

THE WINDS' STORY.

The North Wind blew at night off the sea, saying, "Sorrowful, sorrowful, all of me! I sing of the numbing Winter's breath, I sing of snow, and death. I bring in the wave with the broken spar, And the gray sea curling over the bar. Drifting at night from a cold bright star—Sorrowful, sorrowful, all of me!"

The South Wind blew at noon off the sea, singing, "Sorrowful, sorrowful, come to me! I sing of the golden butercup breath, I sing the peace of death. I bring in the shells with the laughing tide, And follow the brown sails home, and slide In the drowsy heat down the meadow side—Sorrowful, sorrowful, come to me!"

The East Wind blew at noon off the sea, crying, "Sorrowful, sorrowful, all of me! I sing of the piercing iceberg's breath, I sing of the horror of death, And the tempest's shriek in the rigging black, And the spindrift wreath and the rolling wreck, And the boat that never again comes back—Sorrowful, sorrowful, all of me!"

The West Wind blew at dawn off the sea, calling, "Sorrowful, sorrowful, come to me! I sing of the joyous salt sea breath, I sing, There is no death! I murmur of sea caves rosy and deep, And the glittering wharf where the shoal fish leap, And the lapse of the tide as it sinks to sleep—Sorrowful, sorrowful, come to me!"

—A. E. Gillington.

THE FALSE SUMMONS.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

HE red curtains were drawn, the fire blazed cheerily on the hearth, and the click of the sleepy rain against the window-panes only seemed to heighten the enjoyment within, where a shaded lamp gave out its serene glow, and the pictured folds of an ancient Chinese screen shut all possible and impossible draughts away from the ruddy fireside.

Doctor Fengrove sat on one side, with the newspaper in his lap; Mrs. Fengrove sat on the other, tranquilly occupied in darning stockings, while a chubby year-old lay asleep in its crib, just where the freight touched its curls with fleeting glimpses of gold.

"Well," said the doctor, letting the newspaper slip down to the floor, "this is comfortable. I don't often get an evening at home since—Hello! What's that! Some one knocking at the kitchen door."

Mrs. Fengrove rose and answered the summons. Presently she came back. "It's Milo York, doctor," said she. "Milo York, eh?" Doctor Fengrove's countenance darkened as he spoke.

"Didn't I tell Milo York never to darken my door again?" "But he's hungry, my dear," pleaded the gentle-hearted woman, "and homeless. Mr. Evarton has turned him away, and—"

"Don't blame Mr. Evarton!" tartly interrupted her husband. "A miserable, drunken loafer, who—"

"Don't think he has been drinking to-night, doctor," said Mrs. Fengrove. "He looks pale and tired. He says he has had nothing to eat since noon and has no place to sleep."

"That's no affair of mine!" retorted Doctor Fengrove, who, though free-hearted and hospitably inclined in general, had hardened his heart like a flint against this particular instance of humanity.

Mrs. Fengrove still hesitated. "What shall I tell him?" asked she. "Tell him to go about his business," returned the doctor, energetically stirring the fire until a red stream of sparks flew up the chimney.

Mrs. Fengrove closed the door, and went back to the kitchen porch. "Milo," said she, "my husband will have nothing to say to you."

lay-loft, but she lacked courage to confess the whole thing to her husband. "It will be all right, I dare say," she told herself. "But Milo York mustn't come hanging around here any more."

In the dead of the tempestuous night, there came a ring at the doctor's night-bell. Old Mr. Castleton was very ill—dying, perhaps! The doctor was wanted at once!

With a yawn, our good Eccelestus rose out of his warm bed, dressed himself and, saddling old Roan, set out for his midnight ride of six long miles. But when he reached Castleton Court, all was still and dark. He rang two or three times before a night-capped head popped out of the window—that of the old squire himself.

"Dear dear!" said Squire Castleton. "What's the matter? Nobody ill, I hope?" "Why, you are, aren't you?" testily demanded Doctor Fengrove.

"Not a bit of it!" said the squire, in surprise. "Didn't you send for me?" "No, I didn't," said the squire. "And if you've got anything more to say, you'd better come in out of the sleet storm and say it."

"No," said Doctor Fengrove, setting his teeth together, "I'll not come in, thank you." "It ain't a joke, is it?" questioned Squire Castleton.

"I'm afraid it's something more serious than a joke," said Doctor Fengrove. "Good-night." And, turning old Roan's head, he set spurs to him and trotted rapidly away.

Evidently, the night call was a concerted plan—a plan to leave his home unprotected—and his mind turned, with keen distrust, to Milo York and his tale of distress.

"God keep Dolly and the little one safe until I get home again!" he muttered, between his closed lips. "Faster, Roan, faster!" with a touch of the whip, which was scarcely needed, so thoroughly did the good horse enter into the spirit of his rider.

"You know not how much may depend upon your speed to-night!" Meanwhile, Mrs. Fengrove, who had just fallen into a restless slumber, after locking the door behind her husband, was unwontedly startled once again by a low, steadily continuous sound like the rasping of some hard instrument.

She sat up in bed and listened a minute. Under her window the sound of muffled and subdued voices was audible, even above the rattle and roar of this wintry storm.

"Burglars!" she gasped to herself. "And my husband is gone—and—Oh, Milo York is at the bottom of this! How wrong it was of me to give him shelter in the barn!"

Springing to her feet, she threw on a blue flannel dressing gown, and hurried to the cupboard, where her few simple treasures were kept, besides the square, Mrs. Fengrove turned the key and was just dropping it into her pocket, when a rude grasp fell on her arm.

When I was 'most ready to drop. God bless her! And I heard their footsteps just arter you had gone out, and I suspected as all wasn't right. So I just got up and crept arter 'em, and here they is," with a nod toward the two captives on the floor. "And if you'll just lend a hand, doctor, we'll h'ist 'em out into the hall, where they won't interfere with folks, and then I'll go over to the village for the constable and the hand-cuffs."

"How can I ever reward you for this, Milo?" said Doctor Fengrove, in tones stifled by emotion. "I don't want no reward," said Milo, stoutly. "I'd a done more nor that for her," with a twitch of his head toward Mrs. Fengrove.

"Ah, sir, you don't know the sort o' feelin' a man has for the only person is all the world as holds out a helping hand when he's ready to drop with hunger and faintness! And now," more briskly, "I'll go."

"Dolly," said the doctor, as the honest fellow vanished, "what would have become of us all this night if you had not been more merciful and tender-hearted than I! God be praised that your sweet woman-nature gained the victory!"

That was the last midnight alarm that our doctor's family ever sustained. The two burglars, discovered to be old and experienced hands at the business, were safely lodged in State prison for the longest practicable term; the gang was effectually broken up, and the neighborhood was at peace again.

And Milo York is an objectless, despised tramp no longer. He is Dr. Fengrove's "hired man" now, as much a friend as a servant, and you may see him, any sunny day, at work in the garden, with the baby playing around him.

"All I wanted was a chance," Milo York says.—The Ledger.

In a Thief's Eye. The eye always indicates the character of the man. This is particularly true of thieves, for the expert detective can tell in almost every case whether or not a man is a thief by simply looking him squarely in the eye.

A well-known Allegheny detective, in speaking of this matter to a Pittsburg Press reporter the other day, said: "Yes, I can pick a thief out every time. I can't tell you what it is that gives the man away except that it is the expression of the eye. In the first place there are few thieves that will look you squarely in the eye unless they are obliged to do so. They will avoid your glance as long as they can, and even when they do face you and gaze steadily at you it is always with the same expression. Although their eyes may be wide open and the gaze apparently steady, you will see, if you look closely, that there is something awry back through the corner trying to avoid you. I have picked out numbers of thieves by this little dodging movement. I never saw a thief who was free from it."

"Everybody has met that man who resolutely refuses to meet a steady gaze for more than three or four seconds at a time. It is not fair to say that all such persons are dishonest. In many cases the peculiarity is a direct result of bashfulness."

"A little close observation will enable the observer to put persons in the class to which they belong. The man whose eye is almond-shaped is almost always dishonest at heart, if not in overt act. The eyes of some of the most notorious thieves in the country are of this pattern, and the expression given the face by this sort of eye is very striking."

Another characteristic thief's eye is one whose lower lid is straight while the upper one is more or less arched. The straight lower lid is always noticeable, however, the effect being a very cunning and foxlike expression. Detectives usually have very noticeable eyes, keen and clear, although one of the best thief takers that the writer has ever known has big brown eyes, as innocent in expression as those of a frank and honest schoolboy.



ORNAMENTS "IN THE ROUGH."

Two of the most beautiful articles of feminine adornment are singularly ugly and unattractive in their crude state. Tortoise shell, as it comes to market from the West Indies, is coarse, dirty and lustreless, and only the most skillful and patient manipulation makes it the rich and beautiful material it eventually becomes.

Ostrich plumes, as they arrive in this market, look like bedraggled turkey feathers, and they pass through a score of hands before they become the fluffy and graceful adjunct to feminine attire.—New York Sun.

PREFERS SINGLE WOMEN TEACHERS. Superintendent Lane, of the Board of Education, approves of Daniel R. Cameron's proposal to discontinue the employment of married women as teachers in the public schools.

A PRICELESS FAN. Amongst the treasures belonging to Adeline Patti is one that she values above all others—namely, a fan which bears words written by almost all European sovereigns.

PICTURE HATS. The large "picture" hats were much used at English weddings during the season, and are finding more and more favor over here.

EXIT PLUS. Exit the fashion of plush! We wore mantles and cloaks of plush, we garnished our bonnets and gowns with plush, and our drawing rooms broke out in curtains and cushions of the same rich fabric.

THE HOME OF THE DOLL. The finest dolls now come from Germany, which has overtaken France in this industry. Nuremberg, as everybody knows, is the most important center of the manufacture.

THE NEW COIFFURES. The new coiffure for young ladies is copied from the classic simplicity of the Clysie busts, and is formed by waving the front hair in long regular waves on each side of the parting leaving a few short hairs to break out carelessly from the rest and fall on the forehead.

WHY WOMEN FIB ABOUT THEIR AGE. "A woman will always tell a story about her age," is an adage that has driven many women to do so who would never have thought of fibbing if they had had any reasons to think their truthful statement would be believed.

DELICIOUS LEFT-OVER DISHES. A delicious dish is made by cooking together a tablespoonful of butter and one of flour, stirring these until they bubble, and pouring on them a half-pint of milk, still stirring constantly.

WHEN MEAT IS DONE. The orthodox rule for the cooking of meat, fish and fowl is to allow a quarter of an hour to every pound; yet this recipe needs to be mixed with brains.



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HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

BLACKING THE STOVE. Coffee is used for mixing blacking for the stove, in order to make it stick closer and last longer. Most housekeepers prefer the old-fashioned blacking to any of the cements, because of its lasting qualities.

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