

THE SONG OF THE MYSTIC.

Walk down the Valley of Silence—  
Down the dim, voiceless valley—alone!  
And I hear not the fall of a footstep  
Around me, save God's and my own;  
And the hush of my heart is as holy  
As hovers where angels have flown!

Long ago I was weary of voices  
Whose music my heart could not win;  
Long ago I was weary of noises  
That fretted my soul with their din;  
Long ago I was weary of bliss  
Where I met but the humn—and sin.

I walked in the world with the worldly;  
I craved what the world may give;  
And I said: "In the world each ideal,  
That shines like a star on life's wave,  
Is wreathed on the shores of the Real,  
And sleeps like a dream in a grave."

And still did I pine for the Perfect,  
And still found the False with the True;  
I sought "mid the Human for Heaven,  
But caught a mere glimpse of its Blue;  
And I wept when the clouds of the Mortal  
Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I tolled on, heart-tired of the Human,  
And I moaned "mid the mazes of men,  
Till I knelt, long ago, at an altar  
And heard a voice call me, "Silence then  
I walk down the Valley of Silence  
That lies far beyond mortal ken."

PHILIP DIXON'S GAME LEG.

Mabel Vining was a bright, pretty girl, with a complexion like wild roses, eyes like sapphires, and a smile like a sunbeam; and a thing which is perhaps rather unusual in pretty girls—her disposition corresponded to her appearance.

Of the three men who were reported to be in the running for her affections, Philip Dixon had £1800 per annum; Walter Libstock, £1000; Alfred Herbert, £700. Mrs. Vining regarded them in that order, valuing them by the pecuniary standard. Mabel's standard was the amatory standard. One of the three she loved. For the other two, except as friends, she cared not a rap. But she had not yet declared her preference for the favored one. She wished first of all to bring her mother round to her own way of thinking.

"Dixon, my boy," cried the loved-over Libstock, "life is impossible for me without that divine angel. If I cannot win her for my wife, I shall certainly go mad, or die, or both."

Dixon was a kind-hearted man, who was readily touched by the sight of distress and woe. So that, instead of saying to the distracted lover, "Don't be a fool," or "Die, then, and have done with it," he answered, sympathetically: "I'm awfully sorry for you, old man. Have you proposed, may I ask, and been refused, or—"

"Proposed? No, indeed!" retorted Libstock, half fiercely. "What's the use of my proposing as long as you are hanging about after her?"

"I? What the deuce do you mean? I have never thought of Miss Vining in that way, nor, I am sure, has she of me," exclaimed Dixon in great astonishment.

"Herbert came to see me this morning and told me something very particular. Herbert was good enough to say," continued Libstock, "that as he could not win Miss Vining and happiness himself, and that as she had assured him in the most candid manner that there was no possible chance of his ever doing so, he would rather see me marry her than anybody else, and that was why he had come and recommended me to press my suit; which, considering that he himself had been rejected, was most handsome and generous of him. Don't you think so?"

"I do, indeed, Libstock. There's not one rejected suitor in a thousand who would be man enough to do such a thing," assented Philip Dixon, emphatically.

"But Herbert said—and I quite agree with him," went on Libstock, fixing his solemn, gloomy eyes upon the other's face, "that you are the obstacle, and that until you are out of the way, Mrs. Vining will not let Mabel accept me."

"Pshaw! my dear fellow. Miss Vining has never thought of regarding me in the light of a lover, as I have already told you."

"But, as I, also, have already told you, Mrs. Vining has. There's the crux. And so, by Herbert's advice, I've come to you as to a true friend and a thorough good fellow, to seek your kindly co-operation. Dixon," this voice suddenly took a tone of piteous appeal, "you don't love her. She's nothing to you. It—it—won't be any grief to you to have your proposal refused—"

"My proposal?" ejaculated the amazed Dixon.

"Oh, Dixon, my true friend, my dear friend, my best of pals, couldn't you, for my sake, in order to ensure my life-long happiness—to say nothing of hers—couldn't you, oh, couldn't you, write and ask her to marry you, adding that you had lately experienced heavy losses, that your income was now reduced to only £500 a year, but that you—you—loved her very dearly, and hoped that she would overlook your poverty, and become your wife? Of course, she'd refuse you; and under the circumstances described in your letter, her mother would back her up in her refusal. So the ground would be cleared for me. And all would come right," cried Libstock, his face flushed and his eyes burning with eager excitement.

Dixon tried to resist. But the other's eager insistence carried him off his feet.

And at length he was induced, or rather I should say, impelled against his will by the lover's resolute determination, to write the letter. It ran as follows:

"My Dear Miss Vining—I write to

Do you ask what I found in the Valley?  
"Tis my Trysting Place with the Divine,  
And I fell at the feet of the Holy,  
And above me a voice said: "Be mine,  
And there arose from the depths of my spirit  
An echo—"My heart shall be thine."

Do you ask how I live in the Valley?  
I weep—and I dream—and I pray,  
But my tears are as sweet as the dew-drops  
That fall on the roses in May,  
And my prayer, like a perfume from Censers  
Ascendeth to God night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence  
I dream all the songs that I sing;  
And the music floats down the dim Valley  
Till each finds a word for a wing,  
That to hearts, like the Dove of the Deings  
A message of Peace they may bring.

And I have seen Thoughts in the Valley—  
All me, how my spirit was stirred!  
And they wear holy veils on their faces,  
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard;  
They pass through the Valley like Virgins,  
Too pure for the touch of a word!

Do you ask me the place of the Valley,  
Ye hearts that are hallowed by care?  
It lies far between mountains,  
And God and His angels are there;  
And one in the dark mount of Sorrow,  
And one on the bright mountain of Prayer.  
—Father Ryan.

departure, leaving the unfortunate Dixon to bear his situation as best he might. He had got his friend into the hole. But he did not appear to feel that there was any obligation on his part to get him out of it again. He was thinking only of himself and his own departed dream of happiness. No such selfish being on the earth as a disappointed lover!

Dixon remained in his bedroom for a week, during which he had notes daily from Mabel Vining, each of which rendered him more frantic than the last. He must write and tell her the truth, rescinding all former fairy tales. He dared not. He must, at last he nerved himself to write the difficult letter.

"It will be a fearful blow to her," he soliloquized. "She will say—and truly—that I have behaved awfully badly. I hope I won't break her heart. I dread receiving her reply more than I can say."

Break her heart! Not a bit of it. Miss Vining's reply was of the most cheerful description. Here it is in extenso:

"My Dear Mr. Dixon—It's all right. Don't apologize. Mr. Libstock was very tiresome, and Alfred and I decided that he must be got rid of; especially as mamma, with the best possible intentions, was always making opportunities for me to be with him alone. So, by dint of plausible fictions, Alfred induced him to induce you (whom he knew to be the best natured and compliant of mortals) to write me a certain letter.

"I accepted you. I can imagine your horror when you received my acceptance. I laughed myself to sleep that night thinking of it. Any way, it settled Mr. Libstock. Moreover, mamma, when she heard through me of your losses, dismissed you also from her plans altogether. I may say, I told her that I had refused you, which, in fact, though not in words, is the truth.

"She is now resigned to my marriage with Alfred, which will take place in the summer.

"Forgive me for having played a trick upon you, on my own account, beyond what was strictly necessary. You deserved it for telling me those shocking lies. Yours very sincerely,  
"MABEL VINING."

"P. S.—How's your poor leg? I wonder at its condition, seeing how shamefully it has been pulled."  
"M. V."

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

An Ohio man has one of the most unique collections of autographs in the country. It contains the names of over twelve thousand actors and actresses, besides 1700 pictures, and over fifty thousand programs, posters and the like.

The antiquity of the fan in the East particularly in Asia, extends far back beyond the possibility of ascertaining its date. In China and India the original model of the fan was the wing of a bird, and at one time was part of the emblems of imperial authority.

A German firm in the well known town of Essen are making a good thing out of old sardine tins. Huge quantities of old tins are conveyed to the works, where they are treated by a system of electrolytic deposition, and the tin and iron recovered for use in manufacturing metal goods.

There is an extraordinary old man at present living in Russia, in the village of Marewka, in the government of Smolensk, known as "Sweet" Sinip. He was born in May, 1775, and is, therefore 127 years old. He has never been ill, and is able to walk each Sunday two versts to the village church. He also does work at the schools, knits stockings and weaves sandals.

Teeth of all kinds have been worshipped, and are, in fact, venerated as relics in some religious shrines. Buddha's tooth is preserved in an Indian temple; the Chinese worship the tooth of a monkey; while the elephant's and shark's tooth serve a similar purpose among the Malabar and Tonga Islanders respectively. The Siamese were formerly the possessors of the tooth of a sacred monkey, which they valued very highly, but in a war with the Portuguese they lost the holy grinder and had to pay \$3,500,000 to get it back again. It is now kept in a small gold box, inclosed in six other boxes in one of the many temples of the Siamese capital.

The American peanut crop averages about five million bushels a year, and twenty-two pounds of the nuts make a bushel. About \$10,000,000 worth of peanuts are yearly consumed, either in their natural form or in candy. The shucks furnish good food for pigs, and the peanut vine forms a first-class fodder for mules. Vast quantities of peanuts are shipped each year to Great Britain and the continent from both Africa and Asia, where they are converted into "pure Lucca olive oil." A bushel of peanut shells will afford about a gallon of oil, and the meal is used for feeding horses, and is also baked into a variety of bread which has a large sale in Germany and France.

Sleepy Railway Travelers.  
To sleep at any moment is undoubtedly a sign of physical soundness and Philistine sanity, especially in the matter of the brain and its functions. A physician would have little anxiety about the general condition of a patient who could sleep at will on a railway journey. In these days of hurry and bustle there could be no more encouraging sight to the philosopher than a railway carriage at noonday full of sleepy passengers.—Medical Press and Circular.



FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

The Candy Lion.  
A candy lion's very good,  
Because he cannot bite,  
Nor wader roaring for his food,  
Nor eat up folks at night.

But, though it's very nice for me,  
It's not so nice for him;  
For every day he seems to be  
More shapeless and more slim.

At first, there's no tall any more;  
And next, he has no head;  
And then—he's just a ratty roar,  
And might as well be dead.  
—The Christian Register.

A Weed Seed Collection.  
At a street fair that the writer attended last fall one of the most unique and interesting exhibits made was that of a collection of weed, grain and other seeds which was entered by a 16-year-old schoolboy. A talk with the young man who had so laboriously collected, classified and labeled the exhibit disclosed the fact that he had gotten the idea from an agricultural publication which had endeavored to teach the identification of seed by illustration. He had concluded to improve on this by learning from the actual seeds and he had succeeded admirably. He informed us that he could examine the grass seeds that are usually contaminated by weed seed and identify and name every impurity that he finds in them. This is an idea that might be taken advantage of with benefit by not only the boys and girls on the farm, but also those of older growth. It is not only a practical study of botany which will be interesting to pursue, but it will be of great practical benefit. The man who can examine the various clovers and learn to what extent they are mixed with weeds is only one in a thousand and his knowledge will be the means of saving his pocket-book from depletion without proper returns and his land from becoming foul from weeds sown with the grass seed.—Chicago Drovers' Journal.

A Yankee Notion.  
Every reader must have seen the large steel squares used by carpenters in their work, but I doubt if many know when they were first made, or how they came to be used. The making of these steel squares is a great industry now, but when the 19th century began there was not one in use. The inventor was a poor Vermont blacksmith, whose name was Silas Hawes. He was poor, and had a large family, and it was hard to keep the wolf from the door.

One dull, rainy day, a tin-peddler called at his shop to have the blacksmith fasten a shoe on his horse. These peddlers traveled up and down the country, calling at every farmhouse, and buying everything in the way of barter. This peddler had a number of worn-out steel saws on his cart, and the blacksmith saw them. He bargained for them, shoeing the peddler's horse and receiving the saws in payment.

Hawes had an idea, and as it proved it was a happy one. It was to polish and weld two saws together at right angles, and thus make a rule or measure superior to anything then in use. After a few attempts he succeeded in making a "square," marked it off into inches and fractions of inches, and found it answered all the purposes for which he had intended it.

Within a few weeks he had made a number in his spare hours. These he sent out by peddlers, who found every carpenter eager to buy them. Soon he found orders coming in faster than he could fill them. One of his steel squares would sell for \$6 or \$7, which was much more than it cost him. He applied for and obtained a patent on his invention so that no one else would deprive him of the profit. But Silas worked early and late, and as he earned money he bought iron which he manufactured into steel, and he hired men to help him. In a few years he was able to erect a large factory, and put in machinery for the making of squares, which by this time had found their way into every town and city in the country.

Such was the small beginning of a large and important industry. People came miles to see the wonderful forges, the showers of sparks flying from the heavy hammers, and to listen to the din of a 1000 workmen. And it all came about from a thoughtful man's seeing a few old worn-out saws in the peddler's wagon.—Our Young Folks.

Sacred Bird of Guatemala.  
In the tall and dreamy forests that clothe the backbone of Central America there flit the most beautiful birds in the world. And the most beautiful of them is the quetzal.

No one who has ever seen one of these wonderful creatures would dream of being able to convey more than a pale hint of their beauty.

The quetzal is a small bird, not larger than a wild dove. It has a head-dress that is exactly like an antique helmet in shape. A flashing golden green plays over it.

The plumage of the body does not lie in orderly rows, feather fitting into feather, as in most birds. Instead, beautiful plumes lie in bold waves and overhang the body. These immense feathers can hardly be said to be colored. They are rather like jewels, for

they flash in the richest emerald that can be imagined.

The same glowing green extends over the two middle feathers of the tail, which is three feet long and floats out on wind when the quetzal flies. The other feathers of the tail are black and white.

Breast and lower body of the quetzal are scarlet—a scarlet so intense that, when one sees a quetzal flit through the primeval forests of the Central American cordilleras, the eye gets a confused idea of a tongue of flame flicking through the trees.

When Cortez landed in Mexico he found temples that were erected in honor of the quetzal. The feathers of the bird were valued at more than gold, and the killing of the quetzal was a national crime. Every year the emperor of Mexico sent men out to gather quetzal feathers. This was done by catching the birds with bird lime, very carefully taking the two long green feathers from the tail and then liberating them again.

No one was permitted to wear quetzal feathers except the emperor. Montezuma's famous crown was made of hundreds of the green tail feathers, upheld by fine strips of precious wood and bound together with gold, so that when donned the crown stood almost three feet above the forehead of the wearer.

A splendid figure was the Aztec emperor who wore this feather crown. His cloak was made of almost equally precious bright blue feathers. On arms and ankles he wore rings of solid gold. His belt was gold, set with gems, and he bore in his hand a golden spear set with the richest jewels of the secret mines of Central America.

So the unhappy Montezuma was clothed when he sat in council. So he was clothed when he received the bloody Cortez and his men.

The mythology of the Central Americas is almost wholly lost. The Mayans, who loved the quetzal, were a forgotten race ages before Cortez found the wonderful Aztec empire in its glory. But a few of the legends have survived in vague forms, and one of them is the beautiful one of the quetzal bird's creation.

Once upon a time, says the legend, there arose a great man in Central America. His name was Quetzalcoatl, and he was noble to behold and had a great heart. He was born far away in the Land of the Sunrise, Tlapallan, which lies across the seas and never is darkened.

His face was fair and he had shining eyes. A full beard flowed to his breast and his look was the look of calmness and peace.

Long he waited in the sunland of Tlapallan, till the right time. Then he crossed the sea. His canoe was a mighty seashell, and it was blown over the deep as foam is blown along from ridge to ridge of the rollers. So he landed on Mexico's shore.

Clothed in pure white he wandered through the land. He asked for no sacrifice of beast or man for his altar. He accepted offerings only of flowers and fruits. Gentleness, friendship and love were all that he preached.

Where he trod the earth rejoiced. Green lay his path behind him. Barren lands became rich, rich lands became prodigal. Cotton sprang up everywhere. Maize grew to such dimensions that a man could carry only one ear at a time. Fruit filled the land with its fragrance.

And wherever Quetzalcoatl appeared the air became filled with the perfume of flowers and birds of amazing beauty flew through it.

So sweetly did they sing that men's souls melted when they heard. Warriors laid their weapons aside and knelt to listen.

Most glorious of the birds was one it shone scarlet, and that was its dear breast. It shone golden, and that was from its tiny helmet and its long, long tail.

Whenever this bird appeared men knew that the God Quetzalcoatl was nigh. So they learned to know the shining bird as the bird of their Sun God and they called it Quetzal.

It was the golden age of America. But there came a day when Tezcatlipoca, the God of Darkness, gave Quetzalcoatl a magic potion that made him old and weak and filled his heart with unutterable longing for his home in Tlapallan. And he went to the shore of the sea and he stepped into his great shell canoe and went out into the sea never to return.

When his shining boat disappeared below the horizon, the maize became small and the cotton died and the hearts of men awoke again to war.

In the battles that came, the temples of Quetzalcoatl were thrown down. His priests fled from place to place, till at last only a few still worshipped him and performed his rites in the deepest of the deep forests in the mysterious mountains.

Then these few faithful ones died, too. Palms and creepers covered the ruins of the last of the altars. Generation followed generation and passed away and at last all the races of the Mayans passed away and the Aztecs came and grew and built a new nation over the ruins of the old.

The Mayan nation had been so long forgotten that no man could tell aught of them except dim stories half remembered. The Aztec nation became very, very old, and then it, in turn, passed beyond the white man from Spain.

Through all the ages one creature has remained unchanged and beautiful and ever free. It is the quetzal. And it still flies in its ancient splendor through the lost land of long dead nations in Central America.—San Francisco Chronicle.



FOR THE FAIR LATEST NEW YORK FASHIONS

New York City.—Blouse jackets with little capes of various sorts are among the features of advanced styles, and are exceedingly becoming to young



MISSIE'S BLOUSE JACKET.

girls. The very stylish May Manton example illustrated is suited alike to the general wrap and the costume, but, as shown, is of Rhone blue cheviot and makes part of a suit. The trimming is bands of the same material stitched on with corticell silk and held at the points with handsome buttons.

The blouse is made with fronts and back. The cape is separate and is circular over the shoulders and extended at the front to form stoles, at the back

on gowns looks as if the points of fine lace handkerchiefs had been taken and applied to the gown in all manner of dainty ways. In fact, one of the loveliest gowns shown in a recent opening is made of fine crepe de chene in handkerchief squares embroidered, and laid together by dainty Val lace. The fronts of the little bolero effect are gracefully drooping handkerchief points, and the long—almost angel—sleeve is entirely of this picturesque handkerchief point effect.

Skirts, many of them, show the three ruffle effect. There are not three ruffles as a rule, but the skirt is shirred in three bands, each fuller than the other, and each having a heading, so that almost it seems as if the ruffles were there.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Short Four-in-Hand.  
Curtailed cravat ends mark the "Short Four-in-Hand" which is worn with a morning blouse. As so many waists are trimmed with pendant collar ends, in fact, long, flat streamers of cloth or silk, it would be decidedly too much of a good thing to have elongated cravat ends also fluttering down to the waist. The fresh-looking "shorts" are made of cotton chevot or Oxford cloths with a brilliant stripe of white upon a dull white ground, and clusters of light blue dots or pen rings sprinkled lavishly upon the shining white stripes.

Neckwear For Young Girls.  
Different styles of neckwear in the simpler designs, turn-over or protection collars, wash stocks and the like, that are worn by the grown-ups, are to be found also in the young girl's wardrobe.



LADIES' FANCY WAIST-LADIES' SKIRT.

to give a V effect and to make the position. It can be omitted and the blouse made plain when preferred. To the lower edge are attached the basque portions. The sleeves are full but tucked above the elbows and allowed to form puffs below. At the wrists are plain straight cuffs simply stitched.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (eleven years) is two and a quarter yards forty-four inches wide or two yards fifty-two inches wide.

Woman's Shirt Waist.  
Plain shirt waists are always in vogue. The very desirable May Manton one illustrated includes just the fineness at the neck which renders it becoming to all figures and is made with the new wide centre pleat. The original is made of white dotted batiste with large pearl buttons, but all waistings are equally appropriate. The tie can either be made of the same or of contrasting material as preferred.

The waist consists of fronts and back only and is fitted by means of shoulder and under-arm seams. The fronts are gathered at the neck edges and again at the waist line, but the back is plain and drawn down snugly at the belt. The sleeves widen as they approach the cuffs, which are straight and can be held by means of buttons or links as preferred.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four and a half

Hints For the Summer Wardrobe.  
What pretty fashions we are given this year. We never feel quite sure of styles until the exclusive places show the very latest things Paris has put out, because the best come last. But this great event has come off and woman-kind can settle down to dream over and plan her summer wardrobe, sure she is on the right track.

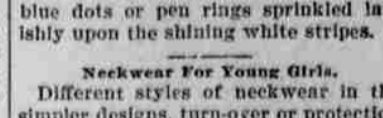
Quite a noticeable feature is the use of the fine, thin laces, frequently the old-fashioned silk laces we have not seen for so long. There has been such a hue and cry about the vogue of heavy, coarse lace that the appearance of these fragile, delicate laces comes much as a surprise. They are used, however, only on the thin sheer muslins, organdies and fine handkerchief laces that build the summer gowns. The coarse lace will still be used on the heavy linens and the voiles and etamines. But on the fine sheer fabrics—the silk crepes, the French mousselines, the filmy printed organdies—this finer lace is used. It is a nice, discriminating touch, and it takes the best of taste and judgment just when to use it and when to leave it alone.

Another point to be noticed is the lingerie effect in the gowns. Of course the abundance of handwork used could not but make a trend this way. It is all very dainty and sweet and simply idyllic for the summer girl.

Handkerchief points are much noticed. Some of the daintiest trimming

yards twenty-one inches wide, four yards twenty-seven inches wide, three yards thirty-two inches wide or two and a quarter yards forty-four inches wide.

A PLAIN SHEET WAIST.



A PLAIN SHEET WAIST.