WESTWARD.

Beyond the murky rim of hills
When fading city sunsets glow,
Tonight a robin swings and trills
In one tall cottonwood I know;
The shadows flung from branch and stem
Along a yellow sand-bar rest—
I shut my eyes to dream of them,
Here in my window, looking west.

The shadows lengthen on the sand;
The log-built barn across the way
Throws wide its doors on either hand
Beneath the rafters piled with hay;
The palings of the gray corral
Glimmer and waver in that light
Above the sleepy brown canal,
Out yonder on the ranch tonight.

Far off that sunset glory sleeps
On level bench-lands golden brown,
Where browsing slow along the steeps
One after one the cows come down;
And on their homeward pilgrimage
Each trampling hoof and horny crest
Shakes perfume from the tufted sage—
Oh, far faint incense of the west!

Tonight, I know, beyond the rim
Where all my prairie sunsets fade,
God's far white mountains look to Him
Clad in His glory, unafraid;
The solemn light on peak and scaur,
The clear, still depths of cloudless air,
The trembling silver of a star—
What would I give to see them there?

The mountains call me back, to lay
My weakness on their boundless might;
The canons call me home to pray
In silent stainless shrines tonight;
Yet here in dusty mart and street
I shut mine ears against their call—
Content to find my exile sweet
With love that recompenses all.

—Mabel Earle, in Youth's Companion.

Aunt Margaret's Story.

By Miss Priscilla Campbell.

Janet always thought her Aunt Margaret a cold, heartless woman; but the day she showed her the betrothal ring on her finger and told her that she was the happiest girl in the world the barrier of reserve which had separated them broke down and her aunt tenderly put her arms about her and whispered how she hoped that sorrow would never come into her life the same as it had into her own and that her happiness would always last.

"Would you like to hear the story of my life?" she asked, gently.

"I should like to hear it, auntie," replied the girl, "but not if the telling will make you more unhappy."

"It will not make me more unhappy to tell it," was the answer. "It will perhaps ease my heartache a little to confide in some one who will understand. It was when I was your age, scarcely 20, that love came into my life. I shall never cease to remember the day I went to my mother and showed her the ring on my finger, the same as you, dear, have just shown me the seal of your betrothal. For three months there was not a happier girl in the world than I, and then my happiness turned into sorrow and I became the cold, proud woman that you have hitherto known, Janet. I was singing around our home one morning, wondering when my dear laddie would return from the foreign city to which his business had necessitated his going. I had been very lonely without him, but I was forcing myself to be brave and to think of the happy future for us both.

"A cry from my mother brought me to her side. The look on her face drove the song from my lips.

"'What has happened, mamma?' I asked. My first thought was of my laddie.

"'You can never bear to hear it, Margaret,' she replied. 'Don't read it now, dear. Wait a moment.' But I, knowing well enough that something terrible had happened and wanting to learn the worst at once, took the foreign paper that she had been reading from her hands.

"It did not take me long to find what caused her agitation. Glaring headlines concerning a fashionable wedding in Rome danced before my vision. I had never heard the bride's name before, but the name of the bridegroom was Ellis Richards.

"'Mamma,' I cried, 'this is terrible! It cannot be true.'

"I saw her face turned towards me with the deepest love and pity in it, as if through a mist. I made an effort to get to her, to feel her loving arms about me in the moment of my great sorrow, but I staggered and fell, and before she could reach me I had lost all consciousness. For weeks I knew nothing of what was going on around me.

"When I awoke one afternoon in my right mind my dear mother was bending over me. I had never seen such a look of joy before in any face as I beheld in her's when she knew that I was spared to her.

"I took up my life again, and for my mother's sake made the best of my sorrow, but I was never the girl I was before the blow fell.

"I had hardly recovered when mother received a letter from your father, asking her to come to live with him. We came at once; and since mother died and I have had the care of you and watched you as you grew older develop a love for Robert Lane, my heart has lost most of its bitterness and sorrow, and now my prayer is that you may have sunshine and joy, as I have had shadows and sadness."

"That is a sad story," said Janet, smoothing her aunt's hair lovingly, "but who knows but it may end happily even yet?"

She said the words to comfort her Aunt Margaret and did not dream that her prediction would be fulfilled before two months.

They were sitting in the library one afternoon, each occupied with a book, when the maid entered and, going over to Janet's Aunt Margaret, told her that a gentleman was waiting in the drawing room to see her.

"He said it wasn't necessary to send in his card," said the girl, "as he was an old friend."

"Who can it be, Janet?" wondered her Aunt Margaret. "I can't imagine, but I will see him."

She left her niece to her book and her thoughts. An hour passed, then two hours, and finally Janet began to wonder at her absence. She was just thinking of going to see what detained her when she entered the room.

Janet stared at her in astonishment, for her face was beaming with joy. She had never seen her aunt look like that before.

"What has happened, auntie?" she cried. "Tell me quickly."

"Can't you guess, Janet, who it was to see me?" she asked.

"I don't believe I can."

"It was he, dear—Ellis Richards, and I'm so happy."

She then went on to tell how he came to the place just by chance; how he met an old friend who told him where she lived, and how he thought all these years that she was married.

"I can tell, of course, that he isn't married," interrupted Janet, excitedly. "But how came that notice to be put in the paper, and who told him that wicked falsehood about you?"

"It was a man who I thought was my friend," replied the aunt. "I believe I have never mentioned Phil Foster to you. He cared a great deal for me, and I remember now how strangely he acted when I first met him after my great sorrow. For a while he was persistent in his attentions, but finally he saw that it was no use and he left for some western city. To think that he should be the cause of all our misunderstanding and sorrow, but it's all over now, dear, and I'm so happy."

"You know I told you, auntie, that the story of your life would have a happy ending," smiled Janet.

"I know you did, and it bids fair to now," very softly answered Aunt Margaret.—Boston Post.

MR. ZWOZZLETON'S DISCOVERY.

He Finds That in Some Circumstances It Pays to Throw Things Away.

"Any waste of material or destruction of property is repugnant to my feelings," said Mr. Zwozzleton, "but I find by experience that there are times when we may make more by throwing something of value away than we would make by keeping it and bringing it into use. You take for instance postage stamps stuck on letters that you don't mail. I used always laboriously to soak off such stamps, taking much time for the operation, and then use such stamps again, but now I find that I can make money throwing these stamps away.

"Working eight hours I am able to earn about $5 a day, or a shade over a cent a minute. For purposes of figuring we will call it an even cent. Now:

"To soak off from the envelope the uncancelled stamp of a letter not sent used to take me about five minutes; and then such a stamp had to be specially smeared with mucilage before it could be stuck again. I figured that to bring such a stamp into use cost me altogether about six minutes of time. By this expenditure to time and labor did recover a stamp of the value of two cents; and yet, as in that time I could have earned six cents, on the whole operation I sustained an actual loss of four cents.

"So now when I have a stamp on a letter that finally I don't send I just throw that good, unused stamp in the wastebasket and keep on with my work.

"It never pays to spend more on repairs than a new thing would cost."—New York Sun.

Sensitive Man!

A poor foreign musician was doggedly wrestling with his trombone outside a village inn. He knew "The Lost Chord" was somewhere in that instrument, but the latter seemed loath to part with it. At length the landlord appeared at the door. The poor musician bowed, and doffing his cap, said: "Music hath jarms," and smiled.

The innkeeper smiled also, and kindly.

"Well, not always," he said. "But try that tune outside that red brick house and I'll give you sixpence."

Three minutes later the trombonist was back again, mud bespattered and forlorn.

"You vos right," he said slowly and sadly, "musig hath jarms not always—no. A mad vellow out of dat house came und me mit a brigg he knocked down—yes. He not like that tune—no," and he turned the back of his head.

"I thought he wouldn't," said the landlord. "He's just done a month's hard labor for stealing a clothesline from a back garden."—Dundee Advertiser.

Executed for Witchcraft.

The number who perished in the period of the witchcraft delusion will never be known. In every country, through 15 centuries, the superstition went on piling up its victims. In Geneva 500 were executed in three months, 7000 were burned at Treves, 600 by a single bishop of Bamberg, and 800 in a single year at Wurtzburg. At Toulouse 400 perished at one execution. A judge at Renny boasted that he had put to death 800 witches in sixteen years. A thousand were executed in a single year in the province of Como. "Witches" were executed in Spain as late as 1780.—New York American.

Sicily lost sixty thousand inhabitants by earthquake in 1693.

FASHIONS OF THE DAY

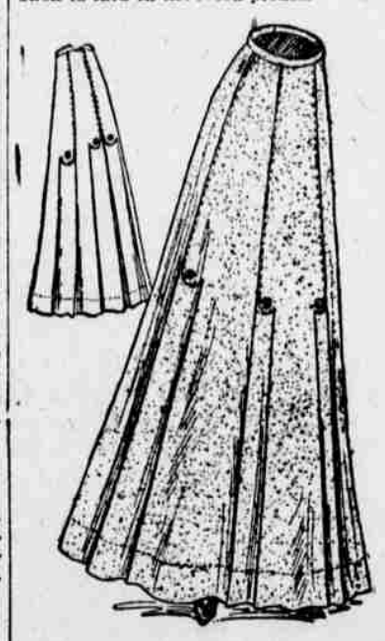
New York City.—The blouse waist which includes a chemisette is a pretty one and will be much worn this season. Here is a model that can be utilized both for the gown and for the separate blouse, and which allows

a choice of the new fancy sleeves and of plain ones. In the illustration it is made of crepe de Chine with trimming of banding, and is combined with tucked messaline. It will be found charming for cashmere, however, and also for the silks that promise to be so extensively worn, while for the chemsiette, the deep cuffs and the trimming of the sleeves any contrasting amterial is appropriate. If an elaborate blouse is to be made, all-over lace or jetted net would be appropriate, for the simpler one tucked silk is always pretty.

The blouse is made over a fitted lining, and consists of fronts, backs and chemisette portions. The fronts and backs are tucked becomingly and the waist is closed invisibly at the back. When the fancy sleeves are used they are arranged over linings. The plain ones can be finished in any way that may suit the fancy.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is three yards twenty-one or twenty-four, two and three-eighth yards thirty-two or one and five-eighth yards forty-four inches wide, with one and five-eighth yards of tucked silk and five and one-half yards of banding.

The scallops are designed to be under-faced or finished in any way that may be preferred and afford excellent opportunity for the use of the fashionable buttons. The fulness at the back is laid in inverted pleats.



The quantity of material required for the medium size is six and one-half yards twenty-seven, four and three-quarter yards fifty-two inches wide; width of skirt at lower edge four and one-half yards.

Huge Aigrettes.

The advices as to hats are that they will be very large, with trimmings of huge aigrettes and enormous flowers.

Empire Fan.

The fashionable fan for the boudoir is the small Empire style, with hand paintings of Empire scenes, and pearl handle sticks set with vanity mirrors, says Dress. For evening use the very large fan is not considered smart at present; the medium size is preferred. The long, narrow, oval fan is out of date.

Seven Gored Walking Skirt.

The skirt that is plain at its upper portion and laid in pleats at the lower is the very latest to have appeared This one is smart in the extreme, provides fulness enough for grace in walking, yet is narrow and straight in effect, as the pleats are designed to be pressed flat. In the illustration it is made of the hop sacking that will be so much worn during the coming season, but it is appropriate for all skirting materials, those of the present as well as those of the future, and it will also be found a most satisfactory model for the entire gown and for the coat suit. The lines are all desirable ones and the skirt can be relied upon to be smart and satisfactory in every way.

The skirt is cut in seven gores. There is an extension at the back edge of each gore below the scallops, and these extensions form the pleats.

Ankle Straps Now.

Although ankle straps have been seen all along on low shoes for children, it is not until lately that they have come into general use for grown-ups.

Modified Kimono.

The modified kimono, which is the old wrapper with a Japanese touch in the sleeve and banded edge around the neck and downward, remains a favorite for bedroom wear.

New Girdles.

Elastic girdles seem to have taken a firm stand in fashion, and they are a rather becoming adjunct to any costume. Formerly they were made in only a few colors, and were much beaded, but this year they are called chiffon elastic, to suit the desires of fashion, and are finished with really very handsome buckles.

Fewer Tan Shoes.

Fashionable women are not wearing tan shoes for the street.

Butterfly Bow on Hat.

One of the artistic oddities in millinery—and an oddity that is pretty should be chronicled—is the butterfly bow perched in front, at top of crown. These are made of ribbon, of jet, of rainbow gauze and of jet. They are used on a hat that is plainly trimmed with a wrapped scarfband.

Novel Neckpieces.

For slim-throated wearers some novel neckpieces show little bows arranged at the top of the stock.

Woman's Clothes

Only Beautiful as a Faint Expression of the Wearer's Loveliness

By Lizette Shiels

THE Reverend Father Sullivan, the Jesuit professor of philosophy at St. Louis has a philosophy about modern women and their dress that is not even skin deep. "They like to be admired," he is quoted as saying, "not for what is in them, but for what is on them." But does not the admiration all depend on who is in the clothes? It is the woman, lovely woman, that lends beauty to the dress rather than the dress to the woman. Dress is not the ornament of woman; it merely indicates and symbolizes her loveliness, which the Creator exhibits to men as the most perfect image on earth of heavenly loveliness.

Clothes may make the man; they do not make the woman. Every day we may see highly dressed women whom no inspiration of sartorial genius can make lovely. On the contrary, woman does make the clothes admirable. When you see a pretty dress on a wax figure you admire the skill of the artist, but when you see it on a pretty woman its beauty is increased a thousandfold. You admire the dress, you delight in its beauty, but you delight chiefly in the woman whose beauty it clothes. The reverend father then is greatly mistaken if he imagines that a woman rejoices because her dress is admired; she rejoices because her own beauty has found a feeble expression and won a faint recognition.

I dare to submit and cheerfully impart these reflections to the learned professor of philosophy in the hope that his young philosophers may learn the true philosophy of woman's dress, and I leave to more competent hands to deal with the deeper problems of how much woman likes to be admired for what is in her.

Frivolous Wives vs. Club Comforts

By Bert Green

I FEEL that woman is wholly at fault. She is destined to sit on the shelf as long as she chooses to select a man's position. The woman who continues to hammer the typewriter and finds herself drifting toward single blessedness will find her blood at the boiling point every time she hears the cry of an infant. Why can't women busy themselves at home, making the domain of life cheerful and sweet for those that call on them? What is more sacred and beautiful than a woman living in harmony with her nature, caring for her "castle," her offspring and her husband? This alone is happiness, and she finds her husband devoted to her, as this manner of living cannot help but draw him closer to her as the years roll by.

Nine out of ten men would rather be a benedict than a bachelor, but they cannot afford to take the chance. All we see is the young, frivolous, coy, vain and cunning woman who does her best to conceal her true self. I do not mean that all women are alike, but am speaking of what a business man sees on his way to and from his business. Would a man of refinement choose for his wife a flighty, frivolous girl, who thinks of nothing but dances, theatres, puffs, dress and the craze for style? Not if he is sober.

The man of today in large cities does not crave woman's society in matrimony for two reasons: First, the odds are against him. He is not going to take the chance on marrying a bundle of pads or an "artificial woman." He wants a sound, common-sense girl of good breeding and character and one that can rear his children in a good maternal way.

Secondly, there are many social functions that a man attends, such as clubs, etc., which make him look upon women with indifference.

..Our.. Undeveloped Resources

By Agnes C. Laut

THERE are in the United States 80,000,000 acres of swamp land which can be drained and which will be as arable as a garden when they are drained. This swamp land would provide homes for and support 10,000,000 people. There are in the United States millions upon millions of arid and semi-arid lands which irrigation could make and is making very fertile. These lands will support 15,000,000 households, or twice the population of New York state. There are what may be called the Lost Lands; lands lost to the public through fraud; lands lost to the public through lack of knowledge of how to handle their peculiar formation. Only twenty percent of Uncle Sam's lands are yielding living averages. What of the rest? Conservation says that every acre, every foot of every acre, must be made productive of something. If you can't grow crops, grow trees! If you can't drain swamps, grow cranberries and matting reeds! If you can't irrigate, then practise dry farming! If you can't farm rocks, then harness their cataracts into water power! As to the lands lost to the public through fraud, Conservation says: "Take them back for the public, or charge their full price for the public."

And you are still only at the beginning of Conservation's big program. For every ton of coal mined, a ton and half is wasted; or, to put it differently, for every four tons mined, six tons are wasted. In the petroleum fields, enough natural gas goes to waste to light every city in the United States free of cost. The fire waste of the United States is the highest in the world; so is the bill of fire insurance. And greater than all these is the waste of human life in mine and factory.—Outing Magazine.

Exploring New York

By John Walsh

I AM a life-long resident of New York city, my parents having lived down on Market street long before I was born, and that is nearly fifty years ago. About thirty years ago we moved to the West Side.

I had always thought that the conditions in the so-called Irish tenement districts were bad, but lately I made my first visit to the East Side in a number of years, and it was an eye opener to me. The conditions which prevail at present in the district from the Brooklyn to the Harlem bridge, east of the Bowery and Third avenue, are the limit.

That the three races, Slavs, Jews and Italians, which make up about 90 percent of the population could have been any worse off in their native places than they are here is beyond belief. If any Congress committee wants to study the immigration question at first hand, let the members spend a week in this district and they will become converts to restricted immigration very quickly. This may sound strange from the son of Irish emigrants, but the largest part of the emigration that we are receiving now is of that kind which is congesting old New York to such a degree that living conditions for the average middle class man are impossible. It is no wonder that thousands of them are moving away every year, and in years to come New York will be a city of the very rich and the miserable poor.