

Chat to . . Boys and Girls.

Now, I am going to tell you, this week, a story of self-sacrifice and courage which was enacted about two miles above the great falls, up the St. John river, where dwelt Pierre Robideaux, an upright and respected Frenchman, and his two children—Alphonse, a lad of sixteen, and his sister, Julie, who was about fourteen. The house was low, with wide eaves, and there was a sort of courtyard, after the manner of the stately residences of the old seigneurs of Quebec, about whose past splendour Pierre was so fond of telling his children. A short way back was a windmill that liked to loll around when there was a little breeze, but when it blew hard it strove so savagely and swiftly through the air that you might think it was going to destroy all the heavens.

Madame Robideaux had been dead for many years, and the management of the children, fell entirely to the father. In the winter they went to the free school at the village of Grand Falls, but in summer they could not be spared from the farm, but were busy from the time the crops were put in, till they were harvested away in barn and bin.

On the side of the river where his dwelling stood, Pierre had long stretches of upland, upon which he raised buckwheat, and which he also used for pastures; he had some "intervale" land and upon this he raised oats, clover and timothy. This intervale fronted on the dark river that went racing, eddying and tumbling by to launch itself in thunder over the falls below.

From the upland, where stood the grey house and the old barn, you could trace the great river till it was lost in mist at the brink of the precipice. Sitting at the open windows on calm summer nights, they could hear the galloping thunder far below, and Julie often remarked how dreadful it would be, for any one to be ever borne over the falls. Its tolls are just as deadly as Niagara's and nothing that lives, except perhaps a few fishes has ever gone over it, however protected, and come out alive.

Julie shuddered at the deadly booming below, because she and her brother were so much on the river, and Pierre himself often trembled at the thought of any mishap in the management of the boat, as the children crossed the hurrying flood. And cross it they were obliged to do, almost steadily through the summer, for they had gardens, cabbages, several potato patches, cucumbers, peas, and various other things. These needed weeding, tending and watching.

Pierre who was sometimes assisted by a hired farm-hand attended to the crops on the home side of the river, the grain and hay crops being most important claimed his attention there. In addition to the gardens on the further side of the river Pierre had great stretches of swampy land upon which grew many different kinds of sedges, which, when dried and bound and shipped to market, fetched a good price for bedding, for horses and cattle, for filling mattresses, and often as fodder, to go along with timothy or clover. This crop was cut after the hay was disposed of and the work of tossing it out on fine mornings turning it, raking it together, and then, when evening came, or rain threatened, of putting it in stacks, was left to Alphonse and Julie, and, as I have said, in order to do all these things the boy and girl had to cross the river in a boat, at a point just about two miles above the falls. Other habitants living near and knowing how perilous the passage was, and how frequently the youngsters made it murmured "May they never come to harm."

One morning towards the last of July, the brother and sister set out for the wild meadows, at a much earlier hour than usual, as there was a great quantity of the wild grass out, and there had been several wet days so that it was important to give it the benefit of all the sun possible and then get it stacked.

Robideaux had one boat but it could carry only the mother and sister; whenever their father went across with them he borrowed

a boat of similar size from his nearest neighbour, Jean. There were larger boats farther up the river, but these small ones were easier to row and to manage, so the father preferred the children should use a little skiff of this size.

As the boy and girl shoved off, he gave them some instructions as to the grass to be raked first, and then told them as he always did not to stay too late, for he could never shake off a certain haunting dread of the river. Moreover the cows would be at the bars by six o'clock, and they would have to milk them, as he would be too busy that evening.

The day was a glorious one for hay-making, the sun being strong, and the breeze fresh. At six o'clock, Pierre looked down from where he was at work on the uplands, saw the cows at the bars, but saw no trace of Alphonse and Julie. He did not mind this very much but went on with his work for eight or ten minutes longer. Then not seeing them, he began to grow uneasy, for they were usually very prompt about getting home. So he made his way rapidly down to the house, leaving Andre the hired man to attend to the horses. But still there was no sign of Alphonse and Julie.

"They have tried to get it all in stacks" he said to himself "but they must not take such risks."

Masses of dark clouds began trooping across the heavens, and rain with thunder might be expected any minute. This made Pierre more uneasy still and he stood by the brink of the sullen hurrying river, looking with all his might toward the opposite shore.

"Ah bon, c'est bon, they come" he cried, and the tiny speck of a boat could be seen moving off from the other shore.

But for some reason or other, the father was more anxious than usual on this occasion, and as he watched his children push their tiny craft out into the swirling waters, the booming of the remorseless falls fell more distinctly upon his ear, than he had ever heard it before. He murmured a prayer, and yet he was not sure why he should be alarmed at all. His fear he thought was brought on by the threatening storm, which might swoop down upon the river at any moment, moreover the children might not be able to keep their presence of mind and their steady caution with the tempest lowering upon them.

(To be Continued.)

FRILLS OF FASHION.

Black ribbon velvet true-lover's knots, in spite of their long popularity, seems to have taken a new lease of life and promise to make their appearance in the most persistent fashion upon nine out of ten of the newest hats. Very frequently a big bow of this kind forms the center of the trimming upon a hat, with possibly two large black or white ostrich feathers curving away on either side.

Paris, having loved blue very dearly smiled persistently on black and white, is now turning much of her attention to red, and the best of her satin toulard gowns appear in this color spotted with white. They are invariably made on a simple plan, the skirt with a single flounce, the bodice crossed over on the bust to show a chemise of ecru muslin, slightly pouching in the front, with a very narrow belt, and crowned with a hat turned off from the face trimmed with indispensable cherries.

The long jeweled chains have by no means gone out of fashion yet, though perhaps there is not quite so marked a craze for them as a few months back. Pink coral, strung in long ropes, is most becoming with a pink or white evening toilet, and at a smart dance recently a girl in coral pink embroidered chiffon was all hung about with ropes of fine coral. They looked newer than gold chains or pearly ropes, and had the merit of being genuine, which the latter rarely are in these days of imitations.

The remarkable fondness for lace seems likely to outlive every other caprice of fashion, and the fortunate woman who has a stock of real lace is more to be envied this season than ever before. Fine specimens of renaissance lace are in great demand at the moment. It is used for hat trimmings very effectively over white satin ribbon, for bow, for dress trimmings, for neck bows, and to cover revers on some of the dressy evening wraps.

Every kind of lace, either real or imitation, is in use in some way. Entire dresses of real lace, mounted on chiffon and made over white satin, are the thing for evening gowns, and the little sleeveless coats of lace are charming. Ecru guipure over white with a colored velvet belt, is especially pretty for the gown or coat. Lace polonaises are worn as well. They are cut away at the neck usually to show the under bodice of chiffon. Short jackets of black Chantilly over white satin are exceedingly stylish, made with round cutaway



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basque, and cut out at the neck enough to give a yoke effect to the chiffon bodice worn underneath. A narrow ruche of black chiffon finishes the edge prettily. Elbow sleeves are the rule for this sort of a bodice.

Soft, rich colors prevail in the fashion for gloves, the glace gloves being the favorite for street wear and the suede in a soft cream shade for evening. Some of the street gloves are heavily stitched and fasten with colored crystal buttons.

One of the novelties in muffs is shaped like a melon and made of two narrow pieces of fur.

The foreign fashion writers are continually reminding us that the ideal costume for morning wear in the street consists of a plaid skirt and a plain cloth coat, both tailor-made, of course. Black and gray and white plaid, with a black coat, is the latest, but you can exercise your own taste as to color.

The "English bull-dog" walking shoe of calfskin is one phase of feminine fancy which is to be illustrated this winter. Of course it is ugly and makes a woman's foot look just like a man's, but then she has appropriated all of his neckties, collars, hats, vests and some of his coats, and so there is nothing left but shoes, unless she dons the trousers.

Violet in all the shades between pale mauve and pansy is the popular color for your silk shirt waists. White silk with endless tucks is also worn, with red or blue velvet collar bands.

Rapped silks are very popular this season. They come in rich dark colors, and some of the varieties are spotted or figured.

Big fans will not be carried for a season yet, so that the wisest purchase to be made is a little Recamier fan. It really is only two inches and a half long, and it can most economically be made of a bright brocade or chined silk, with pearl sticks. The gay flowering of the silk shows on both sides and a genuinely helpful breeze can be raised by one of them. Modish women carry their fans still about the neck by a long chain of false pearls or coral beads, and the luxurious fan consists of ten thin sticks of choice blonde shell, beautifully inlaid and strung together by a lute ribbon. This is also of the Recamier size.

Green stones are said to head the list of fashionable jewels this season. Emeralds have the lead, but the revival of interest in green stones has prominently brought forward the peridot, which is really the Indian chrysolite, and is a clear, deep leaf-green in color, almost yellow beside the emerald, which is bluish in tone. A handsome peridot is difficult to come by in this way, when the art of cutting them is almost lost, and a good specimen therefore fetches quite as high a price as a nice emerald, while many women prefer their more becoming green color.

Both the emeralds and peridots are set off with diamonds, or on the newest bracelets, brooches, and watches an emerald is partly sunk in a bed of well-matched green enamel is encircled in diamonds.

Women who cannot quite afford emeralds or peridots and yet wish to share in this universal wearing of the green have made very fashionable both the chrysoprase and beryl. These are classed as semi-precious stones, and are palely green, like the waters of the great lakes, or diluted creme de menthe. Good taste has settled it that neither of these delicately tinted gems shall be set in diamonds, for the dazzle of the more brilliant stone drinks up the faint pretty color of the central setting. Instead, beryl are often encircled in pearls and the chrysoprase set perfectly plain in gold and the effect is studied, but very pretty.

Nothing makes a man quite so mad as to offer to help his wife, and then be told that she can get along better without him.

Filling it up.

Mr. R. H. Russell, a prominent New York publisher, was invited to a tea in the apartments of a young but rising novelist some time ago. He managed to drop in before the throng, and as he was gazing on the various curiosities scattered in profusion about the room his eye fell upon a calendar, conspicuously displayed, which was crowded with an obtrusive array of memoranda of teas, receptions, dinners, etc. On one evening there was this modest entry: "To dine with Russell." To say that Russell was surprised is to put it mildly. He recognized in this entry a little device of the novelist to fill up his calendar for himself if others would not do it for him. He kept his own counsel, however, and when his host disappeared from the room for a moment he quietly turned the pages of the calendar and against one of the evenings of the following week he placed this entry: "Invited Russell to dinner. Russell accepts."

Minister (who has taken a house in the country for the summer): But, my good man, I have brought my servants with me. I have no employment to give you. Applicant: "Ah, sir, if you only knew how little work it would take to keep me employed!"

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