

THE COUREUR-DE-BOIS.

In the glimmering light of the Old Regime
A figure appears like the flashing gleam
Of sunlight reflected from sparkling stream
Or jewel without a flaw.
Flashing and fading, but leaving a trace
In story and song of a hardy race,
Finely fashioned in form and face—
The Old Coureur-de-Bois.
No loiterer he 'neath the sheltering
Of ladies' bowers where gallants sing,
Thro' his woodland realm he roved a king!
His untamed will his law,
From the 'rily savage he learned his trade
Of hunting and woodcraft; of nothing
afraid;
Bravely battling, bearing his blade
As a free Coureur-de-Bois.
A brush with the foe, a carouse with a
friend,

Were equally welcome, and made some
amend
For the gloom and silence and har-ship
that tend
"To shorten one's life, ma foi!"
A wife in the hamlet, another he'd take—
Some dusky maid—to his camp by the
lake;
A rattling, roving, rollicking rale,
This gay Coureur-de-Bois.
Then peace to his ashes! He bore his part
For his country's weal with a brave, stout
heart.
A child of nature, untutored in art,
In his narrow world he saw
But the dawning light of the rising sun
O'er an empire vast his toil had won.
For doughty deeds and duty done,
Salut! Coureur-de-Bois.
—Toronto Globe.

Monsieur et Madame.

By SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

A man marries to please himself
and not his maiden aunts, and if
Aunt Marjorie and Aunt Lettie can
not reconcile themselves to my wife
the loss will certainly be theirs.
Fancy not being able to reconcile
yourself to Marie! The very idea is
preposterous. Aunt Lettie says that
for an artist to marry his model is
the worst of bad taste. That, of
course, depends a good deal upon the
model, and Marie is—well, Marie.
After winning the statutory prize at
the Ecole des Arts, I suppose I may
fairly call myself an artist, but I'm
not at all obliged to work for money,
and if I choose I can spend the re-
mainder of my life in making statu-
ettes of Marie and filling every room
in the house with them, and not at
all a bad idea.

What a wonderful difference a
woman does make to a room. I
mean, of course, Marie. I always
thought my atelier in the Latin Quar-
ter at Paris was the dearest, dim-
mest den under heaven, until Marie
came. I noticed a difference in the
place before she had been sitting for
her first hour, and after she had gone
everything got a bit gray, and dingy
again, and then I knew what it was.
The skull which I had bought for
anatomical purposes was more irritat-
ing in its manner than I had ever
known it before, and as for the suit
of Crusader chain armor, which I
had purchased because it was of no
earthly use to me, I simply lost pa-
tience with it altogether and kicked
it into a corner of the room. I could
not be really friendly with either of
them any more.

I was doing a head of Athene, and
the moment I saw Marie I knew I had
found what I wanted. I didn't come
across her in the ordinary way. I
mean she didn't come to my studio
asking for work. She didn't pose
very often, and then only to the best
men. She happened to bring up a
letter from the concierge, and when
she saw my Athene through the half-
open door she came right in to look
at it. She was always like that, just
as frank and comradely as possible,
and with a wonderful little wise way
about her. I tell you there wasn't a
student in the neighborhood who
would have dared to deny her the
respect due to his own sister. It
never seemed to occur to her that she
was as beautiful as the sunrise, and
that art students have a way of their
own in such matters. She stood up-
on her own level, and it just never
entered into her head that others
might not stand quite so high. Any-
way, they had to pull up to it when
she was around. And so she came
right into my room and put her head
upon one side and her hands behind
her, with her little white arms bare
to the elbow, and looked at my
Athene. Then she gave a little ec-
static jump, and made the most de-
licious tsey moue you can imagine.
"Ah, Monsieur Marvin," she said,
"but that will be charming. Tell
me, monsieur, is it not wonderful to
think that in the so rough clay one
can hide away one's own beautiful
fancy and then work and work until
it comes to the surface? It is to cre-
ate with just one thought, is it not,
monsieur?"

Now this was more than I de-
served, because I had only done the
first rough modeling, but I veritably
believe the little witch could see an
artist's ideal behind the faulty ex-
pression. I know she put her heart
into young Roland upstairs, whose
conceptions were sublime, and that
was all there was to it until she
made him believe in himself. She
was standing right in front of me
when she made this pretty little
speech, and there was something in
the turn of her head that showed me
just like an inspiration what Athene
ought to look like, although, of
course, in reality Athene wasn't half
so beautiful—couldn't possibly have
been. "Mademoiselle," I said, "if
you would sit for me we would have
an Athene hors de concurrence.
Otherwise I fear the ideal will remain
hidden away in the clay like a dia-
mond in the mine, and it will never
see the light at all."

She looked at me a little doubtfully,
gave me a most bewitching little
courtesy, shook her black hair back
from her forehead, where it had a
habit of falling in the most adorable
confusion, and jumped like a bird on
to the stool. "Monsieur does me too
much honor," she said.

And that is how Marie came to sit
for me. How she did brighten up the
old studio, to be sure. Even when
she was not there I could remember
that she had been there, and I could
count the hours until she would come
again. Only to fancy that she was
sitting there filled the room with a
radiance, and I even took pity on the
poor old skull and restored him to
his shelf, so that he might partici-

pate in the sunshine and amend his
ways. As for Athene, it was well-
nigh impossible to impress that lady's
marital features upon clay with Marie's
dimpling face before me, and I
would tell her so, and then the little
woman would be very stern, threaten-
ing to discontinue the sittings un-
less I would pay exclusive attention
to the shape and poise of her head
and forget everything else. Of course,
that was absurdly impossible. Now
and then she would come early and
put the studio to rights, and some-
times she would stay after the sittings
was over and we would have tea
as it should be made, and scolded
her for her obstinate refusal to wait
until the water was boiling. Then
she would pout and sulk so entranc-
ingly that I would have given my
fortune to be allowed to drive away
the frowns in the only legitimate
way, but I should indeed have been
bold to attempt that with Marie. All
the same, I believed she liked to be
scolded.

It was very much like making
love, wasn't it? Well, it was making
love upon my part, although for a
long time it was only an excess of
camaraderie upon hers. Her pres-
ence had become a perfect intoxica-
tion to me, and even when I was
working alone a thought of her would
act like an inspiration down to my
very finger tips. But I never dared
to tell her so, never dared to hint
at what she was to me, never ven-
tured to overstep the line which her
goodness and defenselessness had
drawn around her. Once I asked her
to accompany me on a half-holiday
trip to St. Cloud. It may be that
something in my manner was more
ardent than my words, for she hesi-
tated and flushed under my gaze,
and then she said, "But I have not
the time, monsieur, and to take walks
is not to work."

"But, mademoiselle, one half day
only, and the Athene is nearly fin-
ished."

She suddenly turned from me as
though half-petulant, and then in a
moment I saw that she was crying.
What had I done and how had I hurt
her? Apologies for every conceivable
offense rushed to my lips, but she
interrupted—

"Ah, monsieur, it is not that.
Never has your heart been more kind
than now, but when the Athene is
finished, then I, too—" and she
covered her face with her hands and
ran from the studio. I did not see
her again for two days, and then she
came back just as though nothing
had happened, apparently as care free
as a sunbeam, except once, when she
interpreted the meaning and the mes-
sage of a glance, and raised a warn-
ing finger with a "Not one word,
monsieur, not one word," and the
half sad laughter on her face was
like a ripple on a lake. Then I knew.

Truly the Athene was nearly fin-
ished, and it would be none too soon
for the exhibition. Marie's interest
in the work was boundless, her ad-
miration and praise unstinted. But
I myself was far from satisfied. Work
as I would, the expression which I
longed to stamp upon the clay eluded
me. I knew that just the pressure
of a finger tip, rightly done, would
give me the picture that was in my
mind, but try as I would, it evaded
me. Marie was all concern, all sym-
pathy. To her eyes the work was
already perfect and she would stand
before it, with her head bent, first to
one side and then to the other, smil-
ing deliciously into the impassive and
ungrateful face of the goddess, until
I wondered how even moist clay could
be so irresponsible. I tried to explain
to her the imperfection which baf-
fled me, but it was of no avail, and
she resented my criticism as though
she herself had been the artist. And
so there were many little quarrels,
and when I was more insistent than
usual Marie would pout and relapse
into silence, or else she would inter-
rupt the expression of my gravest
opinions by breaking out into some
entirely frivolous and irrelevant lit-
tle song, with "au clair de la lune"
as a refrain at the end of every sec-
ond line. And then, in the secret
place of my heart, I knelt and wor-
shipped her, or took her in my arms
and kissed her into silence, but only
in imagination, and that seemed flat,
stale, and unprofitable until I told
myself that it was prophetic.

But one day, after the usual quar-
rel, Marie stamped her little foot in
a manner altogether terrific, and,
with a droop of her eyelids which
was intended to be dignified, but
which was only entrancing, she said:
"I will say no more, monsieur. Your
Athene is perfect, absolutely and en-
tirely. Your disputations prove to
me that you are wrong." And, with
that display of feminine logic, she
suddenly held her little handkerchief
in front of the Athene and kissed it

full on the mouth through the dainty
cambric.

Fancy such a wanton waste on a
clay model! It was not only a sin-
ful extravagance, but it was an im-
prudence, because the clay was moist.
After completing this prodigality she
stepped back and stamped her foot
again with an added defiance, and,
in my adoration of her willful beauty,
I looked at her for long seconds be-
fore glancing at the Athene which
had been thus sanctified. When I
did look a sudden bewilderment
seized me, and I prouetted wildly in
front of it, shouting, "Eureka, Eureka,
found at last!"

And found it certainly was. It
could have been nothing else but the
light imprint of those delicious liv-
ing lips upon the dead clay which
had given the one touch needed, the
touch for which I had searched and
longed. After all, it was not sur-
prising. She could have kissed a
smile into the face of a stone tiger.
Of course, I could not make her
see for herself the miracle that she
had wrought. That would have been
to admit defeat, and she has told me
since that she never under any cir-
cumstances allows herself to be con-
tradicted. Indeed, she avows that
she only kissed the handkerchief, and
did not touch the model at all. Even
then the wastefulness would be the
same, but this for the moment I
forgave in view of future amends.

Now, the next quarrel was the very
last one up to date. The Athene had
been triumphantly finished and sent
to the exhibition-room. Marie and I
celebrated its departure with a feast
in the studio. We had tea, and, of
course, as I was not watching her
at the moment, she poured on the wa-
ter before it was boiling, and when I
remonstrated she raised her eye-
brows petulantly and said something
about "such trivialities," and also
that the water certainly was boiling
because it had been on the stove
"ever so long." In addition to the
tea we had cakes and pain d'epices
and those long chocolates rolls with
the mysterious white paste inside.
But, in spite of all these external
marks of festivity, there was unques-
tionably a gloom over the studio,
and the vacant place on the work-
table where the Athene had stood
looked at us reproachfully, while the
skull distinctly sneered in the most
unpleasant possible manner.

I began to talk vivaciously about
the next piece of work I should un-
dertake, and Marie suggested a head
of Hercules, with an almost imper-
ceptible toss of her own little head,
but I knew that there were tears in
her voice, although she says now
that it was only my conceit that made
me think so. And then the concierge
came to the door with a letter upon
which there was ten centimes to pay.
Because I had no change, Marie paid
it for me, and I said that I would
repay her at once, but all the same I
vowed to myself that I never would.

The sight of the contents of the
envelope reminded me of a delicious
little pleasantry which I had devised,
and which yet was no more than jus-
tice. It was a printer's proof of the
official catalogue of the Ecole ex-
hibits, and I tossed it across to Marie,
and then watched delightedly
while she was finding the entry of
the Athene.

She looked at it blankly, and then,
with her round eyes open to the
fullest extent, she said, "But what
does it mean, monsieur? Who has
made an error so stupid?"

I took the paper from her and read
what I expected to read, having my-
self supplied the words:

"No. 2. Tete d'Athene, par
Charles Marvin et Marie Cabot."

She stood up, and for the first time
I saw her really angry. "But, mon-
sieur," she said, "it is cruel. This
I have not deserved, to be thus ridi-
culed."

"But, Mademoiselle—Marie," I
pleaded, "believe me, I meant no jest.
On my honor, the work was your as
much as mine, and without such ac-
knowledgment I could not exhibit."
She covered her face with her hands,
and I saw the tears trickling through,
and then, as I ineffectually strove to
make amends, she sobbed, "It is so
absurd, so ridiculous. Everybody
will know and everybody will laugh,
and wherever I go I shall be
ashamed. Two different names to
one little model. It is a betise, a
betise."

"But, Marie," I expostulated, "it is
but a proof, and by a stroke of the
pen I will change it. See, I will do
it even now"—taking up a pencil and
trying to draw her fingers from her
face. "Look, dear child, I will put it
right, and whoever laughs shall not
laugh a second time. See, now!"
and I made her look, but the little
tear-stained face was almost more
than I could bear.

None the less, I took my fate in
both hands, and as she watched me I
carefully erased both names and in-
serted above them the words, "par
Monsieur et Madame Charles Mar-
vin."

Marie gave a little hurt cry, but
knowing that it was a case of now
or never, I caught her in my arms
and would not let her say a word un-
til I knew that I had won her. What
I myself said I do not know, and
Marie says that she does not know either
and if I had not stopped her she
would have said that neither did she
care. But the amended proof was
sent back, and before the judges as-
sembled the catalogue was justified.
—The Argonaut.

Father (impressively)—"Consider
our numerous captains of industry
and keep in mind that nearly all were
the architects of their own fortunes."
Son—"Sure! But you don't see any
of them exhibiting blue-prints of the
details of construction."—Puck.



New York City.—The dressing
sacque that serves its first purpose
while yet it is sufficiently becoming

Taggy Veils Unpardonable.
Old dresses and boots may be par-
doned; taggy veils, never.



and attractive to be worn to the fam-
ily breakfast is doubly useful and
makes an exceedingly valuable addi-
tion to the wardrobe. This one ful-

Misses' Fancy Blouse.
Such a fancy blouse as this one has
almost innumerable uses. It is em-
inently girlish and youthful in effect.
It can be utilized either with skirt
to match or as a separate waist, and
again the garniture can be made to
match the skirt or of lace or of the
trimming material, the blouse be-
neath being of lace or in lingerie
style. As shown, however, the over
blouse or garniture is made of imi-
tation Irish crochet and is edged
with pale green velvet banding, while
the blouse is of a pretty simple net
that matches the skirt. The droop-
ing shoulders give the broad shoulder
line which is fashionable, and which
is always becoming to girlish gures,
while the sleeves of the gimpes are
charming under them. Almost num-
berless suggestions might be made as
to material and combinations. At
the present moment pretty simple
silks, vellings and the like are much
in demand, and any one of these can
be made with skirt and garniture to
match while the gimpes is of muslin
or of lace and a little later such a
garniture as this cut from heavy
linen and finished with a scalloped



fills the requirements and is pretty
and becoming at the same time that
it is simple in the extreme. In the
illustration it is made with a cape
collar and this feature is an attrac-
tive one, but it is not obligatory and
the neck can be finished with a sim-
ple straight standing collar if liked,
and, again, there is a choice of long
or elbow sleeves. As illustrated ring
dotted batiste is trimmed with em-
broidered banding, but all the pretty
cambries and dimities of the summer
are charming so made, while also
light weight flannel cashmere and
flannelette would be equally appro-
priate.

The dressing sacque is made with
the fronts and back. The back is
plain but the fronts are tucked at
the shoulders and are finished with
hems. The cape collar is arranged
over the sacque and can be finished
as illustrated or with the standing
collar; also if better liked the stand-
ing collar can be used alone. The
sleeves are the simple ones gathered
at the upper and lower edges and
finished with hand cuffs. A belt or
ribbon confines the fulness at the
waist line.

The quantity of material required
for the medium size is four and one-
fourth yards twenty-seven, three and
five-eighths yards thirty-two or two
and one-eighth yards forty-four inches
wide.

White Shantung Rivals Serge.
White Shantung silk is certain to
be a formidable rival to serge.

Colored Hat With White.
The hat of color is considered quite
proper to wear with the all-white
frook or gown, and is often the one
note of relief to a costume that would
not otherwise be becoming.

Designs in Braids.
It is a fad of the moment to use a
fine braid, in graceful designs, in-
stead of embroidery, on cuffs, col-
lars, ends of stoles, belts and pocket
bags.

edge would be exceedingly chic and
smart over a lingerie gimpes, as well
as eminently youthful in effect.

The waist is made with the under
blouse and garniture. The blouse
consists of the front and backs with
the full sleeves over which the frills
are arranged and which are gathered



into straight bands. The garniture is
quite separate and can be either
joined to the waist beneath the belt
or left entirely detached as preferred.

The quantity of material required
for the sixteen-year size is one and
one-eighth yards eighteen or twenty-
one, or one yard forty-four inches
wide for over portion; two and three-
quarter yards eighteen, two and one-
quarter yards twenty-one or one and
five-eighths yards thirty-two or two
and one-eighth yards forty-four inches
wide with three yards of lace eight
inches wide for the blouse.

Ideal Filigree Silver.
Silver filigree work is proving it-
self to be the ideal jewelry.

With the Funny



Wonderful!
I wonder why, when in a car
The vacant seat by me
Is just the one the pretty girl
Should always fail to see?
And why, if it's a frownsed girl,
With wad of gum and squint,
She starts to reach that very seat
As fast as she can sprint.
—Philadelphia Ledger.

Disappointing.
"You say that the third son did not
turn out so well. What did he be-
come?"
"A magazine poet." — Cleveland
Plain Dealer.

A Stylist.
Uncle—"Here, my boy, are a couple
of chocolate cigars. But where
are you going with them?"
Little Johnny—"Why, I am going
to eat them in the smoking room."
—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

Making an Effect.
Professor—"I suppose in your trav-
els you were greatly interested in
the grand old ruins in Europe?"
Miss Richgirl—"Yes, indeed, I
was; they had such funny peek-a-boo
effects." — Baltimore American.

Direct.
"It's a wonder Mr. Aeronaut is so
stout; he is a very active man, and
an abstemious liver."
"It's a case of heredity."
"You knew his parents, then?"
"Oh, no; but I knew he descended
from a balloon." — Ally Sloper's Half-
Holiday.

Awful Hardship.
"It's easy to get a divorce in South
Dakota, isn't it?"
"I should say not."
"Why, they only require a short
residence."
"Yes, but you have to stay in
South Dakota meanwhile, don't you?"
—Cleveland Leader.

A Whole Party.
Guest—"I won't pay this bill—it is
outrageous! Do you know who I am,
sir?"
Hotel Clerk—"Oh, you're not so
many."
Guest—"Then why do you charge
for at least six?" — Cleveland Leader.

No Curiosity.
"Have you seen Bunker Hill yet?"
they asked him.
"No," said the visiting Englishman,
"and I haven't a great deal of curi-
osity to see it. I am informed that it
isn't much of a hill—it's what you
call in your—aw—vocabulary merely
a bluff, I believe." — Chicago Tribune.

Extensive Traveler.
An American tourist on the sum-
mit of Vesuvius was appalled at the
grandeur of the sight.
"Great snakes!" he exclaimed; "it
reminds me of Hades."
"Gad, how you Americans do travel!"
replied his English friend, who
stood near by. — Ladies' Home Jour-
nal.

Would Fit Them All.
"A young man showed me an en-
gagement ring that he was going to
patent," said Thomas A. Edison.
"But," said I, examining the very or-
dinary looking circlet, "what is there
patentable about this?"
"It is adjustable, sir," said the
young man proudly. — Washington
Star.

The Farce of Fear.
"Why does a fellow on a small sal-
ary, like Smallchink, dress so extrava-
gantly?"
"He's afraid people will think he is
poor."
"And why does old millionaire
Keggercoln dress so shabbily?"
"He's afraid people will think he is
rich." — Puck.

A Clever Dog.
"Yes; this dog of mine is a clever
brute, I tell you. Every evening he
goes to get me some sausage at the
butcher's, and do you know what he
does so that some other dog shouldn't
take it from him?"
B—"No; what does he do?"
A—"He eats it himself." — Frank-
fort Witzblatt.

A Plausible Inference.
"Miriam," said her mother, "have
you ever given young Mr. Stapleford
any reason to believe you cared for
him enough to marry him?"
"He seems to think so," answered
the daughter, "because I told him the
other evening that he was sending
me too many costly flowers and ought
to begin to save his money." — Chi-
cago Tribune.

Endurable.
"You are sentenced to six months
in jail," said the court.
"But, Your Honor," protested the
convicted trust gentleman, "who will
attend to robbing the public during
that period?"
"The novelty of not being robbed
will so divert the public that any
sense of loss will not be acute," re-
sponded the court. — Philadelphia
Public Ledger.