. The bodice has a short colored yoke of yellow satin with butter colored lace over it. Threerows of narrow yellow ribbon velvet are run through the meshes of the lace to form the choker or crush.
The latest thing in table embroideries is the celery dolly. It is long and narrow, like the low glass dish, and the edge all round is finished in irregular scallops. On the length of the dolly at each side, near the border, is worked a design of a celery leaf spray.
During the thirty years that Alice worth F. Spofford has had charge of the Congressional Library at Washington the number of books under her charge has grown from 70,000 to 700,000.