

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
Upreas unto 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 gains,
Who know one love, and one love's pain;
For them the winter in the lane
Chills not the springsong of the lyre;
For them one law, one dream, one
chain—
The girdon of the Heart's Desire.

LENNOL.
Sweet, when the tyrants all are slain,
The temples dark with Fortune's ire,
Still in thine eyes let me regain
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—somehow, I have seemed to be rather—rather alone of late years."

There was a hesitancy 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 tips 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!"

The younger, who had bent forward, leaned back again, and from this time on he did not take his eyes from his companion's face.

"Against women," he repeated, mechanically, still holding tight to his self-control. "For you are young, with a sensitiveness and delicacy of spirit which I often noticed when we were boys together. If such an experience—came to you—why—it might wreck your life. You might never recover, I doubt if you would even live through it. I have thought of that often. As for me, I am not sensitive nor delicate; and you see I have lived."

Not only that, but I have entirely recovered. You could scarcely believe that I can even laugh now when I think of it."

He laughed then to prove it, and at the sound of that laugh the face of the other man grew white.

"Old yes, it is all over long ago," he added. "I thanked heaven many times that I was made of coarse fiber, and could triumph over such experiences. But as for you, my boy, don't ever try it. Keep away from them—from women. They will not wait to see if you are the kind that—that lives through it. They will break your heart as a child breaks a doll—to see what is inside—and though your heart beats afterward, the quickness is gone from your spirit and the fire from your brain. That is, it would be from yours. You can see for yourself that I have entirely recovered—entirely."

He waited until he had unrolled the paper and looked at it on all sides, and

swiftly rolled it again, before he went on.

"It was three years ago, just after you left town, that I first met—her. I will not tell you her name—you would not know her—but she was young—I was young then, too—and she was so beautiful that all men were attracted to her."

"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's call 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 the paper drew up into a bag.

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 work pile all your things in your lap, until the ribbons about your waist and the apron draw 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.

It's queer that it is much harder to be just plain than it is to be saintly and pious.

Silence, in some cases, speaks much louder than words.

It makes a wife real envious to see the way her husband can forget the children when they are both away from home.

When a woman has won something on an election bet she cannot see why some people think better gis wrong.

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 centrepieces, 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 it not 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 in as firm a knot as any other's; the reason for the frequent annoyances 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 encounters 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 reticent grace at the left. It is covered with row upon row of narrow pleated lace, and bound at the edge with Japanese mink.

The bowl 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 mad 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, snatched 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 trees, as skeleton shapes can be bought and will fit any shoe or slipper in that size.

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 rebus 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,



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 leathery 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 satanic 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 perfectly 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.

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.

Early in the summer it was a long chain that she was wearing, of beads or jewels, according as her purse allowed. Now the long chain is looked upon as being entirely too popular to be worn by the girls who lead, instead of follow, the fashions. It is the necklace that is the smart thing to wear right now—a dainty little chain, sometimes of one strand and sometimes of three, which falls just below the throat. From the necklace dangles the fair wearer's birth stone. The necklace is invariably of fine gold chains of tiny pearls. Amethyst drops make effective dangles, and baroque pearls are also much the mode used in this way, 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 Jeffries 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 got 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.

"Well, my lad," said the poet, "what do you think space is?"

"Twenty-five cents an agate line for display matter, sir," he piped out.—Saturday Evening Post.

HER THOROUGHNESS.

"Now, there was my aunt Phileida Pine," ruminatingly remarked the Old Codger. "She was such a careful, painstaking woman, with a nice little knot of hair like a horse-chestnut on the back of her head, that when little Oscar had the measles she counted 'em."—Puck.

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

ruches 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 ruches 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, childlike 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 box 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

shown. The very stylish waist illustrated includes also the fashionable vest and sleeves of the latest model while it is extended below the waist in

A Late Design by May Manton.



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 years, is four and a quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide, two and five-eighths yards

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 is six and three-quarters 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-eighths yard of cloth for vest, one yard of velvet and five-eighths yards of lace for chemisette.

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