HARVEST.

Cows in the stall and sheep in the fold; Clouds in the west, deep crimson and sid; A heron's far flight to a roost some-

where; The twitter of killdees keen in the air; he noise of a wagon that joils through On the last load home,

mere are lights in the windows; a blue spire of smoke Bimbs from the grange grove of elm and The smell of the Earth where the night pours to her Is dewy libation is sweeter than myrrh. And an incense to Toil is the smell of the loam On the last load home.

-John Charles McNeill.

***** **** The Choice of a Destiny. By Florence V. Mead. ****

There's no denying that Frances is the life of this club, and it won't be half so much fun to go without her!" said Mariam Ward.

"That's so," agreed Ruth Pember and Alice Bean, and the other five girls nodded their heads in doleful assent.

"Do you suppose it would do any good if one of us went to Frances' mother and set the case urgently before her?"

The faces of the girls brightened preceptibly, but a frown between Marion's eyes deepened a little. "I am impressed with the brilliancy suggestion as muct as any of you," she went on, after a moment's pause, "but who is going to be the spokesman? Mrs. Mattecks is a dear, and I'd be awfully proud of her if she were my mother; but she is so dignified and sad and knows so much that I confess I'm a wee bit afraid of her. You know they say she can pick up a Vergil and read it right off, and it's been thirty years since she went to school!"

Ruth Pember, who could not even remember her yesterday's review lesson, clasped her dog-eared copy of that poet with a groan. "I move we go in a body, and that Miss Marian Ward be appointed to present.-

"I? Mercy, no! I decline the honor emphatically. You do it, Ruthie, dear, You have such a sweet voice and such an insinuating way of twining yourself round one's affections," saidMarian, in honeyed tones.

Ruth titled her pretty head in affected scorn.

"I presume that might be termed a polite way of calling one a serpent," she retorted. "I am quite impervious to your flattery, Miss Ward, but, accustomed to being ground under the heel of the oppressor, I meekly submit. I'll do anything if only Frances can ge. Come, then, before my courage weakens;" and the eight members of the "Nine-Pin Club" turned toward the Mattocks home.

As they were ushered into the lib rary a young girl rose from the lounge to greet them. There were marks of recent tears round her eyes, and a grieved almost a surly expression, spoiled the beauty of the fresh young face.

"I can't go, girls," she began.

Ruth interrupted her: "Perhaps you We've come eight strong, to must soften at the sight of so much beauty in distress.

urally, but her manner seemed forced, and she started nervously as there was a sound of the soft rustling of a woman's skirts in the hall, and Mrs. Mattocks entered the room. She was a slender little woman, the pallor of her face intensified by the simple widow's dress she wore. About her delicate mouth were lines of fatigue as well as of decision, and the girls wisely surmised that the matter occupying their thoughts had already been discussed between Frances and her mother.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Mattocks had scarcely concluded her greetings before Ruth burst forth impetuously:

"O Mrs. Mattocks, can't you let Fances go just this once? We are going to have such a lovely time, and it will be so incomplete without her Just think how kind it is of Mrs. Powers to invite the whole club to the concert! All our mothers have said we may go. Mama didn't want me to at first, because it was in the middle of the week, but I teased her into it-It was Mrs. Mattock's turn to flush

slightly.

"I have no wish or intention to appear to criticize your mothers' actions by mine, and I am very sorry to disappoint you, as well as Frances, but I cannot think it best to allow her to go. It comes Wednesday evening, and Frances has several importiant lessons to prepare for Thursday."

There was a finality about Mrs. Mattocks's words, and especially her manner, that was extremely discouraging to further argument, and the girls drew an inward breath of relief when Mrs. Mattocks tactfully changed the subject to one less personal.

A noticable air of restraint prevaded room, however, and scarcely had the door closed behind the last one of the "Nine Pins" before Frances again threw herself down on the couch.

"You have no idea how hard it is for me, mother!" she wailed, her head burled in the sofa pillows, "Every day after school the girls go down to Drew's for ice-cream or up to Ruth's and have a gay time, while I have to leave them and trudge home to say those stupid lessons to Professor Shaw, Then the evenings are full of | materials,-Manchester Guardian,

good times, and I am never in them." There was a note of resentment in the young voice, and the mother's face contracted as if with physical pain. "You can go out any Friday evening," she said, gently,

"Yes, but the things I want most to go to always seem to come in the middle of the week," objected Frances. The girls are so disappointed because I can't go Wednesday night. don't mind so much on my own account, either, but I hate to have the girls say, or even think, unkind things of you.

"They will not," replied Mrs. Mat-" if they are the nice girls I wish and think my daughter's friends

The lines of decision about her mouth deepened a little and her slender figure straightened in the chair. You are too young to go into so-called society in this town. The other girls are all one or two years older than you, and they do not intend to go to college. You do. You have a definite aim before you, and I do not consider it possible for you to do justice to your work of preparation and endure the late hours and excitement of the life that your friends lead. They cannot do good work in school, can they?"

"Not first-class work," admitted Frances, slowly. She had risen to a sitting posture now and her tone was softer, although her eyes were averted and her expression was still not many degrees removed from sulkiness. "But it is so hard not to do as the other girls do! "she complained.

Her mother sighed. It alawys came back to the unanswerable argument, and she was tired of it all-tired mentally and physically. She leaned her head back against the chair cushion. and gazed with unseeing eyes out of the window. Perhaps, after all, she reflected, she was making a mistake with Frances. Frances was young, and entitled to the pleasures of youth. If Charles had only lived, so that they could have talked over their daughter's training together! It was hard to decide what was best-alone She put out her hand involuntarily, as if to meet the firm, warm pressure that had never failed her in the past.

Of one thing she was sure, however, that the school and social life could not be combined. That she had done wisely in forcing Frances into the former she was not so sure.

It suddenly occurred to her that this going away to college" was not Frances' ambition-it was hers! From the time that Frances lay, a baby, in her arms she had dreamed and planned for the college education that had been denied to herself. She had even laid aside or a graduating dress the beautiful pineapple tissue her sister had brought her from China, and rejoiced in the delicate fairness of her little daughter as she lovingly fingered the rich blue of the filmy texture.

It was she, not Frances, who had sent for and poured over the catalogues of the various colleges for women. She had been especially attracted by this new principle of selfgovernment that was proving such a success in the eolleges; it was so conducive to self-restraint, self-re Hance, and the finest things that go to make up character. She wondered how Frances would thrive under it-Frances, who had had everything de cided for her all her happy, sheltered life, from the choice of a college to that of a pair of gloves!

Perhaps, very likely, she had not done her duty by the child in making plead for you. Even the hardest heart her so dependent. Perhaps-and the mother's heart contracted at the thought-Frances was not worthy of the high calling of a college education. so wonderful a thing did not seem to the knowledge-hungry soul of the

Suddenly her nebulous thoughts crystallized into a definite resolve: she would put her daughter to the test, and see of what stuff she was made. She rose to her feet, and to her own amazement her voice rang clear and steady through the quiet room:

"Frances, I have a proposition to make to you. You are old enough now to realize something of the value of an education, and I refuse ever again to be made so unhappy or make you so unhappy as we have been today You are old enough to take something of responsibility upon your shoulders I will either send you through college, or I will take the money your educaich would cost, buy you pretty clothes, give you a big comming-out party, and further your social career in every way 'possible. 'You may take your

Frances raised her startled eyes, na her cheeks turned from pink to white and back to a deeper pink again He mother gazed at her in silence, and her heart seemed to pause in its beating. The slender hand resting on the table trembled a little. Her very soul looked forth from her eyes in love and anguished pleading, and into the eyes of the girl there suddenly sprang responsive-a woman's soul!

Frances threw herself mother's feet and clasped her knees, if-laughing, half-sobbing, "Forgive , darling!" she chied. "I am not half good enough or clever enough to your daughter-sometimes I can't believe I am, -but at any rate I have just enough sense to choose-the colloge!"-Youth's Companion.

London Street Waif.

In spite of all the compassion legitimately excited on his behalf, the London street child seldom looks upon himself as an object of pity. He has an unfailing fund of good spirits, a well developed sense of humor, and a boundless capacity for getting enjoyment out of the most unpromising

MARKET.

NIJNI NOVGOROD RUSSIA FAIR IN ITS OLD GLORY.

Remarkable Gathering of Mussulmans of Russian Empire-Shrewdness of the Tartars-How Scales Are Made -Fair Grounds in a Mud Flat Along the Volga-Picturesque Dress of Attendants.

During the last two and a half years neither the German comercial traveller nor his wares have had much chance to get along the Siberian rail-Now that the twin line of road. steel, running for six thousand miles from Moscow to Valdivostok, is free from the conveyance of troops, the Siberian towns, which have been starying for goods, are demanding large supplies and speedy deliveries. In the disturbed condition of the country, however, German firms have shown no eagerness to risk the lives of their travellers in a region where the value of life is decreasingly regarded, nor to forward goods for which there is a very problematic prospect of payment. Accordingly, Mahomet has had to come to the mountain, and this season writes Foster Fraser in the Landan Standard, Nijni Novgorod is basking in its old glory.

The fair has provided opportunity for a remarkable gathering-a congress representing twenty million Mussulmans in the Russian Empire-Mosems from south Russia, men who have taken to the garb and customs of the West, and who, with their hair cropped a la Francaise and imperials, dark gray lounge jackets and patent leather boots, might easily be mistaken for Parisians; Moslems from Mongolia and Bokhara, men slim and sallow and sedate, with shaven heads and henna dyed beards; men in long flowing and embroidered sheepskin coats, boots of red and turbans of green, who, for sitting, find the floor more comfortable than chairs.

The Tartars are the cleverest merchants who come to Nijni Novgorod. Whether it be in the selling of "overland" tea-believed by the Muscovite to have been brought by caravan from China, but which has been sent around by ship to Odessa and trained to Nijni-or in making a fuss with precious stones which he hints have been stolen from the mines, and therefore are to be obtained as a bargain, but which are imitation, made in a Parisian factory, the Tartar scores.

He stands by his shed or stall, looking cold and grimy, his fur cap down over his ears and his hands hid in the sleeves of his skin coat, which is badly tanned and most unappetizing in odor. He has wondrous stacks of skins, from silver fox down to rat. You can walk the better part of a mile past shops crowded with skins, most requiring to be cured. For a year Siberia is hunted for skins to supply the Nijni Novgorod mart. The tribes of the north stalk in the winter; colonies of political exiles have sometimes little other means of winning a livelihood than by

Over hundreds of miles of trackless snow the skins are hauled till a river is reached. Then by boat they are brought to some place where the Siberian railway can be touched or are taken to some affluent of the Volga. The Tartar merchant has his buyers everywhere. In his slothful but still methodical way he meets the skins at certain points and arrives at Nijni Novgorod with perhaps a couple of thousand pounds worth of goods.

The market is conducted on strictly Eastern principles. There is no fixed Everything is worth what it will fetch. The Tartar asks twice as much as a thing is worth, aware all the time that you know he is asking double what he will accept. You offer half what the thing is worth, aware that he knows that you intend to increase the offer. So, much time is wasted by him regretfully lowering his price and you grudgingly raising your offer, until at the end you come very near if not actually to the price you both know to be about right.

There are splashes of the picturesque about the people who attend the They have come from all points of the compass, by the slow and dirty Russian trains, by the huge, commodious, shallow draughted, naptha driven Volga boats-quite as big as the notorious floating towns on American streams-and by caravan. from the towns are dressed in the European style, on the German model; Russians from the country are in wide trousers and top boots, flapping red birts and thick belts; they are bearded while the hair is cropped short and the back of the neck shaved; their women are plain, stout, figurless, and have shawls tied about their heads.

There are the brown cloaked, sheepskin hatted Persians from below the Caucasus mountains; there are almond eyed Mongols, shrivel faced and wisp whiskered; there are tawny Buriats and gay robed men from Bokhara; there are innumerable Tartars, some accompanied by their women folks; fat, swaddled, wearing collar box hats of veivet decorated with

The fair grounds is a mud hat lying across the Volga from Nijni Novgorod. proper. There are rows upon rows of cheap brick sheds, one story high, yellow ochred, with a pavement of sorts. The roadway, once cobbled, is a mass of disgusting mire. Peasant carters, in charge of inconsequent teams hauling miscellaneous merchandise, yell and bawl. A jolting drosky attempting to dash by splashes the uniform of a Russian officer with filth and as the Russian language is well stored with expletives there is violent cursing. Rusian soldiers, unwashed

THE WORLD'S GREATEST and in unkempt clothing, trudge sui lenly in the gutter, carrying big loaves of black bread under their oxters.

A cadaverous, long haired, black gowned priest goes hurrying by. Old wemen cross themselves and young men spit on the ground. A bunch of porcine Chinese in blue jackets and wha swinging pigtails come over the bridge from Chinatown, where all the buildings have eaves that leer, and on the doors are painted rampant dragons of fearful design, latended to frighten away thieves-which they probably do. Tinkle, tinkle and an awkward heave and bump electric tramcar comes rizzling along.

Some Moslems are facing the east, fancying they look toward Mecca, which they do not, and are performing their devotions in the street. Moscow merchants are in an adpoining cafe and a gramophone blares "I wouldn't leave my little wooden hut for you." There is the constant click of the abacus-beads on wires, on which we learned to count as children, and with out which the Rusisan, inheriting its use from Tartar ancestors, cannot reckon how many two and three total A playbill on the side of a rickety kiosk announces a performance-in

of East and West. One likes to think Nijni Novgorod fair is Oriental. It is customary to associate the Orient with the dazzling. But there is nothing dazzling about the fair. The Eastern cractice is followed of having all the shops selling particular wares in one district. looked for old silver and found cartloads of crude Austrian electroplate.

Russian, of course-of "The Geisha."

Nowhere have I seen such a jostling

I sought antique rugs and got a headache looking at the vile, highly colored and grotesquely patterned mats manufactured in German Poland. The only embroideries were imitation rubbish from Switzerland. In a dirty cafe I did come across some melanchaly Persians who had turquoise and opal stones to sell, and we spent a rainy afternoon in haggling.

Yet there is a fascination in the multitude of articles. At times one can imagine that all the manufactures of shoddy articles have dumped their things on Volga-side. Try to picture a third of a mile of tombstones for sale-though, Hibernian like, most of the stones are of wood. Here the merchant from the far interior may acquire a really striking monument which will make him the envy of his neighbors who have never been to the A whole street is devoted to the sale of ikons, pictures of saints set out in Byzantine style in flaming gilt, and to be found in every Russian house in the right hand corner at the upper end of the room.

There are streets sacred to the sale of Russain boots-there must be millions of them. Battalions of sacks laden with raisins block one thoroughfare; another road is a maze of bales of wool. A row of shops is given up to the sale of umbrellas, and there is merriment watching the astonished countenance of a simple peasant woman having an umbreila opened in her face for the first time. Miles upon miles of cotton goods are here, with no nonsensical half shades about them but strong and unmistakable reds and greens and blues and yellows. Half a street is given up to cheap German

In the centre of the fair is a large red brick arcade with shops selling the usual tinsel and expensive things, with the usual band playing in the afternoon, and the usual row of wooden faced individuals sitting on benches and stlidly enjoying the music. There is the usual nestering b And there are literally billions of postcards.

Last evening at sundown I climbed the hill of the quaint walled fortress which guards Nijni Novgorod. The failing sun was burnishing the doomes of innumerable churches, a hundred sweet toned bells, beaten with wooden hammers, made the evening melodious. There was the heavy tramp of full kitted Russian soldiers mounting the hill to the fortress; there was the distant babel of a city doing business at the top of its voice; down below on the Volga was the scurrying of tugboats hauling mammoth cattle boats and snakelike rafts into place, and the constant shrill warning hoots of the sirens; away eastward, Siberiaward, stretched a flat and unbroken land to the very horizon, with a lowering purple sky deadening to black

Mending Day in Labrador.

The following morning Duncan an nounced that it would be necessary for him to mend his sealskin boots before beginning the day's work. He had pretty nearly worn them out on the sharp rocks on the portages. The rest of us were well provided with oil-tanned moccasins (sometimes called larigans or shoe-packs), which experience has taught me are the best footwear for a journey like ours Pete's khaki trousers were badly torn the day before by brush and were pretty re zed, and he wished time to mend taem, so I gave the men a little while in which to make necessary repairs before breaking camp. Richards and Easton were Mackinaw trousers. This cloth had not withstood the bard usage of Labrador travel a week, and both men, when they had a spare hour, occupied it in sewing on canvas patches, until now there was almost as much canvas patch as Mackinaw cloth in these garments. Richards, however, carried an extra pair of moleskin trousers, and I wore moleskin. This latter material is the best obtainable, so far as my experience goes, for rough traveling in the brush. and my crousers stood the trip with but one small patch until winter came. -Dillon Wallace in "The Long Labrador Trail," in The Outing Magazine.



Girls Worry College Faculty.

sense where fashion is concerned, and self more in touch with others be faculty of Wellesley College is predicting awful things unless the students their powers in arts and professions of that institution can be made to and business careers, there are some have common sense. Lingerie waists, they say, should be banned in winter weather, but the fashion is dying hard, and the crisp north wind has not forced the Wellesley girls to put on more substantial garments. There is worry among their elders, too, about the fact that most of the young women scorn to wear rubber overshoes. Still, who to love with, as well as their hearts, can correct girls to be sensible when and who wield an extraordinary far the god Fashion is of another mind?-The New York Press.

Fussy Mothers.

Children are often worried because their mothers are too attentive and continually reprove the small ones without reason. A child should be left alone, and be allowed to play or amuse itself in its own way without the constant direction of a nervous mother. A boy, for example, enjoys more a few simple toys and something which his own ingenuity has worked out than the most elaborate plaything which has been bought. In the same way the little girl will lavish her af- skipper and sailor. fections on a misshapen doll, probably made at home, while the most artistic production of the toy shop will lie in state, to be taken up on rare occaslons. Keep children well, clothe them sensitly, let them understand they are to amuse themselves, and don't "fuss" at them.

Bustling De Stael.

In my last letter I mentioned going to visit Mme. de Stael. She was just going out as I got to the door, and but for Mr. Rogers, who was coming out as I went in, I should not have gained admittance. There were many persons with her, and she was running about and talking as fast as possiole. Her dress and manners are very extraordinary. The news of Lord Wellington's victory had just arrived, and she descanted upon it with much animation. I cannot better describe to you the bustle she makes than by saying that, leaving her, the streets of London seemed solitary; for, as to noise and hurry and rapidity in the succession of events, there is as much difference between her room and them as between them and the park at Bulstrode.-The Athenaeum.

Nervousness.

A scientific journal published recently timely remarks on what it calls 'house nerves," that is to say, the low spirits and brooding, irritable morbid habit of stay-at-home or sedentary people. Women, especially women who are delicate and afraid to go out to the weather, are those who 'A woman who studies herself, her wants and desires, her ailments and loneliness, is on a fair road to an asylum, did she but know it." Imaginative children have a tendency in the same direction, and should be sent to play with merry companions. The cure of "house nerves" is very simple if people would only follow it. It does not lie in medicine or doctors, but in visiting others, long walks in the open air and sunshine, repression of every morbid thought as it arises, or expulsion of it by thinking of a necessary duty, and galety, or innocent amusements.

Woman That Saves Time.

The business man who is shaved, has his nails manicured and his shoes shined while he reads the morning's news, does not surpass the business woman by any means when it comes to saving time, according to a stenographer.

"This morning my employer showed that it is not necessary for a business woman to waste money-making tinte while she is beautifying herself," she said. "When she came into the office she asked me to gather up the morning's mail and follow her. A few blocks away from our office building she entered a beauty parlor, where she sat down to wait. By the time her turn to be treated came she had finished half the dictation and completed the other half while the man was marcelling her hair. You see she has so many engagements and business matters to attend to that she would have either to appear slipshod in her appearance or neglect her correspondence. But being thorceghly business like, she does neither. So far as I larity. Its curls are flatter than those know, she has introduced a new wrinkle into the business woman's life.'

The Wife's Influence.

Every married woman, no matter how limited her life may seem, no matter how shut up she may be in the nursery or the kitchen, has means of contact with the great world in the man who goes out into it-nas leave the neck low, but the chemisette a means of influence on it through him style affords protection for the deli-Seen or unseen, it is there. The man cate throat.

who is happy in his home carries the Girls never seem to have common atmosphere of it with him-he is himthe college maid is no exception. The cause of it. In this day and age, when so many women are seeking scope for who realize that in their marriage there is the very widest scope-women who put the enthusiasm, the brain power, the artistic perception, the clear-sighted effort into their profession as wives and mothers, mistresses of households. These are the women who use their brains and their souls reaching power all the greater because that power is the last thing they are thinking of, or seek to attain That intangible thing that we call the Spirit of the Home walks abroad with every member of it. The "nice" children in school gravitate instantly to ward the children of that household gravitate toward the house itself be cause there is something there that they need .- Mary Stewart Cutting, in Harper's Bazar.

Women as Skippers.

Sir Thomas Lipton's latest role is as an ardent advocate of the woman

There is no reason why women should not make capable sailing masters, or sailors either, for that matter," said the genial Irish baronet, the other day in Philadelphia, "and," he added, in a burst of admiring candor, "if I could find enough women sailors to handle my next cup challenger should engage them. In that event I should regard the cup as won in ad-

vance. Perhaps this last touch of gallantry was the direct inspiration of the luncheon Sir Thomas had just eaten in his own honor at the instance of Randall Morgan, of the Sleepy City, whose daughter, Miss Jane Morgan, is one of the few women in the world whohold mariners' certificates. Sir Thomas' characterization of Philadelphia girls as "the best, prettiest, apparently the most independent of any I have ever met with even in America," may be directly traceable to the same

source. At all events, Sir Thomas went on to say with apparent seriousness that the calling of the mariner was one which he was surprised to find more women did not follow.

From all that I hear," he said, 'Miss Morgan is a most capable skipper, and she should be proud of her knowledge of a profession where it has often been a surprise to me that women did not take a more active part. You can put me down as an enthusiastic supporter of women skippers. You know they actually say that I am on the lookout for a lifelong skipper of that kind myself," and his eyes twinkled merrily. Colonel suffer most from their power of will. Neill of Glasgow, who accompanied Sir Thomas to this country, says the possibility of marrying an American girl is the one subject of which Sir Thomas fights shy. It makes Sir Thomas blush so much that he (Colonel Neill) is beginning to believe there must be something in it.

Fashion Notes.

Pointed fox is one of the fashionable furs.

A late idea is the application of plaid silk folds to tiny checked silks Sleeves continue to show a slight tendency to enlargement in the upper part

Brown and white checked velvet is one of the favorites for afternoon FOWRS.

Mink or sable makes up the richest of the stoles, for the stripes go pretty

Lovely tones in cloth and velve owe their origin to the shades of dy ing foliage. Shapely little panels of transverse

ly-tucked silk are inserted in a stylish pony coat for a school girl. The new short untipped vamp tends

to make the foot look smaller and for that reason is very popular.

Of the very expensive pelts, chinchilla, ermine and silver fox are popular, and zibeline, or sable, immensely

A choice dress pattern is of ivory white Japanese hand loom gros grain silk, hand embroidered with chrysanthemums.

Caracul, which will be more and more a la mode, possesses this peculof the breitschwanz.

Velveteen and cordu-oy are also going into the walking suits, the smartest of which for youthful figures are a good two or three inches from the floor.

Embroidered vests and tucked chemisette effects appear upon some of the new short matinees. The vests