

THE SLEEP OF MARY.

(Copyright, 1896.)

Paul's father had been a portrait painter, who dreamed much but accomplished little, and dying from sheer distaste of life, had left his little son his paint brushes, his unfinished canvases and his unrealized ambitions. A relative wished to put Paul to a trade, but a friend of his father's saw in the lanky, long-haired boy a possible art student and packed him off to Paris, to live in the Latin quarter and learn to work.

Paul soon did better than his father in his palmiest days. The boy could achieve as well as dream, and the head of a Griselette—a girl he thought he loved—found its way into the salon. Paul woke up from his love dream when Susanne transferred her affections to a student who could afford to give her champagne suppers. Then he remembered that he had always loved a child across seas, on a Long Island farm; a ship of a girl whom he had known three weeks and adored in a boyish fashion. Susanne could go—all Paris could go—and, indeed, it did shortly after. The patron died, leaving him nothing. The man of 25 set sail for New York, owning some pictures more or less good. He found New York marked with the changes of ten years. He was homesick. He was lonely. He thought of the little girl on the Long Island farm. She must be 22—married, perhaps—and singing lullabies to a baby. Would she remember him? At least he could find out. On the train he thought still more about her—not an ordinary farmer's daughter—oh, no! Her father had been both a scholar and a man of the world who had wrecked his life somehow—Paul didn't remember how—and had hidden himself on a lonely coast farm. His daughter Mary, at 14, could speak French and read Greek; but she looked like a wild rose and she had never seen New York. A smattering of memories filled Paul's brain. They had played together, while their fathers had talked in the shade of the apple tree. He had told her that he was an artist, and that he would paint her picture, only he couldn't make it beautiful enough, he knew. They had taken hands and rushed to the beach together, and looked over the ocean to Paris, and wished they were there. A brief fortnight or so, but the child's face beamed on him still, and his love grew all the more swiftly because he was lonely and wanted to find her again. He did find her, a woman as lonely as himself. She was in black for her father. She was soon to leave the farm to go to relatives in the west. Paul told her of his Paris life, and studied her face as she spoke. The color came and went in her oval cheeks, as when she was a child. The deep blue eyes had lost their mirth, and the curves of the mouth held sadness, but Paul forgot the child and loved the woman.

In the autumn they were married and went to live in New York. Mary did not know New York, although her home had always been within a hundred miles of it. She was unhappy until they found three little rooms on West Twelfth street—one with a north light for Paul—and had settled down to housekeeping. There was only a chair apiece, but the walls were hidden with books, and one beautiful picture glowed above the fireplace. It was a copy of a famous Madonna and child, which had been given to Paul in Paris in lieu of a long-overdue debt. Its massive gold frame seemed to concentrate all the light in the room. Paul pinned up some stray sketches made by friend in Paris, and, in a moment of extravagant fancy, bought some big palms and an antique bronze lamp which swung before the Madonna. The room was artistic and suited Mary, who looked like a Madonna herself, with her straight brown hair and her pure mouth that Paul kissed reverently. He was in love with his wife. Their first months in New York were full of rich happiness. "Let's be Frisians," Mary said. "It's cheaper," Paul answered, "and we like it, so let's do it."

Their breakfasts and their lunches Mary cooked, and Paul preferred them to Delmonico's. Sometimes they ate their morning eggs and slices of toast

seated on the hearth rug, before the fire fed with wood from the farm. Dinner was as stately a meal as a 50-cent French table d'hôte on Twelfth street could furnish. Mary, who had not been trained in the Latin quarter, was, at first, doubtful about this little basement dining-room, where one burned cognac in one's coffee and drank light, heady claret, with the thick onion soup and the soggy spaghetti, and where the women smoked cigarettes with the men, after dinner. But she soon learned to like it—all except the cigarettes—because Paul felt at home there, and she would answer her husband's French of the Latin Quarter with good American French, precise and heavy, until she caught up his slang and tossed it back to him. It sounded oddly from her lips. She met her husband's friends there—mostly struggling artists like himself, who lived in the vicinity of Washington square—men with unruly hair and lofty ambitions, who envied Paul his wife, and refrained from telling donkey stories in her presence.

One of the frequenters of the cafe was a city editor of a paper of minor circulation—a young man, who, with

his wife, lived on the floor below Paul Fenton. He had a salary of \$2,000 a year, so he could afford five rooms and a wife, who followed the fashion. She was a fluffy little blond, who wore smart teagowns. She took a great fancy to Mary, because, she told her: "You're different from the rest of us. Now I couldn't live in the room with that Madonna. She'd be a standing reproach to me, but she's your twin sister. You don't belong in New York. You never will."

She grew to love the woman who was so unlike herself, and for Mary's sake she developed a great deal of usefulness. Occasionally, she gave up her bon-bons that she might send Mary some flowers to remind her of the country. She and her husband sometimes insisted that Mr. and Mrs. Fenton spend the evening with them, and then wine was brought out, and there was much hearty, commonplace talk from the city editor and his gray wife. But Mary was happier when she was alone with Paul. In the spring a new hope had come into her life. Paul coming home one night, found her standing before the Madonna and child in absorbed silence. Her eyes looked far away and her lips were parted. She did not hear the step until he was close behind her. "What is it, dearest?" he said. "What are you thinking?"

She started, and then turned a softly flushed, happy face to his. "Ah, dear, I have not told you. I prayed. God has answered. I want our little child to look like the Christ-child there."

Paul put his arms about her, and drew her to him in silence. "When our boy comes, I'll paint you with him in your arms—call it the mother and child."

"It couldn't be a Madonna, dear. I'm not good enough."

"Good enough! You wait and see what a picture I'll make of you with Paul, Junior, against your breast. It will do for an altar piece. But don't get morbid over the fancy. Talk baby clothes with the little lady downstairs. It's better than gazing too much at that white-faced Virgin."

"I've been looking at dozens of them to-day. I was at Snell's, and because they know you, they let me look through whole portfolios of religious pictures. There was a Christ-child of Raphael's—oh, so beautiful!"

"I didn't get that order I expected," Paul said suddenly. "That means we mustn't go to the shore in August."

"You must go, Mary." "And leave you!"

—a relic of her girlhood's—that she put on in his honor. "Good-by again, dear," she cried, "I'm going to be good and brave. You must not worry."

He rushed up the stairs again, to kiss her in reply. The Christmas snowstorm of that year was long remembered. It began gently and people only said: "It will be a white Christmas," but, after a few hours, it grew colder, a high wind came up, the snow increased. Great drifts filled the city streets and blocked the trains that began with crawling irregularity in and out of town, and ended with not moving at all. Boston and New York for all practical purposes were 1,000 miles from each other. Paul wished himself in Boston that he might, at least telegraph to Mary; as it was, he was stilled in sight but huge drifts and in the distance a lonely farmhouse. Added to his impatience was a bitter sense of disappointment. He had failed to obtain the commission held out to him. At the last moment, a better-known artist had been chosen to paint the portrait. German operas, new teagowns and silver rattles vanished like a dream.

"Poor Mary! Poor baby!" he said, and then reproached himself for pitying them, and told himself to be a man, and go to work again fiercely. He was wild to be at home, and at work. He found a relief to his over-stained feeling in going out into the storm, and aiding in shoveling the snow from the engine's

track. Christmas morning found the train dragging itself wearily towards New York. Paul was half frantic with impatience. Christmas night fell when the goal was reached. The tired passengers hastened to their homes, feeling that they had been cheated out of their holiday. Paul ran up the steps of the house only pausing to glance up at the windows of the studio.

"She only has a lamp burning," he thought. "My little girl! What a day for her—alone! anxious!"

In the hall he met the janitor, whom he greeted with a hearty "Merry Christmas," but the man seemed surly, and mumbled something under his breath when Paul spoke of Mrs. Fenton. But the young man was too excited to notice his manner. At the second landing he met a strange woman who looked grave and important, and behind her stood the city editor's wife. Her face was white and livid, and her eyes were red with recent weeping. Her gay, crumpled tea-gown contrasted oddly with her look of grief.

"For God's sake! Mrs. Wilson," Paul cried, "what has happened. Is Mary ill? Tell me—quick!" The little woman, who had spoken prose all her life, now veiled her words. She could not tell the naked truth. She laid a timid hand on Paul's sleeve.

"She's asleep," she whispered, "and her baby's asleep, too, on her breast. Come, come with me." She led the way upstairs. Down below her husband, who had been afraid to face Paul, felt the tears roll down his cheeks.

"God bless my little woman! She's no coward! God God! To tell a man his wife is dead! I couldn't do it."

The city editor's wife had reached the door of the studio. As she threw it open, she burst into passionate weeping.

"There's only one comfort," she sobbed. "She thought you were with her when she died."

Paul stood on the threshold, turned by the shock into a passive spectator of the swinging lamp before the picture of the Madonna.

Underneath on a low couch, Mary lay with a little golden head close against her cheek. If she had suffered there was no trace of suffering on her still face, but a look of hope. She seemed to be dreaming of the child, who lay on her breast, as if there alone it could enjoy everlasting tranquility. She was not dead, Paul knew that. He knelt by her couch, and laid his head by her on the pillow.

"Mary, it's Paul—your Paul. Won't you speak to him, beloved? Are you thinking only of your little baby? Speak to Paul!"

A few hours later, the city editor, keeping watch outside the door, was moved to a strange fear by the utter stillness within, and crossed the threshold to find Paul prostrate and unconscious beside the couch of his wife.

In a New York daily's notice of the spring exhibition a few months later, was this paragraph: "The fame of Paul Fenton, a hitherto obscure portrait-painter, is established by a painting of his, which is by far the chef d'œuvre of the exhibition. It is a representation of the Nativity, but the treatment is novel and poetical. There are few of the conventional accessories—only a suggestion of a stable in the straw of the bed, on which Mary lies in the sleep of exhaustion—but it is an inspired sleep, for her face is lit with dreams, as if she beholds the high destinies of the babe in her arms. Joseph is represented—strangely enough—not as an old, but as a young man, who has turned away from the sleeping pair, and with bowed head is going out into the night."

IN THE EVENING HE WOULD READ TO HER.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—A well-seasoned old colored woman in Mary Marks, who resides in Brenham, Tex. She was born in the West Indies in 1776, and is therefore 120 years of age.

—Six six-footed pigs, the progeny of a six-footed yearling pig, are to be seen on the farm of Jesse Carry, of Marion, Ind. A seventh pig of the same litter has seven feet, but it did not live.

—Russia will henceforth supply its Baltic fleet with coal from the Donetz region, instead of from England; the minister of finance having arranged to cheapen the railroad freight charges. This is a serious blow to England's coal trade with St. Petersburg.—Military Gazette.

—Vandals destroyed the saddles of all members of the congregation of Crooked Creek church, near Marion, Ky., who rode horseback to worship one night, and when service was over they fired from ambush a broadside from shotguns at the church building and riddled all the windows.

—During the family's absence a thief entered a Memphis (Tenn.) house and stole a bottle of beer and half a dozen pairs of socks. That night the socks were returned with a note saying that the caller's feet were not of museum size and asking why more than one bottle of beer wasn't kept on ice.

—An uncontrollable desire to tramp, a preference for barns rather than a comfortable home in which to sleep, and supreme satisfaction in begging or scolding food have caused 12-year-old Willie King, of Syracuse, to give his parents so much trouble that they have been obliged to have him arrested.

—Atlantic City scorns the press agent, to be sure, but it sends out a story of a beautiful young woman of Pittsburgh, whose hat, which was ornamented with a diamond buckle, was blown into the sea by a puff of wind and was brought ashore by a faithful dog, as the owner was mingling her salt tears with Neptune's.

—There was a despondent bride in Hillsboro, Ore., because the groom failed to appear at the hour named for the marriage ceremony. Half an hour passed, and then the bride's spirits revived as she beheld the belated one scorching toward her on his bicycle. He had missed the train, and used his wheel as a substitute.

NO MORE TIGHT GLOVES.

Because They Give the Hand an Ugly Shape in Time.

The latest article of wear dear to the feminine heart that the health advocates have set the seal of their disapproval on is the tight-fitting glove. This will be distressing news to many women who would willingly deprive themselves of expensive lingerie in order to wear gloves that make mere outward show. Women pride themselves on exhibiting a neatly-gloved hand almost as much as encasing their feet in shoes which are ruinous to the natural shape of the feet.

They are perhaps unaware that women of the stage who pride themselves on the appearance of their hands when ungloved, as well as when encased in costly gloves, do not approve pinching them with tight gloves. Bernhardt and Terry, who are famous for the beauty of their hands and arms, wear loose, loose-wristed gloves. Miss Terry has a large hand, but it is proportioned to her figure, and she does not squeeze either into tight compresses.

Next to wearing tight shoes and tight corsets, the habit of squeezing the hands into tight gloves is perhaps the most foolish of feminine weaknesses. And yet interviews with prominent glove dealers all prove that about two-thirds of their customers will insist upon purchasing gloves from one-half to one full size too small for their hands, and resent any remarks that the clerks may make that would suggest the abandonment of this hobby. "Why, we are even forced to suggest smaller sizes, and make delicate remarks about their tiny hands, in order oftentimes to secure their favors," one prominent dealer stated smilingly.

The wearers of tight gloves are not always ignorant people by any means, but they are invariably of a vain and shallow type, who have no regard for artistic beauty and who are martyrs when it comes to physical suffering. For there is certainly nothing more uncomfortable in the way of dress than tight, squeezing, ill-fitting gloves, with buttons straining to their utmost tension and with the palm fairly bulging out in a mass of almost purple flesh, which has been forced into this unnatural position.

"Women with very long fingers nearly always buy short-fingered gloves," the glove seller stated, "and then, when the sharp-pointed nails have cut through the ends of the fingers, they bring them back with all manner of complaints and there is absolutely nothing to be said if we wish to retain their custom. A very fine quality of kid is always more flexible than a cheap quality; consequently a lady who wears a No. 6 in a one dollar glove can frequently wear a five and three-quarters in a \$5.50 quality, just as one can wear two or more sizes of shoes in different makes and have each fit satisfactorily. It is mostly large, fleshy women who persist in wearing tight gloves. They have had small hands originally, before they gained their superabundance of adipose, and because they wore No. 6 gloves at 18 they insist upon wearing them at 40; and, although the terrible pressure on the flesh and blood vessels makes the hands clumsy and benumbed, they will not relinquish this bit of feminine vanity."

It is a well-known fact that women who possess the whitest and most beautiful hands always wear loose gloves. To keep the skin soft and pliable the blood must have perfectly free circulation, and this cannot be when the wrist is encircled with a merciless band of kid and when thumb and fingers are cramped into unnatural positions.—Washington Star.

EFFORTS OF THE POETS.

Evening Song.
When all the weary flowers,
Worn out with sunlit hours,
Drop o'er the garden beds
Their little sleepy heads,
The dewy dusk on quiet wings comes stealing;
And, as the night descends,
The shadow troop like friends
To bring them healing.

So, weary of the light
Of life too full and bright,
We long for night to fall
To wrap us from it all;
Then death on dewy wings draws near and holds us,
And, like a kind friend come
To children far from home,
With love enfolds us.

But when the night is done,
Fresh to the morning sun,
Their little faces yet
With night's soft dewdrops wet
The flowers awake to the new day's new
cravings.

And we—oh! shall we, too,
Turn to a day-dawn new
Our tear-wet faces?
—*Paul Mall Gazette.*

An Autumn Night.
Some things are good on autumn nights,
When with the storm the forest fights,
And in the room the heaped hearth lights
Old-fashioned press and rafter;
Plump chestnuts hissing in the heat,
A mug of cider, sharp and sweet,
And at your side a face petite
With lips of laughter.

Upon the roof the rolling rain,
And, tapping at the window-pane,
The wind, that seems a witch's cane
That summons spells together;
A hand within your own awhile,
Softly reflecting back your smile,
And eyes, two stars, whose beams exile
All thoughts of weather.

And, while the wind lulls, still to sit
And watch her fire-lit needles fit
A knitting and to feel her knit
Your very heartstrings in it;
The old clock ticks, 'tis late,
To rise, and at the door to wait
Three words, or at the garden gate
A kissing minute.
—*Madison Cawein, in Century.*

A Song of the Fields.
The reapers—they are singing in the
fields of golden grain,
And a merry song is ringing o'er the
mountain and the plain;
And it's hot for love and living, since no
blessing He denies,
And the sweetest song's thanksgiving
from the glad earth to the skies!

The reapers—they are singing; for the
harvest smiles to God,
Where His heavenly benediction gave the
color to the dew;
There is a gladness in the morning; there
is gladness in the night;
For the corn is hanging heavy and the cot-
ton fields are white.

The reapers—they are singing; for the
summer days are past,
And the sun is crowned with plenty, and sweet
rewards at last;
And it's hot for love and living, for no
blessing He denies;
And songs of sweet thanksgiving go
music to the skies!

—*F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.*

Canoeing.
The white clouds race across the blue,
The wind for flicks the bay;
Who would not float and follow, lads,
As fast and far as they!
Off coats and kneel, alert to meet
Each impulse gay or grave,
And cleave a rippling line of light
Athwart the wind and wave!

Sometimes the idle paddle owns
The sheltered inlet's charms;
Sometimes the urgent rapid strains
Against our tireless arms;
Sometimes through drowsy afternoons
Those river reaches gleam
Wherever weary willows nod
And whisper in their dream.

And though the dreaded portage past,
Our camp-fire glids the brakes,
We scarcely fall asleep before
A fresh, new morning wakes.
Push off, then! Leave this gray old earth
To milder men than we,
Pull brothers of the open sky,
Near kinmen to the sea!

—*Walter L. Sawyer, in Youth's Companion.*

Cheer Up.
Cheer up, ye toilers of the earth,
And pray, peruse my rhyme;
The millionaire can only eat
One dinner at a time!

One bed a night alone can rest
That form we envy so,
And but one journey at a time
Is all that he can go!

His clothes and hats and shoes may be
Superb beyond compare;
But just one set of each at once
Is all that he can wear.

There are so many, many things
His money cannot buy,
And when he's ill, he's just as ill
As either you or I.
—*N. Y. Recorder.*

The Introspective Scroacher.
I am the scroacher!
Please observe
The curve
That appertains unto my spine!
With head ducked low
I go
O'er man and beast, and woe
Unto the thing
That fails to scamper when I ting-a-ling!
Let people law
And go to law
To try to check my gait,
If that's their game!
I go
To kid folks, but I'll do it just the same,
I guess,
Unless
They clear the track for me;
Because, you see,
I am the scroacher, full of zeal,
And just the thing I look like on the wheel!
—*Cleveland Leader.*

Back to Town.
And now they're flocking homeward
From mountain and from sea—
The pretty girls, the witty girls,
The girls of high degree;
The girls who flirted day and night;
The girls who dreamt and shy,
Who thought flirtation wasn't right—
When no young man was nigh.

They all are flocking homeward,
To theater and bak,
To cloaks and gloves and other loves
Which come with frosty fall.
They're summer girls no longer now—
They'll never be again,
For summer girls are sure, somehow,
To marry winter men!
—*Kansas City World.*

The Home Coming.
In glad green fields sweet bells are ringing;
In woodlands dim a thrush is singing,
And fountains at thy feet are springing,
By vine-clad cots the lights are shining,
Where rise no songs of sad repining,
And roses for thy rest are twining.

And one awaits thy kiss—thy sweetest;
Thy heart her dear name is repeating
As times thy footsteps with its beating,
Sweet in thy toil—thy strong endeavor,
And neither life nor death shall sever
Thy heart from love that lives forever!
—*F. L. Stanton, in Chicago Times-Herald.*

Calendars

For 1897!

BEAUTIFUL, CATCHY DESIGNS
THAT WILL BE AN ORNAMENT
TO THE HOME OR OFFICE FOR
THE WHOLE YEAR.

The enterprising, progressive
business man is usually alive to
all forms of advertising, and may
well afford to class Calendars
among the successful mediums
for keeping his name before the
public. As an all-the-year Ad
the Calendar holds a high place,
because of its peculiar qualities
which compel it to be kept in a
convenient place for reference at
all times. No more appreciable
novelty could be given to patrons
at the beginning of the new year
than a Calendar. It has a value
outside of its advertising features
which will in itself cause the do-
nor to be remembered.

We have as pretty a line of
Calendars as any man would wish
to select from. The stock com-
prises numerous designs in half-
tone engraving, handsome litho-
graphs and the most beautiful
embossed work imaginable. The
greater number of designs are
appropriate to any business,
whilst some are specially adapted
to certain branches of trade.

Samples can be examined at
the Tribune office.

Calendars
For 1897!

BEAUTIFUL, CATCHY DESIGNS
THAT WILL BE AN ORNAMENT
TO THE HOME OR OFFICE FOR
THE WHOLE YEAR.

The enterprising, progressive
business man is usually alive to
all forms of advertising, and may
well afford to class Calendars
among the successful mediums
for keeping his name before the
public. As an all-the-year Ad
the Calendar holds a high place,
because of its peculiar qualities
which compel it to be kept in a
convenient place for reference at
all times. No more appreciable
novelty could be given to patrons
at the beginning of the new year
than a Calendar. It has a value
outside of its advertising features
which will in itself cause the do-
nor to be remembered.

We have as pretty a line of
Calendars as any man would wish
to select from. The stock com-
prises numerous designs in half-
tone engraving, handsome litho-
graphs and the most beautiful
embossed work imaginable. The
greater number of designs are
appropriate to any business,
whilst some are specially adapted
to certain branches of trade.

Samples can be examined at
the Tribune office.