THE BELLS O'ER THE SEA.

From the Catholic Standard and Times.

Hark!
The bell o' St. Mark,
How it mothers the air!
Sure, I can't un'erstand
All the bells in this land—
I declare
But it's quare,
Whin the bells o'er the sea are so joyous an' grand.

Now whin I was a boy
By the town o' Clonmel
I drunk nothin' but joy
From the rim of a bell.
Was it rung for two wed,
Was it summons to prayer,
Was it tolled for wan dead,
Still music was there;
Every hillside an' glen,
Every hollow an' glade,
Rang again an' again
Wid the echoes it made,
An' the good folk that trod
To the call o' the bell
Gave a "Glory to God!"
For whatever befell
Don't I mind—bless me soul!
Me a wee curlyhead—
How we heard the bells toll
Whin O'Connell was dead?
I can mind that same day,
Aye! I see mesel' well
As I stopped in me play
At the sound o' the bell;
An' I hold in me ear
All its music that's past,
Though it's sixty-two year
Since I heard it the last,
For I can't live it down,
An' I hear it ring yet
O'er the bells o' this town,
Wid their tears an' regret—

Hark!
The bell o' St. Mark,
How it mothers the air!
Sure it ought to be gay,
'Tis a weddin', they say—
I declare
But it's quare,
Whin the balls o'er the sea are so joyous alway.

T. A. Daly.

The Pretty Girl Couldn't Understand.

By Jessie Enos.

Out on the screened veranda it was cool, quiet and cozy. Easy chairs, rugs and soft cushions suggested the comfort of indoors. Vines, flowers, a hammock and the freedom of open air proclaimed the advantage of outdoors.

Never had the Pretty Girl looked prettier than she did tonight, swinging gently to and fro in the hammock, her coquettish face half turned from the man who sat and watched her.

Everything was propitious for a proposal. There was moonlight and there was fragrance—such fragrance as the gods distill on dew-drenched nights to enchant a lover's soul and lure his lips to confession.

Yet Ernest Holmes failed to feel either intoxication or enchantment. He was only placidly conscious of the beauty and allurement about her. He was aware that conditions were favorable if he wished to speak. The time, the place, the acquiescent sweetness of the Pretty Girl—all pointed that way. But in spite of the readiness of circumstances his heart maintained a fixed indifference, refusing by some stubborn law of its own to respond to the external drawing.

He was a spectator, not an actor. He had no part in this scene—could have none. Never had this fact impressed itself so forcibly upon him as now.

He found himself wondering vaguely why this should be—why it was that he had no impulse to say the thing that was expected of him—the thing which all events leading up to the present time would seem to warrant him in saying.

Why could he not feel anything deeper than admiration for this girl—this girl whose beauty had so appealed to him at first? Why could he not tell her he loved her?

How very lovely she was! A perfect figure of curves and daintiness and grace. How absolutely faultless her profile, touched by the moonlight! How luminously white her dress and the snowy carnations that nestled cool and sweet in the coils of her dark hair!

Yes, she was perfect. And yet—was he capable of no greater depth of emotion than this? Could this surface admiration, this regard for mere form, be the love of which his soul had dreamt?

Somewhere in his heart lay a hope, a dear imagining, of what real love should mean. This cherished ideal seemed to rise and face him now.

The hour wore away. Still he had not spoken the words that would bind his future to that of the Pretty Girl. It was with a sense of relief that he rose at last to go. He had preserved the dear ideal inviolate. It glowed before him brighter than before.

* * * * *

It was two months later that he met the Plain Woman.

She was not really plain, even of outward feature, but she lacked the curves, the tint, the perfection of the Pretty Girl. By contrast people spoke of her as plain. That was before they knew her, however.

After they had really come in contact with her vigorous sweetness, her wholesome charm, they recalled the former verdict and pronounced her beautiful beyond compare.

Even from the first, Ernest Holmes had a stimulating sense of her real loveliness. There was that in her individuality which appealed to the unsatisfied depths of his nature.

He remembered the inadequate quality of that other friendship and smiled. Now he could understand. It was like the husk and the kernel contrasted.

This true and powerful attraction needed neither moonlight nor fragrance to lend it magic.

Common daylight became enchanted if he was in her presence. Her charm, her magnetism betwitched the most prosaic landscape. It was on a dim, drizzly day that he told the Plain Woman of his love. It was doubtful, however, if either he or she realized the unfavorable conditions of the elements.

* * * * *

"I can't understand it!" said the Pretty Girl, when she heard of the engagement.

"I can't understand it!" she repeated.

She looked upon the beautiful reflection that faced her; the exquisite face, with its baby freshness, its perfect curves; the long-lashed, lustrous eyes, the softly rounded throat, the prettily molded arms.

"And he chose her—deliberately chose her—in preference to me. It's beyond belief."

But as she looked her mood changed. A new realization dawned. She seemed to see herself as a mere image, an insignificant bit of flesh and blood.

A consciousness of her lack, of her insufficient soul development, came over her all at once.

"I'm just like a stuffed doll—a dummy—a harmless, helpless, pretty piece of prettiness," she told herself.

Then she sighed and turned slowly from the mirror, still meditating.

"There's something else, after all," she mused. "Something besides beauty, and I never believed it until now."
—New York Mail.

WOMEN AS SOLDIERS.

Were Once Reckoned Among Fighting Strength of Nations.

From the nature of things women soldiers can only be found as a class among barbarians—up to this time at any rate. The Dahomey Amazons made a poor show against the French but Burton had been much impressed with them 40 years earlier—and he was a judge. The discipline was terrible severe in his time; he did not doubt they were very formidable troops. Relaxation of discipline ruined them.

The mythical Amazons claim a word since Prof. Sayce adduced such striking evidence to suggest that they were the warrior priestesses of Hittite invaders. Of the American Amazons it may be recalled that Humboldt thought the legend not impossible, and he had studied the original records. Very few who have written on the subject are thus qualified probably, but Mr. Alfred Wallace has shown us lately that Spruce, the great botanist, looked into the evidence carefully and formed a strong opinion that it was trustworthy.

Much more interesting are the shield maidens of the Vikings. Would that we knew more about them personally. The historical sages allude to them, but always, so far as I remember, in a matter of fact way, as to make personages. One of the very grandest poetic sagas is that of the Shield Maiden Hervor, but even this takes for granted nearly everything we particularly want to know. She dressed as a man and joined the Vikings. Presently she gained the command of her party—and the story opens, true in the main probably.

The circumstantial account of the battle of Bravolli between Sigurd of Denmark and Harald Hilditoun of Norway mentions several shield maidens who commanded troops. One even bore Harald's standard. All fought like heroes, or demons, and I think all died on the field, but it seems that they were only women who rose to command by daring and military genius. Is there any authority for the legends of Viking bands wholly feminine?

The old Irish "Book of Lecan" says casually "for men and women went alike to battle in those days," and the record of tribal obligations called "Hosting" reckoned women among the fighting strength. Moreover, the life of Abbey Adamnan of Iona tells how he, hearing of this dreadful practice, went to Ireland, called an assembly of chiefs and bishops and persuaded them to pass a law, still extant, entitled "Lex innocentium," which forbade the summoning of women to war. It seems likely, however, that they still turned out of their own free will—indeed the practice is not yet extinct, by all accounts.

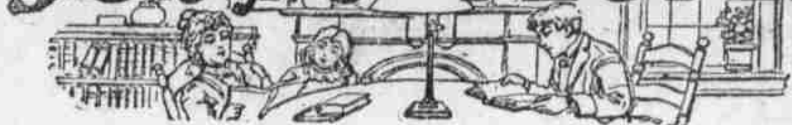
At the present day, in Europe, the Montenegrins and their hereditary foes of Albania include the women among their fighting force—or did, at any rate, a very few years ago—before Prince Nicholas had organized his army. All departments of supply were left to the wives and daughters; also the recovery and transport of the wounded. But when the fighting line was seriously pressed the women reinforced it. Assuredly they would have followed the old custom, in spite of the prince's reforms, had Austria advanced into the Black Mountain the other day.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Tough on Sandy.

"Lady," began Sandy Pikes as he stopped at the wayside cottage, "two weeks ago I passed here and you told me to emulate the busy ant."

"Yes, my poor man," responded the housewife. "And did you?"

"I did, mum, to me sorrow. When I passed a picnic in de grove I watched de busy ant tackling de ice cream and cakes, and when I tried it de men licked me, de boys stoned me and de dogs chased me. No more imitating de busy ant for me, mum."—Chicago News.



A Contribution.

O, Dolly, Dolly, darling,
A doll in place of you;
O, dolly dolly mine,
They laugh because I tell them
That you're my valentine.

They think that I should have, dear,
A doll in place of you;
Now, don't get frightened, dolly,
For that I'll never do.

I know your nose is melted,
I know one eye is gone;
My father said this morning
That you really were forlorn.

But that's the very reason
Why you should always be
The very dearest dolly
In all the World to me.

If my nose should get broken,
If I looked queer and wild,
Would my mamma exchange me
For a brand new child?
Sent in by your Sunbeam,
—Catherine Van Wert, in the Newark Call.

His Medicine.

Teacher—In this sentence, "The sick boy loves his medicine," what part of speech is "loves"?

Small boy—Please, ma'am, it's the part that ain't so.—Philadelphia Record.

Why the Washings Were Mixed.

A certain negro washerwoman has for several years done the washing for a number of customers living in a large family hotel. Her work has always been satisfactory until a month or so ago, when one week the washing came home in a shocking condition; the clothes were badly washed, badly ironed, and, worst of all, everything was mixed up and many things were missing. Of course, all the women were much excited and not a little out of temper, but in a day or so a note came stating that the washerwoman was very ill in the hospital and would not be able to work for some weeks.

After a while she returned to the hotel one morning to call on her customers.

"I am sorry that last washing was so bad," she explained. "I was taken sick on the street on a Monday and rushed to the hospital. I sent word home for the chillun to take the cloze right back to you-all and tell you what had happened, but——"

"Well, what?" said the angry women.

"Why, them three chillun, not one of 'em over thirteen, they washed and ironed the cloze and mixed 'em all up and sent me the money to the hospital."

You may be sure that the angry women at once became very gentle and forgiving. The washerwoman got back her washings, and the three children nearly ate themselves sick on the candy and cakes that were sent them.—Christian Advocate.

Grant a Traveled Boy.

Hannah Grant was, indeed, a very sensible woman, and, although deeply religious, not at all severe. Both she and her husband were quite willing that their children should have the pleasures as well as the tasks of childhood, and in compensation for all the work he had to do, Grant tells us that they made "no objection to rational amusements, such as fishing, going to the creek a mile away to swim in summer, * * * visiting my grandparents in the adjoining county, * * * skating on the ice in winter, or taking a horse and sleigh when there was snow upon the ground." Theirs seems to have been a wholesome family life, with much quiet affection, though it was not the habit of either parents or children to show it openly. Ulysses had a great deal of liberty. Certain tasks had to be done, but if one of these happened to be distasteful to him, and he could get a substitute to perform it for him, no objection was made. In the matter of horses, after that early trade had taught him to be more wary, he was allowed to have his own way, caring for them and trading them as suited his fancy. Being a trustworthy lad, and so very expert a driver, his father did not hesitate to send him long distances on errands. In this way he visited Cincinnati several times, and Louisville once; and when a neighbor's family was moving away from Georgetown, he drove them and their belongings to Chillicothe, seventy-five miles away. He was probably the most practiced boy in Georgetown, and these journeys were also an education, not only in knowledge of the country which they gave him, but in self-reliance and readiness to meet unforeseen emergencies.—From Helen Nicolay's "The Boyhood and Youth of Gen. Grant," in St. Nicholas.

Jack's Earliest Memory.

Everyone has heard of the assertion of Charles Dickens that he remembered being handed hastily, as a baby, from one woman to another at the time of a carriage accident, and learning afterward that this really took place when he was only six months old.

Very few of us can remember anything so early in life as this, but it is odd how far back into our earliest years the memory gropes its way to some startling or charming occurrence.

One summer evening several people were seated on a vine-covered piazza, talking of this and of that, when the conversation drifted to this subject of early memories.

A lady described a walk on a country road with her mother as the first thing she could remember. A tall girl spoke of her delight at catching a butterfly as her first knowledge. A young collegian declared that his intense hatred of an oilcloth bib, marked "Baby" in large letters, was his introduction to emotion and memory.

"As soon as I could talk, I struck for a napkin under my chin," said he.

One after another told their little stories with the pleasure which always goes with keen personal experience of this sort, until it came the turn of active Master Jack.

"The first thing I can remember," he said, bringing his eyelids down and tipping up his chin in a thoughtful manner, "the very first thing I can remember, my father was looking for me with a willow whip in his hand, and I was cuddled down somewhere, keeping still, and my foot was asleep. Whew!"

Jack jumped up and stretched his legs up and down the piazza, as if to gain relief from that lingering memory.

"Whew! but my foot was asleep, and I was afraid to move it. I can feel how it tingled yet!"—From the Christian Register.

Katie: Sheep-Dog.

Nine thousand feet up on a Colorado mesa was where I met Katie, the sheep-dog. While I was chatting with her master, and she peacefully dozed, a party of sheep decided that they must start out exploring.

The herder saw, and stood up. "Hi!" he shouted. "Where are you going? You'd better turn back there!"

The band stopped short, and gazed at him. They plainly hesitated. Then the old ewe which was leading gave a defiant shake of her head, whereupon, followed by the others, she impudently moved on.

"Katie," said the herder softly, "do you see those sheep, and what they're doing? Go after them, Katie. Turn them back. Show them what's what."

Away sped Katie, with all her might, straight for the errant band; and in the time that it takes for the telling she had launched herself in front of the band. The very sound of her crashing through the brush had made them stop—they suspected what was about to happen. Then, at first glimpse of her, in a panic, they wheeled like a cavalry squad, and rushed for the main herd. Across their heels darted Katie, back and forth. One little lamb must have lost its wits, for it insisted upon running in the wrong direction. Katie made after it. She tried to turn it right; but it was as obstinate as any pig; until finally, exasperated, Katie seized it by the nape of the neck and gave it a good nip. Then Katie looked back at us.

The herder raised high his right arm, as signal for her to cease. Then he brought his arm down, and briskly slapped his thigh. Katie understood.

When the sheep were grazing, too far up the valley, or were getting too scattered, away out of sight, he would send Katie to turn them, and round them up. "Here, Katie!" he would say, waking her instantly. He would wave his arm, indicating the direction. "Go 'way round them, Katie—'way round!"

Off would dash Katie in a headlong run, disappearing amid the timber, or round a hill. But all along her course we would see the sheep scuttling in from outlying points—twos, and threes, and eights, and tens of them, old and young—until the herd was compact once more. Presently, perhaps opposite to us, there would be Katie, standing and gazing for further instructions. The herder would slap his thigh, and signal her in.

One might talk to Katie just as to a human being. "Now, Katie," would instruct the herder, "I want you to herd the sheep from that rim rock yonder to the timber. Don't let them stray outside."

Yes, Katie understood. She sat and watched the sheep. The herder went to sleep. Katie made an occasional circuit; and if any sheep were found beyond the rim rock, or in the timber, they were sent scurrying back.

Or the herder would say: "Katie, there's a lamb there I want to catch; but we'll let the ewe alone." Once Katie knew which lamb it was, she would pay attention to no other, nor would she pay attention to its mother, the ewe. That one lamb, in a bunch of a thousand other lambs, she would stick to unerringly, until with her assistance the herder had caught it.

But how he loved her! They were alone together, in the sage-brush by day and in the tent by night, out there on the great Western range. He fed her the best that his menu produced. He talked to her, and she to him. And he put his arms around her silky neck and kissed her, and she kissed him back.

"Why don't you have another dog to help her?" I asked once, when she was particularly footsore at the close of a hard day.

"No," he replied, "we sheep-herders have a saying: 'One dog is a good dog; two dogs are half a dog; three dogs are no dog at all.' Katie and I can do the work; can't we, Katie?"

And Katie laid her head on his lap.
—Sunday Magazine.

Quite Another Thing.

Weary Cyclist—How far is it to the nearest inn?

The Native—I reckon as how it's about ten miles as the crow flies.

Weary Cyclist—But if the crow rides a bicycle, how far is it?—New York Journal.

American Suffragettes.

Miss Lucy Burns, who was arrested for taking part in the suffragette meeting in London, is a Vassar graduate and a student of modern languages at the University of Bonn. Miss Alice Paul, who was among those taken in charge by the London police, is also an American woman and holds the degree of master of arts.—New York Sun.

Grotesque Images.

No well-advised friend of votes for women need be annoyed by grotesque images in their mind's eye of a female commander of the army and navy their command and their operation can be easily provided for as in those free monarchies where the reigning prince, though he wears all kinds of military and naval uniforms, does not, if his subjects can help it (and they always do), take part in battle any more than the most delicate young or old lady in his dominions. With a woman president (for whom we shall duly invent a style less awkward than presidentess or presidentine) we shall be at no greater disadvantage with the humorists than Great Britain, say, or the French republic has always been in the omission of the prince or the president to head his soldiers in the field or sail his ships on the sea in time of war.—Harper's.

Princess di Teano's Success.

The Princess di Teano, who moves in court circles in Rome, has found sudden fame as an artist in London. Four of her water colors have been bought by King Edward, two have been bought by Queen Alexandra, and competent critics mark her drawings as among the best of any European artists. The princess has been devoted to painting since childhood, and in the last few years her progress has been rapid. One of the pictures to hang in the king's gallery is of a vegetable garden, and a big cabbage is the central object. Another of the king's pictures is of the Villa Contraini in Venice. The queen's favorite is a corner of the Empress Eugenie's garden in Farnborough. The princess has used a variety of subjects, and she has painted many fine sky effects. She cares little for society and never is happier than when at her easel.—New York Press.

Beauty Necessary to Happiness?

Feminine London is much interested in a question raised by Ada May Krecker, an American writer, whether a woman can be really happy if not beautiful. She gives a negative answer to her own query and maintains that beauty is necessary to true happiness. An English woman writer supports this stand and holds out small hope for her countrywomen who may be classified as "plain." "No matter what other advantages a woman may have," says Beauty's advocate, "she is never quite happy unless she knows that people, men especially, are compelled to turn and watch her through admiration for her appearance. Woman are happy exactly in proportion as their features redeem them from the tragedy of plainness." Relentlessly the English writer assails the women of her country. "There are ten million women in England," she says, "most of whom are unhappy."—New York Press.

Sharp Retort to a Bachelor.

Winifred Shaw, a young woman employed as a stenographer in Baltimore, has made a sharp reply to a crusty bachelor who complained in a Baltimore paper that the average woman of today is a vain, shallow creature, who makes herself ridiculous by "painting, powdering and slavery to hideous fashions." Miss Shaw writes as a "country girl," and she starts by telling the grumblingly critic of her sex "that bachelors are inferior to the majority of women of the present day." She believes that the "white lights of a large city" have blinded him to the superiority of women, and continues: "I will invite this mistaken bachelor to take a day in the broad open country, where he will find girls whose lives are as pure and healthful as the air they breathe; girls who have no time for the extreme and artificial style of fashion; whose labor is only for love and home, and whose pleasures are of the simple kind rather than the glaring amusements of the city. These country girls would prefer to settle down in a little cottage with contentment and happiness surrounding them, rather than in a Fifth avenue mansion. My short experience of city life has taught me that men, by their flattery and admiration, are the cause of the extremely ridiculous fashions of the day."—New York Press.

Rouge or Not to Rouge?

The question is constantly being asked is it wrong to rouge? The answer as given today will be very different than if it had been asked of our mothers and grandmothers. Few will be found nowadays who would reply in the affirmative. It is entirely a question of good taste not of morals.

If one's nose be hopelessly red or skin sallow a touch of rouge artistically applied to the cheeks is a certain improvement. With dead black hair and ghastly pallor no one would blame a girl for [illegible] face to prevent a s[illegible] one's liver refuses to [illegible] sallowness confronts o[illegible] portant function, what [illegible] in bringing art to the re[illegible]

The thing is it must be [illegible] high that it seems nature. [illegible] rouge has fallen into disor[illegible] cause it is generally badly do[illegible] women show as much discrim[illegible] in painting their cheeks as if [illegible] were doing a tin roof. They use chea[illegible] rouges, have no knowledge of anatomy, or light and shade, and never think of toning down edges with cotton or a dash of powder.

Art fully understood is never in bad taste if it becomes a necessity. But that is quite different from girls with the freshness of youth blonding their hair and rouging until they would be shocked at the impression they create.

All women, girls especially, should try diet, exercise and regular living as beauty makers before resorting to more questionable means. The flush of health and the bright eyes and clear skin that follow an active life full of wholesome interests are much more charming than any rouge, kohl or peroxide, however artistically applied.—New Haven Register.

Don't Know How to Play.

The value of the playground as a training school for the development of individual character and of those qualities which make for good citizenships is something which the American people are only just beginning to realize. The fact is that, as a nation, we do not know how to play. We have worked too hard, grown too fast, taken ourselves and our commercial success too seriously, to allow for the growth of that day spirit which has done so much toward shaping the character and making the history of other nations in all ages. We have excitement, plenty of it, and certain conventional forms of amusement, but the real spirit of play, such as lay behind the folk games, dances and festivals that were the natural expression of the pleasurable elements in life to the people of older countries and older times, has been almost entirely lacking. And yet we once had a good deal of it in the days when barn raisings, corn huskings, quilting bees, apple parings and other primitive diversions that made play out of work, formed the greater part of the simple social life of our forefathers, who brought to this new country a recollection of the games and festivals in their old homes, to be modified or added to as the exigencies of life seemed to demand—until that life began to move at such a rapid pace that everything was left behind save the desire for advancement and for gain.

It is the sign of a return to more wholesome things that we are at last beginning to realize how much we are missing that is worth while, and most encouraging that this realization has become vivid enough to crystallize into a definite movement toward the restoration of more normal social conditions. At present this movement is embodied in the Playground association of America—an organization of which President Roosevelt is the honorary president and which includes in its roll of members some of the soundest thinkers and most energetic workers for the public good that we have today. The main purpose of this association is summarized in the quotation which heads this article. It does not exist to provide additional forms of amusement for children and young people, but for the training of our future citizens by means of organized play, which at all times has been practically synonymous with mental and moral as well as physical development.
—From "Teaching American Children to Play" in The Craftsman.

Fashion Notes.

Colored stitching is seen on white gloves.

Foremost among bags is the one in bronze.

Stylish women are wearing riding boots of white buckskin.

The poke bonnet with streamers has gained but little favor.

Amethyst, violet, lilac and heliotrope shades are fashionable.

The favorite place for trimming seems to be the hips of gowns.

The newest slippers have straps that cross on the instep and button high up at one side.

The cuirass has developed into the hip yoke, which is out in ready-to-wear two and three piece [illegible]

A number of the wide-brim[illegible] hats have loose, floating strings that tie on the shoulder or knot well below the bust.

Net is not used so much now as sheer batiste, finest tucked organdie and thin lawn, combined with fine cluny or Irish lace.

The new sleeves are sufficiently full to take away the sticklike look of the arms in the very tight ones that made them look like jointed wood.

Lingerie hats made of lace are here as usual, but more liked are the ones of fine chip or straw, with crowns or brim made of fine pleating of lace or chiffon and little flowers trimming the