

**THE EVE OF HER WEDDING.**

Hush! Let me hide my happiness,  
A little while let grief hold sway,  
And sweetness blend with bitterness,  
Before I give myself away.

Soon, soon, must pass for evermore  
The scenes of old; new paths I choose;  
Oh, let me count my treasures o'er,  
That, winning love's delights, I lose.

Dear home! How all its nooks and nooks,  
Recall my childhood's joys and tears,  
Mixed with immortal memories  
Of twenty tranquil, transient years!

Familiar sounds of birds and bees  
On summer evenings fair and still,  
Set to the music of the breeze,  
Or twilight tinkling of the rill.

Oh, babbling brook: oh, darling glade,  
Old church beside thine ancient yew,  
Where oft my childish feet have strayed,  
I bid you all a last adieu!

My father smiles, and chides in vain  
The tears my mother's love lets fall;  
My sister's heart is wrung with pain—  
Good-by! I soon must leave you all!

This little hour I give to grief,  
With tender thoughts my eyes are wet;  
I almost seem to find relief  
In reminiscence and regret!

Oh little hour! Mine woman's eyes  
With waning childhood's dew are dim,  
Away! Love calls! I must arise,  
And hasten forth and follow him.

**The Fore-Handedness  
of Selina Bates.**

BY CAROLINE FRANCES LITTLE.

It was on Selina's seventeenth birthday, and while she was washing the breakfast dishes, that her mother said to her:

"Now, Selina, it's about time you began to make your clothes; my mother began hers at 16 and I did the same, everything in dozens with night-caps to match, and all the sheets and pillow cases in pairs. I told your pa and he has ordered a piece of sheeting and another of cotton cloth of lighter weight, and it's our birthday present to you, for we want you to have a good setting out."

Selina looked surprised, for there was no prospect of her marrying, but she said:

"Thank you, ma, but I guess there ain't no great hurry."

"No one knows," replied Mrs. Bates, as she moulded her loaves of bread and placed them in the pans; "it's allers best to be forehanded, but I do wish you didn't favor you pa; red hair, but it looks kinder bold in a woman."

Selina cut out the first garment for her trousseau that very day, and as the weeks went by she found a certain pleasure in it. When each garment or sheet was finished she laid it away in her mother's wedding trunk, placing a sprig of lavender between the folds.

There was a great deal to be done in the farmhouse, so that Selina did not find as much time for her new work as she wished, but then, as she often said, "There ain't no great hurry, ma."

When she was 19 a man came to the village and opened a singing class in the schoolhouse; the term was to consist of twelve lessons. Selina and her friends all joined, but she had the best voice the teacher soon began to show signs of interest in her, and during the last few weeks of the term he called for her and escorted her home from the class; on Sunday evenings he frequently dropped in, "to take a dish of tea," as Mrs. Bates expressed it, and go to meeting with Selina. The happy girl worked all the time that she could spare from her duties upon her mysterious white garments.

The last night of the singing school came, and as he walked home with her her heart beat fast.

"Selina," he said, "I have been wanting to tell you something, but somehow I never get to it."

Her cheeks grew as red as her hair as he continued:

"I'm going to be married in the spring."

"You don't say!" she ejaculated, with a little nervous giggle. She wished that she had begun her "setting out" when she was 16 as her grandmother and mother had done.

"Yes," said he, "and I have been keeping company for a long spell back. She's right pretty, with brown hair, but her voice ain't as strong as yours; she works in the cotton mills up to Lowell, and I guess that's bad for her throat."

So that romance ended, but still Selina sewed on, for it takes a long time to make everything in sets of dozens with nightcaps to match.

When she was 27 her mother died, and her last injunction was:

"Don't wear any of them garments; your unbleached is good enough, and add to your stock as you get time. It's allers best to be forehanded."

When she was 31 her father died, and the farm was hers; but oh! the loneliness of her life. Hiram, "the hired help," whom her father had employed, carried on the farm for her.

The years came and went until at last her 37th birthday dawned. She went up to the trunk that day (she always aired the contents of it twice a year, and renewed the sprigs of lavender).

"Twenty years ago today," she said rather bitterly, as she unfolded the garments, "I cut out the first one, and they are all done, and have been for years, with caps to match! Twenty years! But as mother said, 'It's allers best to be forehanded,' and I'm that if I ain't nothing else."

When she was washing the few tea dishes that night she heard a knock at the kitchen door. Drying her hands on the roller she opened it, and

there stood Silas McCabe, who had recently returned from the far west.

"Well, Silas, walk right in and set while I do up my dishes. I am awful glad to see you."

"Law, now, Selina, this 'ere does look homelike! I've come to settle down and so I'm callin' 'round to see the neighbors."

"That's right, Silas," she added, "and you must feel kinder lonely now that Sairy Ann is dead."

"Yes; I lost her nearly a year ago, and as we never had no children, I'm all alone."

"That's hard lines for you, Silas."

"Yes, and your pa and ma is gone, too, ain't they?"

When he rose to go he said: "Well, I'll drop in again, Selina; I'm staying at Cousin Pete's, and it's none too lively there."

"Do call again," she said sweetly.

On his way over to the farm the next night he thought to himself: "Sairy Ann never had no faculty for gettin' on and Selina seems real forehanded; the year is nearly up, and I'd kinder like to be married when the anniversary comes round."

He found everything very neat in the little kitchen and Selina seemed glad to see him. During the evening he drew his splint-bottomed chair up close to hers and said:

"Say, Selina, the year is nearly up; could you get ready by that time?"

"How soon is it, Silas?"

"Bout ten days, I reckon; I allers cared for you, Selina, in school more than I did for Sairy Ann and I wish I hadn't minded your hair then; I think it's real peart now; and somehow Sairy Ann never seemed to have any faculty for gettin' on."

"Well, I guess I'm forehanded enough to get ready in that time," replied blushing Selina.

As she blew out her candle that night she said to herself: "Only ten days! Well Miss Clark can make over ma's green silk and I'll get a new alapaca; that'll be all I'll need, for my trunk of clothes is all ready. Ma was in the right when she said 'it's allers best to be forehanded,' even if pa did say it was gal's foolishness," Atlanta Constitution.

**WESTERN SCOUT NO MORE.**

Their Picturesque Calling Ruined by Civilization.

About the most pitifully cheerless men in the west nowadays are those who have given the greater part of their lives to scouting for the army, and occasionally for a cattle company or a band of miners, who have endured a generation of savage hardships and have braved all the dangers of the plains, and now, grizzled and gray, realize that their occupation is gone forever. There are scores of the old fellows in the Territories. Several hundred of the younger scouts have become vaqueros, sheep herders, express messengers and guards, cattle men, railroad men, miners and prospectors. Electricity and railroads principally have made scouting obsolete, and since the Apaches in the southwest and the Sioux in the northwest have been beaten into peaceful relations with the white settlers there has been no demand for the services of the old-time scout. The war department kept some of the scouts on the payrolls at the frontier garrisons long after scouting had become comparatively useless to the army, but in 1890 the pay of many of the old heroes was cut off, and by 1896 less than a dozen white scouts remained in the employ of the department in the southwest. In every town of any size in this region one may see some of the veteran scouts—poor in purse, tattered of person—loafing about the saloons, telling visitors from the east of the glories of the frontier before civilization and railroads spoiled it all, and half heartedly building hopes of the day when something unexpected may transpire and scouting may be called into demand again. There are a dozen scouts of 25 and 30 years' service spending their last days in poverty and melancholy in Phoenix, Arizona. At Prescott, Arizona, a score of old-time scouts live on the bounty of cattlemen and gold miners. As years come and go and the scouts see not the least sign of a revival of their departed occupation, they become more touchingly glum.

Like the knight in the band of Richard the Lion Heart, who thanked God he was not a clerk, the true scout of the Western plains has few if any counterparts. Along with the Rangers of Texas he is one of America's most characteristic and picturesque types. No wonder he was seized upon so unanimously by authors and painters as material for romance and picture. The wildness and at the same time the peculiar tenderness of the scout's life, the adventurous character of his daring, his coolness and sagacity in the midst of danger, his use of simplest facts in nature to gain his ends, his roamings in regions hitherto untrodden by white men, his thorough knowledge of the ways of red men, and especially his craftiness, are all features in the life of a genuine scout of the plains that stimulate the imagination of story tellers and picture makers. It is hard in these days to realize how great a part the scouts of the forties and fifties played in the settlement and the civilization of the plains and the Pacific coast.

Kit Carson was the earliest and he still remains the most famous American scout. The way he guided the Fremont exploring expedition through the Rocky mountains in 1841, and thence, in 1843, some 1700 miles across the trackless desert plains, abounding with Indians, past Salt Lake in Utah, through the snow and ice of the passes of the Sierras to California, is as thrilling a chapter as may be found in fiction. From that time till ten years ago the war department constantly employed scouts in the Western army service.

**CHILDREN'S COLUMN.**

**Can You Correct It?**  
[Spelling is pretty hard work sometimes, especially when one is confronted with a word that is spelled several ways and has as many meanings. The following verses very cleverly illustrate how a little spelling, like a little knowledge, may be a rather dangerous thing. Here are the verses:]

**A MISPELLED TAIL.**  
A little buoy said: "Mother, deer,  
May I go out too play?  
The son is bright, the hair is clear,  
Owe! mother don't say neigh!"

Go fourth, my sun," the mother said;  
Its ant said, "Take ewer slay,  
Your gneiss knew sled, awj painted read  
But dew knot loss ewer weigh."

"Ah, know!" he cried, and sought thee street  
With hart sew full of glee—  
The weather changed and snow and sleet  
And reign fell feroc and free.

Threw snowdrifts grate, throw watry pool  
He flue with mite and mane—  
Said he, "Though I wood walk by rain,  
Eye am knot writ, 'tis plane.

"Ide like two meat some kindly sole,  
For hear gun dangers weight,  
And yonder stairs a treacherous whole,  
To stoce has bin my gate.

"A peace of bread, a gneiss hot stake,  
Eyed chews if Eye were home;  
This cruel fate my heart will brake,  
I love knot thus too Rome.

"I'm weak and pall, I've mist my rode!"  
But hear a carte came passed—  
He and his sled were safely toad  
Back two his home at last.  
—Chelsea Curtis Fraser, in Chicago Record.

**A Life of General Nathanael Greene.**  
General Nathanael Greene was the son of a Rhode Island Quaker and was born at the town of Potowomut June 6, 1742. Nathanael's father supported his family by farming and blacksmith work, doing one when there was no chance of profit in the other. He expected his son to be a blacksmith and taught him the trade, but the boy was bright and ambitious, and managed by much reading at night to learn a good deal about history, the law and mathematics. When he was 25 he set up a forge for himself at Coventry, and was elected to the Rhode Island Legislature. He, of course, was bitterly opposed to the English oppression of the colonists, and when the war of the Revolution broke out in spite of the protests of his family, who, like all Quakers did not believe in fighting, he joined the army of Washington as commander of the 1000 volunteers from Rhode Island. He was made brigadier general and served with honor at the battles of Trenton, Princeton, Monmouth and Springfield. In 1780 he took command of the southern branch of the American forces, the battles of the Cowpens, Guilford Courthouse and Eutaw Springs, freeing the extreme south of the British. He died from sunstroke at his estate in Savannah on June 19, 1786. —Trenton (N. J.) American.

**A Game of Flowers.**  
A new and pretty game, which will provide equally well for an evening's entertainment of a party of "grown-ups" or of children, is called "planting." The leader announces to the company: "I am going to do some planting. Will you please try and guess what will come up from my seed? The first to guess each question may pluck a flower from this bouquet, which contains as many blossoms as I shall ask conundrums." Then, armed with the list of questions and a bunch of flowers—roses or carnations are pretty and suitable, but any kind will do—she begins:

Plant a kitten and what will come up? Ans: Pussy willow (pussy will, O).

Plant a bag of flour and what will come up? Ans: Dusty miller.

Plant a puppy and what would come up? Ans: Dogwood (dog wood).

Plant a sunrise and what will come up? Ans: Morning glory.

Cupid's arrow? Ans: Bleeding heart.

Box of candy? Ans: Marshmallows and buttercups.

An angry wise man? Ans: Scarlet sage.

Days, months and years? Ans: Thyme (time).

A man who has paid part of his debts? Ans: Gladiolus (glad I owe less).

John? Ans: Johnny jump up.

Sheep? Ans: Philox (flocks).

Kiss? Ans: Tulips (two lips).

Bury the hatchet and what will come up? Ans: Sweet peas (sweet peace).

Sun? Ans: daisy (day's eye).

The middle of the afternoon? Ans: Four o'clock.

Orange blossom? Ans: Bridal wreath.

Preacher? Ans: Jack in the pulpit.

King of beasts? Ans: Dandelion.

The dark? Ans: Nightshade.

Faust? Ans: Marguerite.

"Not guilty"? Ans: Innocence.

A red pony? Ans: Horse radish (reddish).

Fairy's wand? Ans: Goldenrod.

Cuff on the ear? Ans: Box.

Cinderella at midnight? Ans: Lady's slipper.

Grief? Ans: Weeping willow.

Immortality? Ans: Life everlasting.

A hand? Ans: Palm.

Sad beauties? Ans: Bluebells (bells).

Reynard's mitten? Ans: Fox-glove.

Labyrinth? Ans: Maize.

Star spangled banner and the union jack? Ans: Flags.

Plant you and me and what shall come up? Ans: Lettuce (let us).

Sealskin wraps. Ans: Firs (furs).

A proposal? Ans: Aster (asked her).

Richmond caterpillar? Ans: Virginia creeper.

Tiny bottles? Ans: Violets (phial-ets).

Plant what impoverished nobles strive to do? Ans: Marigold (marry gold).

Contentment? Ans: Heartsease.

Furlough? Ans: Leaves.

Imitation stone? Ans: Shamrock.

What a married man never has? Ans: Bachelor's buttons.

A breeze? Ans: Windflower.

The day after a bargain sale? Ans: Hyacinths (higher since).

St. George? Ans: Snapdragon.

Red hot? Ans: Cardinal flowers.

Frown? Ans: Crow's foot.

A favorite shellfish? Ans: Oyster plant.

Couples? Ans: Pears (pairs).

Beauty and the beast? Ans: Tiger lily.

A compliment to a shy girl? Ans: Blush rose.

Forest fire? Ans: Burning bush.

Queen of England? Ans: Victoria regina.

A whisk? Ans: Broom.

A prize may be awarded to the clever individual who wins the largest number of posies, but this is entirely unnecessary, as the blossoms themselves are prizes. This is a good game for children's parties or church socials. —Chicago Record.

**The Fairy Mercury.**  
In her dress of silvery white, Fairy Mercury looked so much like silver, and could move about so quickly, that a great many people called her Quick-silver; but that was not her real name. That was the fairy, Mercury.

She lived in the queerest kind of a house. There were only a glass ball about as large as a pea, for the lament, and a slender glass tube above it for the second and third floors.

This odd little house was fastened in a frame, and hung outside the front door of a cottage.

The people who lived in the cottage seemed very fond of the fairy Mercury; at least they came and looked at her every day. She imagined it was because they thought her so pretty, but you and I know better, do we not?

The fairy Mercury was something like a worm in one thing; she could stretch herself until she reached away up the glass tube, and could also shorten her body until her head was not far from the little ball. I think she disliked cold weather, for when winter came she never climbed very high in her glass tube, and when it was very cold, she drew nearer and nearer to the glass ball.

Then the people seemed to think more of her than ever, and the fairy Mercury was often greatly puzzled to know why they said such strange things when they looked at her.

Sometimes they called out "Freezing!" "What do they mean by that?" said the fairy Mercury. Do they think I'm freezing? Well, I'm not. It takes a great deal to freeze me, I can tell them."

Then again, when it was very, very cold, and everybody was hurrying to get indoors, almost every one who looked at her said, "Zero," or "Five below." Even people on the street ran up the cottage steps, took a peep at her, and went off saying the same thing, "Zero," "Three below," "Five below." It was very strange the fairy Mercury thought, but as no one hurt her she didn't care how often they looked.

When spring came, with its warm breezes and blue skies, she grew livelier, and crept up to the second floor of her house, where she spent the most of her time looking out.

She enjoyed watching the birds build their nests, the leaves come out on the trees, and the man planting seeds in the flower bed before the cottage door. As the weather grew warmer, she climbed higher and higher, and the higher she went, the more people noticed her.

Then came the summer. It was very hot, and so dry that the grass, the lovely roses, and even the great elm trees were all crying for water. Gentlemen went past with large umbrellas over their heads; ladies sat on porches, fanning, and all the children wore their very thinnest and coolest clothing to school.

The fairy Mercury kept on climbing and was noticed more than ever. Indeed, there seemed always to be some one looking at her; and they said just as queer things as they did in winter. For a whole week she heard them say, "Ninety!" "Ninety-two!" or "Ninety-five!" and one very hot day they said, "One hundred-two in the shade! how can we ever stand it!" and they groaned and wiped their faces again and again.

"These are strange people," said the fairy Mercury; "they really act as if I had something to do with the weather; but I haven't. Yet, somehow, heat always makes me want to climb, and cold makes me shrink."

When autumn came, with its fruits and nuts, she dropped down to the first floor of her little house, where she had spent the springtime. Now she looked out upon the leaves as they fell, and the gardener as he gathered his seeds. One day she heard the robins chirping "Good-bye."

"Ah," said the fairy Mercury, "summer has gone, sure enough." Then the days grew colder, and she dropped lower and lower in the glass tube, until another winter came.

So you see, that as both heat and cold moved her, she went up and down in her little house a great many times each year. Did you ever see the fairy Mercury or her glass house? Did you ever watch her move? Do you know what we call the fairy and her house? —From Cat-tails and Other Tales.

**Using Strategy.**  
Bass—I got some eggs of Mrs. Fowler for fifteen cents a dozen. I praised her baby, you know.

Fogg—That's nothing. I bought some of Fowler himself for twelve and a half cents. I spoke in admiration of his dog.

**NEW YORK FASHIONS.**  
Designs For Costumes That Have Become Popular in the Metropolis.

**New York City (Special).**—A garment of this kind is exceedingly handy at home or when traveling by railroad or steamer, and the comfort derived

**A Clever Woman's Scheme.**  
A clever woman was detected in a scheme the other day which may prove advantageous to other women. She had a stylish black hat, trimmed with huge bows of black taffeta and a fold or two of the same about the crown. This answered for ordinary wear. But the cleverness of the woman was that she so arranged her sombre trimmings as to admit the addition of a black and white tulle pom-pom, an extra fold of white silk veiled with black lace, and a small bunch of white viciets at the back. A conspicuous jet ornament fastened some of this together, and the result was a stunning "new" hat for dressy occasions.



LADIES' BATHROB OR WRAPPER

**The Importance of the Belt.**  
The little matter of belts has an importance in dress out of all proportion to the size of the article, but the belt adds to or detracts from the appearance in a most startling manner, especially the latter when it is not adjusted properly. White kid belts, plain or variously trimmed with beads or metal of some sort, are worn with the white shirtwaists, but prettier than these are the belts of soft white satin ribbon wide enough to wrinkle a little, fastened with a silver gilt buckle. Very pretty, too, are the belts of white taffeta silk cut bias, hemmed on the machine and finished with a rosette bow.

**A Dressy Silk Shirtwaist.**  
There is nothing dressier than an elaborate white silk shirtwaist, with its insertions of black lace, a white stock and crush belt.

**A Novel Wrap.**  
A novelty in wraps is a half coat of lace, rounded up the back and trimmed with ruffles of chiffon.

from its use is not easily estimated. Gray eiderdown flannel is the material here shown, the pointed hood being lined with soft yellow wash silk. The collar is finished on the edge with bias-stitched bands of silk, the simulated cuffs being outlined in the same manner. The simple adjustment is accomplished by shoulder, under-arm

and center-back seams, an underlying box plait laid at the end of the back seam just below the waist line to give necessary fulness to the skirt. The fronts close with buttons and buttonholes, a gray and yellow cord finished with tassels tied in front forming a girdle around the waist. The pointed hood is shaped by a single seam and may be lined or not, as preferred. It may be made adjustable or included in the neck seam with collar, or omitted if not desired. The two-seamed sleeves combine style with simplicity, as they fit the arm closely and are extremely comfortable. All kinds of flannel and Turkish toweling, camel's hair, merino, soft serge and chevot, as well as the lighter weights of double-faced cloths, are used to make wrappers of this kind. The robe may be lined throughout with bright plaid to match the lining of the hood, but the simpler these garments are made the more useful and desirable they are.

To make this robe for a lady of medium size will require nine yards of material twenty-seven inches wide.



SIMPLE DESIGN FOR A SEPARATE WAIST.

**Young Girls' Mourning Hats.**  
Mourning hats for young girls are of dead black chip, with wide brims, and trimmed with plain white tulle or white tulle dotted with black.

**A Stylish Overdress.**  
This overskirt drapery is made of spangled net, the lower edge of which is shaped in wide vandyke points and trimmed with sequin bands. The drapery is shaped with a centre-back seam and fitted with short hip darts. The plaquet opening in the back is finished with under and over laps, and closes invisibly, or fancy buttons or pins may ornament the closing if desired. The top fits smoothly over the hips, falling below in pretty ripples over the skirt.

Satin or silk skirts trimmed with plain or satin edged Brussels net or mousseline de soie ruffles are usually worn under draperies in this style, but any style of skirt can be chosen. All soft-clinging fabrics are adapted to the development of this stylish overdress, among which is cloth, cashmere, veiling, foulard, crepon brocade or grenadine. Braid, ribbon, gimp, passementerie, fringe or applique em-

**Separate Waists a Permanency.**  
Separate waists continue in favor and give evidence of having taken a permanent hold. The simple design shown in the large engraving is both smart and comfortable, being snug without tightness and embodying the suggestion of the sailor style, which is always admirable for informal wear. As illustrated the material is a blue and white stripe, with collar of plain blue banded with braid, but a plain color is equally suitable, and various combinations can be made. Where, as in this instance, the vest matches the waist, it is effective of white pique or cloth, and where the collar is blue the rest can be made white, and if desired the skirt may match.

The foundation, which is a fitted lining, closes at the centre front, but the waist proper is fitted with shoulder and under-arm seams only, and closes invisibly at the side. The sleeves, while snug enough for style, are not over tight, and are finished with cuffs that match the collar.

To make this waist for a woman of medium size two and one-quarter yards of material thirty-six inches wide will be required.

**Design for Overskirt Drapery.**  
brodery will form appropriate garniture. To make this drapery in the medium size will require three yards of forty-four inch material.



DESIGN FOR OVERSKIRT DRAPERY.