Other suns will shine as golden,
Other skies be just as blue,
Other south winds blow as softly,
Gently drunking up the dew;
Other goldenrods and asters
With the sun and sky agree,
These for other men and women—

Just to-day for you and me,

Other fruit of winey flavor
Wanderers will pluck and est,
Other birds with winsome voices
Other songs will sing—as sweet;
O'er the dappled brook will midges
Dance an hour, then cease to be,
All the world ma, have to-morrow—
But to-day's for you and me.

Other gardens will be planted
Fair as this which we call ours,
Other blooms will put to shaming
These benign, old-fashioned flowers;
All the glories of the sunset If the glories of the sunset.

In the sunrise one may see,
hat which others call the dawning
is the night for you and me.
—Success.



Scene: A West End picture gal-Gerald Markham, a young man of thirty, is walking about in an aimless way, engaged in the bewildering occupation of trying to forget. On the previous evening he had made a proposal of marriage to Dorothy Wargrave, and had been politely re

As he turns from one of the pictures, he finds himself face to face with Dorothy and her aunt, Mrs. Arbuthnot. He is about to pass them with an elaborate bow, when Mrs. Arbuthnot, who knows nothing of his rejection, stops him.

Mrs. Arbuthnot: O Mr. Markham, I'm so glad we met you. There's Mrs. Waring in the next room, and I do so want a moment's chat with her. Would you mind taking Dorothy round while I'm gone? Thanks, so much. (Bustles away, beaming with

smiles.) Gerald (after contemplating his boots for some seconds): Very depressing weather for this time of the year, Miss Wargrave?

Dorothy: Do you think so? Why, the sun was shining as we came in. Gerald: Was it, indeed? I didn't motice it. You must be sorry you

came in, now Dorothy: O not at all. I enjoy pictures. Will you show me some of

Gerald: Certainly, if you wish it. This (as they stop before a large canvas) is quite a masterpiece. It's a beautiful allegory of Death breaking the chains of tired souls weary of the world. I think it's the most satisfying picture I have ever-

Dorothy: It's rather depressing, men't it?

Gerald: Do you find it so? O I am

Dorothy: Here's a charming thing. It seems all sunshine and brightness. Do you know what it is? Number 19.

Gerald (referring to the catalogue): Yes, I thought so. It's a maypole dance of the fifteenth century. If you look at it you will see that the coloring is very conventional. The laughter of the dancers to lack reality. One would say that their merriment is forced and hollow. Now here is a really fine piece of work, "The Death of Ophe-

Dorothy: O, and I suppose that's Hamlet bending over her?

Gerald: Yes. You will notice what a beautifully peaceful expression the artist has given her, as if death had brought her happiness at last. The suggestion of tears upon Hamlet's eyelashes is quite masterly; and the grief of that woman in the back-ground with her face buried in her hands. You can almost see her frame shaking with the sobs that-

Dorothy: This looks nice: Number 25. I like the girl's face awfully. Gerald (referring to catalogue); They simply call it "Betrothed" here. It's rather showy and not very effective. Now the next picture, "The Dving-

Dorothy: O, do let me look at this one a little longer, please. They look so happy together.

Gerald: O, if it gives you any pleasure, I shall be only too delight-

ed. I'm sure. Dorothy: If you really think the picture is a poor one, I'll pass it by. Gerald: Not on my account, please.

I am sorry if I seemed to be forcing

an unwelcome opinion upon you. Dorothy: O. I hope I've done nothing to suggest that your opinion is unwelcome, Mr. Markham. I am oure there is a great deal in what you

say, only. Perhaps I am a little Gerald: prejudiced this morning. After all, the contemplating of other people's happiness, when one is-

Dorothy: Then you admit that they look happy? That's all I ed for the picture.

Gerald (softening his voice a littie): Yes, they look very happy. They have reason to be. They are-

(speaking hurriedly) What's this one, number 31? It is an Impressionist picture, I should think.

Gersid (referring to catalogue); yes. It's called the "Garden of eath." Some girl, crossed in love, illed her room full of flowers, and then laid down and died from the med atmosphere. Rather dismal sort of subject, isn't it?

Dorothy (shuddering): Horrid. Let's get away from it. (Takes his arm with an apparently unconscious morement.)

Gerald: That's funny, Isn't It? Number 53, "The Christmas Ham-Somebody's sent the old boy a hamper, and he's found nothing in it but a heap of bricks and straw. Do look at the comical way he's holding the empty basket up and peering inside it.

Dorothy (laughing): It's awfully clever, isn't it? I must bring auntie round and show it to her. She's very fond of anything that's really funny. There's a big picture over there. It looks rather well from here. I wonder what it is.

Gerald (as they walk up to it): O yes! that's that celebrated picture, "The Village Bride." Magnificent piece of work, isn't it? How the light seems to sparkle on her face! Dorothy: She's a very pretty girl,

Gerald: O. I don't know. I've met at least one who is far prettier. Besides, a girl never looks so pretty as when she is wearing her bridal dress, Dorothy (a little embarrassed): That's a striking picture—the knight n armor and the lady and the soldiers; what is it?

Gerald: O, that's Jackson's celebrated picture, "Victory." It's a knight who has come back from the war and is returning to his lady the scarf she tied on his arm as a talisman. It's a great painting. Such a fine air of animation and rejoicing about it. See how glad she looks at meeting him again, and how-

Mrs. Arbuthnot (hurrying up): My dear Dorothy, I've been looking for you everywhere. I began to be afraid I had lost you. Dorothy: Mr. Markham has been

showing me the pictures and explaining them, auntie. And I've been so interested.

Gerald: Not more so than I, I am sure, Mrs. Arbuthnot.

Mrs. Arbuthnot: Well, we must be going. Are you disengaged this evening, Mr. Markham? We are dining alone, and should be delighted to see you. Dorothy is staying with us over Sunday.

Gerald: I should be very happy in

deed, if (looks at Dorothy)-Dorothy (coloring a little and hold ing out her hand with a smile): Au revoir. Mr. Markham.-G. A., in Black and White.

TEMBRILS.

Moving Parts Which Arc the "Erains of Plant Life."

There are two classes of plants which are incited by man's presence to describe certain definite movements. One class, the sensitive plants, retract their leaflets as we approach them as if they resented any attempt at closer intimacy, while the other class, comprising all those vines which develop climbing organs called tendrils, will reach out toward us if we place our hands in contact with them, and will even use a finger as support to climb upon. We know that these tendrils will wind just as readily about a twig or a grass stem, but as one feels these sensitive strands multiply their encircling coils about one's fingers there almost seems to be established between us and the vegetable world a more intimate relationship than has ever existed before.

Tendrils are indeed capable of exhibiting faculties and going through evolutions more wonderful perhaps than many of us realize. It is only after we have seen them at work, testing with their sensitive tips the objects they come in contact with, apparently considering their suitability as a support and then accepting or rejecting them, as the case may beit is only then that we realize how justly they have been called the "brains of plant life."

The thoroughness with which these wandering tips explore their surroundings is illustrated by an instance I observed in a grapevine tendril. A cherry branch, whose leaves had been variously punctured and scalloped by insects, hung near the tendril, and a particular leaf had just one small hole in its blade, not over three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter. So careful had been the exploration of the leaf's surface that this one small hole had been discovered by the tendril, which had thrust itself nearly three inches through the opening .- Harper's Magazine.

Good Snail Year, Good Sheep Year, "Most people would be horrified to learn that the finest mutton in the world comes from sheep fattened on snails," rays a large breeder of Southdown sheep; "nevertheless it is a fact. In seasons when snalls are plentiful the mutton from our sheen has a delicious flavor which it never acquires from the most scientific form of feeding. On the continent a diet of snails is a regular cure for consumption and is said to fatten and nourish the body in a wonderful way.

'There is a popular superstition,' he adds, "that the unique and dellcate flavor of Southdown mutton is due largely to the quantity of wild thyme which they crop with the grass in their pastures. But personally I give the snails the greater part of the credit for the soft, plump flesh and the sweetness of flavor in our celebrated sheep. So much h their the case that the saying, "Good snall year, good sheep year," has become almost a proverb among shepherds and breeders."-London Mail.

A Boy Topsy.

Out in Downs a little Swede boy vent to school and the teacher asked his name. "Yonny Olsen," he replied. "How old are you?" asked the "Ay not no how old ay teacher. "Ay not no how old ay bane." "Well, when were you born?" continued the teacher. "Ay-not born at all, ay got stepmutter."-Kansat



New York City.-The wide, loose sleeve that is variously known as the Maudarin, kimono and the Tokio is by far the most notable feature of



the present styles, and is peculiarly

seams of the sleeves, however, are entirely concealed by the trimming so that the effect is that of being cut in one with the garment, and there is also a V-shaped portion applied on

The quantity of material required for the medium size is two and a half yards twenty-one or twentyseven or one and three-eighth yards forty-four inches wide with five and a quarter yards of banding one and three-quarter inches wide, and eleven verds of narrow braid to trim as illus-

Nine-Gorell Pleated Skirt.

The pleated skirt is unquestionably the favorite of the hour, and every possible variation finds its welcome. This one is distinctly novel, the pleats n each group being turned toward one another, and is exceptionally desirable for the reason that it is adapted to almost any skirting material. In the illustration it is made of one of the new pongees trimmed with a bias band of the material, piped with plain color and stitched with belding silk, but wool, linen and cotton are quite as appropriate as silk, and again the skirt is just as desirable for the gown or the suit as it is for separate use. Trimming can be varied in a number of ways; a plain stitched hem is quite correct, while bands of the material, such as the one illustrated, are much in vogue. Folds or well liked for such little wraps as applied tucks of contrasting fabric this one. For the warm weather it also are greatly used, and there are has a great many practical advan- ready-made bandings galore.



tages, inasmuch as it does not mean any great warmth and can be slipped on over the fluffy, dainty lingerie sleeves without rumpling them in the least. In the illustration the jacket is made of striped voile, that is white with lines of blue, and is trimmed with embroidered banding which suggests Oriental coloring and design and which is edged with narrow plain braid. The jacket, however, is suited to every seasonable material, while also it can be relied upon to be correct for the early autumn, which, after all, is not so far off. The narrow vest makes a special feature, and the garment is altogether exceedingly smart. In fact, it gives the effect of exceptional lines, while it is so simple that there is very little labor involved in its making, the characteris tic smartness being largely produced

by judicious use of trimming. The Eton is made with fronts back and vest and wide sleeves that are joined to it at the armholes. The

Size For Coronet Braid.

The coronet braid, called a natte in Paris, is now most esteemed for the smart coiffure. The natte must, however, be full and fussy and thick, and unless a woman has so much hat as to be weighted down by it she had much better buy her natte at the hairdresser's than try to make it from her own tresses. It is a becoming mode and queenly. Pity, then, that it is so difficult of attainment, for it takes much money to buy a matte of acceptable size.

The skirt is made in nine gores and is laid in pleats at each seam, that



are turned toward one another to give an inverted effect.

The quantity of material required

three-quarter yards twenty-seven, six and a half yards forty-four or fiftytwo inches wide.

No White Gloves For Paris. A fashion decree has been issued in Paris that ladies shall not wear white gloves, even at receptions and parties. Gray or pearl will do, but allowance is made for tan-colored ching.—From "Reflections of a Bach-cloves and dark red ones, which are clor," in the New York Press. becoming popular.

JUST GERMS.

A man there was who drank and ate
From sterilized cup and parboiled plate;
His every dish was keen inspected
For signs of germs and oft rejected;
Hygienic clothes he'd always wear
With antiseptic in his hair;
In cab or car he brushed his seat
And ran from dust-clouds on the street;
He steamed each greenback that he had,
Until precaution turned a fad;
He formed a club in germ-crank spheres
Where each would live a hundred years;
Alas! Before his work was done
He passed away at forty-one.

A man there was who drank and ate
From hydrant cup and hash-house plate;
He took a plunge in bath-tubs murkish
And dried off on a much-used Turkish;
The soap he used was never new,
His shaving lather looked like glue;
He seldom ever changed his collar
And often used to hold a dollar
Between his teeth while making change,
And though it may seem queer and strange
He used to say that "Germs, begosh,
Were nothing but a lot of bosh;"
And when he left this earth for Heaven,
His age was just green ninety-seven.
—Victor A. Hermann, in Puck.



Magistrate--"What! Do you mean to say your husband struck you, and he that physical wreck?" Mrs. Maloney-"Yes, yer honor; but he's only been a physical wreck since he struck me."-Independent.

Husband-"Another new dress! Where do you suppose I shall get the money from to pay for it?" Wife -"You must excuse me. I didn't marry you to give you financial advice."—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

If you're going to make a speech,
Cut it short;
If you've simply got to preach,
Cut it short.

Cut it short.
If you feel you're going to stray
From the path of virtue, say,
Only go a little way—
Cut it short.
—Sam S. Stinson, in Judge.

Solicitor (making a concession to his client in the matter of charges)-"Weel, Sandy, seeing I kent your father, I'll make it sax guineas." Sandy-"Guid sake, mon! I'm glad ye dinna ken grandfather."-Punch.

"Yes, indeed," said Miss Uppisch, "my great-grandmother on my mother's side was noted for her proud and imperious bearing." "How strange!" exclaimed Miss Knox; "our servant girl's the same way."-Philadelphia Press.

A pretty girl was introduced to Paderewski at the close of one of his concerts. She wished to be affable, but was frightened half to death After a moment she asked eagerly, "Of whom do you take music lessons?"-Judge.

A loving wife bids a last good-bye
To a husband who is sinking in death;
She bends o'er him with a tear in her eye, And whispers a last request:

"Oh, promise me now, while e'er you can,
So this parting won't seem too hard.
That you'll send me back from that unknown land

A souvenir postal card. -Home Ballade

"Don't you think," asked Mrs. Oldcastle, "that the new minister was rather grandiloquent Sunday morn-"Oh, I don't know," replied her hostess; "in fact, he looked rather pale and thin to me."-Chicago Record-Herald.

Salesman-"How was it you asked Grimes only \$10 for the coat when the usual price is \$15?" Proprietor -- "Well, you see, he had the coat charged, and it is doubtful if he ever pays. Better lose \$10 than \$15, don't you see?"-Boston Transcript.

Cigar Manufacturer - "Scooped gain! Why in blazes didn't some owed. of the gigantic intellects on my staff think of that?" Manager-"What?" Cigar Manufacturer-"What! Why, Panatella & Maduro have flooded the trade with a nickel cigar wearing three bands!"-Puck.

"Do you think you could identify the burglar?" asked the chief of detectives. "I never saw him," replied Citiman, "but he was a very small man." "How do you know?" "Haven't I told you he got into our flat without any trouble?"-Philadelphia Press.

Irving as a Barnstormer.

During his last American tour the late Sir Henry Irving told the following story on himself one evening at the Players' Club:

"My barnstorming days seem very distant and yet very dear to me now. I recall with particular pleasure a melodrama of crime in high life when I barnstormed the provinces for two successful seasons.

"My part called, in the first act, for a dark stage. In this darkness I fought with an old earl, threw him heavily, and, when he did not rise after the loud thud of his fall, I cried

" 'Great heavens! What have I done?

"Usually this scene impressed and moved my audience tremendously. but I remember one night in Birmingham when a coster, with one little wittleism, turned my outery and the darkness and the old earl's tragic fall into ridicule and laughter. have never seen that coster, but I remember his voice well. It was a slow, dry voice, like Mark Twain's, and it manifested itself just after the fall of my aged and noble antagonist. The old earl had dropped heavily, for the medium size is eleven and and in the silent obscurity I had cried: 'Great heavens! What have I done?' when the coster spoke up:

"'Strike a match, young fellow, and we'll have a look."—Lippincott.

It is hard for a woman to believe a man really loves his children unless he is willing to carry all their pets in his arms when they go trav-



A full-fledged white robin was captured in Warren, Mass. The robin has a snow-white breast, white bill, and pink eyes.

The Rev. J. M. Green's Presbyterian Church in Havana is the only church in that city built after the American plan of architecture.

The authorities of Shanghai, one of the busiest towns of China, have passed a by-law allowing motorists to maintain a speed of not more than thirty miles an hour while passing through the city.

"The best pickpockets," said the detective, "are the Hindoos. You have to call them light-toed as well as light-fingered, for they can lift a watch or purse as easily with their feet as with their hands."

Gulls are recommended in place of carrier pigeons in consequence of experiments made in France which showed them to have superior intel-ligence and to be able to brave stormy weather much better than pig-

Every village priest in Russia is called a "pope." There are no celibates among them, as every priest is obliged to marry, but only once. If his wife dies he must obey the rules of the Church by retiring to some monastery for the rest of his life.

The popularity of all kinds of sports in South Africa, emphasized by the recent successful visit of the Springbok football team to England, is in itself abundant evidence of the large market open for further development by enterprising importers of suitable clothing and accesso. les.

Polland has a population of only 5,000,000, but there are 40,000,000 of people in the Dutch East and West Indies. The Dutch are not at present much addicted to emigration. In the United States, at the time of the last census, there were only 105,000 persons of Dutch birth. The number of Netherlanders in the Dutch East Indies is barely 12,000.

DISPLAYING FLOWERS.

They Show to the Best Advantage in the Simplest Vases.

When displaying flowers in vases, as on a metal or centre table, one thing ought to be borne in mind, and that is, the plainer the vase the bet-

ter the flowers will show, Somebody says that the difference between a vase and a "vahze" is that the latter costs more than \$2.50. But a "vahze" that costs \$5 or \$6 is now called an amphora, and both the "vahze" and the amphora were never intended for use, but to be placed on stands or in niches as evidences that their owner has money to burn. To put flowers in either would spoil the effect of the flowers, for the eye would be attracted by the beauty or material of the receptacle and the flowers would be overshad-

To get the best possible effect of flowers put them in the plainest possible vase or bowl that will not attract attention, then they will be appreciated for themselves and no comparison will be instituted between them and the receptacle that holds them. A double handful of oxeye daisies, black eyed Susans, rudbeckias, cornflowers or any other common blossom will show to more advantage in a brown earthen pitcher than in the costliest amphora ever carved out of Parian marble.

The Japanese understand this principle. All their flower vases are of the plainest possible construction. But the flower loving Japs go to the opposite extreme in displaying their flowers and try by judicious arrangement to get the best possible results from very few flowers. They seldom display more than half a dozen flowers in a vase, and try always to have more foliage than bloom, making green the predominant color, thus setting off to the best advantage the tint of the flower against a neutral background. That, however, is a matter of taste. A few flowers well displayed give an effect of dainty elegance. Americans like flowers in the mass, but the good taste of both agrees regarding the simplicity of the vase.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Wonderful Clock.

The Czar recently received at Peterhof Palace a peasant named Franz Karass, who presented an extraordinary masterpiece of clockwork of his wn invention. The clock registers the time, the months' and days' duration, day and night, the hour of sunrise and sunset, and the phases of the moon, as well as the movement of the earth around the sun.

The hour plate and mirror glass are covered with black enamel and are more than a yard high by a yard wide. The mechanism is of copper and the working is quite noiseless. The clock weighs 720 pounds. It needs winding once in 400 days.

Karass has been working on the invention for twenty-two years in making the design and spent six years in constructing the works .- St. Petersburg Correspondence of the New