

A DAYBREAK SONG.

When star and shadow dwindle
And fade at last away,
While rose fingers kindle
The golden fires of day,
Deep in the purple valley
The dreamers in their trees
Awake to sing and rally
The front and timid breeze.

One after one they waken
And send their words along
Until the hills are shaken—
An avalanche of song!
Then sister and earth, thereunder
And we therein who dwell
Yield to the joy and wonder
Of morning's lyric spell.
—Frank Dempster Sherman.

FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE.

About three years ago I was one day sauntering in Washington Square, New York, and stepped in at Signor Fernando's studio. I found the young artist busily at work upon the likeness of a lady, and after our first cordial greeting, he returned to it, saying that he expected her that afternoon to examine his progress.

I soon became interested in the growing face, not because of its beauty—for it was the face of a woman at least forty years old—but because of its singular repose, and the tender look of chastened suffering in the large, expressive eyes.

"Fernando," I said, "that is a very attractive face."

"You should see the daughter of this woman. Ah! she is an angel!"

"I am speaking of the mother. I think her very lovely."

"She has the loveliness of completed suffering; her face is a history, not a calendar; that is the secret of her attractiveness. Her daughter is a living poem and picture."

"You speak like a lover."

"I am one."

"Does she know it?"

"Who shall tell her? I might as well love some bright particular star, and think to wed it, as love and hope to wed Bertha Anstiss. She is Bernard Cope's heiress."

"And you are—"

"I am a poor artist. I make about three thousand dollars a year."

He dropped his head, and went on with his work in nervous haste. Presently I heard a rustle of silk, a sweet, low voice, and a little, rippling, musical laugh. Immediately Fernando was at the door, and bowing low, as he held it open for the two ladies who entered.

The elder was clothed in black silk, unrelieved by anything excepting a little foam of rich white lace and the dull glitter of some jet ornaments. The younger had on a dress in which pale violets and cream color were exquisitely blended. The face of the elder was the face of one who had suffered and conquered; the face of the younger was the face of a sinless, sorrowful child, who unsuspectingly had grown into womanhood. The mother's hair was nearly white; the daughter's, a pale golden frame to a little oval picture of exquisite beauty.

I did not wonder, when I saw the girl, that the artist should feel utterly hopeless in regard to his love. But before their visit was over I had changed my opinion. I noticed Bertha's shy glances at the handsome artist, and her bright responsive blushes whenever Fernando's luminous eyes met hers. I saw, in fact, that she was just as much in love as he was, and that all the two hearts wanted was one flash of intelligence to introduce them to each other.

I became a visitor at Mrs. Anstiss' house, but, beyond a certain mental and artistic sympathy, our acquaintance did not ripen quickly. The winter passed and the summer sent one letter and another thither. I went to the seaside, Mrs. Anstiss and Bertha to the Catskills, and being in town for a day in July, I found that Fernando also had gone away. Under such circumstances many pleasant friendships are dropped and never renewed again; and I was almost in this danger with regard to the artist and the Anstisses. The fact was, I was going to be married, and my mind was full of my own love affairs, with the attendant cares of upholstery and millinery.

But one day, as I stood in front of a store, a gentle hand touched me, and a pleasant voice said: "Good-morning," as frankly and quietly as if we had met but yesterday. It was Mrs. Anstiss; yes, it was she, though I might have passed her twenty times and not known her, so greatly was she changed.

She looked as if ten years had dropped away from her life, and had that indescribable air about her toilet which says, "I dress for love, and not for fashion."

Another astonishment awaited me. A handsome man, who might be fifty years of age, ceased giving some directions to the coachman, and approached us. Mrs. Anstiss introduced him to me as "My husband," and then, with a cordial invitation to call on them, she passed down the steps and into the waiting carriage.

This was not the end of my perplexity, for I was certain I had seen Mr. Anstiss before; and his grave, sad face haunted me so persistently and worryingly that I threw aside my own interests a while, and tried to remember when and where I had seen those pathetic eyes and that tall, noble figure. Somehow my mind would connect them with Fernando's studio; but that, I soon concluded, was sheer nonsense. With the exception of a few young artists and a few ragged, wretched-looking models, I had never met any men there.

I permitted two or three days to elapse, and then went to call upon Mrs. Anstiss. It was a cold, wet day, but Bertha and Fernando were making sunshine for themselves in the usual sitting-parlor, and I was asked

by a servant to see Mrs. Anstiss in her own room.

I followed her to a large upper chamber, luxuriously furnished, and she met me at the door. There was a little table spread before the fire, and, as I do not pretend to be insensible to the comforts of good teas and cold chicken, I regarded the table with approbation.

I do not know what influence of the dreary day, or of the cosy room, or of her own mind ruled her, but she was evidently inclined for confidential conversation, and from one topic to another we fell, gradually into those predisposing to personal matters.

As the twilight deepened we became more and more earnest and solemn, and I was scarcely astonished when, after some preliminary remarks, she told me her story. She said:

"I was born in Philadelphia, of an old and rich family. I do not remember my mother, and my father also died when I was very young, leaving me and my fortune to the care of my half-brother, Bernard Cope. He was much older than I, and, with loving and honest integrity, he strove to be both father and brother to me."

"We loved each other dearly, and nothing darkened our affection, until I met and loved Arthur Anstiss. You see how handsome he is even yet; judge, then, what he was twenty-four years ago. That he was extravagant did not alarm me. I thought myself able to control and reform all the weak points in his character; and the fact that I was largely right in this supposition has been one of the bitterest drops in my cup of punishment and regret."

"For his nature was so noble, so responsive to good, so eager for some purer and higher pleasures than those which were deluding and destroying him, that I am quite sure, had I trusted to Heaven and to my own highest instincts, I might have raised him even to his own high ideal."

"But we were no sooner married than trouble began. It was my fault. I was exacting to a ridiculous degree, jealous of every moment of Arthur's time, and would not suffer him to be absent from my side an hour in peace. Love soon frets at such authoritative restraint; quarrels and reconciliations followed each other quickly; and then, alas! quarrels, when we made no apologies, and which were not followed by reconciliations."

"The home which we had furnished with such promises of a happy and peaceful life became a scene of constant bickering, recriminations, tears and complaints. All this began in such little things that I am ashamed to recall them. He was five minutes later than his promise; he met an old friend and went to dine with him; he forgot some duty, or gave it pettishly when pettishly reminded of the omission; he neglected some slight commission—such trifles as these were the beginning of years of misery."

"Such little things!" I exclaimed.

"Ah, my dear! but they opened a wide door for far worse ones. By and by he began to stay hours behind his promise—to stay all night—to stay away with some old friend for days and weeks, without any ceremony but the bare intimation of his intentions."

The Best Recommendation

A GENTLEMAN once advertised for a boy to assist him in his office. Nearly fifty applied for the place. Out of the whole number he in a short time chose one, and sent all the rest away.

"I should like to know," said a friend who was present, "on what ground you chose that boy. He had not one recommendation with him."

"You are mistaken," said the gentleman; "he had a great many."

"He wiped his shoes when he came in and closed the door after him, showing that he was tidy and orderly."

"He gave up his seat instantly to that lame man, showing that he was kind and thoughtful."

"He took off his cap when he came in and answered my questions promptly and respectfully, showing that he was polite."

"He lifted up the book which I had purposely laid on the floor and placed it on the table, while all the rest stepped over it or shoved it aside, showing that he was careful."

"And he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing the others aside, showing that he was modest."

"When I talked with him I noticed that his clothes were carefully brushed, his hair in nice order and his teeth as white as milk."

"When he wrote his name, I observed that his finger nails were clean, instead of being tipped with jet, like those of the handsome little fellow in the blue jacket."

"Don't you call these things letters of recommendation? I do, and what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes for about ten minutes is worth more than all the fine letters he can bring me."—Philadelphia Ledger.

I rebelled, protested, scolded. He shrugged his shoulders, smiled—I remembered, when too late, how wearily and sadly—and left me alone with my quarrelsome, unhappy temper.

"Children came to us, a beautiful boy and a pretty, bright girl. Arthur was very fond and proud of them, and strove hard to atone for his neglect. But instead of accepting the present love, I was continually poisoning the happiest hours by regret for the ones he had wasted, and by doubts of his future intentions. Believe me, dear, you may wear away a love as strong as death by such a course. So, Arthur, meeting no loving response, fell gradually back into his old habits and associations."

"Then money began to fail; we became embarrassed, and my brother refused us all further help. When this took place there was a bitter quarrel. My inheritance had been left in Bernard's absolute direction and disposal, and Arthur began to doubt whether I had received my just rights. He talked of an investigation by the law. I went farther; I passed my brother on the street, and forbade the little children, who loved him so dearly, to speak to him."

"At the end of five years we had to give up housekeeping. In another year we found it impossible any longer to preserve even the outward semblance of our former state, and Arthur said we must go to New York."

"Even then, had I been patient and helpful, I might have saved myself and my husband, but, though I promised much and he promised much, I could not subdue myself to conquer his weakness by the humility of love."

"We left Philadelphia clandestinely; no friend wished us 'God-speed,' and my brother was still unreconciled. The little money we had was soon spent; we passed from one to another, always sinking a little lower, until at length a day came when we had neither money nor home—unless I could have made a home in the miserable empty room which was now the flossam of a wrecked life."

"I did not lack the energy and the ability to have done this, but I lacked the will. I sat gloomily down in tearless, sulking indifference, and scarcely heeded either the crying of my children or the reproaches and promises of my husband. For he vowed, even then, he would abandon all his evil ways and work hard if I would trust him once more."

"I can see him yet as he stood humbly before me. I just raised my eyes and glanced scornfully and incredulously at him."

"He went angrily out, and did not return. Late at night a note was brought to me. It was Arthur's last word of regret and farewell. He begged my forgiveness for his share of our mistaken life, and, for the rest, he hoped I would go back to my brother Bernard, to whom, he said, he had written in my behalf."

"That was all. I was really ill now—fell from one long faint into another; and in the midst of my anguish Bertha came wailing into the world."

"For a long time I was quite dependent on the pity and charity of my poor neighbors; and when at length I was able to rise and look the world in the face again, I scarcely knew which way to turn; for my brother had been written to over and over again, and no answer or help sent in response; and either teaching or plain sewing was my only available resource."

"After many weary days I found a position as assistant music teacher in a third-rate school. I only got a bare pittance for six hours' labor a day, and had to give up when little Arthur and Alice took the scarlet fever."

"And they died?" I asked.

"Both died within twelve hours of each other, and even little Bertha was long ill. In all these long hours, when I stood thinking and watching

between two worlds, you may be sure my sins of every kind were brought to my remembrance. When I turned back from my children's graves into the world again, I trust I turned back a different woman. I took up life's hard task in a better spirit."

"One spring night I was taking Bertha for a walk up Sixth avenue, in order to let her see the bright lights and gay store windows. Suddenly a gentleman stepped before me, and laying his hand upon my shoulder, cried out:

"Alice! Alice!"

"It was my brother Bernard. He had come to New York immediately on receiving Arthur's last letter; but Arthur had forgotten to put my address in it. He did not find me, though he had looked long and spent much money in seeking me. He had then returned to Philadelphia, sought me there, and, failing also, had come back to the metropolis."

"Well, I never again knew what it was to have an ungratified want, or to miss a loving care for every hour. I hope, I believe, that I valued these blessings now at their true worth. Bernard and I spent many happy years together, and for many of them made every effort to trace my lost husband. In whatever wild land hopeless men were wont to go, we advertised for him; but in vain."

"So Bertha grew to womanhood, and we were happy. On her seventeenth birthday we determined to have our pictures painted, and a chance remark sent us to Signor Fernando's studio, where I also met you. One day, just as we were leaving the city, we called there to ask him to visit us during the summer. He was busy on an historical painting; but as we entered, dismissed his model and put aside his brushes."

"The model took his hat sadly up, bowed to Bertha and advanced to the door. As he passed us, he glanced at Bertha, and, being detected, made a movement of apology and went on. It was enough—I knew him."

"With a rapid movement, I placed myself before the door, and, stretching out my arms, cried out, passionately:

"Arthur! dear Arthur, forgive me!"

"Fernando, with delicate divination and tact, withdrew Bertha to an inner painting room; and there we met and knew each other again."

"He had suffered, also?"

"Who can tell how much? He had been in Australia; he had been rich and become poor; he had gained much and lost everything; he had been in captivity to savages and been shipwrecked; he had known the extremes of poverty and sickness. When I found him he was earning a scanty living as a painter's model, or in any of those ways which the humblest poverty alone discovers."

"And now you are happy?"

"Yes, indeed! Heaven has given me the opportunity I have been praying long for. Yet, remember, because of my foolishness, I have begun to be happy twenty years too late."

"About Bertha?"

"She knows all."

"Are you pleased with her choice?"

"Fernando has given me back my husband. I may well give him in return my daughter. I am content."

"And now, my dear, I have told you my story, because I heard you are going to marry, and I feared perhaps you did not consider how holy and solemn a state it is."

I kissed her tenderly and went silently home. Henceforward I had higher thoughts about marriage than such as centred in upholstery and millinery matters.

SCIENTIFIC & INDUSTRIAL

A deposit of soda has been found at the terminus of the projected line of the Uganda Railway. It is described by the discoverer as being a lake about ten miles long by two or three wide. The water is only a few inches deep and covers a hard surface of soda resembling pink marble. The soda was found to be of considerable depth.

Contrary to a widespread belief that hard woods give more heat in burning than soft varieties, says Domestic Engineering, the scientists at Washington are contending that the greatest heating power is possessed by the wood of the linden tree, which is very soft. Fir stands next to linden, and almost equal to it. Then comes pine, hardly inferior to fir and linden, while hard oak possesses eight per cent. less heating capacity than linden, and red beech ten per cent. less.

We hear that work is now in full swing in the radium factory at Islinge, Lidings, Sweden. A short time ago the large new smelting furnace was started, and it is working very well. It is calculated to smelt a ton of ore per day, but, as a matter of fact, has been doing about twenty per cent. more. There are thirty workmen employed in the factory. At present the most critical work being done is the production of radium concentrate, from which the pure radium will ultimately be extracted. The ore is obtained at Kohn-Billingen, where sixty miners are employed. It is expected that the annual production of radium will reach four to five grammes, which is a large quantity, compared with the actual yield of other lands. The value of radium now is \$40,000 francs per gramme.



WEDDING GIFT THANKS.

A friendly, informal note should be written for each wedding gift received, says a writer on etiquette. It need not be long, but mention by name the special gift for which you are writing thanks.

Express your pleasure and appreciation and include your fiance's name in the thanks. Write the note as soon as possible after the gift has been received.—Indianapolis News.

DISLIKE TEACHING WHITTILING.

Teachers in the fourth, fifth and sixth grades in the schools of Minneapolis, Minn., want wood whittling thrown out of the school curriculum. They say it is ridiculous to ask women to teach boys how to whittle. "As well have men teach girls how to sew," they declare. "It is absurd—the boys could teach us."

It is probably that special instructors in the "art" will be obtained as a result of the school ma'ams' dissatisfaction.

WHAT SHE EATS.

London's "typists," at a recent meeting, had a sharp debate on "the office woman's meals," in the course of which one of them recommended the following dietary: Porridge, eggs and bacon, plenty of toast and marmalade and jam, and either coffee or tea for breakfast; pint of milk and a piece of bread and butter at two o'clock; a cup of tea at four; and "a rattling good meal at night." Many a typewriter in Boston has found that it doesn't pay to get along on a pickle and a cream puff for luncheon.—Boston Globe.

THE OLD SPACIOUS CLOSET.

"Rarely indeed does Mrs. Billtops indulge in mournful reminiscences," said Mr. Billtops. "Cheerfulness is her keynote and her courage never fails; but this morning when she was looking for something in a trunk

which for lack of closet space she keeps in her room, she said to me, 'Ezra, do you remember the closet I had in my room when we lived in So and So?' And I said I did. "If I should put this trunk in the closet here," said Mrs. Billtops, "I couldn't shut the door."

"To that proposition I assented, and still have plenty of room to walk around it there to get at the things hanging on the walls."

"I remembered, and Billtops almost groaned.

"We would not go back to the old oaken bucket, we'd rather have the water laid on; we wouldn't want again those old time freezing rooms, we like our rooms better warmed; but ah, those old time closets! Those grand old closets, as big as a present day room!"—New York Sun.

NAMING CHILDREN IN FRANCE.

An amusing story is told of the selector of a name for a baby girl in Troyes, France. Under the French law parents are required to name their children after saints in the calendar or figures in history. The law is one of the curiosities on the French statute books, but although in Paris and other large cities it has become a dead letter, it still is enforced in other communities, Troyes among them. The parents wished to call their baby Marianne. The white-haired registrar adjusted his spectacles, scratched his head, looked over the list of saints, reviewed all the history in his scant knowledge, said he could not discover a Marianne in the roll of honor, and that another name must be chosen. He suggested Marianne, but the parents were indignant when he informed them Marianne was Herod's wife. "Why, it's got Biblical prestige," defended the registrar. "Yes," responded the father, "and there are some women in the Bible of doubtful prestige." The registrar thought once more and offered Marie Anne for a second suggestion. "It's not as romantic as Marianne," he said, "but it's a good, honest name." The parents liked the ring of Marie Anne and accepted it as a substitute conforming with the quaint old law.—New York Press.

FARM SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Mrs. Sidney Lanier, Jr., has established a farm school for girls near Elliot, Me., and twenty pupils next month will complete a summer course. "It is Mrs. Lanier's hope to attract city girls especially, and to reverse the tendency of the average young woman who must earn her living to turn to clerking and typewriting. "My school is a success," says Mrs. Lanier. "I have taught my

girls to make hay, to grow vegetables, and, above all, to make good butter. The best opening for them is in the dairy, and I am sure that dairy work is more congenial to the average young woman than pounding a typewriter or standing behind a counter all day. Certainly it gives better health and rosier cheeks. I have several typewriters with me, and they say they will not return to the old, wearing routine. We now are concentrating our work on the dairy school, and we are turning out experts in butter making. Poultry raising is another occupation fitted for women, and I have several pupils busy at that. All the girls are contented and happy, and it will surprise me if one of them returns to the hard life of the city."—New York Press.

NEW F.D. OF PARIS WOMEN.

The conference craze has strongly developed within the last six months in Paris. It was Mme. Rejane who unconsciously started this fashion among women.

This clever actress had a fancy to give a lecture in the theatre that bears her name. The hall was filled with what is termed an all Paris audience, and the lecture was supposed to be on some old Russian author; but nobody, least of all Mme. Rejane, troubled at all about the Russian and still less about the lecture. According to the Gentlewoman, Mme. Rejane had come to be seen, not to be heard, and the audience had every reason to be pleased with what they saw.

The staging, indeed, had been done in a masterly manner. Several screens of a delicate pink had been so arranged as to place the lecturer in full view of the audience, as in a kind of boudoir. The lecturer was seated behind a beautiful table on which stood a vase filled with pink flowers, while a pile of books, also bound in pink and supposed to

be works by the before mentioned Russian, were tastefully scattered about the table. These books were never opened by the lecturer, nor was there any use for the chiselled inkstand, for the huge new art penholder, the artistic paper cutter and other utensils pertaining to the world of letters, but they imparted a serious tone to the ensemble. It is almost needless to say that Mme. Rejane's gown and hat were pictures in themselves.—Washington Herald.

Tiny black satin buttons are used on linen and pongee frocks.

Bright, iridescent materials will be used persistently, but always veiled.

Afternoon frocks escape the ground. "Elen de rol" and "pains brules" (burnt bread) are favorite colors.

Flowers in garden colorings of velvet are enjoying a season of popularity. Daisies of black and white velvet, tulips and leaves trim hats.

Long silk coats are worn over mousseline gowns. Many of these are of supple material, and are gathered into deep, straight bands at the lower edge.

Patent leather ties with suede vamps in lighter shades are worn on the street. With these the stockings are worn that match the walking costume exactly.

In "Le Bois Sacre" the exploitation of fringe is quite apparent. On wraps, the lower edge of skirts, hats and parasols this form of trimming is claiming decided attention.

Vests of street suits are of bright cerise or blue, and are trimmed with black or gilt buttons. And the buttons! Of odd shapes and colored in many instances to match the gown.

Not only is the chancier coloring seen in everything, in hats, coats and suits, but the form of the bird is also appearing. The latest device is the form woven very black, with a fine mesh face veil.

Chiffon embroidered with chenille for a gauzy evening wrap is quite effective. Men may laugh the idea to scorn, but the Parisian knows the effect of a cloudy mass of chiffon over an evening dress.

Little girls are wearing hats that have departed from the simplicity that has been so popular. A mass of lace and frills crowns little ones' heads, no matter how plain the coat and dress may be.

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