

CALLADE OF HEART'S DESIRE.

By THOMAS WOOD STEVENS.
With fame upon the bugles blown
And waves of lances on the plain,
Men harvest where the fields are sown
With death, and tears are like the rain;
By pomp and craft and high disdain
They build and pass, to sleep with Tyre,
Who spend their souls to seek—in vain
The glory of the King's Desire.

And men there are who stone on stone
Upright upon the lord of gain
High temples that they call their own
While Fortune smiles before her face;
Who tempt the seas and learn to reign
Above the spirit of the fire,
And driving still, may still attain
The worship of the World's Desire.

And some who hold for fleet and throne
No homage—and no homage feign,
Who kneel before one shrine alone,
Who know one love, and one love's pain;
For them the winter in the lane
Chills not the springs of the lyre;
For them one law, one dream, one
chain—
The guardian of the Heart's Desire.

LENVOI.
Sweet, when the tyrants all are slain,
The temples dark with Fortune's ire,
Still in thine eyes let me remain
The glory of the Heart's Desire.
—The Criterion.

THE MAN WHO GOT OVER IT.

HE elder of the two men was still young, but something had crossed his face as a fire crosses a forest, sweeping out the lines and looks that had been.

The younger was bright, buoyant, self-satisfied, in love with himself and the world.

The elder had a newspaper in his hand, and he carelessly rolled and unrolled it with an intentness that might have been given to the calculation of eclipses or to the evolving of new systems of philosophy.

The younger leaned lazily back in his chair with his hands clasped behind his head.

"It was good of you, Howard, to hunt me up as soon as you came back to the city," the elder said, for the third time.

"I have missed you—I have needed the old companionship—I—somehow, I have seemed to be rather—rather alone of late years."

There was a hesitation in his speech that the other found very curious.

"You've been sticking to the office too closely, Morrison," he said, kindly. "Of course, ambition and building one's self up, and hard work, and all that are all right, but you've overdone the thing. It's taking a good deal out of you."

A wintry smile flickered around the lips of the elder man as he unfolded the paper and looked at it critically and then carefully rolled it again.

"Ambition?" he said. "Yes—I used to be ambitious, didn't I?—and rather talented, too, people thought."

"I hope you haven't thrown it all away," cried Howard, with a shocked face.

"Thrown it away! Oh, no! Some men would have done that. But I had a great deal of self-control. I remembered, afterward, that I had been ambitious, with certain objects in view, and so I put myself at the old tasks and have gone plodding, plodding at them with set teeth ever since. I am a plodder now, where I used to run with my soul on fire."

"What in the world has happened to you, old man?" asked the younger, with troubled eyes on the face the fire had swept.

The elder rolled the paper into a tighter roll, and held it in both hands, as though it were his self-control and it might escape from him at any moment.

"I am glad you came to me as soon as you reached town," he said again, always with that curious hesitation in his manner. "I have thought of you many times—and have wished to warn you—you are so very young, Howard—fully three years younger than I—and I know that I ought to warn you—against women!"

swiftly rolled it again, before he went on.

"Do you smile to think that I was attracted, too? True—I had not lived the life most men live. I was a student, and had lived among books and dreams. She was the embodiment of all that was pure and lovely in literature and fancy. I had worshipped her afar off until she called me to her. Howard, she sent the others away and called me, at a queen calls a courtier, and I went."

The paper was growing ragged at the edges. He held it up a moment and looked at it, then clasped his fingers around it till they were white from the pressure, and went on:

"For weeks I saw her every day. I found that I could say brilliant things to amuse her—I, the recluse, the silent. Other men, wealthier, well-known, socially, stood off and were amazed, but I cared nothing for them. Through all the ages, through all the impossibilities of time and space, our two souls had been coming together. Missing her, I would have gone on, a solitary student, to my journey's end. I shuddered, sometimes, to think what my life would have been if I had not gone to the house where I met her first."

"Missing me, she would have laughed and jested with the crowd of suitors, until she wearied of them, and they fell away, one by one, and left her still heartwhole and alone."

"My life was filled with such dreams as these, which seemed so true, so natural that I felt it necessary to speak to Elmor, for she must see as clearly as I."

The flood was carrying him on—he resumed hurriedly, with his eyes on the paper:

"One evening I went to her home. Elmor was alone, with a shadow on her face, and something took possession of me, and I—I spoke. I see you are disturbed—for me. You need not be troubled—it was all over, long ago. I have lived through it. I can laugh now, when I think of it—ha, ha, ha!"

"She laughed, too, at the time, and said it was the strangest thing that a girl could never be friends with a man but that he spoiled it by wanting to marry her. She leaned back in her cushioned chair—there was something made of silk and lace behind her head, and—she looked so fair and dainty and gentle—but she was laughing; and she told me that she liked to have me near her for several reasons."

"In the first place, I was tall, and she liked tall men. Then I could talk to her about books, and that enabled her to talk about them, too, without being at the trouble of reading them herself. Then, I was so deliciously serious, and that refreshed her—and above all, she knew she was perfectly safe with me, for no one would ever be insane enough to dream of our marrying."

"She laughed a great deal, yet she was vexed that I had spoken and spoiled it all. She had broken her doll, and, finding nothing but heart's blood inside it, she threw it away. But men were all alike, she said; they all took themselves so seriously."

"And then I laughed also, and went out into the night. A little while after she left London and went abroad; and I—I sat here at my desk and lived."

"Yes, I am quite recovered—fortunately. With some men it might have been a very serious thing. There are men, you know, who put so much of life into a thing that what is left behind isn't worth considering. It would be so with you, Howard. I have thought of you many times, for I knew—what might come—and I wanted to warn you. When you are pouring out your soul they are tolerating you because—because you are tall. It would ruin your life, my boy. Don't let them do it."

"Wait a moment," said the pale-faced younger man, with his hand on the other's arm. "Never mind—I would not have heeded it—no man would—but your warning comes too late. I was married last week. I am on my wedding tour. I thought you knew."

The elder paused, with the paper held out in both motionless hands, and stared at him vacantly.

"Married!" he whispered. "And to whom?"

"To Miss Elmor Vancouver."

The paper dropped to the floor with a crash, and in the pause that followed Howard heard his watch tick. Then the man who had outlived the tragedy of his life arose and heard himself saying, formally, a long way off:

"Allow me to congratulate you."—Illustrated Bits.

Imitated Papa.
A little girl, before going out to a tea party, was coached in conduct by a fond mamma. "You may take cake twice if it is offered to you, but if you are asked a third time you must say, with all possible politeness, 'No, thank you.'"

Crazy Woman Wins Prize.
A woman inmate in a Minnesota asylum for the insane has won a prize from a Boston magazine for the solution of a riddle and the writing of an essay. The chief difference between her and a lot of other successful authors is that she is denied her liberty.



ACCEPTABLE TO MOST WOMEN.

A dainty apron is acceptable to most women. A new idea is a work bag and apron combined. It is so constructed that while doing fancy work you appear to have on a pretty apron with a pointed bib. When you stop you pile all your things in your lap, untie the ribbons about your waist and the apron draws up into a bag.

MEDITATIONS OF A SPINSTER.

Judging from some of the awful things seen on the late Halloween, women ought to go down on their knees fasting and give thanks that they are permitted to wear women's clothes.

NECKLETS FOR GIRLS.

The smart girl is a very interesting young person to behold these days, for she scarcely lets a day go by that she does not introduce you to a new fashion and greet you with a new fad.

THE HARDANGER EMBROIDERY.

The Hardanger embroidery, or Swedish embroidery, as it is sometimes wrongly called, which is now so popular in the shops in embroidered shirt waists and centerpieces, gets its name from the town of Hardanger in western Norway.

This embroidery, while new to most parts of the United States, has been in use for generations in Norway, Sweden and Denmark. In these countries the children are taught to do Hardanger work at school; and in the little town of Hardanger in almost every home are to be seen curtains, counterpanes, pillow shams and table covers ornamented with this beautiful and durable embroidery.

The women of Hardanger always wear little aprons trimmed with Hardanger insertion. In fact, this custom is so associated with the village life that even on her wedding day the Hardanger maiden wears an apron.

WHY HER SHOE LACES UNTIE.

"Why is it that a lady's shoe becomes untied so much more frequently and apparently easier than a man's?" repeated J. V. Ladd, the shoe salesman, after me. "Well, I don't suppose I would be in any better position to answer a question than any one else had not it been for the fact that a few days ago a couple of ladies, customers of my place, were discussing that very point, and their deductions appear to solve the riddle perfectly."

"It is not that a woman's shoe laces will not tie as firm a knot as any other's; the reason for the frequent untying to which women are subjected is apart from that. In the case of high shoes the trouble is altogether in their height. The shoe laces further up on the leg than a man's, usually fits more snugly, and therefore exerts a greater strain on the knot when a woman is walking. The result is that it becomes loosened with a very short time, whereas, a man may walk all day without the laces of his shoe becoming untied. Where low shoes are worn the skirts flapping round the ankle do the work of loosening the knot."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

HINTS FOR HATS.

An entirely new hat, that has no pedigree, but is distinctly pretty, has a low bowl top covered with a marabout pompon. The four-inch brim curves up with delicate grace at the left. It is covered with row upon row of narrow pleated lace, and bound at the edge with Japanese mink.

The bow hat often has a crown of roses, with fur binding always in effective harmony. The lace is usually pure white.

But little lace will be used on the handsomest hats. Fur and flowers and fur and tulle or embroidery are the swagger things.

Felts are fashionable in spite of the craze for the made velvet hat. The handsomest are the satin felt, not too stiff, with the brim showing the pleasant outline of the mushroom.

A handsome feather used to be a treasured possession for one or more generations. It was treated with respect and placed on the hat in a dignified, upright position. But what is tradition to the modern American girl? Just something to be stumbled over once, to be uprooted, smiled at kindly and the fragments scattered by a little humor and a little scorn.

CHEAP IMITATIONS.

Cheap imitation of good things is seen a great deal, and gives a tawdry look to gowns. Avoid laces and ribbons unless they are good, says the Boston Sunday Herald. False jewelry is always bad taste, and yet women with beautiful jewels of their own go mad over imitation ones. If you cannot have the real, do without. Nothing so stamps a woman.

Walk along the street some day and look only at the feet of the women you pass. You will be astonished and horrified to find perhaps only one whose feet are well shod. Every one can afford to have a pair of shoes, as skeleton shapes can be bought and will fit any shoe or slipper in that size.

A MAN-EATING HORSE.

Story of a Beautiful Stallion That Had Killed Two Men.
A fearful beast is a bad horse. One really has more chance against a tiger, Geronimo stood seventeen hands high and weighed over 1600 pounds. When he reared on his hind legs and came for you screaming, his teeth snapping like bear traps, his mane flying, a man seemed a tiny antagonist indeed. One blow from those front hoofs and your troubles were over. Once down he'd trample, bite and kick you until your own mother would hesitate to claim the pile of rags and jelly he left. He had served two men so already; nothing but his matchless beauty saved his life.

Nowhere could one find a better example of the staid than when he tore around his corral in a tantrum, as lithe and graceful as a black panther. His mane stood on end; his eyes and nostrils were of a color; the muscles looked to be bursting through the silken gloom of his coat. His swiftness was something incredible. He caught and horribly killed Jim Baxter's hound before it could get out of the corral—and a bear hound is a pretty agile animal.

We fed and watered Geronimo with a pitchfork, and in terror then, for his slyness and cunning were on a par with his other pleasant peculiarities. One of the poor devils he killed entered the stable all unsuspecting. Geronimo had broken his chains and stood close against the wall of his stall in the darkness, waiting. The man came within reach. Suddenly a black mass of flesh flashed in the air above him, coming down with all four hoofs—and that's enough of that story.—Henry Wallace Phillips, in McClure's.

Strange Court-Martial.
After a two-days' court-martial at Devonport, England, Color Sergeant Instructor of Musketry Walter Jerfries of the Second Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, was acquitted on Saturday of a strange charge. This was that he made a false accusation against Lieutenant Lynch in a report, which contained the following:

"Lieutenant Lynch commenced talking about Lieutenant Hope's course. He said, 'I have seen the Colonel, and he told me that Lieutenant Hope has to get through this time by some means or other,' and also said that it did not matter if his scores had to be altered, as it meant a lot to that officer if he failed," and further, "Lieutenant Hope also done practices 4, 5 and 6 on the same day, and the scores actually obtained were 5, 3, 16 points, and 1, under the influence of Lieutenant Lynch, the previous night altered the points of those practices to 17, 18, 16, which is now shown on the musketry transfer return and on the register of Lieutenant Hope."

Lieutenant Hope had previously completed one course, and failed to get his qualifying points to enable him to obtain promotion into a line regiment.—London Mail.

Largest Auto in the World.
The largest automobile ever built is a harvester and "auto" combined, and is used in Southern California. It is equal to sixty horses, and goes at the rate of three and a half miles an hour, mowing a swath thirty-six feet wide, putting up the grain in finished shape, threshing, etc.

The machine is sixty feet long and thirty feet wide. The motive power is furnished by oil. It is such an expensive "harvest hand" that one farmer can not, of course, own it alone, but it is the property of a company, and goes from one farm to another. Eight men are required to run it. As the machine starts off the grain begins falling in sacks on the opposite side from where it is cut, and the straw drops into a cart behind.

Three machines sent to Russia for work on the steppes were delayed in China and captured by the "Boxers." There they remained for two years, but they are now in Russia, and considered an American wonder.

It Could Not Be.
Mr. W. W. Keen, the Philadelphia surgeon, has a number of scrapbooks filled with anecdotes about physicians. These anecdotes are odd, from the fact that they all throw upon physicians a most unflattering light. To illustrate their character, Dr. Keen quoted one of them recently.

"A physician was driving through the street," he said. "A friend stopped him."

"Doctor," said the friend anxiously, "have you heard that horrible story about Williamson?"

"No," said the doctor. "What story is that?"

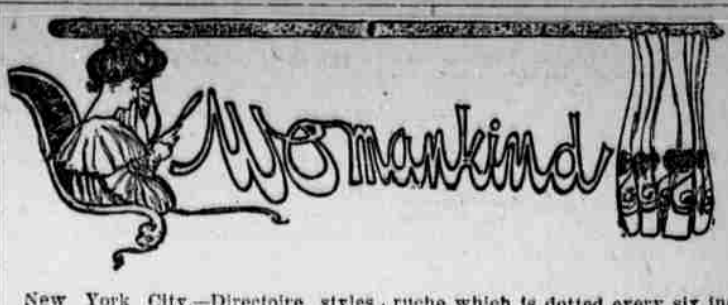
"A story to the effect that he was buried alive."

"Buried alive?" said the doctor. "Impossible. He was one of my patients."—Collier's Weekly.

Measuring Space.
James Whitcomb Riley, who occasionally visits country schools in the Hoosier State, once gave a brief address on the subject of the stars. At the conclusion of his interesting talk, he said:

"Can any of you boys tell me what space is?"

The bright-faced young son of a country editor promptly raised his hand.



WOMANKIND

New York City.—Directoire styles are always attractive with their big pointed revers and are to be noted among the latest and most desirable.



Basque Waist.

ruche which is dotted every six inches or so with deeper pink and green chiffon flowers. There is a very deep pointed overskirt, also finished with a flower-decked ruche. The same ruche and flowers trimmed the decollete of the simple bodice. The sleeves are of the elaborately draped order, a full puff and draped double ruffles caught up with clusters of flowers and foliage.

Girl's "Buster Brown" Dress.
"Buster Brown" styles have taken a firm hold on the girls as well as the small boys, and dresses for the latter's sister, made after that widely-known youngster's are among the latest shown. While of necessity they differ from the original in detail, they retain certain characteristics and are so truly charming and simple as to be amply worthy of consideration on the ground of their own merits alone. This one is made of natural colored linen with white collar and cuffs that are detachable, but all simple, childish materials, wool as well as linen and cotton, are appropriate, and collar and cuffs can be of the same or white as preferred.

The dress is made with front and back, the front tucked, the back pleated and the skirt portion laid in additional inverted pleats at the under-arm seams, and is closed at the back, an opening being cut beneath the center pleat. The sleeves are simply full and both neck and wrists are finished

A Late Design by May Manton.



basque style. The original is made of copper-colored broadcloth with revers, cuffs and belt of velvet and the vest of white cloth enriched by embroidery, the little shield being of lace, but various combinations might be suggested.

The waist consists of the fitted lining, the fronts, backs, side-backs and under-arm gores. The fronts are laid in tucks at the shoulders which extend to yoke depth, providing fullness below, and the back in two that extend for full length. The vest is faced on to the lining, a little turn-over collar finishing the neck at the back, but the chemise is separate and arranged underneath. The revers are pointed and so shaped as to give a jabot effect. The sleeves are large and full above the elbows, snug fitting below with the flare cuffs that always are suggestive of Directoire styles.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is six and three-quarter yards twenty-one inches wide, five and three-quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide, or three and a half yards forty-four inches wide, with five-eighth yard of cloth for vest, one yard of velvet and five-eighth yards of lace for chemise.

A Dinner Gown.
A pink chiffon dinner gown of the more elaborate sort has a long skirt with a full foot ruffle edged with a

with bands to which the cuffs can be sewn, or attached by means of buttons and buttonholes as liked. At the waist is a belt of the material that is slipped under straps at the under-arm seams.

The quantity of material required for the medium size, eight yards, is four and a quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide, two and five-eighth yards



Girl's "Buster Brown" Dress.
forty-four inches wide or two and a half yards fifty-two inches wide, with half yard of white linen for collar and cuffs.

New Shopping Bags.
The newest shopping bags, almost square, are carried by means of a strap, through which the hand slips easily. Inside are places for the small change purse, memorandum book, etc.

The Elbow Sleeve.
Paquin's latest creations for receptions and fine wear show the elbow sleeve to be more the mode than ever. Velvet costumes especially show elbow sleeves.

Separate Blouse Gown.
The separate blouse as a dress garment has ended its career. Be it ever so humble, a gown is a gown in these days, and not a skirt and waist.