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WHERE HAVE THEY GONE TO?

Where have they gone to—the little girls,
With natural manners and natural curls?
Who love their dollies and like their toys,
And talk of something beside the boys?

Little old women in plenty I find,
Mature in manners and old of mind;
Little old girls who talk of their "beaux"
And wish each other in stylish clothes.

Little old belles who, at nine and ten,
Are sick of pleasure and tired of men,
Weary of travels, of balls, of fun—
And find no new thing under the sun.

Once in the beautiful long ago,
Some dear little children I used to know;
Girls who were merry as lambs at play,
And laughed and rollicked the livelong day.

They thought not at all of the "style" of their clothes,
They never imagined that boys were "beaux"—
"Other girls' brothers" and "mates" were they,
Splendid fellows to help them play.

Where have they gone to? If you see
One of them anywhere send her to me.
I would give a medal of purest gold
To one of those dear little girls of old,
With an innocent heart and open smile,
Who knows not the meaning of "flirt" or "style."

—Edna Whittier Wilson.

MISS MASON'S ATONEMENT.

(A Condensed Novel.)

Miss Mason had changed a great deal during the four years that had passed since she had seen Frank Felton. How well she remembered that last meeting! She shuddered to think of her own heartless coquetry. It was pure caprice that made her break the engagement. She had no complaint to make of him except that he was too devoted and submissive a lover. It was with real enjoyment that she told him she did not love him, and her silly, girlish pride was actually gratified when she saw how her words hurt him. She glorified in his writhings. Poor fellow! He was terribly cut up by it.

"Very well, Mae"—that had been her abbreviation of Mary in those frivolous days—"I will go away," he said. "You have broken my heart. I shall sail for India to-morrow, and while I hope I may never see your heartless face again I know that I shall never forget it. I shall never love another woman, and shall never marry. Perhaps it will please your hard, unfeeling heart to think in days to come, when you are happily married to a man who does not love you half as well as I do, that somewhere under the burning sun of Asia is a man who, despite your cruelty, still loves you, and prefers solitude and your memory to association with any other woman. Good-by, Mae, and may heaven forgive you as readily as I do."

She had never seen him since until to-day, and this meeting was wholly accidental. She had changed. She was now a staid, philanthropic young woman, with a great deal of conscience. She eschewed frivolities and went in for woman's work at the World's Fair.

And he had changed, too. As she looked at his hollow chest, big eyes, sunken cheeks and dry lips, her conscience smote her. She had wrecked his happiness, and his faithful, unsatisfied soul had preyed upon his body until he was but a shadow of his former self.

He met her, she thought, with feverish excitement. She could see that the shock was almost too much for him. Her heart welled with pity, and pity is akin to love. A great resolve formed in her brain. "I will right the wrong I have done him," she thought.

Then, taking both his hands in hers—it embarrassed him terribly, poor fellow—she spoke. "Frank," she said, "when I sent you away I was a cruel, thoughtless girl. I did not realize what I was doing." She saw a wild gleam as of resurrected hope in his eyes. "But it is not too late for me to atone. Frank, dear Frank, forget the past—and let us be friends again. Let us be more than friends. I will reconsider my heartless action—" Frank was trying to speak, but she would not let him. "I will—"

Here Frank desperately interpreted her. "My dear Miss Mason," said he, "I shall be delighted to renew our old friendship which terminated so dramatically. But now, instead of standing here in the hot sun, let us go in and find Mrs. Felton. I married Lord Cecil's daughter in Calcutta, you know, three months after I saw you last. And the twins—you must see the twins. Little rascals—they gave their poor poppie the measles. That's what make me look so rocky. Con o"

But Miss Mason fled.—N. Y. Press.

"THE HARVEST MOON."

Over fields that are ripe with the sweetest
That hides in the full-tawelled corn,
Over vineyards slow reaching completeness,
Dim purpling at dusk and at morn,
Shine down in thy affluent splendor,
O moon of the year in her prime;
Beam soft, mother-hearted, and tender;
Earth hath not a holier time.

For the seed that slept long in the furrow
Hath awakened to life and to death;
From the grave that was oerment and burrow
Hath risen to passionate breath.
It hath laughed in the sunlight and starlight,
Hath thrilled to the breezes and the dew,
And fallen, to stir in some far night,
And all the old gladness renew.

O moon of the harvest's rich glory,
Thy banners outflame in the sky,
And under the moon write the story
That cries to the heavens for reply—
The story of work and endeavor,
Of burden and weakness and strength,
The story that goes on forever,
Through centuries dragging its length.

And thou ever stately and golden,
Thou moon of the latest year's prime,
What sight through thine eye hath beheld,
No grief to thy pathway may climb,
As over the fields that are reaped,
At evening and level and shore,
Thou pourest thy splendors that deepen
The rose and the silver of morn.

—Margaret E. Sawyer, in Harper's Bazar.

WOMEN AS STREET-CAR CONDUCTORS.

The oddest thing to be seen in Valparaiso is the female street-car conductor. The street-car managers of Chili have added another occupation to the list of those in which women may engage. The experiment was first tried during the war with Peru, when all the able-bodied men were sent into the army, and proved so successful that their employment has become permanent, to the advantage, it is said, of both the companies, the women and the public. The first impression of a woman with a bell punch taking up fares is not favorable, but the stranger soon becomes accustomed to this as to all other novelties, and concludes that it is not a bad idea after all. The female conductors are seldom disturbed in the discharge of their duties, and when they are, the rule is to call upon the policemen, who stand at every corner, to eject the obtrusive passengers. The street-cars are double deckers, with seats upon the roof as well as within, and the conductor occupies a perch on the rear platform, taking the fare as the passenger enters. Street-car riding is a popular amusement with the young men about town. Fellows who make a business of flirting with the conductors are called "mosquitos" in local parlance, because they swarm so thickly around the cars and are so great a nuisance. The conductors, or conductresses, are usually young, and sometimes quite pretty, being commonly of the mixed race—of Spanish and Indian blood. They wear a neat uniform of blue flannel, with a jaunty Panama hat, and a many-pocketed white pinafore, reaching from the breast to the ankles, and trimmed with dainty frills. In these pockets they carry small change and tickets, which are hanging over their shoulders is a little shopping bag, in which is a lunch, a pocket handkerchief, and surplus money and tickets. Each passenger when paying his fare receives a yellow paper ticket, numbered, which he is expected to destroy. The girls are charged with so many tickets, and when they report at headquarters are expected to return for all that are missing, any deficit being deducted from their wages, which are £5 per month.—The Million.

NO SECRETS IN CHINA.

GOSSIP AMONG CONNECTIONS DOES MORE SERVICE THAN NEWSPAPERS.

"In China a 'private house' is unknown. Anyone can go anywhere, and if there is the least provocation he will do so." So says Rev. A. H. Smith, after many years of missionary service in that country. To shut the door is a bad sign. "What is going on within that he did not admit his fellow-townsmen?" people are likely to say. There are no newspapers, no objects of general and human interest to attract attention, and, as men and women must be interested in something, it is natural that they should be fond of neighborly gossip. From Mr. Smith's account of the matter it is plain how very little Chinese and Yankees have in common. Every Chinese has relatives beyond all count or remembrance. His wife has as many more. His married children add to the ever-widening circle. By the time he is 60 years of age a man is related to hundreds upon hundreds of individuals, each of whom is entirely conscious of the relationship and does not forget or ignore it. Not only do all members of this army of relatives feel themselves entitled to know all the details of one's affairs, but the relatives of the relatives—a swarm branching into infinity—will perhaps do the same. If a man is rich or a magistrate, they certainly will do it. One cannot make a business trip to sell watermelons, to buy mules, to collect a debt, of which everyone will not speedily know all that is to be known. Chinese memories are treasure-houses of everything relative to cash and dates. How much land each man owns, when it was acquired, when pawned and when redeemed, how much was expended at the funeral of his mother and at the wedding of his son, how the daughter-in-law is liked at the village into which she married, the amount of her dowry, what bargain was made with the firm that let the bridal chair, all these items and a thousand more everybody knows and never forgets. Though two men at a fair may do their bargaining with their fingers concealed in their capacious sleeves, it will go